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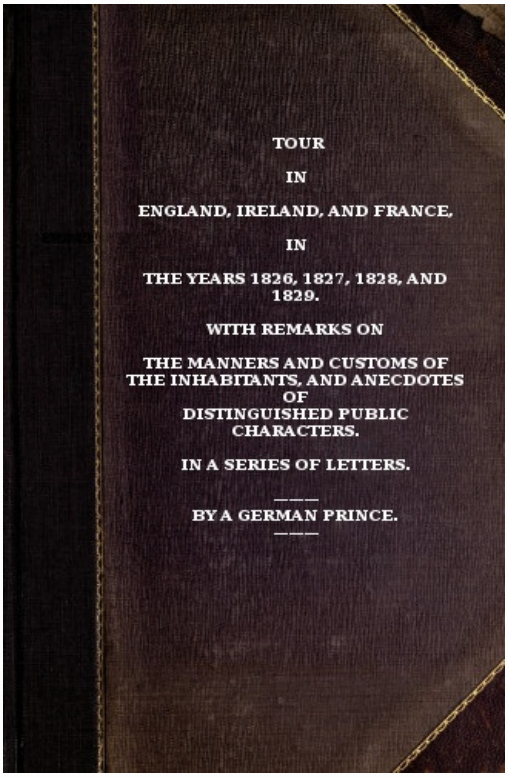


Every attempt has been made to replicate the original as printed.

Some typographical errors have been corrected; a list follows the text. Archaic spellings (i. e. visiters, wo, scissars, apalling, recal, mattrass, etc.) have been retained.

A few misspellings in French and German have not been corrected.

The footnotes have been moved to the end of the text body.

(etext transcriber's note)

# TOUR

# IN

# ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE,

### IN

### THE YEARS 1826, 1827, 1828, AND 1829.

### WITH REMARKS ON

### THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS, AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

### IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

———

**BY A GERMAN PRINCE.**

———

**PHILADELPHIA:**
**CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD, CHESTNUT STREET.**
**.....**
**1833.**

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

### TO THE

### FIRST AND SECOND VOLS. OF THE LONDON EDITION

THE following work being the genuine expression of the thoughts and feelings excited by this country in the mind of a foreigner whose station, education, and intelligence seem to promise no common degree of aptitude for the difficult task of appreciating England, it has been thought worth while to give it to the English public. The Translator is perfectly aware that the author has been led, or has fallen, into some errors both of fact and inference. These he has not thought it expedient to correct. Every candid traveller will pronounce such errors inevitable; for from what class in any country is perfectly accurate and impartial information to be obtained? And in a country so divided by party and sectarian hostilities and prejudices as England, how must this difficulty be increased! The book is therefore given unaltered; except that some few omissions have been made of facts and anecdotes, either familiar to us, though new to Germans, or trivial in themselves.

Opinions have been retained throughout, without the least attempt at change or colouring. That on some important subjects they are not those of the mass of Englishmen, will, it is presumed, astonish no reflecting man. They bear strong marks of that *individuality* which characterizes modes of thinking in Germany, where men are no more accustomed to claim the right of thinking for others, than to renounce that of thinking for themselves. This characteristic of the German mind stands in strong contrast to the sectarian division of opinion in England. The sentiments of the author are therefore to be regarded simply as his own, and not as a sample of those of any sect or class in Germany: still less are they proposed for adoption or imitation here. The opinion he pronounces on French and German philosophy is, for example by no means in accordance with the popular sentiment of his country.

The Letters, as will be seen from the Preface, were published as the work of a deceased person. They have excited great attention in Germany; and rumour has ascribed them to Prince Pückler Muskau, a subject of Prussia, who is known to have travelled in England and Ireland about the period at which these Letters were written. He has even been mentioned as the author in the Berlin newspapers. As, however, he has not thought fit to accept the authorship, we have no right to fix it upon him; though the public voice of Germany has perhaps sufficiently established his claim to it. At all events, the Letters contain allusions to his rank, which fully justify us in ascribing them to *a German Prince*. They likewise furnish internal evidence of his being a man not only accustomed to the society of his equals, but conversant with the world under various aspects, and with literature and art: of fertile imagination; of unfettered and intrepid understanding; and accustomed to consider every subject in a large, tolerant, and original manner.

The author of the '*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*,' be he who he may, has had the honour and happiness of drawing forth a critique from the pen of Göthe. None but those incapable of estimating the unapproachable literary merits of that illustrious man, will be surprised that the Translator should be desirous of giving the authority of so potential a voice to the book which it has been his difficult task to render into English.

The following extracts from Göthe's article in the *Berliner Jahrbuch* will do more to recommend the work than all that could be added here:—

"The writer appears a perfect and experienced man of the world, endowed with talents, and with a quick apprehension; formed by a varied social existence, by travel and extensive connections; likewise a thorough, liberal-minded German, versed in literature and art.

* * * “He is also a good companion even in not the best company, and yet without ever losing his own dignity. * * *

“Descriptions of natural scenery form the chief part of the Letters; but of these materials he avails himself with admirable skill. England, Wales, and especially Ireland, are drawn in a masterly manner. We can hardly believe but that he wrote the description with the object immediately before his eyes. As he carefully committed to paper the events of every day at its close, the impressions are most distinct and lively. His vivacity and quick sense of enjoyment enable him to depict the most monotonous scenery with perfect individual variety. It is only from his pictorial talent that the ruined abbeys and castles, the bare rocks and scarcely pervious moors of Ireland, become remarkable or endurable:—poverty and careless gaiety, opulence and absurdity, would repel us at every step. The hunting parties, the drinking bouts, which succeed each other in an unbroken series, are tolerable because he can tolerate them. We feel, as with a beloved travelling companion, that we cannot bear to leave him, even where the surrounding circumstances are least inviting; for he has the art of amusing and exhilarating himself and us. Before it sets, the sun once more breaks through the parted clouds, and gives to our astonished view an unexpected world of light and shadow, colour and contrast.

“His remarks on natural scenery, which he views with the eye of an artist, and his successive and yet cursive description of his route, are truly admirable.

“After leading us as patient companions of his pilgrimage, he introduces us into distinguished society. He visits the famous O’Connell in his remote and scarcely accessible residence, and works out the picture which we had formed to ourselves from previous descriptions of this wonderful man. He next attends popular meetings, and hears speeches from O’Connell, Shiel, and other remarkable persons. He takes the interest of a man of humanity and sense in the great question which agitates Ireland; but has too clear an insight into all the complicated considerations it involves to be carried away by exaggerated hopes. * * *

“The great charm, however, which attaches us to his side, consists in the moral manifestations of his nature which run through the book: his clear understanding and simple natural manners render him highly interesting. We are agreeably affected by the sight of a right-minded and kind-hearted man, who describes with charming frankness the conflict between will and accomplishment.

“We represent him to ourselves as of dignified and prepossessing exterior. He knows how instantly to place himself on an equality with high and low, and to be welcome to all. That he excites the attention of women is natural enough,—he attracts and is attracted; but his experience of the world enables him to terminate any little *affaires du cœur* without violence or indecorum.

“The journey was undertaken very recently, and brings us the latest intelligence from the countries which he viewed with an acute, clear, and comprehensive eye.

“He gradually affords us a clue to his own character. We see before us a finely constituted being, endowed with great capacity; born to great external advantages and felicities; but in whom a lively spirit of enterprise is not united to constancy and perseverance; whence he experiences frequent failure and disappointment. But this very defect gives him that peculiar genial aimlessness, which to the reader is the charm of his travels. * * *

“His descriptions are equally good in the various regions for which talents of such different kinds are required. The wildest and the loveliest scenes of nature; buildings, and works of art; incidents of every kind; individual character and social groups,—all are treated with the same clear perception, the same easy unaffected grace. * * *

“The peculiarities of English manners and habits are drawn vividly and distinctly, and without exaggeration. We acquire a lively idea of that wonderful combination, that luxuriant growth,—of that insular life which is based in boundless wealth and civil freedom, in universal monotony and manifold diversity; formal and capricious, active and torpid, energetic and dull, comfortable and tedious, the envy and the derision of the world.

“Like other unprejudiced travellers of modern times, our author is not very much enchanted with the English form of existence: his cordial and sincere admiration are often accompanied by unsparing censure. * * *

“He is by no means inclined to favour the faults and weaknesses of the English; and in these cases he has the greatest and best among them—those whose reputation is universal—on his side.”—Göthe.

## TRANSLATOR’S PREFACE

### TO THE

### THIRD AND FOURTH VOLS. OF THE LONDON EDITION.

Since it has been suggested that I ought not to suffer several glaring, though (as I think) unimportant, errors to pass unnoticed, as if I were not aware of them, I mention the most conspicuous. The Author says the Royal Exchange was built by Charles II.; that the piece of water at Blenheim covers eight hundred acres, whereas I am told it covers only two hundred and fifty;—he calls the great Warwick Beauchamp, and not Neville:—alluding to Sir Walter Scott’s ‘Kenilworth,’ he calls Varney, Vernon; and he lays the scene of Varney’s murder of his wife at Kenilworth, instead of at Cumnor.—There may be more such mistakes for aught I know. Such are to be found in every account of a foreign country I have ever seen, with the exception of some two or three works of faultless correctness and veracity, which nobody reads. Of these Carsten Niebuhr’s may be taken as a representative. Whoever has had the good fortune to see a work on Germany, which was considerably accredited here, commented with marginal notes by an intelligent and veracious German, may have had a fair opportunity of comparing the sum of misstatements between the two countries. Of our ‘natural enemies’ I say nothing, nor of our irritable child, whom so much has been done to irritate, across the Atlantic. Of Italian travellers, Eustace is given up as nearly a romance-writer; Englishmen believe Forsyth to be extremely correct, but instructed Italians point out errors grosser than any of those here noticed. After all, errors of the kind are (except to tourists) comparatively unimportant, when they relate to countries which are not explored with a view to science, but merely for the purpose of giving the general aspect, moral and physical, of the country. Whoever succeeds in doing that with anything like fairness, may be regarded as having effected as much as the extreme difficulty of obtaining accurate information, even on the spot, will admit; and, in a work like the present, which makes no pretension to any higher character than that of chit-chat letters to an intimate friend, will have accomplished all that it is fair to look for.

It has also been suggested that I ought to have given the names of the persons alluded to at length, instead of merely copying the initials given in the original. To this I can only reply, that had I the inclination, I am totally without the power. I know nothing of any of the persons or incidents recorded; nor have I any means, which are not equally at the command of all my readers, of guessing to whom the Author alludes in any case. Inquiries of the kind are as foreign to my tastes and pursuits as the society in question is from my station in life. I have regarded these incidents solely in the light of illustrations of national manners; and the applying them to individuals is a matter in which I should take not the slightest interest. But since it is obvious that this is not the common taste, I have rather thought to obscure than to elucidate those parts of the book which are objectionably personal. If I could have done

this still more, without entirely changing the character of the work, I should have done it. But by any such material change I should have made myself, in some sort, responsible for its contents: which, as a mere translator, I can in no way be held to be. Whenever I find that the English public are likely to receive, with any degree of favour, such a German work as it would be my greatest pride and pleasure to render into my native tongue to the best of my ability, I shall be too happy to share with the illustrious and humanizing poets and philosophers of Germany any censure, as I should feel it the highest honour to partake in the minutest portion of their glory.

Hitherto I have found no encouragement to hope that any such work as I should care to identify myself with, would find readers.

The Reviews and other Journals (which, for the most part, have been divided between excessive praise, and censure equally excessive, of this slight but clever work) have, of course, not been sparing in allusions to the personal character of the Author. Of that, and of all that concerns his residence here, I am utterly ignorant. When I projected the translation of the book, I believed it to be, what the title announces, *The Letters of a deceased Person*. All that I now know of the Author's personal history while in England, (if information from such sources may be called knowledge,) is gained from the writings of his reviewers. Whether their representations be true or false, I have not the slightest interest in discussing. Even if every several anecdote related by him were a lie, it would remain to be considered, whether or not his remarks on England and English society tallied in the main with those of other instructed foreigners, and with those of the more impartial and enlightened portion of Englishmen.

## PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

THE Letters which we now lay before the public have this peculiarity,—that, with very few and unimportant exceptions, they were actually written at the moment as they appear in these pages.

It may, therefore, easily be imagined that they were written without the most distant view to publicity. The writer, however, is now numbered with the departed. Many scruples are thus removed: and as his Letters contain not only many interesting details, but more especially internal evidence of a real individuality; as they are written with no less uncoloured freedom than perfect impartiality,—we thought that these elements are not so abundant in our literature as to render such a work a superfluity.

It was, I must confess, an infelicity which attended the deceased author during life, that he set about everything in a manner different from that pursued by other men; from which cause few things succeeded with him. Many of his acquaintances thought that he affected originality. In that they did him injustice. No man was ever more sincere and genuine in his singularities; none, perhaps, had less the appearance of being so. No man was more natural, in cases where everybody thought they saw design.

This untoward fate still, in a certain degree, pursues the appearance of his Letters. Various circumstances, which cannot be explained here, compel us, contrary to all usage, to begin with the last two volumes, which the public must accept as the first. Should these meet with approbation, we hope soon to be able to publish that *preceding sequel* which will be found no less independent than these. For the convenience of the reader, we have annexed a short table of contents, as well as occasional notes, *ad modum Minellii*; for which we beg pardon and indulgence.

*B——, October 30, 1829.*

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# LETTERS

## ON

## ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE.

## LETTER I.

*Dresden, Sept. 8th, 1826.*

My dear Friend,

The love you showed me at our parting in B—— made me so happy and so miserable, that I cannot yet recover from it. Your sad image is ever before me; I still read deep sorrow in your looks and in your tears, and my own heart tells me too well what yours suffered. May God grant us a meeting as joyful as our parting was sorrowful! I can now only repeat what I have so often told you: that if I felt myself without you, my dearest friend, in the world, I could enjoy none of its pleasures without an alloy of sadness; that if you love me, you will therefore above all things watch over your health, and amuse yourself as much as you can by varied occupation.

As I resolved to combat the melancholy which gives so dark a colouring to all objects, I sought a kind of aid from your Sevigné, whose connexion with her daughter has, in fact many points of resemblance to that which subsists between us, only with the exception, 'que j'ai plus de votre sang,'[1] than Madame de Grignan had of her mother's. But your resemblance to the charming Sevigné is like the hereditary likeness to the portrait of an ancestor. The advantages which she possesses over you are those of her time and education; you have others over her; and what in her appears more finished and definite—classic,—in you assumes a romantic character; it becomes richer, and blends with the infinite,—I opened the book at random: it was pleasant enough that I lighted upon this passage—

"N'aimons jamais, ou n'aimons guères,
Il est dangereux d'aimer tant."

On which she remarks with great feeling, "Pour moi, j'aime encore mieux le mal que le remède, et je trouve plus doux d'avoir de la peine à quitter les gens que j'aime, que de les aimer médiocrement."

It is a real consolation to me to have already written a few lines to you: since I have conversed with you, I feel as if I were nearer to you. I have no adventures to relate as yet. I was so entirely engrossed by my own thoughts and feelings, that I scarcely knew through what places my road lay.

Dresden appeared to me less cheerful than usual, and I was thankful when I found myself quietly established in my room at the inn.

The storm which blew in my face during the whole day, has heated and fatigued me; and as I am, you know, otherwise unwell, I want rest.

Heaven send you also a tranquil night, and affectionate dreams of your friend!

*Sept. 10th.—Morning.*

'Vous avez sans doute cuit toutes sortes de bouillons amers, ainsi que moi.' Nevertheless I rose in better health and spirits than yesterday, and immediately set to work making all the little arrangements necessary at the beginning of a long journey. In the evening I felt extremely depressed, and as I dreaded an attack of my nervous hypochondriacal disorder, which you christened my 'maladie imaginaire,' I sent for Hofrath (Court-counsellor) W——, the favourite physician of the strangers who pass through Dresden, because, independently of his skill, he is an amusing and merry companion. You know the use I make of physicians. Nobody can be of a more homœopathic nature than I am; for the mere conversing with a medical man on my complaint and its remedies, generally half cures me; and if I take any of his prescriptions, it is only in thousandth parts. This was the case to-day; and after some hours, which W—— passed by my bedside, and seasoned with many a piquant anecdote, I supped with better appetite, and slept tolerably till morning. On opening my eyes, they lighted on a letter from you, which the honest B —— had laid upon my bed, well knowing that I could not begin the day so joyfully. Indeed, after the pleasure of hearing from you, I have only one other—that of writing to you.

Do but continue thus unrestrainedly to give utterance to all your feelings, and fear not to wound mine. I well know that your letters must long resemble a sad and dreary landscape. I shall be tranquil, if I do but see an occasional gleam of sunlight throw its rays across it.

*Leipsig, Sept. 11th.*

In a very pretty room, with well waxed parquet, elegant furniture, and silken curtains, all in their first 'fraicheur,' the waiter is now laying the table for my dinner, while I employ these few minutes in writing to you.

I left Dresden at ten o'clock this morning, in tolerably good spirits,—that is, painting fancy pictures for the future. But my lingering regrets at leaving you, dear Julia, and the comparison of my insipid and joyless solitude with the exquisite pleasure I should have had in taking this journey under more happy circumstances, with you, fell heavily upon my heart.

Of the road hither, there is not much to be said; it is not romantic,—not even the vineyards, which extend to Meissen, and which present to the eye more sand than verdure. Yet the country, though too open, sometimes excites agreeable feelings by its freshness and fertility: this is the case at Oschatz, where the pretty bushy Culmberg looks down upon the plain, like the rich-locked head of youth. The 'chaussée' is good, and it appears that the post is improving even in Saxony, since the excellent Nagler created a new post-era in Prussia. Nothing amuses me more than the energetic zeal with which B—— drives on the willing as well as the phlegmatic: he behaves to them as if he had already made the tour of the globe with me, and had—of course—found things better everywhere than at home.

In the delicate state of my health, the comfortable English carriage is a real blessing. I rather hug myself on

understanding the art of travelling better than my neighbours; particularly as far as the maximizing of comfort is concerned: in this I include the taking the greatest possible number of things (often dear, accustomed memorials) with the least possible ‘embarras’ and loss of time,—a problem which I have now perfectly solved. In Dresden, before I packed up, you would have taken my room for a broker’s shop. Now all my wares have vanished in the numerous receptacles of the carriage: yet without giving it that heavy, overloaded look, at which our postilions so readily take fright; and which marks a man, to the discriminating eye of innkeepers, as one embarked on the grand tour. Every article is at hand, and yet perfectly distinct, so that when I reach my nightly quarters, my *domestic relations* are quickly re-established in a strange place. On the road, the transparent crystal windows of the largest dimensions obstructed by no luggage or coach-box, afford me as free a view of the country as an open ‘calèche,’ while they leave me lord of the temperature.

The men on their lofty seat behind overlook the luggage and the horses, without the power of casting curious glances into the interior, or of listening to the conversation which may be passing there; if, perchance, on our arrival in the country of the Lilliputs or the Brobdignags, secrets of state should come under discussion. I could deliver a course of lectures on this subject,—one by no means unimportant to travellers; but I have been thus diffuse here only for the sake of furnishing you with a complete picture of myself as you are to think of me, wandering over the face of the earth, while my nomadic dwelling and the ever changing post-horses daily bear me further from your sight.

The host of the Hotel de Saxe, unquestionably one of the best inns in Germany, is an old acquaintance of mine, and established many strong claims on my gratitude when I was a student at Leipsig. Many a joyous and sometimes rather riotous repast was given at his house; and I now invited him to partake of my solitary one, that he might talk to me of the past, and of the wild days of my youth. The present times are, alas! become more serious everywhere. Formerly, pleasure was almost raised into a business,—men thought of nothing else—studied nothing else; and feet, so ready to dance, were lightly set in motion. Now-a-days, people find their pleasure only in business, and stronger excitements are required to make us merry—if that ever be the end proposed.

*Weimar, Sept. 13th.—Evening.*

I will not weary you with any ‘tirades’ on the battle-fields of Leipsig and Lützen, nor with a description of the ‘chétif’ monument to Gustavus Adolphus, or of the meagre beauties of the environs of Schulpforte. In Weissenfels, where I wanted to buy a book, I was surprised to learn that not a bookseller was to be found in the residence of the great Müllner. They were most likely afraid that he would saddle them with a law-suit, at first hand.

I trod the plains of Jena and Auerstadt with just such feelings as a Frenchman of the ‘grande armée’ might have had in the years 1806 and 1812, when he marched across the field of Rossbach;—for the last victory, like the last laugh, is always the best. And as the seat of the Muses, the cheerful Weimar, received me in its bosom after all these battle reminiscences, I blessed the noble prince who has here erected a monument of peace; and has helped to light up a beacon in the domain of literature, which has so long illumined Germany with its many-coloured flames.

Next day I presented myself to this my old commander, and to the rest of the illustrious family, whom I found little altered. The Court had, however, received the agreeable addition of two amiable princesses, who, had they been born in the humblest sphere, would have been distinguished for their external charms and their admirable education. A stranger is received here with a politeness and attention now completely out of fashion in other places. Scarcely was I announced, when a ‘laquais de cour,’ waited upon me to place himself and a court equipage at my disposal during the time of my stay, and to give me a general invitation to the Grand Duke’s table.

In the morning, the Grand Duke had the kindness to show me his private library, which is elegantly arranged, and remarkably rich in splendid English engravings. He laughed heartily when I told him that I had lately read in a Paris journal that Schiller had been disinterred by his order, and that the skeleton of the illustrious poet was to be placed in the Grand Ducal library. The truth is, that his bust, with some others, decorates the room, but that his skull, if I was rightly informed, is enclosed in the pedestal;—certainly a somewhat singular token of respect.

I visited the park with renewed pleasure. The ground is not, indeed, rich in picturesque beauty, but the laying out is so skilful, the several parts are so well imagined and executed, that they leave on the mind a feeling of satisfaction which such combinations, even under more favourable natural circumstances, seldom produce in an equal degree.

Among the new improvements I found a small botanic garden, laid out in a circular plot of ground, in the centre of which stands a majestic old tree. The garden is arranged according to the Linnæan system, and exhibits a single specimen of every tree, shrub, and plant which will stand abroad, and is to be found in the park and gardens. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable spot for the living study of botany than the seat under this tree, which, like a venerable patriarch, looks down upon the surrounding youthful generations of every form, foliage, blossom, and colour. Continuing my walk, I saw a model farm of the Grand Duke’s, where gigantic Swiss cows give little milk,—for transplantations of this sort seldom answer. Further on, I found the pretty pheasantry, which is rich in gold and silver pheasants and white roes. The great ladder on which from seventy to eighty heavy turkeys are drilled by the gamekeeper to climb in company is curious enough; and the old lime-tree, completely loaded with such fruit, has a strange exotic aspect.

As the Court dines at a very early hour, I had scarcely time to put myself into costume, and arriving late found a large company already assembled. Among them I remarked several Englishmen, who very wisely study German here, instead of first learning, with great trouble, the ungraceful dialect of Dresden: they are most hospitably received here. The conversation at table was very animated. You know the joviality of the Grand Duke, who in this respect completely resembles his friend, the never-to-be-forgotten King of Bavaria. We recapitulated many a laughable story of the time when I had the honour of being his adjutant; after which I was compelled to ride my grand ‘cheval de bataille’—my expedition in the air-balloon.

Much more interesting were Duke Bernard’s descriptions of his travels in North and South America, which I understand we shall soon have an opportunity of reading in print, with remarks by Göthe. This prince, whom the accident of birth has placed in a high station, occupies a still higher as man: no one could be better fitted to give the free Americans a favourable idea of a German prince than he, uniting, as he does, frank dignity of deportment with genuine liberality of thought, and unpretending kindness and courtesy.

In the evening there was a grand assembly, which, in virtue of its nature and quality, was not particularly rich in enjoyment. Every agreeable feeling however revived within me, when I found myself seated at cards opposite to the Grand Duchess. Who has not heard of this noble and truly excellent German woman, before whose serene and clear

spirit Napoleon himself, in the plenitude of his power, stood awed, and who is beloved by every one who is permitted to enjoy her gentle and heart-cheering society? We sat indeed at the card-table, but gave little heed to the laws of whist; while time fled amid animated and delightful conversation.

In a court like this, visited by so many foreigners, there cannot fail to be originals who afford matter for piquant anecdotes, even those least given to scandal. Some very diverting stories were related to me when, on rising from table, I mingled again in the crowd. Among other things, a visiting card, 'in naturâ,' was showed to me which apparently owed its existence to a well-known anecdote concerning an Englishman. This example suggested to the mad-cap Baron J—— the thought of re-acting the affair with one of his table companions, a ci-devant captain, who was tolerably ignorant of the world and its usages. With this view, he hinted to the poor man, who had been leading a secluded life in D——, that politeness required of him to make a round of visits in the town; to which the unsuspecting captain patiently replied, that he was not conversant in these matters, but would willingly put himself under J——'s guidance. "Well then," said he, "I will provide the cards, which must be written in French, and in three days I will call you in my carriage. You must put on your uniform, and your cards must express to what service you formerly belonged." All was done according to agreement; but you may imagine what laughing faces greeted our visitors, when you learn that the following 'carte de visite' was sent up before them in every house:—

"Le Baron de J——, pour présenter *feu* Monsieur le Capitaine de M——, jadis au service de plusieurs membres de la Confédération du Rhin."

*September, 14th.*

This evening I paid my visit to Göthe. He received me in a dimly lighted room, whose 'clair obscure' was arranged with some 'coquetterie'; and truly, the aspect of the beautiful old man, with his Jove-like countenance, was most stately. Age has changed, but scarcely enfeebled him: he is perhaps somewhat less vivacious than formerly, but so much the more equable and mild; and his conversation is rather pervaded by a sublime serenity, than by that dazzling fire which used occasionally to surprise him, even in the midst of his highest 'grandezza.' I rejoiced heartily at the good health in which I found him, and said with a smile, how happy it made me to find our spiritual King in undiminished majesty and vigour. "Oh, you are too *gracious*," said he, (with the yet uneffaced traces of his South German manner, accompanied by the satirical smile of a North German,[2]) "to give me such a title." "No," replied I, truly from my very heart, "not only king, but despot, for you have subjugated all Europe." He bowed courteously, and questioned me concerning things which related to my former visit to Weimar; then expressed himself very kindly with regard to M——, and my efforts to improve it, gently remarking, how meritorious he ever thought it to awaken a sense of beauty, be it of what kind it may, since the Good and the Noble unfolded themselves in manifold ways out of the Beautiful. Lastly, he gave me some gleam of hope that he might comply with my earnest request that he would visit us there. Imagine, dearest, with what 'empressment' I caught at this, though perhaps but a 'façon de parler.'

In the course of our conversation we came to Sir Walter Scott. Göthe was not very enthusiastic about the Great Unknown. He said he doubted not that he wrote his novels in the[3] same sort of partnership as existed between the old painters and their scholars; that he furnished the plot, the leading thoughts, and skeleton of the scenes, that he then let his pupils fill them up, and retouched them at the last. It seemed almost to be his opinion, that it was not worth the while of a man of Sir Walter Scott's eminence to give himself up to such a number of minute and tedious details. "Had I," added he, "been able to lend myself to the idea of mere gain, I could formerly have sent such things anonymously into the world, with the aid of Lenz and others—nay, I could still—as would astonish people not a little, and make them puzzle their brains to find out the author; but after all they would be but manufactured wares." I afterwards observed, that it was gratifying to Germans to see what victories our literature was achieving in other countries; "And," added I, "our Napoleon has no Waterloo to dread."

"Certainly," replied he, disregarding my 'fade' compliment, "setting aside all our original productions, we now stand on a very high step of culture, by the adoption and complete appropriation of those of foreign growth. Other nations will soon learn German, from the conviction that they may thus, to a certain extent, dispense with the learning of all other languages; for of which do we not possess all the most valuable works in admirable translations? —The ancient classics, the master-works of modern Europe, the literature of India and other eastern lands,—have not the richness and the many-sidedness[4] of the German tongue, the sincere, faithful German industry, and deep-searching German genius, reproduced them all more perfectly than is the case in any other language?"

"France," continued he, "owed much of her former preponderance in literature to the circumstance of her being the first to give to the world tolerable versions from the Greek and Latin: but how entirely has Germany since surpassed her!"

On the field of politics, he did not appear to me to give into the favourite constitutional theories very heartily. I defended my own opinions with some warmth. He reverted to his darling idea, which he several times repeated;—that every man should trouble himself only thus far,—in his own peculiar sphere, be it great or small, to labour on faithfully, honestly, and lovingly; and that thus under no form of government would universal well being and felicity long be wanting:—that, for his own part he had followed no other course; and that I had also adopted it in M—— (as he kindly added), untroubled as to what other interests might demand. I replied frankly, but in all humility, that however true and noble this principle were, I must yet think that a constitutional form of government was first necessary to call it fully into life, since it afforded to every individual the conviction of greater security for his person and property, and consequently gave rise to the most cheerful energy, and the most steady trust-worthy patriotism, and that a far more solid universal basis would thus be laid for the quiet activity of each individual in his own circle: I concluded by adducing,—perhaps unwisely,—England in support of my argument. He immediately replied, that the, choice of the example was not happy, for that in no country was selfishness more omnipotent; that no people were perhaps essentially less humane in their political or in their private relations;[5] that salvation came not from without, by means of forms of government, but from within, by the wise moderation and humble activity of each man in his own circle; that this must ever be the main thing for human felicity, while it was the easiest and the simplest to attain.

He afterwards spoke of Lord Byron with great affection, almost as a father would of a son, which was extremely grateful to my enthusiastic feelings for this great poet. He contradicted the silly assertion that Manfred was only an echo of his Faust. He confessed, however, that it was interesting to him to see that Byron had unconsciously employed the same mask of Mephistophiles as he himself had used, although, indeed, Byron had produced a totally

different effect with it. He extremely regretted that he had never become personally acquainted with Lord Byron, and severely and justly reproached the English nation for having judged their illustrious countryman so pettily, and understood him so ill. But, on this subject, Göthe has spoken so satisfactorily and so beautifully in print, that I can add nothing to it. I mentioned the representation of Faust in a private theatre at Berlin, with music by Prince Radzivil, and spoke with admiration of the powerful effect of some part of the performance.—"Well," said Göthe gravely, "it is a strange undertaking; but all endeavours and experiments are to be honoured."

I am angry with my vile memory that I cannot now recollect more of our conversation, which was very animated. With sentiments of the highest veneration and love, I took my leave of the great man,—the third in the great triumvirate with Homer and Shakspeare,—whose name will beam with immortal glory as long as the German tongue endures; and had I had anything of Mephistophiles in me, I should certainly have exclaimed on the step of his door,

"Es ist doch schön von einem grossen Herrn
Mit einem armen Teufel so human zu sprechen."[6]

I was invited to dine with the Grand Duke to-day at the Belvedere, and at two o'clock set out on the pleasant road thither. Ever since I have been here the weather has been wonderful:—days of crystal, as your Sevigné says, in which one feels neither heat nor cold, and which only spring and autumn can give.

The Hereditary Grand Duke and his wife live at Belvedere quite like private people, and receive their guests without etiquette, though with the most perfect politeness. The Grand Princess (Grossfürstin) appeared still much depressed in consequence of the Emperor's death, but when the conversation grew animated, she gave us a very affecting description of the floods at St. Petersburg, of which she had been an eyewitness. I have always admired the excellent education and the various attainments which distinguish the Russian princesses. The late Queen of Wurtemberg was even learned. I had once to deliver a letter to her in Frankfurt, and remained by her desire standing in the circle after I had given it to her, till the other persons of whom it was composed were dismissed. A professor of a Pestallozian school was the first in turn, and appeared to know less about his system than the Queen, then Grand Princess (Grossfürstin) Katharine, who several times corrected his diffuse and inaccurate answers with singular acuteness. A 'diplomate' followed, and he also, in his sphere, received the most dextrous and well-turned replies. She next entered into a scientific discussion with a celebrated economist from A——; and lastly, profound and brilliant reflections, in a lively controversy with a well-known philosopher, closed this remarkable audience.

After dinner, the Hereditary Grand Duke took us into his conservatories, which, next to Schönbrunn, are the richest in Germany. You know, dear Julia, that I lay little stress on mere rarity, and, in plants, as in other things, delight only in the beautiful. Many treasures were therefore thrown away upon me; and I could not share in the raptures into which several connoisseurs fell at the sight of a stalk, which was indeed only six inches high, and had not above five leaves, and no flowers, but, on the other hand, had cost sixty guineas, and is as yet the solitary specimen of its kind in Germany. I was, however, greatly delighted by a *Cactus grandiflorus* in full flower, and many other splendid plants. I looked with great reverence at a magnificent large Bread-fruit tree, and pleased myself with dyeing my fingers crimson from the cochineal insects which inhabited a Cactus. The varieties of plants exceed sixty thousand. The orangery is beautiful, and contains a veteran with a trunk of an ell and a half in circumference, which has safely weathered five hundred and fifty northern summers.

I spent the evening at Herr V. G——'s, a clever man, and an old friend of Madame Schoppenhauer, who is also a kind patroness of mine. Frau V. G——e came in afterwards, and was a very agreeable addition to our company. She is a lively, original, and clever woman, on whom the incense strewed upon her with so much justice by her father-in-law, has not been entirely without its influence. She evinced great pleasure at the arrival of a first copy of Granby, which she had just received from the author, who had studied German in Weimar. The offering did not strike me as anything very considerable; and I told her I could only wish the author might be more interesting than his work. Perhaps I said this from 'dépit,' for here, as all over the Continent, it is the fashion to flatter the English inordinately, and God knows how 'mal à propos.'

*September 16th.*

After taking my leave this morning of all the illustrious family, I devoted the rest of the day to my friend Sp——, who, together with his family, affords a proof that a life at court and in the great world is perfectly compatible with the simplest domestic habits and the most attaching kindness of heart. A young Englishman, secretary to Mr. Canning, who spoke German like a native, entertained us with some humorous descriptions of English society, and was exceedingly bitter upon the discourtesy and want of good-nature which characterize it. This gave him, at the same time, a good opportunity of saying handsome things of the Germans, particularly those present. *It is only while they are abroad that Englishmen judge thus*: when they return, they quickly resume their accustomed coldness and haughty indifference, treat a foreigner as an inferior being, and laugh at the German 'bonhommie,' which they praised as long as *they* were the objects of it; while they regard the truly laughable veneration which we cherish for the very name of Englishman, as the rightful tribute to their superiority.

This is the last letter, dear Julia, which you will receive from hence.

Early in the morning,—not at cock-crow, that is, but according to *my* calendar,—at about twelve o'clock,—I intend to set out, and not to stop till I reach London.

Take care of your health, I beseech you, for my sake, and tranquillize your mind as much as you can by the aid of that wondrous self-controlling strength with which the Creator has endowed it. Love me nevertheless—for my strength is in your love.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER II.

*Wesel, Sept. 20th, 1826.*

Beloved Friend,

After taking leave of Göthe and his family, and paying a last visit to a distinguished and charming artist in her

‘atélier,’ I quitted the German Athens, stored with pleasant recollections.

I staid only just so long in Götha as was necessary to visit an old friend and comrade, the minister and astronomer (heaven and earth in strange conjunction) Baron Von L——. I found him still suffering from the consequences of his unfortunate duel in Paris, but bearing this calamity with the calmness of a sage, which he has displayed in every circumstance of his life.

It was dark when I reached Eisenach, where I had a message to deliver to another old comrade from the Grand Duke. I saw his house brilliantly lighted up, heard the music of the dance, and was ushered into the midst of a large company, who looked astonished at my travelling costume. It was the wedding-day of my friend’s daughter, and heartily did he welcome me as soon as he recognized me. I apologized to the bride for my unbridal garments, drank a glass of iced punch to her health, another to that of her father, danced a Polonaise, and disappeared, ‘à la Française.’ Very shortly afterwards I made my night toilet, and laid myself comfortably to rest in my carriage.

When I awoke, I found myself a stage from Cassel, at the very place where, ten years ago, we made our strange ‘entrée,’ with the pole of our carriage standing erect, and the postilion apparently mounted upon it. I breakfasted here, and thought over many circumstances of that journey; drove through the pretty, melancholy little capital without stopping; then through a noble beech wood, which gleamed in the sunshine with a gold-green lustre; made romantic observations on a curious hill covered with the moss-grown ruins; and hurrying on through this monotonous district, reached the ancient see of Osnabruck at dinner-time.

One always sleeps better in a carriage the second night than the first; the motion acts upon one like that of a cradle upon children. I felt well and in good spirits next morning, and remarked that the whole face of the country began to assume a Dutch character. Antique houses, with numerous gables and windows; an unintelligible *Platt Deutsch*, which nowise yields in harmony to the Dutch; a more phlegmatic people; better furnished rooms, though still without Dutch cleanliness; tea instead of coffee; excellent fresh butter and cream; increased extortions of innkeepers;—all presented a new shade of this many-coloured world.

The country through which my road lay had a more agreeable and softer character, especially at Stehlen on the Ruhr, a place made for a man who wishes to retire from the tumult of the world to cheerful seclusion. I could not gaze my fill on the fresh succulent vegetation, the magnificent oak and beech woods which crowned the hills on the right and left, sometimes growing down to the very road, sometimes going off into the distance; everywhere skirting the most fruitful fields, shaded with red and brown where they had been newly ploughed, clothed in deep or tender green where they were covered by the young winter crops or the fresh clover. Every village is surrounded by a belt of beautiful trees, and nothing can exceed the luxuriance of the meadows through which the Ruhr winds in fantastic meanderings. Towards evening, as I was comparing this smiling landscape with our gloomy pine forests, a tongue of homelike land suddenly appeared as if by enchantment, with its sand, shingle, and arid stunted birch-trees, stretching across the road as far as the eye could reach. In ten minutes the green meadows and proud beeches greeted us again. What revolution was it that threw this tract of sand here?

A few miles from Wesel, however, the whole country becomes ‘tout de bon’ fatherlandish, and, as the ‘chaussée’ ends here, one wades once more through Berlin loose sand. I arrived unfortunately a day too late to sail from hence by the steamboat, otherwise I might have reached London from Weimar in four days and a half. Now I must travel by land to Rotterdam, and there wait the departure of the first vessel.

*Rotterdam, Sept. 25th.*

My journey from Wesel to Arnheim was tedious enough. The horses toiled slowly on, through a dull country, amid endless sands. There was nothing interesting to be seen but the great brick-kilns by the roadside, which I looked at attentively on account of their superiority to ours. The more agreeable, and really magical in its effect, is the contrast of the extensive garden which lies between Arnheim and Rotterdam. On a ‘chaussée’ constructed of clinkers, (very hard-baked tiles,) and covered with a surface of fine sand—a road which nothing can excel, and which never takes the slightest trace of a rut—the carriage rolled on with that soft unvarying murmur of the wheels so inviting to the play of the fancy.

Although there is neither rock nor mountain in the endless park I traversed, yet the lofty dams along which the road sometimes runs, the multitude of country-seats, buildings and churches grouped into masses, and the many colossal clumps of trees rising from meadows and plains, or on the banks of clear lakes, gave to the landscape as much diversity of surface as of picturesque objects of the most varied character; indeed its greatest peculiarity consists in this rapid succession of objects which incessantly attract the attention. Towns, villages, country-seats, surrounded by their rich enclosures; villas of every style of architecture, with the prettiest flower-gardens; interminable grassy plains, with thousands of grazing cattle; lakes which have gradually grown merely from turf-digging to an extent of twenty miles; countless islands, where the long reed, carefully cultivated for thatch, serves as a dwelling-place for myriads of water-birds;—all join in a gladsome dance, through which one is borne along as if by winged horses; while still new palaces and other towns appear in the horizon, and the towers of their high Gothic churches melt into the clouds in the misty distance.

And even in the near-ground the continually changing and often grotesque figures leave no room for monotony. Now it is a strange carriage, decorated with carved work and gilding, without a pole, and driven by a coachman in a blue jacket, short black breeches, black stockings, and shoes with enormous silver buckles, who sits perched on a narrow board; or women walking under the load of gold or silver ear-rings six inches long, and Chinese hats like roofs upon their heads: then yew-trees cut into dragons and all sorts of fabulous monsters; or lime-trees with trunks painted white, or many-coloured; chimneys decorated in an Oriental style, with numbers of little towers or pinnacles; houses built slanting for the nonce; gardens with marble statues as large as life, in the dress of the old French Court, peeping through the bushes; or a number of brass bottles or cans, polished like mirrors, standing on the grass by the roadside, glittering like pure gold, yet destined to the humble purpose of receiving the milk with which the lads and lasses are busily filling them. In short, a multitude of strange, unwonted and fantastic objects every moment present to the eye a fresh scene, and stamp the whole with a perfectly foreign character. Imagine such pictures set in the golden frame of the brightest sunshine, adorned with the richest vegetation, from giant oaks, elms, ashes and beeches, to the rarest hot-house plant, and you will have a tolerably perfect and by no means exaggerated idea of this magnificent part of Holland, and of the high enjoyment of my day’s ride.

There was only a part of it which, as to vegetation and variety, formed an exception; but in another point of view

was, if not so pleasant, equally interesting. Between Arnheim and Utrecht you come upon a tract, four miles long,[7] of the sand of the Luneberg heath, as bad as the worst plains of the Mark; nevertheless—such is the power of intelligent cultivation—the finest plantations of oak, white and red beech, birch, poplar, &c., flourish by the side of the stunted thorns and heather, which are the only natural productions of the soil. Where the ground has too little strength to grow trees, it is planted with brushwood, which is lopped every five or six years. The magnificent road is skirted the whole way on each side with rows of well-kept flourishing trees; and to my surprise I found that, spite of the arid sand, oaks and beeches seemed to thrive better than birches and poplars. A number of the exquisitely neat Dutch houses and villas were built in the midst of the dreary heath: many were only begun, as well as the laying-out of pleasure-grounds around them. I could not understand how people could have pitched upon this inhospitable soil upon which to found expensive establishments: but learned that the Government had been wise enough to grant out the whole of this hitherto unprofitable tract of land to the neighbouring proprietors and other opulent persons, free of all charges for fifty years, with the sole condition that they must immediately either plant or otherwise cultivate it. Their heirs or successors are to pay a very moderate rent. I am persuaded, from what I here saw, that the greater part of our hungry heaths might in a century be converted by a similar process, and by continued cultivation, into thriving fields and woods, and the whole district thus change its character.

Utrecht is prettily built, and, like all Dutch towns, a model of cleanliness. The painted exterior of the houses and their various forms, the narrow winding streets, and the old-fashioned ‘ensemble,’ are much more pleasing to my eye than the so-called handsome towns, the streets of which, like mathematical figures, invariably intersect at right angles, and the whole weary line of each street is to be seen at a glance. The environs are charming, the air very healthful, Utrecht being the highest town in Holland, and, as I was assured, the society in winter and spring very lively and agreeable, as all the wealthiest nobles of the country make it their residence. The trade is inconsiderable, and the whole air of the town and its inhabitants rather aristocratical than commercial.

From thence I proceeded to Gouda, the cathedral of which place is celebrated for its painted glass. Eighty thousand gulden[8] was lately bidden in vain by an Englishman for one of these windows. In execution it is equal to a miniature picture, and the splendour of the colours is indescribable;—the gems and pearls in the garments of the priests emulate real ones. Another, half of which was lately shattered by lightning, was presented to the church by Philip II. There is a portrait of him in it, dressed in a mantle of genuine purple; not the usual reddish colour, but a lustrous violet, between the deepest blue and crimson, more beautiful than anything I ever saw in glass. A third contains a portrait of the Duke of Alva. All the windows are of extraordinary dimensions, and with few exceptions in exquisite preservation. They are all of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries except one, which was not painted till the seventeenth, and which betrays the decline of the art, both by the inferiority of the colours and of the conception and drawing.

He who has seen Gouda may spare himself the trouble of a journey to the leaning tower of Pisa, for here the whole town seems to have been built on the same principle. Though the Dutch, who have been on many accounts not inappropriately called the Chinese of Europe, might very fairly be believed capable of preferring so extraordinary a style of architecture, yet it is probable that the really alarming aspect of the buildings here is to be attributed chiefly to the unsteady boggy soil.[9]

Almost all the houses stand with their gable ends to the street, every one of which is differently ornamented. In very narrow lanes they almost meet, and form a triangle, under which one walks with some solicitude.

As it was Sunday I found the town extremely lively, though with a quiet and decent gaiety. Most of the people stood idle, gazing about. They took off their hats very politely as I passed.

Before you reach Rotterdam you ride through a long series of country-houses with flower-gardens, separated from the road on either side by a narrow canal. The entrance to each of the houses is over a mighty drawbridge, which contrasts oddly enough with the insignificance of the water, over which a good leap would carry you. Just as ‘baroque’ are the tower-like windmills outside the town: they are gilded, and ornamented with the wildest carvings, besides which, the walls of many of them are so finely covered with thick rushes that at a distance they look like fur; others resemble the skin of a crocodile; some are like Chinese pagodas; but, in spite of all this extravagance, the whole group produces a very striking effect. Interspersed among them are seen the rising masts of the vessels in the harbour, and the great glass roof under which the ships of war are built, announcing a maritime and commercial city.

I soon entered a long street thronged with people, at the end of which a high black clock tower, with flaming red figures and hands, served as ‘point de vue;’ and it was a good quarter of an hour before I reached the Hotel des Bains, on the quay, where I am now very well and comfortably lodged. From my window I look down upon a broad expanse of water, and the four steam-vessels, one of which is to convey me the day after to-morrow to England. Boats row swiftly to and fro, and the busy crowd hurry along the quay, the edge of which is adorned with lofty elms, probably cotemporaries of Erasmus. After a little walk under these trees, I ate a good dinner, and then added to this ell-long letter, which alas, will cost more than it is worth. My health is not entirely as I wish it, though daily improving. Perhaps the sea will cure me.

*September 26th.*

The manner of living here approaches to that of England. They rise late, dine at ‘table d’hôte,’ at four o’clock, and drink tea in the evening. ‘Au reste,’ there is little amusement or variety for strangers, in this great city: there is not even a stationary theatre; the company from the Hague give occasional performances in a miserable house. Everybody seems occupied with trade, and finds his recreation after it only in domestic pleasures, which are indeed the most appropriate and the best, but in which a traveller can have no share. I went into the counting-house of a Jewish banker to change some English money: notwithstanding the insignificance of the sum, he behaved in the most respectful manner, and after carefully counting out the money for me, accompanied me to the door himself. I was not a little astonished to learn from my ‘laquais de place’ that this man’s fortune was estimated at two millions of guilders (gulden). It seems, therefore, that wealth has not yet made bankers so haughty and insolent here as at other places. I visited the arsenal, which, compared with English establishments of the like kind, appeared to me insignificant. Many of the large buildings are covered with pasteboard, which is said to be very lasting, and looks very well. Square sheets of pasteboard, of an ordinary thickness, are dipped several times into a cauldron of boiling

tar, till they are thoroughly saturated with it: they are then hung up to dry in the sun. They are laid on a very flat roof, like sheets of copper, one over another, and nailed to planks underneath, which they thus preserve from the wet for many years. The officers of the yard assured me that a roof of this kind would last much longer than shingle, or than the best tarpauling. I was much interested by a very detailed model of a ship of war, which could be entirely taken to pieces. It was made for the naval school at Delft, and gives a perfect illustration of the instruction they receive. The King's golden barge, or gondola, though probably not quite equal in magnificence to that of Cleopatra, was shown to me with great self-satisfaction by the Dutchmen. It is rotting away on dry land, being very seldom used.

The country round Rotterdam is famous for its pretty girls and excellent fruit, which (the latter I mean) forms a considerable article of export to England. Nowhere are such enormous grapes to be found. I saw some exposed to sale in the market, which had the appearance and the size of plums. Sauntering idly about, I saw an advertisement of a panorama of Ætna,—entered, in the train of a party of ladies,—and alas! lost my heart. The loveliest girl I ever saw, smiled upon me from the foot of the volcano, with eyes which must have borrowed their glow from its eternal fires, while her lips smiled archly with a bloom equal to that of the oleander at her side. The prettiest foot, and most exquisite symmetry of person,—all were combined to form an ideal, if not of heavenly, at least of the most seductive earthly beauty. Was this a Dutch woman? Oh no, a true Sicilian; but alas, alas! only painted. The glances she cast at me from her viny bower as I went out, were therefore those of triumphant mockery; for since Pygmalion's days are over, there is no hope for me.

To-morrow, instead of the glowing sun and subterranean heat of Sicily, the cold wet sea will be around me; but I shall not say, with Voltaire, on quitting pleasant Holland,

'Adieu Canards, Canaux, Canailles.'

I shall not write again till I reach London. I will tell you whether I determine to make a long stay there, which I shall decide on the spot. 'En attendant,' I send you a lithographic print of the steamboat in which I sail. A † marks, after the fashion in which the knights of old signed their names, the place where I stand, and with a little help from your imagination you will see how I wave my handkerchief, and send you a thousand affectionate greetings from afar.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER III.

*London, Oct. 5th, 1826.*

I have had a most disastrous passage. A squall, constant sea-sickness, forty hours instead of twenty,—and, to crown the whole, striking on a sandbank in the Thames, where we had to lie six hours, till the tide set us afloat again;—such were the disagreeable incidents of our voyage.

It is ten years since I quitted England; and I know not whether I saw all things before with beautifying eyes, or whether my imagination had unconsciously brightened the colouring of the distant picture; but the views on the banks of the Thames appeared to me neither so fresh nor so picturesque as formerly, though superb groups of trees and cheerful pretty villas were frequently in sight. But here, as in North Germany, the lopping of the trees often spoils the landscape; only that the quantity of them in the numerous hedges which enclose the fields, and the preservation of at least the topmost branches, render the effect less melancholy here than in the otherwise so beautiful Silesia.

Among the passengers was an Englishman who had just returned from Herrnhut, and had also visited the baths of M——. It diverted me highly, unknown to him as I was, to hear his opinions of the plantations there. How much tastes differ, and how little, therefore, anybody needs to despair, you may conclude from this,—that he expressed the highest admiration for that gloomy district, solely on account of the immensity of the 'evergreen woods,' as he called the endless monotonous pine-forests, which appear to us so insufferable, but which are a rarity in England, where fir-trees are carefully planted in parks, and commonly thrive but ill.

An American was extremely incensed at being sea-sick during this trumpery passage, after having crossed the Atlantic to Rotterdam without being at all so; and a planter from Demarara, who was in a continual shiver, complained even more of the "impolitic" abolition of the slave-trade than of the cold. He thought that this measure would speedily bring about the total ruin of the colonies; for, said he, a slave or a native never works unless he is forced; and he does not need to work, because the magnificent country and climate afford him food and shelter sufficient. Europeans *cannot* work in the heat, so that nothing remains but the alternative,—colonies with slaves, or no colonies;—that people knew this well enough, but had very different ends in view from those which they put forward with such a parade of philanthropy. He maintained that the slaves were, even for their owners' interest, far better treated than the Irish peasants,—far better than he had often seen servants treated in Europe:—an exception might be found here and there; but this was not worth considering in a view of the whole subject.

I tried to turn the conversation from a subject so distressing to every friend of humanity, and got him to describe to me the mode of life in Guiana, and the majesty of its primeval woods. His descriptions filled me with a sort of longing after these wonders of nature, in a country where all is nobler, and man alone is baser, than with us.

The ridiculous element of the voyage was an English lady, who with unusual volubility seized every occasion of entering into conversation in French. Though no longer in the bloom of youth, she carefully concealed this defect even on ship-board, by the most studied toilet. At a late hour in the morning, when we all crawled on deck more or less wretched, we found her already seated there in an elegant 'negligée.'

In the middle of the second night we anchored just below London Bridge, the most unfortunate circumstance that can happen to a man. In consequence of the severity of the Custom-house, he is not permitted to take his things on shore before they are inspected; and the office is not opened till ten in the morning. As I did not choose to leave my German servants alone with my carriage and effects, I was compelled to pass the night, almost dressed as I was, in a miserable sailors' tavern close to the river. In the morning, however, when I was present at the examination, I found that the golden key, which rarely fails, had not lost its efficacy here, and saved me from long and tedious delays. Even a few dozen French gloves, which lay in all innocence open upon my linen, seemed to be rendered

invisible;—nobody took any notice of them.

I hastened as quickly as possible out of the dirty city, swarming like an ant-hill, but had half a stage to travel with post-horses before I reached the 'West end of the town,' where I put up at my old quarters, the Clarendon Hotel. My former host, a Swiss, had exchanged England for a yet unknown country. His son, however, occupied his place, and received me with all that respectful attention which distinguishes English innkeepers, and indeed all here who live by the money of others. He very soon rendered me a real service; for I had hardly rested an hour before I discovered that, in the confusion of the night, I had left a purse with eighty sovereigns in a drawer in my bed-room. Monsieur Jaquier, 'qui connoissait le terrain,' shrugged his shoulders, but instantly sent off a confidential person to the spot, to recover the lost purse if possible. The disorder which reigned in the miserable inn, stood me in good stead. Our messenger found the room uncleared; and to the, perhaps disagreeable, surprise of the people, the purse where I left it.

London is now so utterly dead as to elegance and fashion, that one hardly meets an equipage; and nothing remains of the 'beau monde' but a few ambassadors. The huge city is, at the same time, full of fog and dirt, and the macadamized streets are like well-worn roads; the old pavement has been torn up, and replaced by small pieces of granite, the interstices between which are filled with gravel; this renders the riding more easy, and diminishes the noise; but, on the other hand, changes the town into a sort of quagmire. Were it not for the admirable 'trottoirs,' people must go on stilts, as they do in the Landes near Bourdeaux. Englishwomen of the lower classes do indeed wear an iron machine of the kind on their large feet.

London is, however, extremely improved in the direction of Regent Street, Portland Place, and the Regent's Park. Now, for the first time, it has the air of a seat of Government (Residenz), and not of an immeasurable metropolis of 'shopkeepers,' to use Napoleon's expression. Although poor Mr. Nash (an architect who has great influence over the King, and is the chief originator of these improvements) has fared so ill at the hands of connoisseurs,—and it cannot be denied that his buildings are a jumble of every sort of style, the result of which is rather 'baroque' than original,—yet the country is, in my opinion, much indebted to him for conceiving and executing such gigantic designs for the improvement of the metropolis. The greater part too is still 'in petto,' but will doubtless soon be called into existence by English opulence and the universal rage for building. It's true, one must not look too nicely into the details. The church, for instance, which serves as 'point de vue' to Regent Street, ends in a ridiculous spire, while every part seems at variance with every other. It is a strange architectural monster. There is an admirable caricature, in which Mr. Nash, a very small shrivelled man, is represented booted and spurred, riding spitted on the point of the spire. Below is the inscription "*National* (sounded *nashional*) *taste*."

Many such monstrosities might be mentioned. Among others, on a balcony which adorns the largest mansion in the Regent's Park, there are four figures squeezed flat against the wall, whose purpose or import is extremely mysterious. They are clad in a sort of dressing-gown, whence we gather that they are at least designed for human figures. Perhaps they are emblems of an hospital; for these apparent palaces, like that at Potsdam, have unity and grandeur in their façade alone. They are often, in fact, only a conglomeration of small houses dedicated to the purposes of trade, manufacture, or what not.

Faultless, on the other hand, is the landscape-gardening part of the park, which also originates with Mr. Nash, especially in the disposition of the water. Art has here completely solved the difficult problem of concealing her operations under an appearance of unrestrained nature. You imagine you see a broad river flowing on through luxuriant banks, and going off in the distance in several arms; while in fact you are looking upon a small piece of standing, though clear, water, created by art and labour. So beautiful a landscape as this, with hills in the distance, and surrounded by an enclosure of magnificent houses a league in circuit, is certainly a design worthy of one of the capitals of the world; and when the young trees are grown into majestic giants, will scarcely find a rival. In the execution of Mr. Nash's plan many old streets have been pulled down, and during the last ten years more than sixty thousand new houses built in this part of the town. It is, in my opinion, a peculiar beauty of the new streets, that, though broad, they do not run in straight lines, but make occasional curves which break their uniformity.

If ever London has quays, and St. Paul's Church is laid open, according to the ingenious project of Colonel Trench, she will excel all other cities in magnificence, as much as she now does in magnitude.

Among the new bridges, Waterloo Bridge holds the first rank. The proprietors are said to have lost 300,000*l.* feet in length, and enclosed between solid balustrades of granite, it affords an agreeable and almost solitary walk, and commands the finest river view, in so far as the fog will permit it to be seen,—in which palaces, bridges, churches, and vessels, are proudly blended.

The contrivance for checking the toll-receivers was new to me. The iron turnstile through which you pass, and which is in the usual form of a cross, is so contrived that it describes each time only a quarter of the circle, just as much as is necessary to let one person through; and at the moment when it stops, a mark falls in an enclosed case under the bridge. There is a similar contrivance for carriages; and the proprietors have only to count the marks in an evening, to know accurately how many foot and horse-passengers cross the bridge daily. The former pay a penny, the latter three-pence, by which it was expected that three hundred pounds a day would be taken, instead of which the receipts seldom exceed fifty.

*October 7th.*

What would delight you here is the extreme cleanliness of the houses, the great convenience of the furniture, and the good manners and civility of all serving people. It is true that one pays for all that appertains to luxury (for the strictly necessary is not *much* dearer than with us), six times as high; but then one has six times as much comfort. In the inns everything is far better and more abundant than on the Continent. The bed, for instance, which consists of several mattrasses laid one upon another, is large enough to contain two or three persons; and when the curtains which hang from the square tester supported on substantial mahogany columns, are drawn around you, you find yourself as it were in a little cabinet,—a room, which would be a very comfortable dwelling for a Frenchman. On your washing-table you find—not one miserable water-bottle, with a single earthen or silver jug and basin, and a long strip of a towel, such as are given you in all hotels and many private houses in France and Germany; but positive tubs of handsome porcelain, in which you may plunge half your body; half-a-dozen wide towels; a multitude of fine glass bottles and glasses, great and small; a large standing looking-glass, foot-baths, &c., not to mention other anonymous conveniences of the toilet, all of equal elegance.

Everything presents itself before you in so attractive a guise, that as soon as you wake you are allured by all the charms of the bath. If you want anything, the sound of your bell brings either a neatly dressed maid-servant, with a respectful curtesy, or a smart well-dressed waiter, who receives your orders in the garb and with the air of an adroit valet; instead of an uncombed lad, in a short jacket and green apron, who asks you, with a mixture of stupidity and insolence, “Was schaffen’s Ihr Gnoden?” (What is it, your Honour?), or “Haben *Sie* hier jeklingelt?” (Was it *you*, here, that rung?), and then runs out again without understanding properly what is wanted. Good carpets cover the floors of all the chambers; and in the brightly polished steel grate burns a cheerful fire, instead of the dirty logs, or the smoky and ill-smelling stoves to be found in so many of our inns.

If you go out, you never find a dirty staircase, nor one in which the lighting serves only to make darkness visible. Throughout the house, day and night, reign the greatest order and decency; and in some hotels every spacious set of apartments has its own staircase, so that no one comes in contact with others. At table, the guest is furnished with a corresponding profusion of white table linen, and brilliantly polished table utensils; with a well-filled ‘plat de ménage,’ and an elegance of setting out which leaves nothing to wish for. The servants are always there when you want them, and yet are not intrusive: the master of the house generally makes his appearance with the first dish, and inquires whether everything is as you desire;—in short, the best inns afford everything that is to be found in the house of a travelled gentleman, and the attendance is perhaps more perfect and respectful. It is true the reckoning is of a piece with the rest, and you must pay the waiters nearly as much as you would a servant of your own. In the first hotels, a waiter is not satisfied with less than two pounds a-week for his own private fees. Such gifts or vales are more the order of the day in England than in any other country, and are asked with the greatest shamelessness even in the churches.

I visited the bazaars to-day. These establishments have come very much into fashion within the last few years, and afford great facilities to buyers. The so-called horse bazaar is built on a very large scale, and daily draws together a very motley assemblage. It includes several extensive buildings, where hundreds of carriages and harness of every kind, new and old (the latter made to look like new), are exposed to sale, at all prices, in a very long gallery. In other rooms are porcelain wares, articles of dress, glass mirrors, ‘quincaillerie,’ toys, and even collections of foreign birds and butterflies, all for sale. At length you reach a coffee-room in the centre of the establishment, with a glazed gallery running round an open space. Here, while comfortably seated at breakfast (in rather mixed company it is true), you see a number of horses led out from the extensive stables where they are well taken care of, and to which any one who has a horse to sell may send it for a certain fee. They are then put up to auction. When a horse is warranted sound by the auctioneer, you may buy it with tolerable safety, since the proprietor of the establishment is responsible for the warranty. The best are certainly not to be found here, but the cheapest are; and to many this is a great recommendation: perhaps a still greater is the being able to get all one wants in the same place. There are already, as I said, several of these bazaars, and they are worth a visit. The convenient walking on the excellent ‘trottoirs,’ the gay and ever-changing groups, and the numerous splendid shops, make the streets of London, especially in the evening, a very agreeable walk to a foreigner.

Besides the brilliant gas-lights, there are large globes of glass in the druggists’ shops, filled with liquid of a deep red, blue, or green colour, the splendid light of which is visible for miles, and often serves as a beacon, though sometimes as an ‘ignis fatuus,’ if you are unlucky enough to mistake one for another.

Of all the shops, the most attractive are those in which the beautiful English crystal is sold. Real diamonds can scarcely glitter more dazzlingly than the far-gleaming collections of some manufacturers. I observed too some articles of rose or other coloured glass, but I was surprised to see how little the forms were changed. The crown lustres, for instance, are just the same as ever; and yet I should think that they might be made in the form of suns with diverging rays, or of bouquets of flowers, instead of this eternal crown; or that small lustres of gay colours, set like ‘bijous’ of various gems, and fixed against the walls of rooms of appropriate, perhaps oriental, decorations, would produce a new and striking effect.

Other very interesting shops contain all the newest implements of agriculture and the mechanic arts, from huge drilling machines and an apparatus for uprooting old trees, to small delicate garden shears, all set out in extensive premises, all arranged with a certain elegance, which is universal, even among the dealers in meat, fish and vegetables. The shops of ironmongers and dealers in lamps well deserve a visit; affording, as they do, a display of the new and the useful, which it would not be easy to find on the whole Continent, either to the same extent or in the same exact perfection. The traveller, however, who confines himself to the ‘salons’ and the like, and who wants to see only *genteel sights*, had better stay at home.

I closed the day with a walk to Chelsea, the hospital for invalid soldiers, where one rejoices to see the old warriors well taken care of, inhabiting a palace, and enjoying gardens with the most beautiful smooth-mowed ‘bowling-green’ and lofty avenues of horse-chestnut trees, of which a little sovereign might be proud.

I dined at the —— ambassador’s at eight o’clock. The dinner was remarkable not only for the amiability of the host, but for genuine Metternich-Johannisberg; for which nectar, even the most inveterate liberal must allow justice to be done to the great minister. At table I found friend B——, the youth of forty, who charged me with abundance of compliments to you. He is the same as ever, and entertained me with a long conversation about his toilet; he declared that he had grown dreadfully thin in England from ennui.

I must here give you notice that I can say nothing about London society till a longer residence and ‘the season’ have enabled me to speak with more confidence on the subject. So long as London remains desert as Palmyra, as to the fashionable world, I shall confine myself to a description of places.

*October 10th.*

A few days ago I took advantage of rather brighter weather to visit Chiswick, a villa of the Duke of Devonshire’s, which is esteemed the most elegant specimen of garden decoration, of its kind, in England. I had seen it some years ago at a fête given by the Duke but only superficially. I could not, even now, see the pictures, as the house was inhabited by a visitor.

I found the garden much altered, but not I think for the better; for there is now a mixture of the regular and the irregular which has a very unpleasant effect. The ugly fashion now prevalent in England, of planting the ‘pleasure-ground’ with single trees or shrubs placed at a considerable distance almost in rows, has been introduced in several parts of these grounds. This gives the grass-plats the air of nursery-grounds. The shrubs are trimmed round, so as

not to touch each other, the earth carefully cleared about them every day, and the edges of the turf cut into stiff lines, so that you see more of black earth than of green foliage, and the free beauty of nature is quite checked. Mr. Nash, however, adheres to a very different principle, and the new gardens of Buckingham Palace are models to all planters.

The most favourable circumstance to English gardeners is the mildness of the climate. Common and Portuguese laurels, azaleas, and rhododendrons are not injured by the frost, and afford the most beautiful luxuriant thickets, summer and winter, and, in their respective seasons, the richest blossoms and berries.

Magnolias are seldom covered, and even camellias stand abroad in peculiarly sheltered spots, with only the protection of a matting. The turf preserves its beautiful freshness all winter; indeed at that season it is usually thicker and more beautiful than in summer, when I remember, in dry weather, to have seen it worse than ever I saw it in the Mark. The present is just the season in which the whole vegetation is in its utmost magnificence.

A pretty effect is produced at Chiswick by a single lofty tree, the stem of which has been cleared up to the very top, and from beneath which you command a view of the whole garden and a part of the park;—a good hint to landscape gardeners, which I advise you to profit by at M——. The cedars here (which unfortunately will not thrive with us) are celebrated, and grow to the size of old fir-trees. Colossal yew hedges also show how long this estate has been an object of extraordinary care. The new conservatories do more credit to the taste of the present possessor than the pleasure-ground. It is strange enough that orange-trees nowhere reach any great size in England. They are very ‘mésquin’ here. On the other hand, the flower-gardens are magnificent. The beds are so thinly planted that each separate plant has room to spread, excepting in those beds which are entirely filled with one sort of flower. In them, the chief aim is the perfection of the whole, and they are consequently by far the most beautiful. In the pinery I saw, for the first time, the great Providence pines, specimens of which have been produced of twelve pounds weight.

There is a menagerie attached to the garden, in which a tame elephant performs all sorts of feats, and very quietly suffers anybody to ride him about a large grass-plat. His neighbour is a lama, of a much less gentle nature; his weapon is a most offensive saliva, which he spits out to a distance of some yards at any one who irritates him; he takes such good aim, and fires so suddenly at his antagonist, that it is extremely difficult to avoid his charge.

Chiswick has unfortunately only stagnant slimy water, which is sometimes so low that the elephant, if he were thirsty, might drink it up at a draught.

Passing through a continued series of pretty villas and country-houses of every kind, amid the whirl of horsemen, stage-coaches, travelling-carriages, and coal-wagons drawn by gigantic horses, with occasional pretty glimpses of the Thames, I reached Hyde-Park Corner, after an hour’s quick driving, and buried myself anew in the labyrinth of the huge town.

The next day I visited the City, accompanied by my ‘laquais de place,’ a Swiss, who had travelled in Egypt, Syria, Siberia, and America; had published a Russian Post-book; brought the first intelligence of the taking of Hamburg, together with an actual specimen of a live Cossack, to London; bought Napoleon’s coronation robes at Paris, and exhibited them here; and speaks almost all the European languages. I think all this is not dear at half-a-guinea a day. He may be useful, too, as a physician, for he has collected so many secrets and recipes in his travels, that he has a domestic remedy for every disorder, and moreover, as he maintains, is in possession of a thousand different receipts for making punch. Under the conduct of this universal genius, I entered the Royal Exchange for the first time.

In other cities the Exchange has merely a mercantile air—here it has a completely historical one. The imposing statues of English sovereigns around, the most remarkable among whom are Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, combined with the antique and stately architecture, excite a poetical feeling, to which the thought of the boundless commerce of which London is the centre gives a still deeper significancy. The men, however, who animate the picture soon draw one back into the region of common-place, for selfishness and avarice gleam but too clearly from every eye. In this point of view, the place I am describing, and indeed the whole city, have a repulsive sinister aspect, which almost reminds one of the restless and comfortless throng of the spirits of the damned.

The great court of the Exchange is surrounded by covered arcades, on which inscriptions point out to the merchants of every nation their several places of assembling. In the centre stands a statue of Charles the Second, who built this edifice. Its port and bearing precisely express the man whom history describes; not handsome, but somewhat graceful, and with an inveterate levity of features, composed, as if in mockery, to seriousness: a levity which nothing could correct, because it sprang from mediocrity, and which made this king as agreeable and careless a ‘roué’ as he was a worthless ruler. In niches above stand the busts of other English sovereigns. I have already mentioned Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. They would be striking, independently of all associations;—- Henry, fat and contented, and with an expression of wanton cruelty: Elizabeth, with an air of masculine greatness, and yet of feminine spite. The busts are doubtless copied from the best originals by Holbein. On this story is the celebrated Lloyd’s Coffee House, the dirtiest place of the kind in London, which exhibits few traces of the millions daily exchanged in it.

Close by is the vast and beautiful building, the Bank of England, containing a number of rooms of various dimensions, generally lighted from above, and destined to the various offices. Hundreds of clerks are here at work, and mechanically conduct the gigantic business, at which the ‘nil admirari’ becomes a difficult matter to a poor German; especially when he is admitted into the Bullion Office where the ingots are kept, and gazes astounded on the heaps of gold and silver which appear to him to realize the wonders of the Arabian Nights.

From hence I proceeded to the Town-House (Guildhall), where the Lord Mayor was just in the act of administering the law. The present Lord Mayor is a bookseller, but cut a very good figure in his blue gown and gold chain, and assumed a truly monarchical dignity. I do not think that he acquitted himself at all worse than a regular officer of justice;—ever since Sancho Panza’s time, it is admitted that a sound understanding often discerns the right more truly than learned subtlety.

The scene of action was a moderate-sized room, half-filled with the lowest populace. The matter in hand was the most frequent and ordinary theme in England—a theft; and as the culprit, who appeared equally indifferent and ‘ennuyé’, after a little hesitation, confessed the offence, the drama soon came to a close.

Further still did we wander on in the tumultuous ‘City,’ where you may be lost like a flitting atom, if you do not pass on to the right or left according to rule; where you seem to be in continual danger of being spitted on the shaft of a cabriolet driving too near the narrow ‘trottoir,’ or crushed under the weight of an overloaded and tottering

stage-coach edifice. At length we reached an extremely dark and mean-looking coffee-house, called Garroway's, where estates and houses of enormous value are daily put up to sale. We took our seat with great gravity, as if we had been desirous of making some important purchase, and admired the uncommon suavity of manner and incredible address with which the auctioneer excited the desire to purchase among his audience. He was very well dressed in black, with a wig, and stood with all the dignity of a professor in his chair. He pronounced a charming oration on every estate, and failed not to season it with various jokes and witticisms, at the same time eulogizing every object in so irresistible a manner that one would have sworn that all the property went for an old song.

How could I leave the city without visiting the true 'Lion,' (the English expression for anything extraordinary)—the sovereign—in a word, Rothschild?

I found him, too, in a poor obscure-looking place, (his residence is in another part of the town,) and making my way with some difficulty through the little court-yard, blocked up by a wagon laden with bars of silver, I was introduced into the presence of this Grand Ally of the Holy Alliance. I found the Russian consul in the act of paying his court. He is an acute, clever man, perfect in the part he has to play, and uniting the due respect with a becoming air of dignity. This was the more difficult, because the very original aristocrat of the city did not stand much on ceremony. On my presenting my letter of credit, he said ironically, that we were lucky people who could afford to travel about so, and take our pleasure; while he, poor man, had such a heavy burthen to bear. He then broke out into bitter complaints that every poor devil who came to England had something or other to ask of him. "Yesterday," said he, "here was a Russian begging of me" (an episode which threw a bitter-sweet expression over the consul's face); "and," added he, "the Germans here don't give me a moment's peace." Now it was my turn to put a good face upon the matter. After this, the conversation took a political turn, and we both of course agreed that Europe could not subsist without him;—he modestly declined our compliment, and said, smiling, "Oh no, you are only jesting—I am but a servant, who people are pleased with because he manages their affairs well, and to whom they let some crumbs fall as an acknowledgment."

All this was said in a language quite peculiar to himself, half English, half German—the English part with a broad German accent, but with the imposing confidence of a man who feels such trifles to be beneath his attention. This truly original language struck me as very characteristic of a man who is unquestionably a person of genius, and of a certain sort of greatness of character.

I had begun my day, very appropriately for England, with the Royal Exchange, the resort of merchants, and ended it with Exeter 'Change, where I saw the representatives of the colonies,—the wild beasts. Here I found another lion, and this time a genuine one, called Nero, who besides his tameness, has the rarer merit in our northern latitude, of having presented England with six generations of young lions. He is of enormous size and dignified aspect, but now rests upon his laurels and sleeps royally nearly all day long. If he wakes in an ill humour, however, he makes the old wooden house and all the herd of subject beasts tremble. These consist of elephants, tigers, leopards, hyænas, zebras, monkeys, ostriches, condors, parrots, &c. It is curious that they are not upon the ground floor, but up one or two pair of stairs, so that one can ride on a tame elephant which stands always ready saddled, and enjoy a fine extensive prospect. The variety is great, and the price moderate. The ambassador of the late King of Würtemburg had, as I well remember, more occupation here than in St. James' and Downing Street; and, indeed, I know that he was for a considerable time in fear of losing his post on account of a strange enormous dead tortoise.

On the way home to my hotel we passed a house which furnished my cicerone with an occasion of telling the following interesting story. If it is 'brodé,' I beg of you to blame him and not me.[10]

*October 13th.*

Fatigued by my tour the day before yesterday, I passed the following morning in my own room. In the evening I visited the English Opera. The house is neither large nor elegant, but the actors very good. There was no opera, however, but hideous melo-drames; first, Frankenstein, where a human being is made by magic,—a manufacture which answers very ill; and then the Vampire, after the well-known tale falsely attributed to Lord Byron. The principal part in both was acted by Mr. Cooke, who is distinguished for a very handsome person, skilful acting, and a remarkably dignified, noble deportment. The acting was, indeed, admirable throughout, but the pieces so stupid and monstrous that it was impossible to sit out the performance. The heat, the exhalations, and the audience were not the most agreeable. Besides all this, the performance lasted from seven to half-past twelve,—too long for the best.

The next day I drove to Hampton Court to visit the palace, the stud, and my old friend Lady ——. Of all three I found the first the least altered, and the celebrated vine laden as usual with grapes. It had considerably above a thousand bunches, and completely covered a hot-house of seventy-five feet long by twenty-five wide. In a corner stood, like the dim progenitor of a haughty race, its brown stem, as lost and obscure as if it did not belong to the magnificent canopy of leaves and fruit which owe their existence to it alone.

Most of the rooms in the palace have still the same furniture as in the time of William the Third. The torn chairs and curtains are carefully preserved. The walls are hung with many interesting and admirable pictures;—above all, the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael, which, however, are soon to be transferred to the King's new palace. I must only mention two fine portraits,—that of Wolsey, the haughty founder of this palace, and that of Henry the Eighth, his treacherous master. Both are admirable and highly characteristic. You remember that fat lawyer whom we had such difficulty in getting rid of; with an animal expression of countenance, sensual, bloodthirsty as far as the present times render it possible to be so, clever, subtle, full of talent and of craft, with boundless haughtiness, and yet a resistless tendency to the vulgar, and, lastly, utterly and frankly devoid of all conscience;—give the picture of Henry a green frock-coat and pearl buttons, and you have a most faithful portrait of him.

Nature continually repeats herself in different 'nuances,'—they vary according to the state of mankind and of the world.

In the night I was very nearly suffocated. The Jocrisse I imported, who had probably been too hospitably entertained by some English acquaintance, thought proper to take the coals out of the fireplace while I was asleep, and left them standing in my room in a lackered coal-scuttle. A frightful smoke and infernal smell fortunately awoke me just as I was dreaming that I was a courtier of Henry the Eighth, and was paying my court to a French beauty at the Champ du Drap d'Or; otherwise I should have gone to meet the fair one of my dream in heaven.

Almost like that heaven, as distant and as lovely, appears to me the place where you are dwelling, my truest

friend: and thus I send you the kiss of peace across the sea, and close my first English letter, wishing you health and every blessing.

Your devoted L——.

## LETTER IV.

*London, Oct. 15th, 1826.*

It seems to me that I shall never get accustomed to this climate, for ever since my landing I have felt perpetually unwell. However, so long as I am not confined to my chamber, I do not suffer it to depress me much; I ride a great deal in the lovely cultivated environs of London, and do not abstain from my walks about the town.

The turn of the British Museum came lately, where a strange "*Mischmasch*" of works of art, natural curiosities, books, and models, are preserved in a miserable building.

At the top of the staircase, as you enter, stand two enormous giraffes, in the character of stuffed guards, or emblems of English taste! There is, doubtless, much that is interesting in the various apartments. I confess, however, to my shame, that I must be in a peculiarly favourable state of mind not to have an attack of indigestion after such a surfeit of sights. Among the antediluvian remains I saw an enormous and remarkably perfect pair of stag's antlers, at least six times as large as the largest of those which friend C—— keeps in the stag-gallery of his castle. In a huge shed are deposited the noble Elgin Marbles, as they are here called.

A bust of Hippocrates struck me as being so perfect a representation of the physician by profession, that here in England one can hardly look at it without putting one's hand in one's pocket.[11] I looked at the celebrated Portland Vase with all the enthusiasm it is calculated to excite. I send you two little works on the Vase and the Elgin Marbles, with very tolerable outline engravings. But I must now quit you to give orders about packing; for to-morrow I mean to start for Newmarket races.

*Newmarket, Oct. 19th.*

The beauty of the country, and the extraordinary neatness and elegance of every place through which my road lay to-day, struck me anew in the most agreeable manner. These fertile and well-cultivated fields; these thousands of comfortable and pretty farm-houses and cottages scattered over every part of the country; this incessant stream of elegant carriages, well-mounted horsemen, and well-dressed foot-passengers, are peculiar to England. The beautiful picture has but one fault,—it is all too cultivated, too perfect; thence always and everywhere the same, and consequently, in the long run, wearisome:—indeed I can even conceive that it must become distasteful in time, like a savoury dish of dainties to the stomach of a sated man. This may explain the great taste of the English for travelling on the Continent. It is just so in life,—the thing men can the least bear is undisturbed good fortune, and it may be doubted whether father Adam would not have died of ennui in paradise.

To-day, however, a due proportion of shadows was provided for me. In consequence of the great resort to the races, I found at every stage only miserable overdriven horses, sometimes none at all, so that, according to the English standard, I travelled wretchedly, and did not reach Newmarket till late at night.

There was no room in any of the inns; and I thought myself happy at last to get one small room in a private house, for which I paid five guineas a week. Fortunately I met an old acquaintance in the same house,—the son of a little Hungarian Magnate, who seems formed to please himself and others by his unpretending good-nature and joyous temper. I revere such natures, precisely because they have all that I want.

Next morning I rode about with him to reconnoitre the ground a little. One day here is precisely like another. At half-past nine in the morning you see some hundreds of race-horses, carefully clothed, taking their morning promenade on a rising ground. The bare, wide-spread heath is covered with them as with a herd of cattle; some are walking at a foot pace, others galloping, some slower, some quicker, but none at full speed. An inspector on a little poney generally accompanies the horses which belong to the same gentleman, or which are under the care of the same training-groom. The horses are all ridden without a saddle by little half-dressed lads, one of whom is every now and then thrown for the amusement of the spectators. After this exhibition, certainly a most interesting one to every amateur of horses, people breakfast, and in half an hour go to the sale, which takes place almost every day in the open street, under the auspices of the far-famed Mr. Tattersall. They then ride or drive to the races.

These begin pretty punctually at twelve o'clock. An interminable grassy plain covered with a thick short turf is the ground, where various distances, from a full German mile as maximum, to an eighth or tenth, as minimum, are marked for the course in a perfectly straight line. Near the end, this course is enclosed between ropes, on the outside of which rows of carriages three and four deep are drawn up, generally without horses, and covered within and without, from top to bottom, with spectators. At the goal itself is a wooden house on wheels, very like those the shepherds have in many parts of Germany, so that it can be moved about in case the course is lengthened or shortened: in this sits the judge. Just opposite to him is a post fixed in the ground, by means of which he determines which horse's nose first appears exactly on a line with it; for an inch often decides the race: and it is a very skilful piece of policy and jockeyship of the riders here, to betray the real speed of their horses as little as possible, and to display only as much of it as is necessary to win the race. If they see they have no chance, they immediately give up; so that those who contend for victory to the last, are always very nearly together at the goal. The grotesque spectacle of a rider a mile in the rear, belabouring his horse with whip and spur, like a steam-engine, is exhibited only in France and Germany. If two horses reach the post exactly at the same moment, (which frequently happens,) they must run again. The judge is upon oath, and there is no appeal from his decision. The English jockeys (who are not, as foreigners think, little boys, but often dwarfish men of sixty,) form a perfectly distinct class, and are the best practical riders I know of. You remember that I kept race-horses myself, and had a Newmarket jockey for a time in my service, who won a considerable bet for me at Vienna. It amused me greatly to see this fellow 'training' himself. After dosing himself severely, he would go out in the greatest heat, dressed in three or four great-coats, ride a certain distance at a hard trot, till the sweat streamed off him in torrents, and he almost sank from exhaustion; 'mais tel étoit son plaisir,' and the more completely good-for-nothing he felt, the better he was pleased.[12]

But there are bounds to this: for the man, by excessive training, may reduce himself below the weight which the horse is bound to carry, and thus subject himself to the inconvenient necessity of carrying lead in the girths. At a certain distance from the goal, about a hundred paces to the side, stands another white post called the betting-post. Here the bettors assemble, after they have seen the horses saddled in the stables at the beginning of the course, thoroughly examined into all the circumstances of the impending race, or perhaps given a wink to some devoted jockey. The scene which ensues would to many appear the most strange that ever was exhibited. In noise, uproar, and clamour, it resembles a Jews' synagogue, with a greater display of passion. The persons of the drama are the first peers of England, livery-servants, the lowest 'sharpers' and 'blacklegs;'—in short, all who have money to bet here claim equal rights; nor is there any marked difference in their external appearance. Most of them have pocket-books in their hands, each calls aloud his bet, and when it is taken, each party immediately notes it in his book. Dukes, lords, grooms, and rogues, shout, scream, and halloo together, and bet together, with a volubility and in a technical language out of which a foreigner is puzzled to make anything; till suddenly the cry is heard, "The horses have started!" In a minute the crowd disperses; but the bettors soon meet again at the ropes which enclose the course. You see a multitude of telescopes, opera-glasses and eye-glasses, levelled from the carriages and by the horsemen, in the direction whence the jockeys are coming. With the speed of the wind they are seen approaching; and for a few moments a deep and anxious silence pervades the motley crowd; while a manager on horseback keeps the course clear, and applies his whip without ceremony to the shoulders of any intruder. The calm endures but a moment;—then once more arises the wildest uproar; shouts and lamentations, curses and cheers re-echo on every side, from Lords and Ladies, far and wide. "Ten to four upon the Admiral!" "A hundred to one upon Madame Vestris!" "Small Beer against the field!" &c. are heard from the almost frantic bettors: and scarcely do you hear a "Done!" uttered here and there, when the noble animals are before you—past you—in the twinkling of an eye; the next moment at the goal, and luck, or skill, or knavery have decided the victory. The great losers look blank for a moment; the winners triumph aloud; many make 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu,' and dart to the spot, where the horses are unsaddled and the jockeys weighed, to see if some irregularity may not yet give them a chance. In a quarter of an hour the same scene begins anew with other horses, and is repeated six or seven times. "Voilà les courses de Newmarket!"

The first day I was gifted with such a prophetic vision, that twice, by the mere exercise of my proper observation and judgment, I betted upon the winner at the saddling, and gained a considerable sum. But I had the usual fate of play,—what I won that day I lost the next, and as much more to boot. Whoever is a permanent winner here, is sure of his game *beforehand*; and it is well known that the principles of many of the English nobility are remarkably wide and expansive on this head.

Among the company present, I found several old acquaintances, who gave me permission to see their running horses in the stable, which is regarded as a signal favour. They also offered to introduce me into the Club here;—an honour, however, which I declined. It is purely a gambling Club,—which a man should beware of in England, more than in any other country.

It may be regarded as a part of the national costume, and highly characteristic of the general tradesman-like spirit, that beforehand all advantages are fair; but that after a bet is once taken, though often amidst the greatest hurry and confusion, it is scarcely ever disputed. On the other hand, a man who has lost more than he can pay, before reckoning-day becomes invisible, that is, commits an act of bankruptcy, and betakes himself to the Continent, either for ever, or till he can pay.

On the first day of my visit to Newmarket, my Hungarian friend introduced me to the family of a rich merchant of this neighbourhood, who with his visitors, among whom were some very pretty girls, came daily to the races, and returned home after them. They invited us to dine with them the next day, and stay the day after, which we accepted with much pleasure.

About five o'clock we set out on horseback. A newly planted, very broad double avenue of beeches marked the beginning of our host's property, and led us through about half a mile of road to the entrance of his park,—a sort of triumphal arch between two lodges, to which the park paling joined. This was however concealed in the plantation for some distance on either side the lodges, so that they appeared to stand in the midst of wood, and thus produced a very good effect. For some time our way led us through a thick plantation, till we reached the lawn, studded with groups of trees, which invariably forms the chief feature of an English park. Here we caught sight of the house, behind which lay the high trees and 'shrubberies.'

Some cows lay on the grass just before the door of the house, so that we were obliged almost to ride over them —a strange anomaly, which even Repton animadverts upon. It is the custom here to have the park, that is the ornamented pasture land, extend on one side, if not on both, to the very house; but surely it would be in better taste to have the garden and pleasure-ground around the house. It seems to me, that however agreeable the distant view of cattle may be, their immediate vicinity, with all its accompaniments, is not very pleasant.

We found a pretty numerous company, consisting of the master and mistress of the house, both of middle age, their eldest married daughter with her husband, two younger daughters, a neighbouring Baronet with his pretty wife, and her very pleasing but very melancholy sister, Miss ——, a much courted lady who frequently moves in higher circles, three gentlemen not remarkable for anything, the son of the house, and lastly, a London beau of the second class,—a study of an aspiring City dandy.

The Baronet had served in Germany, and had, as he told us, obtained the cross of Maria Theresa. He did not wear it, because he thought the thing very well for a young man, but not at all suitable to the quiet country gentleman's life he now led. He was a simple, kind-hearted man, who appeared to have been invited to meet us as best acquainted with the Continent. We however preferred taking lessons in English manners of his wife and her sister.

According to this system of manners, as it appeared, a visit from two 'Noblemen,' (even foreign ones, though these are full fifty per cent. under natives,) was an honour to a house of the 'volée' of our host's. We were therefore amazingly 'fêtés;' even the dandy was—as far as the rules of his 'métier' permitted—civil and obliging to us. It is an almost universal weakness of the unnoble in England, to parade an acquaintance with the noble: the noble do the same with regard to the 'fashionable' or 'exclusive;' a peculiar caste, an *emperium in imperio*, which exercises a still more despotical power in society, and is not influenced by rank, still less by riches, but finds the possibility of its maintenance only in this national foible.

It is therefore a great delight to the English of the middle classes to travel on the Continent, where they easily make acquaintance with people of rank, of whom they can talk as of intimate friends when they come home. A merchant's wife once gave me a specimen of this: "Do you know the Queen of ——?" said she. I replied that "I had had the honour of being presented to her." "She is a great friend of mine," added she,—exactly as if she had been talking of her husband's partner's wife. She immediately exhibited, among the numerous trinkets which hung about her, a portrait of the Queen, which, as she said, Her Majesty had given her.

It was very likely true, for her daughter produced a letter from Princess ——, a married daughter of the Queen, containing the most confidential communications concerning her marriage and domestic affairs, which has probably been made to serve for some time as 'cheval de parade' to gratify the vanity of the possessor. Is it not most extraordinary that our German great people, many of whom are by no means wanting in pride and 'morgue' towards their own countrymen, should treat every little English Squire or Miss, however utterly deficient in intellectual pretensions, almost as an equal, without in the least inquiring whether this person occupies a station at home which warrants such a reception?

Nothing lets us down more in the eyes of the English themselves than this obsequious worship of foreigners; the meanness of which consists in this, that its true foundation generally lies in the profound respect which high and low have for English money.

It requires a considerable fortune here to keep up a country-house; for custom demands many luxuries, and, according to the aspiring and imitative manners of the country, as much (in the main things) at the shopkeeper's house, as at the Duke's;—a handsomely fitted-up house, with elegant furniture, plate, servants in new and handsome liveries, a profusion of dishes and foreign wines, rare and expensive dessert, and in all things an appearance of superfluity,—'plenty' as the English call it. As long as there are visitors in the house, this way of life goes on; but many a family atones for it by meagre fare when alone: for which reason nobody here ventures to pay a visit in the country without being invited, and these invitations usually fix the day and hour. The acquaintances are generally numerous; and as both room and the time allotted to the reception of guests are small, one must give place to another. True hospitality this can hardly be called; it is rather the display of one's own possessions, for the purpose of dazzling as many as possible. After a family has thus kept open house for a month or two, they go for the remainder of the time they have to spend in the country, to make visits at the houses of others; but the one hospitable month costs as much as a wealthy landed proprietor spends in a whole year with us.

As you never were in England, I must say a few words on the routine of an English dinner, which, as I have said, is, 'à peu de chose près', everywhere alike.

You like the details of daily life, and have often told me that you feel the want of them in most books of travels, and yet that nothing gives you a more lively conception of a foreign country. You must therefore forgive me if I go into trifles.

The gentlemen lead the ladies into the dining-room, not as in France, by the hand, but by the arm; and here, as there, are emancipated from the necessity of those antiquated bows, which even in some of the best society in Germany, are exchanged every time one hands out a lady. On the other hand, there is a most anxious regard to rank, in the midst of all which the strangest blunders are made as to that of foreigners. I execrated mine to-day, as it brought me to the head of the table; while my friend very cleverly slipped himself in between the pretty sisters. When you enter, you find the whole of the first course on the table, as in France.

After the soup is removed, and the covers are taken off, every man helps the dish before him, and offers some of it to his neighbour;[13] if he wishes for anything else, he must ask across the table, or send a servant for it;—a very troublesome custom, in place of which, some of the most elegant travelled gentlemen have adopted the more convenient German fashion of sending the servants round with the dishes.

It is not usual to take wine without drinking to another person. When you raise your glass, you look fixedly at the one with whom you are drinking, bow your head, and then drink with great gravity. Certainly many of the customs of the South Sea Islanders, which strike us the most, are less ludicrous. It is esteemed a civility to challenge anybody in this way to drink; and a messenger is often sent from one end of the table to the other to announce to B —— that A—— wishes to take wine with him; whereupon each, sometimes with considerable trouble, catches the other's eye, and goes through the ceremony of the prescribed nod with great formality, looking at the moment very like a Chinese mandarin. If the company is small, and a man has drunk with everybody, but happens to wish for more wine, he must wait for the dessert, if he does not find in himself courage enough to brave custom.

At the conclusion of the second course comes a sort of intermediate dessert of cheese, butter, salad, raw celery, and the like; after which ale, sometimes thirty or forty years old, and so strong that when thrown on the fire it blazes like spirit, is handed about. The tablecloth is then removed: under it, at the best tables, is a finer, upon which the dessert is set. At inferior ones, it is placed on the bare polished table. It consists of all sorts of hot-house fruits, which are here of the finest quality, Indian and native preserves, stomachic ginger, confitures, and the like. Clean glasses are set before every guest, and, with the dessert plates and knives and forks, small fringed napkins are laid. Three decanters are usually placed before the master of the house, generally containing claret, port, and sherry, or madeira. The host pushes these in stands, or in a little silver wagon on wheels, to his neighbour on the left. Every man pours out his own wine, and if a lady sits next him, also helps her; and so on till the circuit is made, when the same process begins again. Glass jugs filled with water happily enable foreigners to temper the brandy which forms so large a component part of English wines. After the dessert is set on, all the servants leave the room: if more is wanted the bell is rung, and the butler (Haushofmeister) alone brings it in. The ladies sit a quarter of an hour longer, during which time sweet wines are sometimes served, and then rise from table. The men rise at the same time, one opens the door for them, and as soon as they are gone, draw closer together; the host takes the place of the hostess, and the conversation turns upon subjects of local and everyday interest, in which the stranger is pretty nearly forgotten, and must content himself with listening to what he can take very little part in. Every man is, however, at liberty to follow the ladies as soon as he likes,—a liberty of which Count B—— and I very quickly availed ourselves. We had the singular satisfaction of learning that this was in accordance with the latest mode, as much drinking is now 'unfashionable.' Accordingly the dandy had already preceded us. We found him with the ladies, who received us in a 'salon,' grouped around a large table on which were tea and coffee.[14] When the whole company was re-assembled, all fell off into groups, according to their pleasure. Some entertained themselves with music; here and there a couple whispered in the recess of a window; several talked politics;—the dandy alone remained solitary: sunk

into a large easy chair, he had laid his elegantly shod right foot over his left knee, and in that attitude became apparently so absorbed in Madame de Stäel's 'Allemagne' that he took not the slightest notice of any one present.

'A tout prendre,' I must do this pretty young fellow the justice to say that he was not at all a bad copy of higher originals. Perhaps I was bribed into this favourable opinion by his talking much at dinner about the great Göthe, and praising his '*Fost*;' both of whom (Göthe and *Fost*) Lord Byron has brought into fashion in England. *Fost* seemed to please him, particularly on account of what he conceived to be its atheistical tendency, for he had, as he informed us, spent half his life in Paris, and avowed himself an 'esprit fort.'

The following day, after all breakfasting together, we rode with the ladies in the park, which contained nothing remarkable except a canal of stagnant and slimy water, which had cost five thousand pounds in the digging;—an expense better spared. The fruit-gardens and hot-houses were admirable: the latter, a hobby of the proprietor, were heated by steam on a very ingenious plan of his own, and the heat increased or diminished at pleasure by simply turning a cock. Three-and-twenty different sorts of pines,—above which, pendent from the glass roof, hung gigantic purple grapes,—fill these spacious, elegant houses; and in the fruit-garden we admired pears on the wall seven inches in length, sixteen in circumference, and of an excellent flavour.

Several of the gentlemen went hunting; but we preferred the society at home. The gay amusing B—— was become the favourite of the ladies, and was evidently greatly regretted by them when the post-chaise arrived at one o'clock in the morning to take us back to Newmarket. I must confess that we took rather a laughing review of some things that struck us as ridiculous, though I was really ashamed that we were such genuine B—— 's[15] as to make ourselves merry at the expense of our host and his company, instead of feeling hearty gratitude for our hospitable reception.

But now-a-days the world is spoiled; and besides, hospitality which springs from ostentation cannot expect the same hearty requital as that which is the offspring of the heart. Probably we guests fared no better in the house we had just quitted.

At the races the next morning we saw the young ladies again, betted gloves with them till we lost, and delighted them with some Paris ones. We declined a second invitation, as we were engaged to a gentleman's dinner, and Count B—— was going to a fox-hunt at Melton. I shall leave Newmarket too, and continue my letter in London.

*Epping-place, Oct. 20th.*

I have travelled as far as I wished, and must pass the night here, as the inspection of two parks has fully occupied my day.

My trouble has been richly rewarded. The first, Audley-End, belonging to Lord Braybrooke, claims a place among the finest in the country. The road lies through the middle of it, with a deep ha-ha on each side, which secures the park and yet leaves a full view into it. You see, at first, an extensive green landscape, in the centre of which is a broad, river-like, and beautifully formed piece of water, which unfortunately, however, has too little motion to prevent its being covered with duckweed. Near to the opposite shore stands the splendid Gothic castle, which was originally built by the Duke of Suffolk, and was then three times as large as it is now. The multitude of its towers, projecting angles, and lofty many-formed windows, still give it a very imposing and picturesque appearance.

Although Lady Braybrooke was at home, I obtained the uncommon permission to view it. I entered a wide and very simple hall, ornamented only with some gigantic stag's horns of great antiquity, and furnished with a few massive benches and chairs, on which the arms of the family were painted; some very old paintings; a Gothic lamp; a large table, consisting of two pieces of serpentine, of which only the upper side was polished, the rest quite rough; and a dozen leather fire-buckets, also painted with the family arms. The ceiling was of wood, with deeply-carved compartments and old faded paintings. One saw at the first glance that it was no house of yesterday one had entered. A high door of heavy carved oak led from hence into the baron's hall, a large room whose enormous windows reached from the ceiling to the floor, and afforded a free view of the landscape. Several family pictures, as large as life, partly painted by Vandyck, hung on the opposite wall; and between them rose the huge marble chimney-piece, with the richly-coloured arms of the Suffolks executed upon it in stucco. The third side of the room,—that on which we entered,—was entirely covered with very fine and highly relieved carvings, figures half the size of life, like those one sees in the choirs of Gothic churches. Opposite were large folding doors which opened into the eating-hall, and on each side an open staircase leading to the first story. The dining-room contains a portrait of Suffolk, and one of Queen Elizabeth. Her red hair, 'fade' complexion and false look, and her over-done finery, gave no advantageous idea of the vain and gallant 'Maiden Queen.'

On the first floor is a long narrow gallery full of pretty knick-knacks and antique curiosities. In the centre is a large chart of the winds, connected with the weather-cock on the tower, and destined to show the sportsman every morning which way the wind sets.[16] This serves as drawing-room, for most English country-houses and mansions are judiciously made to contain only one principal entertaining room; which is much more convenient for the reception of a large company.

The chapel is modern, but richly and tastefully ornamented; and here, if the chaplain is absent, the lord of the house, according to ancient usage, reads divine service at ten o'clock every morning, at which all the family and servants must attend.

The park is of considerable extent, but intersected by a troublesome number of fences, which serve to allot to the sheep, cows, horses and deer, their several territories. Of the latter, there are from four to five hundred head, which generally graze pretty near together like a herd of tame cattle, and do not answer at all to our idea of game.[17] The flesh too has a totally different flavour from that of the animals which roam free in our woods, just as they say the flesh of wild oxen differs from that of tame.

The preserves for partridges and hares are also fenced in to protect the low copse from the cattle, in consequence of whose presence, the greater part of an English park consists, as I have already remarked, only of groups of high trees whose branches the cattle cannot reach.

These extensive views, grand and striking as they are at first, become tiresome in time from their uniformity. Nor can I see that the numerous enclosures are advantages to the landscape. Almost every young tree has a fence round it to protect it from the cattle.

Two temples and an obelisk, to which there is no other way than across the turf, have a very heterogeneous appearance in the midst of these pasture-grounds. The distant Gothic tower of Walden church, rearing its head picturesquely over the summits of the oaks, was in much better keeping.

On the other hand I greatly admired the flower-garden and pheasantry. The first describes a large oval, surrounded with a thick natural evergreen wall of yew, laurel, rhododendron, cedar, cypress, box, holly, &c.; a brook, adorned with a grotto and water-fall, flows through the velvet turf, on which the rare and splendid plants and flower-beds of every form and colour group themselves most beautifully.

The pheasantry, which is nearly two miles from this spot, is a thick shady grove of various sorts of trees, of considerable extent, and surrounded by a high wall. We could only get to it over the wet grass, as the gravel-walk commenced from the entrance-gate. This is from economy, for roads are excessively expensive both to make and to keep up in England. There is generally but one carriage-road to the house, and even the footpaths cease with the iron fences of the pleasure-grounds. The English ladies are not so afraid of setting their feet on wet grass as ours are.

After many windings, the path brought me, under a most lovely leafy canopy, unexpectedly before the ivy-covered door of a little building, adjoining to which, still more buried in the wood, was the gamekeeper's house. This door opened from within, and most enchanting was the view that it disclosed to us. We had entered a little open saloon, the isolated pillars of which were entirely covered with thick monthly roses;—between them was seen a large aviary filled with parrots on the right, and on the left an equally extensive habitation for canaries, goldfinches, and other small birds; before us lay an open grass-plat dotted with evergreens, and behind this a background of high woods, through which small peeps at a distant village and a solitary church-tower had been cut with singular taste and skill.

On this grass-plat, the keeper now called together perfect clouds of gold, silver, and pied pheasants, fowls, of exotic breeds, tame rooks, curious pigeons, and other birds that were accustomed to be fed here, and thronged together in the most gay and motley crowd. Their various manners and gestures, rendered more lively by their passionate eagerness, afforded an amusing spectacle. The behaviour of a gold pheasant who, like a beau of the old school, seemed trying to make his court to all the assembled hens with the most ludicrous struts and airs, was so excessively comic that my old B—— burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; whereat the English servants, who are accustomed to observe an exterior of slavish reverence in the presence of their masters, looked at him with a consternation at his boldness, which amused me as much as the 'Pantalonnade' among the fowls.

There are above five hundred gold and silver pheasants. They have all one wing cut as soon as they are hatched, which for ever prevents their flying. They inhabit these woods winter and summer, without wanting even the shelter of a shed,—so mild is this climate.

Not to weary you, I omit the description of the second park, Short Grove, which had nothing remarkable to boast, and appeared much neglected. The house, park, hot-houses, &c., the former completely furnished, were to let for the moderate rent of four hundred a-year,—a very common custom here when the possessors are travelling.

We should not like to imitate it; while on the other hand, a part of our town-houses are almost always let, the proprietors inhabiting only the 'bel étage.' This again appears very strange to the English, and certainly is extremely inconvenient, for the presence of several families in one house is not favourable either to order or cleanliness.

The house-door at Short Grove was covered on the outside with looking-glass,—a very pretty idea: as you enter the house you have a beautiful picture of the country.

The great wealth of the landholders of England must always strike people from the Continent, where the landed proprietors are the poorest class, and the least protected by laws and institutions. Here everything conspires for their advantage. It is very difficult for the fundholder to acquire the free and full possession of land. Almost the whole soil is the property of the aristocracy, who generally let it only on lease; so that when a great man calls a village his, this does not mean, as with us, merely that he has the lordship (*Oberherrschafft*) over it, but that every house is his absolute property; and only granted to the actual inhabitants for a certain time. You may conceive what enormous and ever increasing revenues this must bring them, in a country where trade and population are continually on the increase; and may admire with me the concert and address with which this aristocracy has contrived for centuries to turn all the institutions of the country to its own advantage.

The free sale of a portion of land is attended by many difficult conditions, and at so high a price that it is out of the reach of small capitalists, who find it more advantageous to hire it on lease. Leases here are, however, of a very different nature from ours. The piece of land is let to the tenant for ninety-nine years on payment of a certain yearly rent, which varies from a few shillings to five and ten pounds yearly per foot of the frontage, if it be for building on; in large portions, it is so much per acre. The tenant now does with it what he likes, builds where he pleases, lays out gardens, pleasure-grounds, and so on: but after the lapse of the ninety-nine years, the whole reverts just as it stands, sound and tight, to the family of the original lord of the soil: nay more; the tenant must keep the house in perfect repair, and paint it every seven years. During his allotted term he may sell or let it to others, but of course only up to that period when it reverts to the original proprietor. Almost all the country-houses, villas, &c., that one sees, thus belong to great land-owners; and although the tenants at the expiration of their term generally re-establish this sort of precarious property in them, yet they must double or treble their rent, according to the increased value of land, or the improvements they themselves have made upon it. Even the greater part of London belongs, on such terms, to certain noblemen, of whom Lord Grosvenor, for instance, is said to derive above 100,000*l.* a year from his ground-rents. Scarcely a single inhabitant of London, therefore, except a few members of the high aristocracy, is the real owner of his house. Even Rothschild's is not his own: and when a man buys one, as it is called, people ask him for how long. The price varies according as the house is taken at first hand, commonly then for a rent; or at second or third, and then more usually for a sum of money. The greater part of the profits of industry thus inevitably falls into the hands of the aristocracy, and necessarily increases the enormous influence which they already exercise over the government of the country.[18]

*London, October 21st.*

This afternoon I got home safe and well through the incessant rain, refreshed myself with a good dinner at the Club, and in the evening, let me tell you, won just six times my travelling expenses. I am well and in good spirits, and

find that I want nothing but you.

Let me finish my letter at so favourable a conjuncture. It is already swelled to a packet.

Ever your faithfully devoted L——.

## LETTER V.[19]

*London, Nov. 20th, 1826.*

Beloved Friend,

I advise travellers never to take servants out of their fatherland into strange countries, especially if they imagine they shall save by it,—now-a-days always a prime object. This piece of economy belongs to the class of those, *one* of which costs more than *four* pieces of extravagance; besides which, one hangs a load round one's neck which is burthensome in various ways.

These wise reflections are excited in me by my old valet, who seems inclined to fall into the English spleen because he finds so many daily difficulties here;—above all, in getting soup for his dinner, the thought of which beloved aliment of his home calls tears into his eyes. He reminds me of the Prussian soldiers, who, amid streams of Champagne, beat the French peasants for not setting Stettin beer before them.

True it is that the English of the middle classes, accustomed to substantial flesh diet, are not acquainted with the Northern broths and soups: what goes under that name in England is an expensive extract of all sorts of peppers and spices from both Indies, like that brewed in a witches' cauldron. The face of my faithful liegeman, at the first spoonful of this compound he put into his mouth, would have been worthy to figure in Peregrine Pickle's antique repast, and turned my anger into loud laughter. Yet I see beforehand that his devotion to me will be wrecked on this rock; for our Germans are, and ever will be, curious beings; holding longer than any others to the accustomed,—be it faith, love or soup.

In the absence of society, the various Clubs, (to which, contrary to former custom, a stranger can now gain admittance,) are a very agreeable resource. Our ambassador introduced me into two of them,—the United Service Club, into which no foreigners are admitted except ambassadors and military men,—the latter of the rank of staff-officers: and the Traveller's Club, into which every foreigner of education, who has good introductions, is admitted; though every three months he is made to undergo the somewhat humiliating ceremony of requesting a fresh permission, to which he is held with almost uncivil severity.

In Germany, people have as little notion of the elegance and comfort of Clubs, as of the rigorous execution of their laws which prevail here.

All that luxury and convenience, without magnificence, demand, is here to be found in as great perfection as in the best private houses. The stairs and rooms are covered with fresh and handsome carpets, and rugs (sheepskins with the wool nicely prepared and dyed of bright colours) are laid before the doors to prevent drafts; marble chimney-pieces, handsome looking-glasses (always of one piece,—a necessary part of solid English luxury), a profusion of furniture, &c. render every apartment extremely comfortable. Even scales, by which to ascertain one's weight daily—a strange taste of the English—are not wanting. The numerous servants are never seen but in shoes, and in the neatest livery or plain clothes; and a porter is always at his post to take charge of great-coats and umbrellas. This latter article in England deserves attention, since umbrellas, which are unfortunately so indispensable, are stolen in the most shameless manner, be it where it may, if you do not take particular care of them. This fact is so notorious that I must translate for your amusement a passage from a newspaper, relating to some Society for the encouragement of virtue, which was to award a prize for the most honourable action. "The choice," continues the author, "was become extremely difficult; and it was nearly determined to give the prize to an individual who had paid his tailor's bill punctually for several years; when another was pointed out, who had twice sent home an umbrella left at his house. At this unheard-of act," adds the journalist, "the company first fell into mute wonder that so much virtue was still found in Israel; but at length loud and enthusiastic applause left the choice no longer doubtful."

In the elegant and well-furnished library there is also a person always at hand to fetch you the books you want. You find all the journals in a well-arranged reading-room; and in a small room for maps and charts,[20] a choice of the newest and best in their kind. This is so arranged that all the maps, rolled up, hang one over another on the wall, thus occupying but a small space; and each is easily drawn down for use by a little loop in the centre. A pull at a loop at the side rolls up the map again by a very simple piece of mechanism. The name of each country is inscribed in such large letters on the mahogany staff on which the map is rolled, that it may be read with ease across the room. By this contrivance a great number of maps may be hung in a very small closet, and when wanted, may be found and inspected in a moment, without the slightest trouble, or derangement of the others.

The table,—I mean the eating,—with most men the first thing, and with me not the last,—is generally prepared by a French cook, as well and as cheaply as it is possible to have it in London. As the Club provides the wines, and sells them again to each member, they are very drinkable and reasonable. But 'gourmands' must ever miss the finest wines, even at the best tables in London. This arises from the strange habit of the English (and these people, too, stick faster to their habits than an oyster to its shell,) of getting their wines from London wine-merchants, instead of importing them from the places where they grow, as we do. Now these wine-merchants adulterate their wine to such a degree, that one who was lately prosecuted for having some thousand bottles of port and claret in his cellars which had not paid duty, proved that all this wine was manufactured by himself in London, and thus escaped the penalty. You may imagine, therefore, what sort of brewage you often get under the high-sounding names of Champagne, Lafitte, &c. The dealers scarcely ever buy the very best which is to be had in the native lands of the several wines, for the obvious reason that they could make little or no profit of it; at best they only use it to enable them to get off other wine of inferior quality.

Excuse this wine-digression, which to you, who drink only water, cannot be very interesting; but you know I write for us both, and to me the subject is I confess not unimportant. "*Gern fuhre ich Wein im Munde.*"

But let us back to our Clubs.

The peculiarity of English manners may be much better observed here, at the first ‘abord,’ than in the great world, which is everywhere more or less alike; whereas the same individuals, of whom it is in part composed, show themselves here with much less restraint. In the first place, the stranger must admire the refinement of convenience with which Englishmen sit: it must be confessed that a man who is ignorant of the ingenious English chairs, of every form, and adapted to every degree of fatigue, indisposition, or constitutional peculiarity, really loses a large share of earthly enjoyment. It is a positive pleasure even to see an Englishman sit, or rather lie, in one of these couch-like chairs by the fire-side. A contrivance like a reading-desk attached to the arm, and furnished with a candlestick, is so placed before him, that with the slightest touch he can bring it nearer or further, push it to the right or the left, at pleasure. A curious machine, several of which stand around the large fire-place, receives one or both of his feet; and the hat on his head completes the enchanting picture of superlative comfort.

This latter circumstance is the most difficult of imitation to a man brought up in the old school. Though he can never refrain from a provincial sort of shudder when he enters the brilliantly lighted saloon of the Club-house, where dukes, ambassadors and lords, elegantly dressed, are sitting at the card-tables, yet if he wishes to be ‘fashionable’ he must keep on his hat, advance to a party at whist, nod to one or two of his acquaintances; then carelessly taking up a newspaper, sink down on a sofa, and, not till after some time, ‘nonchalament’ throw down his hat (which perhaps has all the while been a horrid annoyance to him); or, if he stays but a few minutes, not take it off at all.

The practice of half lying instead of sitting; sometimes of lying at full length on the carpet at the feet of ladies; of crossing one leg over the other in such a manner as to hold the foot in the hand; of putting the hands in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, and so on,—are all things which have obtained in the best company and the most exclusive circles: it is therefore very possible that the keeping on the hat may arrive at the same honour. In this case it will doubtless find its way into Paris society, which, after being formerly aped by all Europe, now disdains not to ape the English,—sometimes grotesquely enough,—and, as is usual in such cases, often outdoes its original.

On the other hand, the English take it very ill of foreigners, if they reprove a waiter who makes them wait, or brings one thing instead of another, or if they give their commands in a loud or lordly tone of voice; though the English themselves often do this in their own country, and much more in ours, and though the dining-room of the Club is in fact only a more elegant sort of ‘restauration,’ where every man must pay his reckoning after he has dined. It is regarded not only as improper, but as unpleasant and offensive, if any one reads during dinner. It is not the fashion in England; and, as I have this bad habit in a supreme degree, I have sometimes remarked satirical signs of displeasure on the countenances of a few Islanders of the old school, who shook their heads as they passed me. One must be on one’s guard, generally, to do things as little as possible unlike the English, and yet not to try to imitate them servilely in everything, for no race of men can be more intolerant. Most of them see with reluctance the introduction of any foreigner into their more private societies, and all regard it as a distinguished favour and obligation conferred on us.

But of all offences against English manners which a man can commit, the three following are the greatest:—to put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit anywhere in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices,—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last-named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared with great indignation, that an Englishman’s only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial, but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don’t talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many; and in England, don’t spit. With these rules, the young man would get on very well. What one must justly admire is the well-adapted arrangement of every thing belonging to the economy of life and of all public establishments in England, as well as the systematical rigour with which what has once been determined on is unalterably followed up. In Germany, all good institutions soon fall asleep, and new brooms alone sweep clean; here it is quite otherwise. On the other hand, every thing is not required of the same person, but exactly so much, and no more, as falls within his department. The treatment of servants is as excellent as their performance of their duties. Each has his prescribed field of activity; in which, however, the strictest and most punctual execution of orders is required of him, and in any case of neglect the master knows whom he has to call to account. At the same time, the servants enjoy a reasonable freedom, and have certain portions of time allotted to them, which their master carefully respects. The whole treatment of the serving classes is much more decorous, and combined with more ‘égards,’ than with us; but then they are so entirely excluded from all familiarity, and such profound respect is exacted from them, that they appear to be considered rather as machines than as beings of the same order. This, and their high wages, are no doubt the causes that the servants really possess more external dignity than any other class in England, relatively to their station.

In many cases it would be a very pardonable blunder in a foreigner to take the valet for the lord, especially if he happened to imagine that *courtesy* and a good address were the distinguishing marks of a man of quality. This test would be by no means applicable in England, where these advantages are not to be found among the majority of persons of the higher classes; though there are some brilliant exceptions, and their absence is often redeemed by admirable and solid qualities.

In the men, indeed, their arrogance, often amounting to rudeness, and their high opinion of themselves, do not sit so ill; but in the women, it is as disgusting and repulsive, as, in some other of their countrywomen, the vain effort to ape continental grace and vivacity.

I once before praised the admirable spirit of adaptation and arrangement which pervades all establishments here. As a sample, I will give you the organization of the card-room in the Traveller’s Club-house. This is not properly a gaming club, but, as its name denotes, one expressly for travellers. Such only can become actual members of it as have travelled a certain prescribed number of miles on the Continent, or have made yet more distant expeditions. In spite of this, one does not perceive that they are become less English, which, however, I do not quarrel with. At the Travellers’ Club, then, short whist and ecarté are played very high, but no hazard.

In our Casinos, ‘Ressources,’ and so on, a man who wishes to play must first laboriously seek out a party; and if the tables are full, may have to wait hours till one is vacant. Here it is a law that every one who comes may take his seat at any table at which a rubber has just ended, when he who has played two consecutive rubbers must give up his place. It is pleasant, too, to a man who has lost, and fancies that the luck goes with the place, to quit it and seek better fortune in another.

In the centre of the room stands a ‘bureau’ at which is posted a clerk, who rings whenever a waiter is wanted; brings the bill;[21] and, if any contested point occur, fetches the classical authorities on whist; for never is the slightest offence against the rules of the game suffered to pass without the infliction of the annexed punishment. This is rather annoying to a man who plays only for amusement; but yet it is a wise plan, and forms good players. The same clerk distributes the markers to the players to obviate the great annoyance of meeting with a bad payer, the Club is the universal payer. Actual money does not make its appearance, but every man who sits down to play receives a little basket of markers of various forms, the value of which is inscribed upon them, and which the clerk enters in his book; as often as he loses, he asks for more. Each player reckons with the clerk, and either proves his loss, or, if he has won, delivers up the markers. In either case he receives a card containing a statement of the result, and the duplicate of the reckoning in the account-book.

As soon as any one is indebted more than a hundred pounds, he must pay it in the following morning to the clerk; and every man who has any demands can claim his money at any time.

None but a nation so entirely commercial as the English can be expected to attain to this perfection of methodizing and arrangement. In no other country are what are here emphatically called ‘habits of business’ carried so extensively into social and domestic life; the value of time, of order, of despatch, of inflexible *routine*, nowhere so well understood. This is the great key to the most striking national characteristics. The quantity of material objects produced and accomplished—*the work done*—in England, exceeds all that man ever effected. The causes and the qualities which have produced these results have as certainly given birth to the dulness, the contracted views, the *routine* habits of thought as well as of action, the inveterate prejudices, the unbounded desire for, and deference to, wealth, which characterize the mass of Englishmen.

It were much to be wished that in our German cities we imitated the organization of English Clubs, which would be very practicable as to the essentials, though our poverty would compel us to dispense with many of their luxuries. In this case we ought to repay the English like for like, and not prostrate ourselves in puerile slavish admiration of their money and their name; but while we treated them with all civility, and even with more courtesy than they show to us, yet let them see that Germans are masters of their own house, particularly as many of them only come among us either to economize, or to form connexions with people of rank, from which their own station at home excluded them, or to have the satisfaction of showing us that in all arrangements for physical comfort we are still barbarians compared with them.[22]

It is indeed inconceivable, and a proof that it is only necessary to treat us contemptuously in order to obtain our reverence, that, as I have remarked, the mere name of Englishman is, with us, equivalent to the highest title. Many a person, who would scarcely get admission into very inferior circles in England, where the whole of society, down to the very lowest classes, is so stiffly aristocratical, in the various states of Germany is received at Court and fête by the first nobility; every act of coarseness and ill-breeding is set down as a trait of charming English originality, till perhaps, by some accident, a really respectable Englishman comes to the place, and people learn with astonishment that they have been doing all this honour to an ensign ‘on half pay,’ or a rich tailor or shoemaker. An individual of this rank is, however, generally, at least civil, but the impertinence of some of the higher classes surpasses all belief.

I know that in one of the largest towns of Germany, a prince of the royal house, distinguished for his frank, chivalrous courtesy, and his amiable character, invited an English Viscount, who was but just arrived, and had not yet been presented to him, to a hunting-party; to which His Lordship replied, *that he could not accept the invitation, as the prince was perfectly unknown to him*.

It is true, that no foreigner will ever have it in his power so to requite a similar civility in England, where a grandee considers an invitation to dinner (they are very liberal of invitations to routs and soirées, for the sake of filling their rooms) as the most signal honour he can confer upon even a distinguished foreigner,—an honour only to be obtained by long acquaintance, or by very powerful letters of introduction. But if by any miracle such a ready attention were to be paid in England, it would be impossible to find a single man of any pretensions to breeding, on the whole Continent, who would make such a return as this boorish lord did.[23]

*November 21st.*

I called yesterday morning on L—— to execute your commission, but did not find him at home. Instead of him, I found to my great joy a letter from you, which I was so impatient to read, that I set myself down in his room, and read it attentively two or three times. Your affection, which strives to spare me everything disagreeable, and dwells only upon those subjects which can give me pleasure, I acknowledge most gratefully. But you must not spare me more than you are convinced you can do without detriment to our common interests. You estimate my letters far more highly than they deserve; but you may imagine that, in my eyes, it is a very amiable fault in you to overvalue me thus. Love paints the smallest merit in magic colours. I will, however, do myself the justice to believe that you, who have had such ample opportunities of knowing me, may find in me qualities which shrink from the rude touch of the world. This consoled me,—but your expression “that all you wrote appeared to you so incoherent, that you thought the grief of parting had weakened your intellects,” gave me great pain. Do I then want phrases? How much more delightful is that natural, confidential talk, which flows on without constraint and without effort, and *therefore* expresses itself admirably. I am particularly delighted at your sentiments concerning what I tell you; they are ever exactly such as I expect and share.

Accompany your friend to the capital:—it will amuse you, and at the same time you will find many opportunities of promoting our interests. ‘Les absens ont tort;’ never forget that. I must disapprove B——’s levity. He has no solicitude about his reputation, though he be in fact an angel of virtue and benevolence; he who cares not what is said of him,—perhaps even laughs at it,—will soon find that the malignity of men has left him in the same condition as to reputation as Peter Schlemil was with regard to his shadow. At first he thought it nothing to forego a thing so unsubstantial: but in the end he could scarcely endure existence without it. Only in the deepest solitude, far from all

the world, striding restlessly with his seven-league boots from the north pole to the south, and living for science alone, did he find some tranquillity and peace. At the conclusion of your letter I see but too clearly that melancholy gains the upper hand,—and I could say something on that subject too,—'mais il faut du courage.' In every life there are periods of trial, moments when the bitterest drops in the cup must be drained. If the sun do but illumine the evening, we will not murmur at the noontide heat.

But enough of these serious subjects: let me now turn your attention from them, by leading you to the Haymarket Theatre, which I lately visited, when the celebrated Liston enchanted the public for the hundred-and-second time in Paul Pry, a sort of foolish lout. The actor, who is said to have made a fortune of six thousand a-year, is one of those whom I should call natural comic actors, of the same class as were Unzelmann and Wurm in Berlin, and Bösenberg and Döring in Dresden; men who, without any profound study of their art, excite laughter by a certain drollery of manner peculiar to themselves, an inexhaustible humour, 'qui coule de source;' though frequently in private life they are hypochondriacal, as it is said to be the case with Liston.

The notorious Madame Vestris, who formerly made 'furore,' was also there. She is somewhat 'passée,' but still very fascinating on the stage. She is an excellent singer, and still better actor, and a greater favourite of the English public even than Liston. Her great celebrity, however, rests on the beauty of her legs, which are become a standing article in the theatrical criticisms of the newspapers, and are often displayed by her in man's attire. The grace and the exhaustless spirit and wit of her acting are also truly enchanting, though she sometimes disgusts one by her want of modesty, and coquettes too much with the audience. It may truly be said in every sense of the words, that Madame Vestris belongs to all Europe. Her father was an Italian; her mother a German and a good pianoforte player; her husband, of the illustrious dancing family of France, and herself an Englishwoman: any chasms in her connexion with other European nations are more than filled up by hundreds of the most 'marquant' lovers. She also speaks several languages with the utmost fluency. In the character of the German 'broom girl' she sings

"Ach, du lieber Augustin,"

with a perfect pronunciation, and with a very 'piquant' air of assurance.

To-day I dined with our ambassador. This prevented my visiting the theatre, which I have too much neglected. I have resolved to attend it with more constancy, in order that I may gradually give you a tolerably perfect report of it, though in detached descriptions.

We were quite 'en petit comité,' and the company unusually animated and merry. We had a certain great 'gourmand' among us, who took a great deal of joking, 'sans en perdre un coup de dent.' At last Prince E—— told him that whenever he went to purgatory his punishment would undoubtedly be to see the blessed eat, while he was kept fasting. * * *

Lord —— was there too. He treats me in the most friendly manner to my face, but, I am told, loses no opportunity of injuring me in society. * * *

A man of warmer heart would have spoken to me face to face of this supposed wrong. 'Diplomates,' however, have too much fishes' blood in their organization. * * *

Happily, I can laugh at all such 'menées:' for a man who seeks nothing and fears little, who interests himself in the great world only in so far as it affords him opportunities for making experimental observations on himself and others; who is, as to necessaries at least, independent, and has a few but faithful friends,—such a man it is difficult seriously to injure. Experience too has cooled me;—my blood no longer flows with such uncontrollable impetuosity; while my lightheartedness has not deserted me, still less the capacity of loving intensely. I therefore enjoy life better than in the bloom of youth, and would not exchange my present feelings for that early tumultuous vehemence. Nay, in such a frame of mind, I feel not the least dread of old age, and am persuaded that when that period of life arrives, it will turn to us many a bright and beautiful side whose existence we suspect not, and which those only never find who want to remain youthful for ever.

I lately met with some pretty English verses which I translated, after my fashion, with a thought of you, my best friend, who too often regret departing youth. These are the delightful lines:

Ist gleich die trübe Wange bleich,
Das Auge nicht mehr hell,
Und nahet schon das ernste Reich,
Wo Jugend fliehet schnell!
Doch lächelt Dir die Wange noch,
Das Auge kennt die Thräne noch,
Das Herz schlägt noch so warm und frei
Als in des Lebens grünstem Mai.
So denk' denn nicht, dass nur die Jugend
Und Schönheit Segen leiht—
Zeit lehrt die Seele schönre Tugend,
In Jahren treuer Zärtlichkeit.
Und selbst wenn einst die Nacht von oben
Verdunkelnd Deine Brust umfängt,
Wird noch durch Liebeshand gehoben
Dein Haupt zur ew'gen Ruh' gesenkt.
O, so auch blinkt der Abendstern,
Ist gleich dahin der Sonne Licht,
Noch sanft und warm aus hoher Fern',
Und Tages-Glanz entbehrst Du nicht.—[24]

Yes, my beloved Julia, thus has time taught us, in years of tenderness, that nothing can have so genuine a value as that. We have now before us an evening star, whose mild light is far more delightful than that mid-day sun which often rather scorches than warms.

I drove home with L——, and we had a long conversation by the snug fireside on the affairs of our country. * * *

L—— is very kind to me, and I am doubly attached to him; first, for his own amiable and honourable character;

secondly, for the sake of his excellent father, to whom we owe more real gratitude than to ——, though he had no other motive than his own impartial love of justice.

*November 23d.*

A strange custom in England is the continual intrusion of the newspapers into the affairs of private life. A man of any distinction not only sees the most absurd details concerning him dragged before the public,—such as where he dined, what evening party he attended, and so forth, (which many foreigners read with the greatest self-complacency,)—but if anything really worth telling happens to him, it is immediately made public without shame or scruple. Personal hostility has thus 'beau jeu,' as well as the desire of making profitable friends. Many use the newspapers for the publication of articles to their own advantage, which they send themselves. The foreign embassies cultivate this branch with great assiduity. It is easy to see what formidable weapons the press thus furnishes. Fortunately, however, the poison brings its antidote with it. This consists in the indifference with which the public receives such communications. An article in a newspaper after which a Continental would not show himself for three months, here excites at most a momentary laugh, and the next day is forgotten.

About a month ago the papers made themselves extremely merry about the duel of a noble lord here; who, according to their representation of the matter, had not cut a very heroic figure. They made the most offensive remarks, and drew the most mortifying inferences as to the calibre of his valour; and all this had not the smallest perceptible effect in disabling him from presenting himself in society with as much ease and unconcern as ever. They have tried to give me too a 'coup fourré.' * * *

But I have served under an old soldier, and learned from him always to have the first and loudest laugh at myself, and not to spare an inoffensive jest at myself and others. This is the only safe way of meeting ridicule in the world: if you appear sensitive or embarrassed, then indeed the poison works; otherwise it evaporates like cold water on a red-hot stone. This the English understand to perfection.

This evening I spent, true to my determination, in Drury Lane, where, to my infinite astonishment, old Braham appeared, still as first singer, with the same applause with which I saw him, even then an old man, perform the same part for his own benefit the day before my departure from England, twelve years ago. I found little difference in his singing, except that he shouted rather more violently, and made rather more 'roulades' in order to conceal the decline of his voice. He is a Jew, and I am firmly convinced the everlasting one,[25] for he does not seem to grow old at all. 'Au reste,' he is the genuine representative of the English style of singing, and, in popular songs especially, the enthusiastically adored idol of the public. One cannot deny to him great power of voice and rapidity of execution, and he is said to have a thorough knowledge of music: but a more abominable style it is impossible to conceive.

The Prima Donna was Miss Paton, a very agreeable, but not a first-rate singer. She is well-made, and not ugly, and is a great favourite with the public. What would appear extraordinary among us,—she is married to Lord W—— L ——, whose name she bears in her own family and in private.[26] On the stage, however, she is Miss Paton again, and paid as such, which is not unacceptable to her lord.

The most striking thing to a foreigner in English theatres is the unheard-of coarseness and brutality of the audiences. The consequence of this is that the higher and more civilized classes go only to the Italian opera, and very rarely visit their national theatre. Whether this be unfavourable or otherwise to the stage, I leave others to determine.

English freedom here degenerates into the rudest license, and it is not uncommon in the midst of the most affecting part of a tragedy, or the most charming 'cadenza' of a singer, to hear some coarse expression shouted from the galleries in stentor voice. This is followed, according to the taste of the bystanders, either by loud laughter and approbation, or by the castigation and expulsion of the offender.

Whichever turn the thing takes, you can hear no more of what is passing on the stage, where actors and singers, according to ancient usage, do not suffer themselves to be interrupted by such occurrences, but declaim or warble away, 'comme si rien n'était.' And such things happen not once, but sometimes twenty times, in the course of a performance, and amuse many of the audience more than that does. It is also no rarity for some one to throw the fragments of his 'gouté,' which do not always consist of orange-peels alone, without the smallest ceremony on the heads of the people in the pit, or to shail them with singular dexterity into the boxes; while others hang their coats and waistcoats over the railing of the gallery, and sit in shirt-sleeves; in short, all that could be devised for the better excitement of a phlegmatic *Harmonie* Society of the workmen in Berlin, under the renowned Wisotsky, is to be found in the national theatre of Britain.

Another cause for the absence of respectable families is the resort of hundreds of those unhappy women with whom London swarms. They are to be seen of every degree, from the lady who spends a splendid income, and has her own box, to the wretched beings who wander houseless in the streets. Between the acts they fill the large and handsome 'foyers,' and exhibit their boundless effrontery in the most revolting manner.

It is most strange that in no country on earth is this afflicting and humiliating spectacle so openly exhibited as in the religious and decorous England. The evil goes to such an extent, that in the theatres it is often difficult to keep off these repulsive beings, especially when they are drunk, which is not seldom the case. They beg in the most shameless manner, and a pretty, elegantly dressed girl does not disdain to take a shilling or a sixpence, which she instantly spends in a glass of rum, like the meanest beggar. And these are the scenes, I repeat, which are exhibited in the national theatre of England, where the highest dramatic talent of the country should be developed; where immortal artists like Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, have enraptured the public by their genius, and where such actors as Kean, Kemble, and Young, still adorn the stage.

Is not this—to say nothing of the immorality—in the highest degree low and undignified? It is wholly inconsistent with any real love of art, or conception of its office and dignity. The turbulent scenes I have described above scarcely ever arise out of anything connected with the performance, but have almost always some source quite foreign to it, and no way relating to the stage.

Farewell!

Ever your L——.

## LETTER VI.

*London, Nov. 25th, 1826.*

Beloved,

It is sometimes a perfect want with me to spend a day entirely alone in my own room. I pass it in a sort of dreamy brooding. I go over the past and the future,—all that I have felt and suffered,—till, by the mixture of so many colours, one misty grey tint overspreads the whole; and the dissonances of life melt away at length, in a soft objectless melancholy.

The barrel-organs which resound day and night in every street, and are at other times insufferable, are favourable to such a state of mind. They too mingle a hundred different airs, till all music loses itself in an indistinct dreamy ringing in the ears.

A much more entertaining thing is another sort of street performance,—a genuine national comedy. It afforded me great amusement from my window, and is well worth a somewhat particular description.

The hero of this drama is Punch,—the English Punch,—perfectly different from the Italian Pulcinella. I send you a faithful portrait of him in the act of beating his wife to death;—for he is the most godless droll that ever I met with; and as completely without conscience as the wood out of which he is made;—a little, too, the type of the nation he represents.

Punch has, like his namesake, something of rum, lemon and sugar in him; he is strong, sour and sweet, and withal pretty indifferent to the confusion he causes. He is, moreover, the most absolute egotist the earth contains, ‘et ne doute jamais de rien.’ He conquers everything by his invincible merriment and humour, laughs at the laws, at men, and at the devil himself; and shows in part what the Englishman is, in part what he wishes to be, in one composite picture;—on the native side, selfishness, perseverance and high spirit, and, wherever it is called for, reckless determination;—on the foreign, unconquerable levity, and ever ready wit. But allow me to paint Punch to you by his own proper words, and to take my further account of him from his biography.

As a descendant of Pulcinella of Acerra, he is, in the first place, unquestionably a nobleman of ancient stock. Harlequin, Clown, the German Casperle and others are his near of kin;—but he, for his great audacity, stands best as head of the family. Pious, alas! he is not: being a true Englishman, he doubtless goes to church on Sundays; though, may be, would beat any parson to death who bored him with attempts to convert him. It is not to be denied that Punch is a wild fellow,—no very moral personage, and not made of wood for nothing. No man can be better fitted for a boxer,—other men’s hits he feels not, and his own are irresistible. With that, he is a true Turk in his small respect for human life; endures no contradiction, and fears not the devil himself. On the other hand, we can but admire his great qualities in many respects. His admirable insensibility, and his already-commended invariable good humour; his high heroic egotism; his unalterable self-complacency; his exhaustless wit, and the consummate cunning with which he gets himself out of every scrape, and triumphs victoriously over every antagonist,—throws a bright lustre over all the little freedoms which he is apt to take with human life. In him has not inaptly been observed a compound of Richard the Third and Falstaff. Even in his outward man he unites the crooked legs and hump-back of Richard, with the portly rotundity of Falstaff; to which are added the long nose and the fiery black eyes of Italy.

His dwelling is a box, with suitable internal decorations, set on four poles,—a theatre which can be erected in a few seconds in any place; a drapery falling over the poles, or legs, conceals Punch’s soul, which animates the puppets and lends them the needful words. The drama in which he daily appears in the streets, varies, therefore, with the talents of the person who acts as interpreter between Punch and the public. The course of the incidents is however always essentially the same, and pretty nearly as follows:

As the curtain rises, Punch is heard behind the scenes trolling the French ballad ‘Malbrooke s’en va-t-en guerre,’ and presently appears dancing, and in high good humour, and in droll verses tells the spectators what manner of humour he is of. He calls himself a gay merry fellow, who loves to give a joke, but is not very ready to take one; and if he is ever gentle, it is only towards the fair sex. With his money he is frank and free; and his grand object is to laugh his whole life long, and to grow as fat as he can. He declares himself a great admirer and seducer of the girls, and, as long as he can get it, a friend of good cheer; when he cannot, however, he can live on cheese-parings, and if he die—why then there’s no more to be said, than that’s all over, and there’s an end of Punch and the play. (This latter avowal unquestionably smells a little of atheism.)

After this monologue, he calls behind the scene for Judy, his young wife, who will not come, but at last sends her dog instead. Punch strokes and caresses him, but the spiteful cur seizes him by the nose, and holds him fast, till after a laughable fight, and various rough jokes of the not too discreet Punch, he at last beats off the dog and gives him a sound drubbing.

His neighbour Scaramouch, hearing the noise, here enters with a large stick, and calls Punch to account why he beat Judy’s favourite dog, “that *never* bit anybody.” “And I *never* beat a dog,” replied Punch; “but,” continues he, “what have you there in your hand, my dear Scaramouch?” “Oh, nothing but a fiddle; will you hear the tone of it? Do but come and hear what a fine instrument it is.” “Thank ye, thank ye, my good Scaramouch,” replies Punch modestly, “I can distinguish the tone of it very well here.” Scaramouch, however, is not to be so put off, and while he dances about to the sound of his own singing, and flourishes his stick, he gives Punch, as if by accident, a great knock on the head. Punch affects not to heed it, but begins to dance too, and watching his opportunity suddenly snatches the stick out of Scaramouch’s hand, and in a trice gives him such a blow with it that poor Scaramouch’s head rolls down at his feet,—for where Punch lays about him the grass does not grow. “Ha! ha!” cries he, laughing, “did you hear the fiddle, my good Scaramouch? What a fine tone it has! As long as you live, my lad, you’ll never hear a finer. But where is my Judy? My sweet Judy, why don’t you come.”

Meanwhile Punch has hidden the body of Scaramouch behind the curtain, and Judy, the ‘feminine’ pendant of her husband, with the same monstrous nose, enters. A comically tender scene ensues, after which Punch asks for his child; Judy goes to fetch it, and Punch breaks forth into an ecstatic monologue on his happiness as a husband and father. The little monster arrives, and now the parents can hardly contain themselves for joy, and lavish upon it the tenderest names and caresses. Judy, however, called away by her household duties, soon departs, and leaves the infant in its father’s arms, who somewhat awkwardly tries to play the nurse and to dandle the child, which begins to cry piteously, and to behave very naughtily. Punch at first tries to soothe it, but soon grows impatient, beats it, and,

as it screams all the more violently, he flies into a rage, and throws it out of the window, with curses, plump into the street, where it falls among the spectators and breaks its neck. Punch leans over the edge of the stage and looks after it, makes a few grimaces, shakes his head, and begins to laugh, and then dances about, singing merrily.

Meantime Judy returns, and asks with alarm for her darling. “The child is gone to sleep,” replies Punch carelessly; however, after a long investigation he is forced to confess that while he was playing with him, he let him fall out of the window. Judy is out of herself, tears her hair, and overwhelms her cruel tyrant with the most dreadful reproaches. In vain does he try to soothe her; she will not hear him, and runs away uttering vehement threats. Punch holds his belly for laughter, dances about, and for very wantonness, beats time with his own head upon the walls. But Judy now comes behind him with a broomstick and belabours him with all her might.

At first he gives her good words, promises never to throw another child out of the window; begs her, however, not to take the joke so seriously;—but finding that nothing will avail, he loses his patience at last, and concludes the affair as with Scaramouch;—he beats poor Judy to death. “Now,” says he drily, “our quarrel is over, dear Judy, and if you are satisfied, so am I. Come, stand up again, Judy. Oh, don’t sham, this is only one of your tricks. What, you won’t get up? Well, then, off with you!” So saying, he flings her after her child into the street.

He does not even trouble himself to look after her, but bursting into one of his usual fits of loud laughter, cries out, “’Tis a fine piece of luck to lose a wife!”

In the second act we find Punch at a rendezvous with his mistress Polly, to whom he pays his court, not in the most refined manner, and assures her that she alone can drive away all his cares, and that if he had as many wives as Solomon, he could kill them all for her sake. A courtier and friend of Polly’s then pays him a visit; this time he does not kill his man, but only thrashes him well: he is then ‘ennuyé,’ and declares that the weather being fine he will take a ride. A wild horse is brought, upon which he capers about for some time in a ludicrous fashion; but at last, from the dreadful plunging of the untameable animal, is thrown. He calls out for help, and happily his friend the doctor happens to be passing, and comes immediately. Punch lies like dead, and groans piteously. The doctor tries to tranquillize him, and feels his pulse: Punch, to be short, makes so uncivil a return for the doctor’s attentions, that the latter exclaims, “Here, Master Punch, I bring you a wholesome medicine, the only one fit for you,” and begins to thump him soundly with his gold-headed cane.

“Oh dear!” cries Punch, “many thanks to you; I want none of your physic, it gives me the headache.” “Ah, that’s only because you have taken it in too small doses,” says the doctor; “take a little more, and it will cure you.”

Punch at last feigns himself conquered, falls down exhausted, and begs for mercy; but when the credulous doctor bends down over him, Punch darts upon him like lightning, wrests the stick out of his hand and lays about him as usual.

“Now,” cries he, “you must take a little of your charming physic,—only a little, respected friend;—there—there!”

“Oh Lord, you will kill me!” cries the doctor.

“Not worth talking of—only what’s usual—doctors always die when they take their own physic. Come, only one last pill:” and so saying, the ruthless Punch runs him through the body with the point of his stick. The doctor dies. Punch, laughing, exclaims, “Now, my good friend, cure yourself if you can.”

[*Exit, singing and dancing.*

After other adventures, which have almost all the same tragical end, justice is at length awake, and the constable is sent to arrest Punch. He finds him, as usual, in the highest glee, and just busied, as he says, in making music with the help of a dustman’s bell (a very ‘naïf’ confession of the musical capacity of the nation.)

The dialogue is brief and important.[27] It ends with the constable showing Punch the warrant for his arrest: “And,” says Punch, “I have a warrant for you, which I will soon execute.” Hereupon he seizes the bell, which he has held concealed behind him, and gives the constable such a blow on the occiput, that, like his predecessors, he falls lifeless; whereupon Punch springs off with a ‘capriole,’ and is heard singing behind the scenes.

The magistrate, who comes after the death of the constable, has no better fate. At length the hangman, in proper person, lies in wait for Punch, who in his joyous recklessness runs upon him without seeing him. For the first time he seems somewhat embarrassed by this rencontre, is very slightly cast down, and does his best to flatter Mr. Ketch; calls him his old friend, and inquires very particularly after the health of Mistress Ketch. The hangman, however, soon makes him understand that all friendship must now have an end; and sets before him what a bad man he is to have killed so many men, and his wife and child.

“As to them,” says he, “they were my own property, and ’tis hard if a man may not do what he likes with his own.” “And why did you kill the poor doctor, who came to help you?” “Only in self-defence, good Mr. Ketch; he wanted me to take his medicine.”

But all excuses and evasions are useless. Three or four men spring forward and bind Punch, whom Ketch leads to prison.

In the next scene we behold him at the back of the stage, trying to look out from behind an iron grating, and rubbing his long nose against the bars. He is very wroth and miserable, yet, according to his use and wont, sings a song to drive away time. Mr. Ketch enters, and with the assistance of his helpers erects a gallows before the prison-door. Punch becomes sorrowful, but, instead of feeling repentance, has only a fit of greater fondness and longing for his Polly. He however mans himself again, and makes various ‘bon mots’ on the handsome gallows, which he compares to a tree planted, as it seems, for the adornment of his prospect. “How beautiful it will be when it bears fruit!” cries he.

Some men now bring the coffin, and place it at the foot of the gallows. “What have you there?” says Punch. “Ah ha! that is no doubt the basket to put the fruit in.”

Meanwhile Ketch returns, and greeting Punch, and opening the door politely, tells him that all is ready,—he may come when he likes. You may think that Punch is not very eager to accept the invitation. After a good deal of discussion Ketch calls out, “It’s of no use, Master Punch, you must come out and be hanged.”

“You won’t be so cruel.”

“Why were you so cruel as to kill your wife and child?”

“Is that any reason for your being cruel too?”—(argument against capital punishment.)

Ketch appeals to no better principle than that of the strongest, and drags out Punch by his hair, begging for

mercy and promising amendment.

“Now, my good Punch,” says Ketch, coolly, “do but have the goodness to put your head into this noose, and all will soon be over.” Punch affects awkwardness, and can’t get his head right into the noose.

“Good God! how awkward you are!” exclaims Ketch; “you must put your head in so”—showing him. “Ay so, and then draw it tight,” cries Punch, drawing up the unwary hangman in a moment, and hanging him on the gallows; after which he hides himself behind the wall. Two men come to take away the body, lay it in the coffin, believing it to be that of the criminal, and carry it out, while Punch laughs in his sleeve, and dances away as usual.

But the shrewdest battle is yet to come, for the devil himself ‘in propriâ personâ,’ now comes to fetch him. Vainly does Punch lay before him the most acute observations; that he is a very stupid devil to wish to carry off the best friend he has on earth, and the like. The devil will not hear reason, and stretches out his long claws horribly at him. He appears just about to fly away with him, as erst with Faust, but Punch is not so easily to be dealt with; manfully he grasps his murderous staff, and defends himself even against the devil. A fearful fight ensues, and—who would have thought it possible?—Punch, so often in uttermost danger, at length remains universal conqueror, spits the black fiend on his stick, holds him up aloft, and whirling about with him with shouts of triumph, sings, while he laughs more heartily than ever.

I leave it to you to make all the philosophical reflections; of which Punch’s career is fitted to excite not a few. Above all interesting would be the inquiry, how far the daily repetition of this favourite popular drama for so many years has influenced the morality of the lower classes.

To conclude,—for the sake of tragic justice, I sketch on the margin of my sheet a second portrait of Punch, as he appears sitting in prison, when the gallows is just brought before him.

In my next letter you will have all the details you desire concerning B——, which pious personage I have to-day forgotten for the more interesting sinner Punch.—Adieu for to day!

*December 1st.*

You remember what I told you of the mode of letting land in this country. As the builders of houses have only ninety-nine years to reckon on, they build as slightly as possible; the consequence of which is that one is not very sure of one’s life in some of the London houses. A house, by no means old, fell last night in St. James’s street, close by me, just like a house of cards, carrying the half of another with it. Several persons were severely hurt, but the greater number had time to escape, as there were threatening warnings. Such is the rapidity with which they build here, that in a month the whole will doubtless be standing again, though perhaps not much safer than before.

A few days ago I attended the interesting ceremony of the opening of Parliament by the King in person; a ceremony which has not taken place for several years.

In the centre of the House of Lords were assembled the Peers, their scarlet mantles negligently thrown over their ordinary morning dress. Near the wall opposite to the entrance stood the King’s throne; on benches on the left sat a number of ladies in full dress; on the right the diplomatic corps and foreigners. In front of the throne was a bar, and behind it the members of the Lower House, in the common dress of our day. The house without, and the staircase, were filled with servants and heralds in the costume of the fourteenth century.

At two o’clock discharges of cannon announced the arrival of the King in state. A number of magnificent carriages and horses composed the procession, a sketch of which I have taken in my book of reminiscences,[28] and have placed it in contrast with a drawing of one of Cæsar’s triumphs. At the sight of these pictures one involuntarily asks oneself, whether mankind have really made any progress. Scarcely, as it seems, in as far as art is concerned; especially when we look at the two prominent personages,—those who occupy the highest seats at the respective ceremonies,—the King’s body-coachman, and Cæsar.

At about half-past three the King made his appearance, he alone being in full dress, and truly covered from top to toe with the ancient kingly decorations; with the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand. He looked pale and bloated, and was obliged to sit on the throne for a considerable time before he could get breath enough to read his speech. During this time he turned friendly glances and considerable bows towards some favoured ladies. On his right stood Lord Liverpool, with the sword of state and the speech in his hand; and the Duke of Wellington on his left. All three looked so miserable, so ashy-gray and worn out, that never did human greatness appear to me so little worth; indeed the tragic side of all the comedies we play here below, fell almost heavily on my heart; and yet it excited in me a strong feeling of the comic, to see how the most powerful monarch of the earth was obliged to present himself, as chief actor in a pantomime, before an audience whom he deems so infinitely beneath him. In fact, the whole pageant, including the King’s costume, reminded me strikingly of one of those historical plays which are here got up so well; nothing was wanting but the ‘flourish of trumpets’ which accompanies the entrance and exit of one of Shakspeare’s kings, to make the illusion complete.

In spite of his feebleness, George the Fourth read the ‘banale’ speech with great dignity and a fine voice; but with that royal ‘nonchalance’ which does not much concern itself what His Majesty promises, or whether or not he is sometimes unable to decipher a word. It was very evident that the monarch was heartily glad when the ‘corvée’ was over, so that the conclusion went off somewhat more rapidly than the beginning.

Since my last letter I have been twice to the theatre, which the late hours of dining render it impossible to do when one has any engagement.

I saw Mozart’s Figaro announced at Drury-lane, and delighted myself with the idea of hearing once more the sweet tones of my fatherland:—what then was my astonishment at the unheard-of treatment which the master-work of the immortal composer has received at English hands! You will hardly believe me when I tell you that neither the Count, the Countess, nor Figaro sang; these parts were given to mere actors, and their principal songs, with some little alteration in the words, were sung by the other singers; to add to this, the gardener roared out some interpolated popular English songs, which suited Mozart’s music just as a pitch-plaster would suit the face of the Venus de’ Medici. The whole opera was moreover ‘arranged’ by a certain Mr. Bishop (a circumstance which I had seen noticed in the bill, but did not understand till now),—that is, adapted to English ears by means of the most tasteless and shocking alterations.

The English national music, the coarse heavy melodies of which can never be mistaken for an instant, has, to me at least, something singularly offensive; an expression of brutal feeling both in pain and pleasure, which smacks of

‘roast-beef, plum-pudding, and porter.’ You may imagine, therefore, what an agreeable effect these incorporations with the lovely and refined conceptions of Mozart must produce.

‘Je n’y pouvais tenir’—poor Mozart appeared to me like a martyr on the cross, and I suffered no less by sympathy.

This abominable practice is the more inexcusable, since here is really no want of meritorious singers, male and female; and, with better arrangement, very good performances might be given. It is true, even if the stage were in good order, a second Orpheus would still be required to tame English audiences.

Far better was the performance in Covent Garden, where Charles Kemble, one of the best English actors, gave an admirable representation of the part of Charles the Second. Kemble is a man of the best education, and has always lived in good society; he is therefore qualified to represent a king royally;—with the ‘aisance,’ that is proper to all exalted persons. He very skilfully gave an amiable colouring to the levity of Charles the Second; without ever, even in moments of the greatest ‘abandon,’ losing the type of that inborn conscious dignity, so difficult to imitate. The costume, too, was as if cut out of the frame of an old picture, down to the veriest trifle; and this was observed by all the other actors, for which Kemble, who is also manager, deserves great praise.

I must, however, confess that in the next piece, in which Frederick the Great plays the principal part, there was not the same intimate knowledge and perfect imitation of foreign costume; both the king and his suite seemed to have borrowed their wardrobe from that of a pantomime. Zieten presented himself in a high grenadier’s cap, and Seydlitz appeared in locks ‘a là Murat,’ and with as many orders as that royal actor used to wear; a profusion of which were by no means the fashion in Frederick’s day, nor were they then worn as mere appendages of the toilet.

*December 2nd.*

I often dine at Prince E——’s, who exhibits a perfect model to ‘diplomates’ how dignified ‘représentation’ may be combined with agreeable facile manners; and how a man may please every body if he understands the art of placing himself ‘à sa portée,’ yet without suffering his own dignity to be forgotten for an instant:—‘un vrai Seigneur,’—such as are every day becoming rarer. Never too did a foreigner *succeed* so perfectly in England; and yet, most assuredly, without the slightest concession to English arrogance. This implies infinite tact; the lighter, more vivacious character of a South German; and the most astute intellect concealed beneath the most unpretending ‘bonhommie;’ the whole backed and set off by a great name and a splendid fortune.

The other members of the diplomatic corps, with few exceptions, are left by him quite in the back-ground, and most of the plenipotentiaries here disappear completely in the crowd. Among the ambassadors there is, however, one of the female sex who plays a great part * * * But more of this another time. I entered upon the subject of Diplomates, only for the sake of repeating to you a very pretty ‘bon mot’ of one of them whom you know. I heard it to-day at dinner. Count H—— was ambassador at a German court renowned for its economy (‘pour ne pas dire mesquinerie,’) and on some solemn occasion received a snuff-box with the portrait of the sovereign; which, however, was set round with very small, paltry diamonds. Shortly afterwards, one of his colleagues asked him to show him his present. “Vous ne trouverez pas le portrait ressemblant,” said the Count, giving him the snuff-box,—“mais les diamants.”

I occasionally see, with great satisfaction, the venerable Elliot, who, together with the dry but very interesting Lord St. Helens, whom Ségur so often mentions in his Memoirs, belongs to the ‘Doyens’ of English diplomacy, and still dwells with extraordinary pleasure on the recollection of his residence at Dresden. He has several very charming daughters, and finds it difficult to live in a style befitting his rank, for his long services have not been rewarded with English liberality.[29]

Another very interesting person is Sir L—— M——, who was formerly in high favour with the king, then Prince of Wales, and deserves mention, first, because he is a most agreeable Amphitryon and entertains his friends admirably, and secondly, because he is one of the most original of men, and one of the few *truly practical* philosophers I have ever met with. The prejudices of the many seem for him to have no existence; and nobody could be more difficult to impose on by mere authority, whether on matters of heaven or earth. Although sixty years old, and a martyr to the most unheard-of tortures with which gout and stone can rack an unhappy mortal, no one ever heard a complaint from him; nor is his cheerful, nay merry humour ever saddened by it for a moment. It must be confessed that there are dispositions and temperaments which are worth a hundred thousand a year.

When I was first introduced to him, a short time since, he had just undergone the terrible operation for the stone. The surgeon refused to undertake it, on the ground that the weakness of the patient rendered it too hazardous, but was at length almost compelled by him to perform it. At that time he kept his bed, and looked like a corpse, and at going in I involuntarily made ‘une mine de doléance,’ upon which he instantly interrupted me, and told me to lay aside all grimaces. “What cannot be cured,” said he, “must be endured; and better gaily, that sadly:” for himself, he said, he had certainly abundant cause to laugh at his physicians, who had given him his passport with the utmost certainty at least ten times, but had almost all gone to the d—l before him. “Besides,” said he, “I have enjoyed life as few have, and must now learn the dark side.” In spite of all his pleasures, and all his pains, the gay-hearted man is still in such good preservation, that, since he is about again, with his artist-like peruque, he does not look much above forty, and exhibits a spirited and ‘rayonnante’ physiognomy, whose features must once have been handsome.

*December 3rd.*

Kemble gave me a high treat this evening as Falstaff. It is certain that even the greatest dramatic poets stand in need of the actor’s aid to bring out their work. I never so fully understood the character of the mad knight; never was it so manifest to me what his outward deportment must have been, as since I saw him new-born in the person of Charles Kemble. His dress and mask were striking indeed, but by no means such a caricature as on our stages. Still less had he the air of a man of low rank and breeding, visibly a mere ‘farceur,’ as Devrient, for instance, represented him in Berlin. Falstaff, although a man of vulgar *soul*, is still by habit and inclination a practised courtier; and the coarseness which he often assumes in the prince’s company is at least as much intentional acting, employed by him to amuse the Prince (for princes often love vulgarity from its very contrast with the gloomy elevation of their own station,) as to gratify his own humour. Mr. Kemble caught the finest shades of the character; for, although he never

lost sight of the natural, invincible humour, the witty presence of mind, and the diverting drollery which made Falstaff such an agreeable companion,—nay, which rendered him almost a necessary of life to those who had once associated with him,—he is quite another man when he appears at Court in the presence of the king and other dignified persons; or when he plays antics with the Prince and his companions; or, lastly, when he is alone with the latter. In the first case, you see a facetious man, somewhat like the Maréchal de Bassompierre, ludicrously fat, but a man of dignified and gentleman-like air; always a joker, it is true, but in a good 'ton,' never forgetting the respect due to the place and the presence in which he is. In the second stage, he allows himself to go much further; takes all sorts of coarse freedoms; but ever with observable care to exalt the Prince, and to assume only the privilege of a Court fool, who, *apparently*, may say all that comes into his head. In the last stage, we see Falstaff in complete 'negligé,' after he has thrown off all regard to appearances. Here he wallows delightfully in the mire, like a swine in a ditch; and yet even here he still remains original, and excites more laughter than disgust. This is the supreme art, the last triumph of the poet: he alone can give, even to the most horrid monsters of sin and shame, something like a divine impress; something which awakens our interest and attracts us, even to our own astonishment. This is the high dramatic truth, the creative power of genius, speaking of which Walter Scott so prettily says, "I can only compare Shakspeare with that man in the Arabian Nights, who has the power of passing into any body at pleasure, and imitating its feelings and actions."

I must here remark, that there is but one character in this immortal poet's works which always appeared to me ill-drawn and unnatural, nor does any excite less interest in general. This is the king in Hamlet. To mention only one trait, it appears to me quite psycologically false, when the author makes the king kneel down, and then exclaim, "I cannot pray." The king is never represented as an irreligious man, a subtle sceptic, but merely as a coarse sensual sinner; now we daily see that a man of this cast cannot only pray regularly and zealously, but even pray that his crimes may prosper: like that woman who was found alone in a robber's cave, after the capture of the gang, on her knees, praying earnestly to heaven that the expedition in which she believed them then engaged might be successful, and that they might return laden with booty.

Nay even public pre-appointed prayers have often no better aim. What examples of this kind does not history afford! No, the sinful king *can* pray,—the person in this tragedy who *cannot*, is Hamlet. For it is only the unbelieving; the man who wants to fathom everything; the spiritual chemist who sees one apparently firm substance after another melt away; this man—till he is enabled by the divine influence to construct one,[30] inward and indestructible, (and this point Hamlet has manifestly not reached) this man alone, I say, *cannot pray*, for the Object fails him. He cannot deny it to himself,—when he prays, he is only acting a part with himself. This is a melancholy process to pass through, and is imputed to unhappy mortals as a crime by those who first place the poor child on the bed of Procrustes, and by that means often render it impossible for the cramped and shortened limbs ever to extend themselves again to their natural length.

But back to the play. It concluded with a melo-drama, in which a large Newfoundland dog really acted admirably; he defended a banner for a long time, pursued the enemy, and afterwards came on the stage wounded, lame, and bleeding, and died in the most masterly manner, with a last wag of the tail that was really full of genius. You would have sworn that the good beast knew at least as well as any of his human companions what he was about.

I left the theatre in such good humour that I won eight rubbers at whist after it at the Club, for luck at play goes with good spirits and confidence.—But good night.

*December 4th.*

In consequence of the opening of Parliament, society begins to be more lively, though London 'en gros' is still empty.

The most elegant ladies of the first circles now give small parties, access to which is far more difficult to most Englishmen than to foreigners of rank; for the despotism of fashion, as I have already told you, rules in this land of freedom with iron sceptre, and extends through all classes in a manner we on the Continent have no conception of.

But without indulging too early in general observations, I will describe to you my own way of life in London.

I rise late; read, like a half-nationalized foreigner, three or four newspapers at breakfast; look in my 'visiting-book' what visits I have to pay, and either drive to pay them in my cabriolet or ride. In the course of these excursions, I sometimes catch the enjoyment of the picturesque; the struggle of the blood-red sun with the winter fogs often produces wild and singular effects of light. After my visits are paid, I ride for several hours about the beautiful environs of London, return when it grows dark, work a little, dress for dinner, which is at seven or eight, and spend the evening either in the theatre or at some small party. The ludicrous 'routs,'—at which one hardly finds standing-room on the staircase,—where one pushes and is pushed, and is kept for hours in a hot-house temperature,—have not yet commenced. In England however, except in a few diplomatic houses, you can go nowhere in an evening except on special invitation. In these small parties there is not much 'géne,' but general conversation has no place: each gentleman usually singles out a lady who peculiarly interests him, and does not quit her for the whole evening. Many fair ones are thus frequently left sitting alone, without an opportunity of speaking a word; they however do not betray any dissatisfaction, even by a look or gesture, for they are of a very passive nature. Every body of course speaks French, as with us, 'tant bien que mal,' but this continued 'géne' annoys the ladies so much after a time, that a man has no little advantage who can speak English tolerably.

You see this life is pretty much a 'far niente,' though not a very sweet one to my taste, for I love society only in intimate circles, and attach myself with difficulty,—indeed now scarcely at all,—to new acquaintances. The ennui, which seizes me in such an indifferent state of mind, is too clearly written on my undiplomatic face not to extend to others as contagiously as yawning. Here and there I find an exception:—to-day for instance I made the acquaintance of Mr. Morier, the clever and very agreeable author of Hadji Baba; and of Mr. Hope, the imputed author of Anastasius, a work of far higher genius. This book is worthy of Byron: many maintain that Mr. Hope, who is rather remarkable for his reserve than for anything poetical in his appearance, cannot possibly have written it. This doubt derives considerable force from a work which Mr. Hope formerly published on furniture, the style and contents of which certainly contrast strangely with the glowing impassioned Anastasius, overflowing with thought and feeling. An acquaintance of mine said to me, "One thing or the other: either Anastasius is not by him, or the work on furniture." But matter so different brings with it as different a style; and as I observed Mr. Hope, perhaps with involuntary prepossession, he appeared to me no ordinary man. He is very rich, and his house full of treasures of art,

and of luxuries which I shall describe hereafter. His furniture theory, which is fashioned on the antique, I cannot praise in practice:—the chairs are ungovernable; other trophy-like structures look ridiculous, and the sofas have such sharp salient points in all directions, that an incautious sitter might hurt himself seriously.

On my return home at night I found your letter, which, like everything from you, gave me more pleasure than aught else can. Say not, however, that the pain of parting occasions you such deep depression,—let it not be deeper than a joyful meeting can at once remove; and that is probably not very distant.

That you point to another life, as soon as things do not go precisely according to our wishes in this, seems to me, dearest, to show a want of Christian patience and confidence. No, I confess it, spite of transient fits of melancholy, I still feel the attraction of earth; and this 'span of life,' as you call it, has strong hold on my heart. If indeed you, my affectionate tutelary goddess, were also Fortuna, I should fare better than any mortal living: 'et toutes les étoiles pâliraient devant la mienne;'—but since you love me, you are my Fortuna, and I desire no better.

Do not suffer your own melancholy, or mine, to deceive you. As for me, you know that a nothing raises the barometer of my spirits, and a nothing often depresses it. This is certainly too delicate a nervous organization, and little fitted for every-day, home-baked (*hausbacknen*) happiness,—which requires strong nerves.

*December 5th.*

Oberon, Weber's song of the swan, has occupied my evening.—The execution of both the instrumental and vocal parts left much to desire; but on the whole, the opera was extremely well performed, for London. The best part was the decorations, especially at the conjuration of the spirits. They appear, not, as usual, in the standing costume,—scarlet jackets and breeches, with snaky locks and flames on their heads,—but in the form of huge rocky caves, which occupy the whole stage; every mass of rock then suddenly changes into some fantastic and frightful form or face, gleaming with many-coloured flames and lurid light, out of which here and there a whole figure leans grinning forward, while the fearful thrilling music re-echoes on every side from the moving chorus of rocks.

The opera itself I regard as one of Weber's feebler productions. There are beautiful parts, especially the introduction, which is truly elf-like. I am less delighted with the overture, though so highly extolled by connoisseurs.

I ought to have begun by telling you that I was presented to the King to-day, at a great levée.—I give you as a proof of the extraordinary voluntary seclusion of the present sovereign, that our Secretary of Legation was presented with me *for the first time*, though he has been here in that capacity for two years. His Majesty has a very good memory. He immediately recollected my former visit to England, though he mistook the date of it by several years. I took occasion to make my compliments to him on the extraordinary embellishment of London since that time, which indeed is to be ascribed in great measure to him. After a gracious reply, I passed on, and placed myself in a convenient station for seeing the whole spectacle. It was odd enough.

The king, on account of the feeble state of his health, remained seated;—the company marched past him in a line; each made his bow, was addressed or not, and then either placed himself in the row on the other side of the room, or quitted it. All those who had received any appointment kneeled down before the king and kissed his hand, at which the American Minister, near whom I had accidentally placed myself, made a rather satirical face. The clergymen and lawyers in their black gowns and white powdered wigs, short and long, had a most whimsical masquerading appearance. One of them was the object of an almost universal ill-suppressed laugh. This personage had kneeled to be 'knighted,' as the English call it, and in this posture, with the long fleece on his head, looked exactly like a sheep at the slaughter-block. His Majesty signed to the great Field Marshal to give him his sword. For the first time, perhaps, the great warrior could not draw the sword from the scabbard; he pulled and pulled,—all in vain. The king waiting with outstretched arm; the duke vainly pulling with all his might; the unhappy martyr prostrate in silent resignation, as if expecting his end, and the whole brilliant court standing around in anxious expectation:—it was a group worthy of Gilray's pencil. At length the state weapon started like a flash of lightning from its sheath. His Majesty grasped it impatiently,—indeed his arm was probably weary and benumbed with being so long extended,—so that the sword, instead of alighting on a new knight, fell on an old wig, which for a moment enveloped king and subject in a cloud of powder.

*December 6th.*

Mr. R—— had long ago invited me to visit him at his country-house, and I took advantage of a disengaged day to drive out with my friend L—— to dine there. The royal banker has bought no ducal residence, but lives in a pretty villa. We found some Directors of the East India Company, and several members of his own family and faith, whom I liked very much. I extremely respect this family for having the courage to remain Jews. Only an idiot can esteem a Jew the less for his religion, but renegades have always a presumption against their sincerity, which it is difficult to get over.

There are three cases in which I should unconditionally allow Jews to change their religion. First, if they really believe that only Christians can be saved; secondly, if their daughters wish to marry Christians, who will have them on no other terms; thirdly, if a Jew were elected king of a Christian people,—a thing by no means impossible, since men far below the rank of Jewish barons, and notorious for the absence of all religion, have frequently ascended the throne in these latter days.[31]

Mr. R—— was in high good-humour, amusing, and talkative. It was diverting to hear him explain to us the pictures around his dining-room, (all portraits of the sovereigns of Europe, presented through their ministers,) and talk of the originals as his very good friends, and, in a certain sense, his equals. "Yes," said he, "the —— once pressed me for a loan, and in the same week in which I received his autograph letter, his father wrote to me also with his own hand from Rome to beg me for Heaven's sake not to have any concern in it, for that I could not have to do with a more dishonest man than his son." 'C'était sans doute très Catholique;' probably, however, the letter was written by the old ——, who hated her own son to such a degree, that she used to say of him,—everybody knows how unjustly,—"He has the heart of a t—— with the face of an a——."

The others' turn came next. * * *

He concluded, however, by modestly calling himself the dutiful and generously paid agent and servant of these high potentates, all of whom he honoured equally, let the state of politics be what it might; for, said he, laughing, "I never like to quarrel with my bread and butter."

It shows great prudence in Mr. R—— to have accepted neither title nor order, and thus to have preserved a far more respectable independence. He doubtless owes much to the good advice of his extremely amiable and judicious wife, who excels him in tact and knowledge of the world, though not perhaps in acuteness and talents for business.

On our way there we had been tempted to alight to see the state-carriage of another monarch of Asiatic origin, the King of the Birmans. It was taken in the late war. It is crowded with precious stones, valued at six thousand pounds, and has a splendid effect by candlelight: its canopy-like pyramidal form seemed to me in better taste than that of our carriages. The attendants sitting on it were odd enough,—two little boys and two peacocks, carved in wood and beautifully painted and varnished. At the time it was taken, it was drawn by two white elephants; and fifteen thousand precious stones, great and small, all unpolished, still adorn the gilded wood of which it is made. A number of curious and costly Birman arms were placed, as trophies, round the spacious apartment, which gave a doubly rich and interesting effect to the whole exhibition. As people always give a great deal for money here, there was a Pœcilorama in an adjoining room, consisting also of Birman and Indian views, over which the light is ingeniously thrown so as to produce very lively and varied effects.

I don't know why such things are not used as decorations for rooms. At a fête, for instance, a room thus fitted up would surely be a much greater novelty than the hackneyed ornaments of gay draperies, orange trees, and flowers.

*December 8th.*

On my way home from a dinner at M. de Polignac's, a very agreeable but highly orthodox representative of 'l'ancien regime,' I was in time to find the celebrated Mathews "At Home" at his theatre. The curtain was dropped, and Mr. Mathews sitting in front of it at a table covered with a cloth.

He began by discursively relating to the public that he was just returned from a journey to Paris, where he had met with many original individuals and droll adventures. Imperceptibly he passed from the narrative style to a perfectly dramatic performance, in which, with almost inconceivable talent and memory, he placed before the eyes of his audience all that he had witnessed; while he so totally altered his face, speech, and whole exterior, with the rapidity of lightning, that one must have seen it to believe it possible. His outward helps consist only of a cap, a cloak, a false nose, a wig, &c., which he draws from under the table cover, and with these slender means produces an entire and instant transformation. The applause was tumultuous and the laughter incessant. The principal persons (who were introduced in various situations,) were an old Englishman, who found fault with everything abroad and praised everything at home; a provincial lady who never walked in the street without a French dictionary in her hand, worried the passers-by with incessant questions, and seized every opportunity of assisting other English people with her superior knowledge, in doing which, as may be imagined, she stumbled upon the most perverted, burlesque, and often equivocal expressions; a dandy from the city, who affected 'le grand air;' and his opposite, a fat farmer from Yorkshire, who played pretty much the part of farmer Feldkümmel. The most amusing thing to me was an English lecture on craniology by Spurzheim. The likeness to that person, so well known in England,—to his whole manner and his German accent,—was so perfect, that the theatre shook with incessant laughter.

I was less pleased with some other imitations; particularly that of Talma, who is far above the reach of any mere mimic, be his talents what they may. Besides, his death is too recent, and sorrow for his irreparable loss too great in the mind of every lover of art, to render such a parody agreeable.

The performance concluded with a little farce, for which the curtain was drawn up, and in which Mathews again played alone. He filled seven or eight different parts, exclusive of those of a dog and a child, which were indeed personated by puppets, but which he barked and prattled, in as masterly a manner as he spoke the others. At first he is a French tutor, who is going to travel with a little lord ten years old, whom he shuts into a guitar-case that he may save the fare of the diligence, and at the same time charge it to the papa. At every stage he takes him out, to give him air and make him say his lesson. He carries on the conversation with infinite drollery, and surprising skill as a ventriloquist. The boy's resistance to being shut up in his box again,—the way in which his murmurs and complaints die away, like the waltz in the Freischütz, till at length the lid is clapped to, and the last tones come from the shut case like a faint echo,—are inconceivably comic.

After many adventures which beset the diligence and its passengers, an old maid (again Mathews) makes her appearance. She has a favourite lapdog, which is not suffered to travel inside, but which she is trying to smuggle in, and fixes her eye on the guitar-case as a fit hiding-place for her darling. In her hurry to accomplish her purpose she does not observe that the place is already occupied. But hardly has she laid the case out of her hand, when the dog begins to growl and bark, the boy to howl, and she to scream for help; which trio made the gallery almost frantic with delight.

The whole affair is, as you perceive, not exactly æsthetic, and rather fitted to an English stomach than to any other. It is, indeed, almost painful to see such skill devoted to such absurd buffooneries; the talent, however, is still most remarkable; and even the physical powers wonderful, which can support these efforts of acting and continual speaking, with all these fatiguing disguises, without a single slip or stumble, for hours together.

Not to require as great an exertion of patience from you, I will now conclude. I wish heartily that my display of the meagre peep-shows of the town may not tire you too much. You asked for pictures of daily life; you expect from me no statistical work, no topography, no regular enumeration of the so-called sights of London, and no systematic treatise on England; nor am I in any condition to afford you such.

Receive, therefore, the unpretending humble fare I send you, in good part. It is at all events now and then seasoned with a grain of pepper.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER VII.

*London, Dec. 9th, 1826.*

Dearest Friend,

It is not uninteresting to attend the auctions here; first, on account of the multitude of extremely rare and

valuable things, which form the wonderful activity of life and the constant vicissitudes of fortune are daily brought into the market, and often sold very cheap; and secondly, for the ingenuity and eloquence of the auctioneers, of which I have already made honourable mention. They embroider their orations with more wit gratis, than ours would be willing to furnish for ready money.

This morning I saw the sale of an Indian cabinet, the property of a bankrupt Nabob, which contained some curious and beautiful works of art. “The possessor of these treasures,” said the orator, “has taken much trouble for nothing; for nothing to himself, I mean, but a great deal to you, gentlemen. He had once doubtless more money than wit, but has now, as certainly, more wit than money.” “Modesty and merit,” observed he afterwards, “go together only thus far,—both begin with an *m*.” And in this style, and with such ‘jeus de mots,’ he continued. “What enables the poor to live?” concluded he. “Charity or liberality do but little towards it. Vanity, vanity is the thing,—not theirs, poor devils, but that of the rich. If you then, gentlemen, will but display a little of this praiseworthy vanity, and buy, you will earn a blessing even without meaning it.”

Yes, truly, thought I, there you are right, old jester, for so admirably is the world contrived, that good must ever arise out of evil; and the existence of evil only serves to render the good which succeeds it more conspicuous.

One must moralize everywhere.

I dined at the house of a lady of distinction, who talked to me the whole time we were at table about Napoleon, and, with true English exaggeration, was so enamoured of him, that she thought the execution of the Duke d’Enghien, and the betrayal of Spain, laudable acts.

Though I do not go quite so far, I am, as you know, an admirer of this man’s colossal greatness, and delighted my neighbour highly by describing to her Napoleon’s former magnificence, of which I was an eyewitness,—those brilliant days in which Cæsar himself stood amazed at his splendour;

> “Quand les ambassadeurs de tant de rois divers
> Vinrent le reconnoître au nom de l’univers.”

*For his own fame*, I do not wish otherwise any of his later misfortunes; nor for *the tragic interest*, any of his errors and faults. He bore ‘coups d’épées’ and ‘coups d’épingles’ with equal fortitude and dignity; and left an epitaph worthy of his life in the words, ‘Je lègue l’opprobre de ma mort à l’Angleterre.’

Thus much is certain, he is still too near us for impartial judgment; and experience has amply taught us that it was less his despotic principles than his personal aggrandisement which provoked such inveterate hostility. The principles exist still; but, God be praised, the energy with which he put them in practice, is utterly wanting, and that is a great gain for human nature.[32]

There is now a French theatre here, which is attained only by the best company, and nevertheless is like a dark little private theatre. Perlet and Laporte are its great supports, and play admirably. The latter also, with true French assurance, acts on the English stage, and thinks, when the audience laughs at his accent and French manners, that it is merely a tribute to his ‘vis comica.’

I went to the theatre with Mrs. ——, wife of the well-known minister and member of parliament, and accompanied her after the play to the first genuine rout I have attended this time of my being in England,—what is more, too, in a house in which I was entirely a stranger. It is the custom here to take your friends to parties of this sort, and to present them, then and there, to the mistress of the house, who never thinks you can bring enough to fill her small rooms to suffocation: the more the better; and for the full satisfaction of her vanity, a ‘bagarre’ must arise among the carriages below; some must be broken to pieces, and a few men and horses killed or hurt, so that the ‘Morning Post’ of the following day may parade a long article on the extremely ‘fashionable soirée’ given by ‘Lady Vain,’ or ‘Lady Foolish.’

In the course of the evening I made a more interesting acquaintance than I expected on the staircase, (I could get no further,) in Lady C—— B——, who has some reputation as an authoress. She is the sister of a Duke, and was a celebrated beauty.

The next morning I called on her, and found everything in her house brown, in every possible shade;—furniture, curtains, carpets, her own and her children’s dresses, presented no other colour. The room was without looking-glasses or pictures; and its only ornaments were casts from the antique. * * *

After I had been there some time, the celebrated bookseller C—— entered. This man has made a fortune by Walter Scott’s novels, though, as I was told, he refused his first and best, Waverly, and at last gave but a small sum for it. I hope the charming Lady C—— B—— had better cause to be satisfied with him. I thought it discreet to leave her with her man of business, and made my bow.

*December 10th.*

The affairs of Portugal are now much discussed in all circles; and the Marquis P—— read us the just printed English Declaration to-night, in a box at the French theatre. Politics are here a main ingredient of social intercourse; as they begin to be in Paris, and will in time become in our sleepy Germany; for the whole world has now that tendency. The lighter and more frivolous pleasures suffer by this change; and the art of conversation as it once flourished in France, will perhaps soon be entirely lost. In this country I should rather think it never existed, unless perhaps in Charles the Second’s time. And, indeed, people here are too slavishly subject to established usages; too systematic in all their enjoyments; too incredibly kneaded up with prejudices; in a word, too little vivacious, to attain to that unfettered spring and freedom of spirit, which must ever be the sole basis of agreeable society. I must confess that I know none more monotonous, nor more persuaded of its own pre-excellence, than the highest society of this country,—with but few exceptions, and those chiefly among foreigners, or persons who have resided a good deal on the Continent. A stony, marble-cold spirit of caste and fashion rules all classes, and makes the highest tedious, the lower ridiculous. True politeness of the heart and cheerful ‘bonhommie’ are rarely to be met with in what is called society; nor, if we look for foreign ingredients, do we find either French grace and vivacity, or Italian naturalness; but at most, German stiffness and awkwardness concealed under an iron mask of arrogance and ‘hauteur.’

In spite of this, the ‘nimbus’ of a firmly anchored aristocracy and vast wealth, (combined with admirable taste in

spending it, which no one can deny them,) has stamped the Great World of this country as that ‘par excellence,’ of Europe, to which all other nations must more or less give way. But that foreigners individually and personally do not find it agreeable, is evident by their rarity in England, and by the still greater rarity of their desire to stay long. Every one of them at the bottom of his heart thanks God when he is out of English society; though personal vanity afterwards, leads him to extol that uninspiring foggy sun, whose beams assuredly gave him but little ‘comfort’ when he lived in them.

Far more loveable, because far more loving, do the English appear in their domestic and most intimate relations; though even here some ‘baroque’ customs;—for instance, that sons in the highest ranks, as soon as they are fledged, leave the paternal roof and live alone; nay actually do not present themselves at their fathers’ dinner-table without a formal invitation. I lately read a moving instance of conjugal affection in the newspaper: The Marquis of Hastings died in Malta; shortly before his death he ordered that his right hand should be cut off immediately after his death, and sent to his wife. A gentleman of my acquaintance, out of real tenderness, and with her previously obtained permission, cut off his mother’s head, that he might keep the skull as long as he lived; while other Englishmen, I really believe, would rather endure eternal torments than permit the scalpel to come near their bodies. The laws enjoin the most scrupulous fulfilment of such dispositions of a deceased person; however extravagant they may be, they must be executed. I am told there is a country-house in England where a corpse, fully dressed, has been standing at a window for the last half-century, and still overlooks its former property.

Just as I was going to entertain you with more English originalities, my long-desired head-gardener entered my room, bringing your letters. What a pity that you could not put yourself into the large packet, (of course in all your ‘fraicheur,’ and not like Lord Hastings’ hand,) or inhabit a pretty box, like Göthe’s delightful Gnome, so that I might call you out and share with you every enjoyment, fresh as it arises, without this long interval! As it is, you are melancholy, because I was so a fortnight before; or your sympathizing answer to a cheerful letter of mine arrives just as I am labouring under a fresh attack of ‘spleen.’ As you say, such an old letter is often like a dead body which, after being forgotten, is fished up out of the sea.

I must laugh at you, and scold you for one thing—that you write me, as is your way, scarcely any details about what is passing at my beloved M——, and send me, instead, long extracts out of a book of Travels in Africa, which I have read here ages ago in the original. I will certainly pay you in your own coin the next time you do so. I am just studying a very interesting work, *Dass Preussische Exercier-Reglement von 1805*, out of which, when other matter fails me, I shall send you the cleverest and most entertaining extracts. O you gentle lamb! you shall often be ‘shorn’ with these African novelties of yours; the more so, as the last shearing took place a long time ago, and you must be sitting as deeply imbedded in your wool as the Knights of St. John in B——, when, displaying their double crosses, they await the highest bidder on their Woolsacks. The seat of the Lord Chancellor here is also a Woolsack, but of rather a more aristocratical sort, more nearly allied to the Golden Fleece.

I now make almost daily park-excursions with R——, to render his visit to England as useful as possible; for a good gardener will learn more here in his profession during a short stay, than in a study of ten years at home. There are indeed in the immediate neighbourhood of London a great number of very interesting seats, all of them situated on very pleasant and animated roads. Amongst these may particularly be mentioned a villa of Lord Mansfield’s, the decorations of which do much honour to the taste of his lady. Sion House, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, and laid out by Brown, is also extremely worth seeing, on account of its remarkable green-houses, and the multitude of gigantic exotic trees in the open air, none of which would bear our climate. Here are also to be seen whole groves of rhododendrons, camellias, &c., which are but partially covered in winter; and all kinds of beautiful evergreens thrive luxuriantly in every season.

The green and hot-houses, which form a front of three hundred feet, consist only of stone, iron and glass; a style of building which has here the additional advantage of being cheaper than that with wood.

I was interested by a kind of chain, the links of which consisted of scythes, for the purpose of clearing the large standing waters (a defect in most English parks): by merely drawing it, like a drag-net, along the bottom, it entirely removes the weeds. In the vast pleasure-ground twelve men are daily mowing from five till nine o’clock. By this means high grass is never to be seen there, and at the same time the disagreeable general mowing is avoided, which destroys the neatness of the garden for some days. It is true that they can do only a part daily; but it is so managed that they finish a certain allotted portion, and they come round so often that the difference in the turf is not perceptible. This short grass is, indeed, quite lost to economy; but beauty and utility cannot always be combined, and the latter must certainly be subordinate in a pleasure-ground, or it is better to relinquish all pretensions to one. Kew, which is on the opposite bank of the river, unquestionably possesses the most complete collection of exotic plants in Europe. The park has also a great advantage in its beautiful situation on the Thames, but is in general rather neglected. Yew trees are found here of the height of our firs, and very fine specimens of holly and evergreen oak; in other respects the old Queen’s plantations are not very tasteful.

Wimbledon Park, stretching over several hills and full of beautiful groups of trees, present fine views, but the effect of the whole is spoiled by some degree of monotony.

—— House is very near, and almost in the suburbs of London: its architecture is not without interest.

I tell you nothing of the enchanting valley of Richmond. Every traveller falls into an ecstacy about it, and with justice; but he does not always excite a similar feeling in the reader by his descriptions. I therefore avoid them, and remark only that the excellent aristocratic inn (the Star and Garter,) from which one overlooks this paradise, whilst one’s corporeal wants are admirably provided for, enhances the pleasure. Solitude and tranquillity joined to every comfort of life, in a country beautiful above all expression, powerfully invite to enjoyment.

In the evening I took R—— to the Adelphi Theatre. It is small and neat, and distinguished for the goodness of its machinery; just now, too, it possesses several excellent actors. One of them played the drunkard more naturally than I ever saw it. It is true that he has more facilities here for the study of that state of mind,—for the same reason that the ancients represented the naked figure better than our artists,—namely, because they saw it more frequently. An excellent trait of real life was, that the drunkard, who cherished a tender passion for a young and poor girl in the house where he lodged, when sober formed other projects, but in his drunken fits invariably returned with tears ‘à ses anciennes amours,’ and in that state of mind was at length happily brought to marry her.

*December 23d.*

Many thanks for the news from B——. I am particularly pleased that Alexander Von Humboldt is employed by Government. It must give pleasure to every patriot to see a man like him at length fixed in his native country, which is so justly proud of his fame in all parts of the world. It must be a happy occurrence too for many circles there, in which the salt will at length be mingled, the want of which has so long rendered them quite unpalatable.

How much I lament the accident which has befallen our good and noble King, (and I had already learned it from L——,) you can easily imagine, as you know my feelings on that subject; but I hope to God that his strong constitution, and the help of such skilful men, will remove every remaining evil. How rare, and how beautiful, to hear a whole nation exclaim with one heart and mind, "May heaven preserve to us our beloved Monarch!"[33]

My own state of spirits is, 'au reste,' somewhat of the same melancholy cast, probably from the everlasting fogs, which are often so bad that one is obliged to light candles in the middle of the day, and yet cannot see. 'Le pire est, que je suis tantôt trop, et tantôt trop peu sensible á l'opinion et aux procédés des autres.' In the former disposition, (and dispositions unfortunately govern me with despotic power,) they not only make me sad or cheerful, but, what is worse, wise or foolish. I sometimes appear to myself like a person who has climbed up a ladder of ropes, where his hands have grown benumbed; and after hanging for a long time near the top, and endeavouring to get still higher, is now on the point of being obliged to let go, and fall down again to the bottom. And yet, perhaps, when once arrived on the level plain of common-place and obscurity, he may be more tranquil than in the stormy breezes; and though his hopes be less, he may be surrounded by a happier, though a more simple reality. But a truce to such vain speculations. They are unprofitable, and even fears of a threatening real misfortune ought always to be forcibly banished; for why torment ourself with anxieties about that which *may* come, and yet perhaps never *does* come; yet, as a mere dreamy phantom, has embittered so much of a present which might otherwise have been cheerful?

In all such states of mind, your image is my best comfort; and to you, my only and unchanging friend, I turn at length with tearful eyes, and tender gratitude for all your manifold love, kindness and indulgence. In your faithful bosom I deposit my grief as well as my joy, and all my hopes; the most brilliant fulfilment of which would, without you, lose all value for me.

But now I must leave you, as my duty requires, (for otherwise I would not,) to go to a large party; where I am destined, as in life, to lose myself in the multitude. It is, I think, my last visit to the gay world, as I am preparing to set out on a park-and-garden journey with B——, which probably will take us a month. The present season is indeed just the best for him who wishes to make landscape-gardening a study, for the leafless trees afford a clear and free view in all directions; one can thus see the whole artificial landscape in a single tour, understand the effects produced, and judge of the whole like a plan on paper; as well as distinguish the parts of every plantation in their intended order.

Yesterday we visited, 'en attendant,' the parks in town,—Kensington Gardens;—Regent's park, 'en détail,' &c., on which occasion we did not omit to look in at the Diorama exhibited there. This far surpassed my expectations, and all that I had formerly seen of the same kind. It is certainly impossible to deceive the senses more effectually; even with the certitude of illusion one can hardly persuade himself it exists. The picture represented the interior of a large abbey-church, appearing perfectly in its real dimensions. A side door is open, ivy climbs through the windows, and the sun occasionally shines through the door, and lightens with a cheering beam the remains of coloured windows, glittering through cobwebs. Through the opposite window at the end you see the neglected garden of the monastery, and above it, single clouds in the sky, which, flitting stormily across, occasionally obscure the sunlight, and throw deep shadows over the church—tranquil as death; where the crumbled but magnificent remains of an ancient knight reposes in gloomy majesty.

As our departure is fixed for to-morrow, I send off this letter, although it has not yet grown to the usual corpulence. How slender are yours in comparison! Certainly, whenever our descendants find the dusty correspondence of their ancestors in a corner of the old library, they will be equally astonished at my prodigality and at your avarice, 'A propos,' do not be too dissipated in B——, and forget not, even for the shortest time,

The most faithful of your friends, L.

## LETTER VIII.

*Watford, December 25, 1826.*

Dear Friend,

This morning we started,—unluckily in bad rainy weather. Ten miles from London we commenced operations with the inspection of two villas and a large park, near the pretty little village of Stanmore. The first villa was thoroughly in the rural Gothic style, with ornamented pointed gables; a 'genre' in which English architects are peculiarly happy. The interior was also most prettily fitted up in the same style, and at the same time extremely comfortable and inviting. Even the doors in the walls surrounding the kitchen-garden were adorned with windows of coloured glass at the top, which had a singular and beautiful brilliancy among the foliage. The little flower-garden, too, was laid out in beds of Gothic forms surrounded by gravel walks, and the fancy had not a bad effect.

Very different was the aspect of the other villa, in the Italian taste, with large vases before it, filled not with flowers but with green and yellow gourds and pumpkins. A superabundance of wooden statues, painted white, decorated, or rather deformed, the gardens. Among them a roaring rampant lion vainly sought to inspire terror, and a Cupid hanging in a bush threatened, as abortively, the passengers with his darts.

The Priory, formerly a religious house, now the seat of Lord Aberdeen, has many beauties. The number of magnificent firs and pines in the park give it a singularly foreign air. The simple beautiful house is almost concealed amid trees of every size and form, so that one catches only glimpses of it glancing between the shrubs, or overtopping the high trees. This is always very advantageous to buildings, especially those of an antique character. One seldom sees here those unbroken views over a long and narrow strip of level grass, but which have no other effect than that of making distance appear less than it really is. We walked about the grounds for a considerable time, while a bevy of young ladies and gentlemen of the family came around us, mounted on small Scotch poneys; and one of the latter, a pretty boy, attached himself to us as guide, and showed us the interior of the house, whose dark walls were most luxuriantly clothed, up to the very roof, with ivy, pomegranate and China-rose. It was twilight

before we quitted the park, and in half an hour we reached the little town of Watford, where I am now reposing in a good inn. R—— takes this opportunity of commending himself most respectfully to you, and is writing very busily in his journal, which makes me laugh.

I must just remark, that at Stanmore Priory we saw (I steal it out of the fore-named journal) a single rhododendron standing abroad, fifteen feet high, and covering a circumference of at least twenty-five feet with its thick branches. Such vegetation is more inviting to 'parkomanie' than ours.

*Woburn, December 26th.*

We have made a calculation, dear Julia, that if you were with us (a wish ever present to the minds of your faithful servants) you could not, with your aversion to foot-exercise, see above a quarter of a park a-day; and that it would take you at least four hundred and twenty years to see all the parks in England, of which there are doubtless at least a hundred thousand, for they swarm whichever way you turn your steps. Of course we visit only the great ones, or look, 'en passant,' at any little villa that particularly strikes and pleases us. Notwithstanding this, we have seen so many proud and magnificent seats to-day, that we are still in perfect rapture at them. For I, you know, never could subscribe to the rule of the 'nil admirari,' which cramps and destroys our best enjoyments.

Before I begin my description, I must, however, give the excellent inns their meed of praise. In the country, even in small villages, you find them equally neat and well attended. Cleanliness, great convenience, and even elegance, are always combined in them; and a stranger is never invited to eat, sit and sleep in the same room, as in the German inns, in which there are generally only ball-rooms and bed-chambers.

The table-service generally consists of silver and porcelain: the furniture is well contrived; the beds always excellent; and the friendly, flickering fire never fails to greet you.

A detailed description of this morning's breakfast will give you the best idea of the wants and the comfortable living of English travellers.

N. B. I had ordered nothing but tea. The following is what I found set out when I quitted my bed-room,—in a little town scarcely so extensive as one of our villages. In the middle of the table smoked a large tea-urn, prettily surrounded by silver tea-canisters, a slop-basin, and a milk-jug. There were three small Wedgwood plates, with as many knives and forks, and two large cups of beautiful porcelain: by them stood an inviting plate of boiled eggs, another 'ditto' of broiled 'oreilles de cochon à la Sainte Ménéhould;' a plate of muffins, kept warm by a hot water-plate; another with cold ham; flaky white bread, 'dry and buttered toast,' the best fresh butter in an elegant glass vessel; convenient receptacles for salt and pepper, English mustard and 'moutarde de maille;' lastly, a silver tea-caddy, with very good green and black tea.

This most luxurious meal,—which I hope you will think I have described as picturesquely as a landscape,—is, moreover, in proportion very cheap; for it was charged in the bill only two shillings (16 Gr.). Travelling is however, on the whole, very expensive,—especially the posting (which is exactly four times as much as with us,) and the fees which you are expected to be giving all day long, in all directions, to every species of servant and attendant.

At ten o'clock we reached Cashiobury Park, the seat of the Earl of Essex. I sent in my name to him; upon which his son-in-law, Mr. F——, (whom I had formerly known in Dresden, and with whom I was happy to renew my acquaintance,) came to conduct me about. The house is modern Gothic, and magnificently furnished. You enter a hall with coloured windows, which afford a view into an inner court laid out as a flower-garden: leaving the hall, you go through a long gallery on the side, hung with armour, to the rich carved oak staircase leading to the library, which here generally serves as principal drawing-room. The library has two small cabinets looking on the garden, and filled with rarities. Among these I was particularly pleased with two numerous sketches by Denon, representing the levée of Cardinal Bernis at Rome, and a dinner at Voltaire's, with the Abbé Maury, Diderot, Helvetius, d'Alembert, and other philosophers,—all portraits.

I was much interested too by a complete toilet of Marie Antoinette's, on which the portraits of her husband and of Henry the Fourth were painted in several places. From the library you go into an equally rich second drawing-room; and from thence into the dining-room. Near to both these rooms was a green-house, in the form of a chapel; and in every apartment windows down to the ground afforded a view of the noble park and the river flowing through it. On a distant rising ground you look along a very broad avenue of limes, exactly at the end of which, during a part of the summer, the sun sets: its horizontal rays passing along the whole length of the green-house must afford the most splendid natural decoration, heightened by the reflection of its beams from a large mirror at the end. The walls of the dining-room are covered with oaken 'boiserie,' with beautiful cornices and carving; the furniture is of rose-wood, silk and velvet; and valuable pictures in antique gilded frames adorn the walls. The proportions of the room may be called hall-like, and the whole is regularly heated to a temperature of fourteen degrees of Reaumur.

The somewhat remote stables and all the domestic offices, &c., are on the left, connected with the house by an embattled wall; so that the building extends along an uninterrupted length of a thousand feet.

The flower-gardens occupy a very considerable space. Part of them are laid out in the usual style; that is, a long green-house at the bottom, in front of which are several 'berceaux' and shady walks around a large grass-plat, which is broken with beds of all forms, and dotted with rare trees and shrubs. But here was also something new;—a deep secluded valley of oval form, around which is a thick belt of evergreens, and rock-plants planted impenetrably thick on artificial rockeries; a background of lofty fir-trees and oak, with their tops waving in the wind; and, at one end of the grass-plat, a single magnificent lime-tree surrounded by a bench. From this point the whole of the little valley was covered with an embroidered parterre of the prettiest forms, although perfectly regular. The egress from this enclosure lay through a grotto overgrown with ivy, and lined with beautiful stones and shells, into a square rose-garden surrounded with laurel hedges, in the centre of which is a temple, and opposite to the entrance a conservatory for aquatic plants. The rose-beds are cut in various figures, which intersect each other. A walk, overarched with thick beeches neatly trimmed with the shears, winds in a sinuous line from this point to the Chinese garden, which is likewise enclosed by high trees and walls, and contains a number of vases, benches, fountains, and a third green-house,—all in the genuine Chinese style. Here were beds surrounded by circles of white, blue, and red sand, fantastic dwarf plants, and many dozens of large China vases placed on pedestals, thickly overgrown with trailing evergreens and exotics. The windows of the house were painted like Chinese hangings, and convex mirrors placed in the interior, which reflected us as in a 'camera obscura.' I say nothing of the endless rows of rich hot-

houses and forcing-beds, nor of the kitchen-gardens. You may estimate the thing for yourself, when I repeat to you Mr. F——'s assurance that the park, gardens, and house cost ten thousand a-year to keep up. The Earl has his own workmen in every department; masons, carpenters, cabinet-makers, &c., each of whom has his prescribed province. One has, for instance, only to keep the fences in order, another the rooms, a third the furniture, &c.; a plan well worthy of imitation in the country.

I paid my visit to the venerable Earl, who kept his chamber with the gout, and received from the kind friendly old man the best information, and some (highly necessary) cards of admittance for my further journey.

Our road lay for a long time through the park, till we reached one of the principal features in it, called the Swiss Cottage, which stands in a lovely secluded spot in the midst of a grove on the bank of the river. We drove over the turf; for, as I have told you, many parks here are quite like free uncultivated ground, and have often only one road, which leads up to the house and out on the other side. Having regained the high road, we drove along twenty miles of country, all equally beautiful, equally luxuriant in fertility and vegetation, and at five o'clock reached Ashridge Park, the seat of the Earl of Bridgewater. Here you can follow me better, dear Julia, if you open Repton's book, in which you will find several views, and the ground-plan of this charming garden, which old Repton himself laid out. Remember the 'Rosary,' and you will immediately know where to look for it. This park is one of the largest in England, for it is nearly three German miles in circumference; and the house which, like Cashiobury, is modern Gothic, is almost endless, with all its walls, towers, and courts. I must, however, frankly confess, that this modern Gothic ('castellated') style, which looks so fairy-like on paper, in reality often strikes one not only as tasteless, but even somewhat absurd, from its overloaded and incongruous air.

If in the midst of the most cultivated, peaceful fields, amid the mingled beauties of countless flowers, you see a sort of fortress, with turrets, loopholes, and battlements, not one of which has the slightest purpose or utility, and, moreover, many of them standing on no firmer basis than glass walls (the green-houses and conservatories connected with the apartments,)—it is just as ridiculous and incongruous, as if you were to meet the possessor of these pretty flower-gardens walking about in them in helm and harness. The antique, the old Italian, or merely romantic[34] style, adapted to our times, harmonizes infinitely better with such surrounding objects, has a more cheerful character, and even, with smaller masses, a much grander and more majestic air.

The interior of this house has certainly the most striking effect, and may truly be called princely. The possessor has very wisely limited himself to few, but large, entertaining-rooms. You enter the hall, which is hung with armour and adorned with antique furniture. You then come to the staircase, the most magnificent in its kind that can be imagined. Running up three lofty stories, with the same number of galleries, it almost equals the tower of a church in height and size: the walls are of polished stone, the railings of bright brass, the ceiling of wood beautifully carved in panels and adorned with paintings, and around each landing-place or gallery are niches with statues of the Kings of England in stone. Ascending this staircase we reached a drawing-room decorated with crimson velvet and gilded furniture, lighted in front by enormous windows which occupy nearly the whole side of the room, and disclose the view of the 'pleasure-ground' and park. Sidewards, on the left, is another room as large, in which are a billiard-table and the library. On the other side, in the same suite, is the dining-room; and behind it a noble green-house and orangery, through which you pass into the chapel, which is adorned with ten windows of genuine antique painted glass, and with admirable carvings in wood. All the benches are of walnut-tree, covered with crimson velvet.

In the rooms are some fine and interesting pictures, but most of them by modern artists. The pleasure-grounds and gardens are still larger than those at Cashiobury. You will find a part of them in Repton, viz. the American garden, the Monk's garden, and the Rosary; to which I must add, first, the very elegant French garden, with a covered gallery, on one side; a porcelain-like ornament with flower-pots in the centre; and a large parterre, every bed of which is filled with a different sort of flower: secondly, the Rockery, in which are to be found every kind of rock and creeping plant. Nothing but the long habit of great luxury could enable people even to conceive a whole so manifold, so equally exemplary in all its parts, and in such perfect order and condition; for we must confess that even our sovereigns possess only fragments of what is here found united. Some thousand head of deer, and countless groups of giant trees, animate and adorn the park, which with the exception of the road leading through it, is left wholly to nature, and to its numerous grazing herds.

Accept it as a small sacrifice, dear Julia, that I send you all these minute details. They may not be useless in our own plans and buildings, and are at least more tedious to write than to read.[35]

For better illustration, I take sketches of everything interesting, which will stand us in good stead, as furnishing new ideas. In the morning we are going to see Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, one of the richest peers of England, which is said to exceed Ashbridge in extent and grandeur, as much as that does Cashiobury; a very agreeable climax.

The inn whence I write is again very good, and I purpose, after all my fatigues, to do as much honour to my principal meal as I did to my breakfast; though the former is here far more simple, and consists of the same dishes day after day. The eternal 'mutton chops' and a roast fowl with 'bread sauce,' with vegetables boiled in water, and the national sauce, melted butter with flour, always play the principal part.

*Leamington, Dec. 21st.*

I am now in a large watering-place, of which, however, I have as yet seen but little, as I only arrived at eleven o'clock last night. The greater part of the day was spent in seeing Woburn Abbey. This beautiful palace is in the Italian taste; the design simple and noble, and infinitely more satisfactory than the colossal would-be-Gothic 'nonsense.'

Its stables, riding-school, ball-rooms, statue and picture galleries, conservatories and gardens, form a little town. For three centuries this estate has been transmitted in a direct line in this family,—even in England a rare instance;—so that it is not to be wondered at, if, with an income of a million of our money, an accumulation of luxury and magnificence has been formed here, far exceeding the powers of any private person in our country: and indeed even were money here and there forthcoming in like profusion, yet the state of society adapted for centuries to the providing of the materials for a luxury so refined, and so complete in all its parts, exists not among us.

The house, properly speaking, is a regular quadrangle; and the 'bel étage,' which is always 'de plein pied' in country-houses, forms an unbroken suite of rooms, occupying the whole superficial extent. These rooms are hung

with valuable pictures, and richly furnished with massive and magnificent stuffs; the ceilings and the ‘embrasures’ of the doors are of white plaster with gold ornaments, or of rare carved wood,—all equally simple and massy. In one room was a remarkable collection of miniature portraits of the family, from the first Russell (the name of the Dukes of Bedford) to the present Duke, in an unbroken line. Under such circumstances, a man may be permitted to be a little proud of his family and his noble blood.[36] These miniatures were arranged in a very tasteful manner on crimson velvet, in a long narrow gold frame, and set like medallions. The stoves are mostly of gilt metal, with high marble chimney-pieces; the chandeliers of bronze, richly-gilded; everywhere the same magnificence, yet nowhere overloaded. The library is at the end, divided into two rooms, and opening immediately on the delightful garden with wide glass doors.

The gardens appear to me peculiarly charming, so admirably interwoven with the buildings and so varied that it is difficult to describe them adequately.

To give you at least a general idea of them, let me tell you, that all along the various buildings, which sometimes project, sometimes retreat, form now straight and now curved lines, runs an unbroken arcade clothed with roses and climbing plants. Following this, you come to a succession of different and beautiful gardens. Over the arcade are partly chambers, partly the prettiest little green-houses. One of them contains nothing but heaths, hundreds of which, in full blow, present the loveliest picture, endlessly multiplied by walls of mirror. Immediately under this, Erica-house was the garden for the same tribe of plants; a glass-plat with beds of various forms, all filled with the larger and hardier sorts of heath. In one place the bowery-walk leads quite through a lofty Palm-house, before which lie the most beautiful embroidered parterres, intersected with gravel walks. Adjoining this house is the statue-gallery, the walls of which are covered with various sorts of marble; there are also very beautiful pillars from Italy. It contains a number of antique sculptures, and is terminated at either end by a temple, the one dedicated to Freedom, and adorned with busts of Fox, &c., the other to the Graces, with Canova’s exquisite group of the tutelary goddesses. From this point the arcade leads along an interminable plantation, on a sloping bank entirely filled with azaleas and rhododendrous, till you reach the Chinese garden, in which ‘the Dairy’ is a prominent and beautiful object. It is a sort of Chinese temple, decorated with a profusion of white marble and coloured glasses; in the centre is a fountain, and round the walls hundreds of large dishes and bowls of Chinese and Japan porcelain of every form and colour, filled with new milk and cream. The ‘consoles’ upon which these vessels stand are perfect models for Chinese furniture. The windows are of ground glass, with Chinese painting, which shows fantastically enough by the dim light.

A further pleasure-ground, with the finest trees and many beautiful surprises,—among others pretty children’s gardens, and a grass garden in which all sorts of gramineous plants were cultivated in little beds, forming a sort of chequer-work,—led to the Aviary. This consists of a large place fenced in, and a cottage, with a small pond in the centre, all dedicated to the feathered race. Here the fourth or fifth attendant awaited us, (each of whom expects a fee, so that you cannot see such an establishment under some pounds sterling,) and showed us first several gay-plumed parrots and other rare birds, each of whom had his own dwelling and little garden. These birds’ houses were made of twigs interwoven with wire, the roof also of wire, the shrubs around evergreen, as were almost all the other plants in this enclosure. As we walked out upon the open space which occupies the centre, our Papageno whistled, and in an instant the air was literally darkened around us by flights of pigeons, chickens, and heaven knows what birds. Out of every bush started gold and silver, pied and common, pheasants; and from the little lake a black swan galloped heavily forward, expressing his strong desire for food in tones like those of a fretful child. This beautiful bird, raven black with red feet and bill, was exceedingly tame, ate his food ‘chemin faisant’ out of the keeper’s pocket, and did not leave us for a moment while we were sauntering about the birds’ paradise, only now and then pushing away an intrusive duck or other of the vulgar herd, or giving a noble gold pheasant a dig in the side. A second interesting but imprisoned inhabitant of this place was Hero, an African crane, a creature that looks as if it were made of porcelain, and frequently reminded me in his movements of our departed dancing Ballerino. The incident of his history which had gained him his lofty name was unknown to the keeper.

The park, which is four German miles in circuit, does not consist merely of heath or meadow-land and trees, but has a fine wood, and also a very beautiful part fenced in, called the ‘Thornery,’ a wild sort of copse intersected with walks and overgrown with thorns and brushwood; in the midst of which stands a little cottage with the loveliest flower-garden.

Here terminate the splendours of Woburn Abbey. But no—two things I must still mention. In the house, the decorations of which I have described to you ‘en gros,’ I found a very ingenious contrivance. Round all the apartments of the great quadrangle runs an inner wide gallery, on which several doors open; and a variety of collections, some open, some in glass cases, and here and there interspersed with stands of flowers, are set out. This affords a walk as instructive as it is agreeable in winter or bad weather, and is rendered perfectly comfortable by the ‘conduits de chaleur,’ which heat the whole house.—The second remarkable thing is a picture of the Earl of Essex as large as life. He is represented as of a fine and slender person, but not a very distinguished face; small features without much expression, small eyes, and a large red beard with dark hair.

But I have written off a quarter of an inch of my finger, and must conclude. To-morrow another step in the ascending scale, for I must see Warwick Castle, which is spoken of as England’s pride. I am curious to see if we can really mount higher; hitherto we have certainly ascended from beautiful to more beautiful.

As the mail is just going off I enclose this to L——, who will have the kindness to forward it to you more quickly than it would otherwise go.

Think of the wanderer in your tranquil solitude, and believe that if fate drove him to the antipodes, his heart would ever be near you.

Your L——.

## LETTER IX.

*Warwick, Dec. 26th, 1826.*

Dear Julia,

Now, indeed, for the first time, I am filled with real and unbounded enthusiasm. What I have hitherto described

was a smiling country, combined with everything that art and money could produce. I left it with a feeling of satisfaction; and, although I have seen things like it,—nay, even possess them,—not without admiration. But what I saw to-day was more than that,—it was an enchanted palace decked in the most charming garb of poetry, and surrounded by all the majesty of history, the sight of which still fills me with delighted astonishment.

You, accomplished reader of history and memoirs, know better than I that the Earls of Warwick were once the mightiest vassals of England, and that the great Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, boasted of having deposed three kings, and placed as many on the vacant throne. This was his castle, standing ever since the ninth century, and in the possession of the same family since the reign of Elizabeth. A tower of the castle, said to have been built by Beauchamp himself, remains unaltered; and the whole stands colossal and mighty, like an embodied vision of former times.

From a considerable distance you see the dark mass of stone towering above the primæval cedars, chestnuts, oaks and limes. It stands on the rocks on the shore of the Avon, and rises to a perpendicular height of two hundred feet above the level of the water. Two towers of different forms overtop the building itself almost in an equal degree. A ruined pier of a bridge, overhung with trees, stands in the middle of the river, which becoming deeper just at the point where the building begins, forms a foaming waterfall, and turns a mill, which appears only like a low abutment of the castle. Going on, you lose sight of the castle for awhile, and soon find yourself before a high embattled wall, built of large blocks of stone covered by Time with moss and creeping plants. Lofty iron gates slowly unfold to admit you to a deep hollow way blasted in the rock, the stone walls of which are tapestried with the most luxuriant vegetation. The carriage rolled with a heavy dull sound along the smooth rock, which old oaks darkly overshadow. Suddenly, at a turn of the way, the castle starts from the wood into broad open daylight, resting on a soft grassy slope; and the large arch of the entrance dwindles to the size of an insignificant doorway between the two enormous towers, at the foot of which you now stand. A still greater surprise now awaits you when you pass through the second iron gate into the court-yard: it is almost impossible to imagine anything more picturesque, and at the same time more imposing.

Let your fancy conjure up a space about twice as large as the interior of the Colosseum at Rome, and let it transport you into a forest of romantic luxuriance. You now overlook the large court, surrounded by mossy trees and majestic buildings, which, though of every variety of form, combine to create one sublime and connected whole, whose lines now shooting upwards, now falling off into the blue air, with the continually changing beauty of the green earth beneath, produce, not symmetry indeed, but that *higher harmony*, elsewhere proper to Nature’s own works alone. The first glance at your feet falls on a broad simple carpet of turf, around which a softly winding gravel-walk leads to the entrance and exit of the gigantic edifice. Looking backwards, your eye rests on the two black towers, of which the oldest, called Guy’s Tower, rears its head aloft in solitary threatening majesty, high above all the surrounding foliage, and looks as if cast in one mass of solid iron;—the other, built by Beauchamp, is half hidden by a pine and a chestnut, the noble growth of centuries. Broad-leaved ivy and vines climb along the walls, here twining around the tower, there shooting up to its very summit. On your left lie the inhabited part of the castle, and the chapel, ornamented with many lofty windows of various size and form; while the opposite side of the vast quadrangle, almost entirely without windows, presents only a mighty mass of embattled stone, broken by a few larches of colossal height, and huge arbutuses which have grown to a surprizing size in the shelter they have so long enjoyed. But the sublimest spectacle yet awaits you, when you raise your eyes straight before you. On this fourth side, the ground, which has sunk into a low bushy basin forming the court, and with which the buildings also descend for a considerable space, rises again in the form of a steep conical hill, along the sides of which climb the rugged walls of the castle. This hill, and the keep which crowns it, are thickly overgrown at the top with underwood, which only creeps round the foot of the towers and walls. Behind it, however, rise gigantic venerable trees, towering above all the rock-like structure. Their bare stems seem to float in upper air; while at the very summit of the building rises a daring bridge, set, as it were, on either side within trees; and as the clouds drift across the blue sky, the broadest and most brilliant masses of light break magically from under the towering arch and the dark coronet of trees.

Figure this to yourself;—behold the whole of this magical scene at one glance;—connect with it all its associations;—think that here nine centuries of haughty power, of triumphant victory and destructive overthrow, of bloody deeds and wild greatness,—perhaps too of gentle love and noble magnanimity,—have left, in part, their visible traces, and where *they* are not, their vague romantic memory;—and then judge with what feelings I could place myself in the situation of the man to whom such recollections are daily suggested by these objects,—recollections which, to him, have all the sanctity of kindred and blood;—the man who still inhabits the very dwelling of that first possessor of the fortress of Warwick, that half-fabulous Guy, who lived a thousand years ago, and whose corroded armour, together with a hundred weapons of renowned ancestors, is preserved in the antique hall. Is there a human being so unpoetical as not to feel that the glories of such memorials, even to this very day, throw a lustre around the feeblest representative of such a race?

To make my description in some degree clear, I annex a ground-plan, which may help your imagination. You must imagine the river at a great depth below the castle-plain, and not visible from the point I have been describing. The first sight of it you catch is from the castle windows, together with the noble park, whose lines of wood blend on every side with the horizon.

You ascend from the court to the dwelling-rooms by only a few steps, first through a passage, and thence into the hall, on each side of which extend the entertaining-rooms in an unbroken line of three hundred and forty feet. Although almost ‘de plein-pied’ with the court, these rooms are more than fifty feet above the Avon, which flows on the other side. From eight to fourteen feet thickness of wall forms, in each window-recess, a complete closet, with the most beautiful varied view over the river, wildly foaming below, and further on flowing through the park in soft windings, till lost in the dim distance. Had I till now, from the first sight of the castle, advanced from surprise to surprise,—all this was surpassed, though in another way, by what awaited me in the interior. I fancied myself transported back into by-gone ages as I entered the gigantic baronial hall,—a perfect picture of Walter Scott’s;—the walls panelled with carved cedar; hung with every kind of knightly accoutrement; spacious enough to feast trains of vassals,—and saw before me a marble chimney-piece under which I could perfectly well walk with my hat on, and stand by the fire, which blazed like a funeral pile from a strange antique iron grate in the form of a basket, three hundred years old. On the side, true to ancient custom, was a stack of oak logs piled up upon a stand of cedar, which was placed on the stone floor partially covered by ‘hautelisse’ carpets. A man-servant dressed in brown, whose dress,

with his gold knee-bands, epaulets and trimmings, had a very antique air, fed the mighty fire from time to time with an enormous block. Here, in every circumstance, the difference between the genuine old feudal greatness and the modern imitations was as striking, as that between the moss-grown remains of the weather-beaten fortress and the ruins built yesterday in the garden of some rich contractor. Almost everything in the room was old, stately, and original; nothing tasteless or incongruous, and all preserved with the greatest care and affection. Among them were many rich and rare articles which could no longer be procured,—silk, velvet, gold and silver blended and interwoven. The furniture consists almost entirely either of uncommonly rich gilding, of dark brown carved walnut or oak, or of those antique French 'commodes' and cabinets inlaid with brass, the proper name of which I have forgotten. There were also many fine specimens of mosaic, as well as of beautiful marquetry. A fire-screen, with a massy gold frame, consisted of a plate of glass so transparent that it was scarcely distinguishable from the air. To those who love to see the cheerful blaze without being scorched, such a screen is a great luxury. In one of the chambers stands a state bed, presented to one of the Earls of Warwick by Queen Anne; it is of red velvet embroidered, and is still in good preservation. The treasures of art are countless. Among the pictures, there was not one 'mediocre;' they are almost all by the first masters: but, beyond this, many of them have a peculiar family interest. There are a great many ancestral portraits by Titian, Van Dyk, and Rubens. The gem of the collection is one of Raphael's most enchanting pictures, the beautiful Joan of Arragon,—of whom, strangely enough, there are four portraits, each of which is declared to be genuine. Three of them must of course be copies, but are no longer distinguishable from the original. One is at Paris, one at Rome, one at Vienna, and the fourth here. I know them all, and must give unqualified preference to this. There is an enchantment about this splendid woman which is wholly indescribable. An eye leading to the very depths of the soul; queenlike majesty united with the most feminine sensibility; intense passion blended with the sweetest melancholy; and withal, a beauty of form, a transparent delicacy of skin, and a truth, brilliancy and grace of the drapery and ornaments, such as only a divine genius could call into perfect being.

Among the most interesting portraits, both for the subject and the handling, are the following.

First, Machiavelli, by Titian.—Precisely as I should imagine him. A face of great acuteness and prudence, and of suffering,—as if lamenting over the profoundly-studied worthless side of human nature; that hound-like character which loves where it is spurned, follows where it fears, and is faithful where it is fed. A trace of compassionate scorn plays round the thin lips, while the dark eye appears turned reflectingly inward.

It appears strange, at first sight, that this great and classic writer should so long have been misunderstood in the grossest manner. Either he has been represented as a moral scarecrow (and how miserable is Voltaire's refutation of that notion!); or the most fantastic hypothesis is put forth, that his book is a satire. On more attentive observation, we arrive at the conviction that it was reserved for modern times, in which politics at length begin to be viewed and understood from a higher and really humane point of view, to form a correct judgment of Machiavel's Prince.

To all arbitrary princes—and under that name I class all those who think themselves invested with power solely 'par la grace de Dieu' and for their own advantage,—all conquerors, and children of fortune, whom some chance has given to the people they regard as their property,—to all such as these, this profound and acute writer shows the true and only way to prosper; the exhaustive system they must of necessity follow, in order to maintain a power radically sprung from the soil of sin and error. His book is, and must ever be, the true, inimitable gospel of such rulers; and we Prussians, especially, have reason to congratulate ourselves that Napoleon had learned his Machiavel so ill;—we should otherwise probably be still groaning under his yoke.

That Machiavel felt all the value and the power of freedom, is plain, from many passages in his book. In one he says, "He who has conquered a *free* city, has no secure means of keeping it, but either to destroy it, or to people it with new inhabitants; *for no benefit a sovereign can confer will ever make it forget its lost freedom*."

By proving, as he incontestably does, that such a degree of arbitrary power can be maintained only by the utter disregard of all morality, and by seriously inculcating this doctrine upon princes, he also demonstrates but too plainly, that the whole frame of society, in his time, contained within itself a principle of demoralization; and that no true happiness, no true civilization, was possible to any people till that principle was detected and destroyed. The events of modern times, and their consequences, have at length opened their eyes to this truth, and they will not close them again!

The Duke of Alva, by Titian.—Full of expression, and, as I believe, faithful;—for this man was by no means a caricature of cruelty and gloom;—earnest, fantastical, proud, firm as iron; practically exhibiting the Ideal of an inflexibly faithful servant, who, having once undertaken a charge, looks neither to the right nor to the left in the execution of it; is ready blindly to fulfil the will of his God and of his master, and asks not whether thousands perish in torture; in a word, a powerful mind, not base but contracted, which lets others think for it, and works to establish their authority.

Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn, by Holbein.[37]—The King in a splendid dress,—a fat, rather butcher-like man, in whom sensuality, cunning, cruelty, and strength, rule in a frightfully complacent and almost jovial physiognomy. You see that such a man might make you tremble, and yet somehow attach you. Anne Boleyn is a good-natured, unmeaning, almost stupid-looking, genuine English beauty, like many one sees now, only in another dress.

Cromwell, by Van Dyk.—A magnificent head: somewhat of the bronze gladiator-look of Napoleon; but with much coarser features, through which, as behind a mask, is seen the light of a great soul: enthusiasm is, however, too little perceptible in them. There is an expression of cunning in the eye, combined with something of honesty, which renders it the more deceptive; but not a trace of cruelty,—with that, indeed, the Protector cannot be reproached. The execution of the King was a cruel act, but one which appeared to Cromwell's mind in the light of a necessary political operation, and in no degree sprang from a delight in bloodshed. Under this picture hangs Cromwell's own helmet.

Prince Rupert, by Van Dyk.—Completely the bold soldier! Every inch a cavalier! I do not mean in the exclusive sense of an adherent of the King, but in that of an accomplished gentleman and knight: a handsome face, as dangerous to women as to the enemy, and the picturesque garb and port of a warrior.

Elizabeth, by Holbein.—The best and perhaps the most faithful picture I have ever seen of her. She is represented in her prime, almost disgustingly fair, or rather white, with pale red hair. The eyes somewhat Albino-like, and almost without eyebrows. There is an artificial good-nature, but a false expression. Vehement passions and a furious temper seem to lie hidden under that pallid exterior, like a volcano under snow; while the intense desire to please is betrayed by the rich and over-ornamented dress. Quite different,—stern, hard, and dangerous to approach,

—does she appear in the pictures of her at an advanced age, but even then extremely over-dressed.

Mary of Scotland.—Probably painted in prison, and shortly before her death: it has the air of a matron of forty.—There is still the faultless beauty; but it is no longer the light-minded Mary, full of the enjoyment of life, and of her own resistless charms; but visibly purified by misfortune,—with a sedate expression;—in short, Schiller's Mary,—a noble nature, which has at length found itself again! It is one of the rarest pictures of the unhappy Queen, whom one is accustomed to see depicted in all the splendour of youth and beauty.

Ignatius Loyola, by Rubens.—A very beautifully painted and grand picture; but which immediately strikes one as a fiction, and no portrait. The sanctified expression, common to so many pictures of saints and priests, is unmeaning. The colouring is by far the finest thing about the picture.

But I should never have done, were I to attempt to go through this gallery. I must take you for a minute into the furthest cabinet, which contains a beautiful collection of enamels, chiefly after designs by Raphael, and a marble bust of the Black Prince, a sturdy soldier both in head and hand,—at a time when the latter alone sufficed to secure the highest renown.

Many valuable Etruscan vases and other works of art, besides the pictures and antiques, decorate the various apartments, and with great good taste are arranged so as to appear as harmonious accessories, instead of being heaped up in a gallery by themselves as dead masses.

It was pointed out to me as a proof of the perfect and solid architecture of the castle,—that, in spite of its age, when all the doors of the suite of rooms are shut, you see the bust placed exactly in the centre of the furthest cabinet, through the keyholes, along a length of three hundred and fifty feet;—a perfection, indeed, which our present race of workmen would never think of approaching. Though, as I told you, the walls of the hall are hung with a great quantity of armour, there is also an armoury, which is extremely rich. Here is the leathern collar, stained with blood blackened by time, in which Lord Brook, an ancestor of the present Earl, was slain at the battle of Litchfield. In one corner of the room lies a curious specimen of art, very heterogeneous with the rest,—a monkey, cast in iron, of a perfection and 'abandon' in the disposition of the limbs which rivals Nature herself. I was sorry the 'châtellaine' could not tell me who had made the model for this cast. He must be an eminent master who could thus express all the monkey grace and suppleness with such perfect fidelity, in an attitude of the most enjoying laziness.

Before I quitted the princely Warwick, I ascended one of the highest towers, and enjoyed a rich and beautiful prospect on every side. The weather was tolerably clear. Far more enchanting than this panorama, however, was the long walk in the gardens which surround the castle on two sides, whose character of serene grandeur is admirably adapted to that of the building. The height and beauty of the trees, the luxuriance of the vegetation and of the turf, cannot be exceeded; while a number of gigantic cedars, and the ever-varying aspect of the majestic castle, through whose lofty cruciform loop-holes the rays of light played, threw such enchantment over the whole scene that I could hardly tear myself away. We walked about till the moon rose; and her light, as we looked through the darkening alleys, gave to all objects a more solemn and gigantic character. We could therefore only see the celebrated colossal Warwick Vase by lamplight. It holds several hundred gallons, and is adorned with the most beautiful workmanship. We also saw some ancient curiosities which are kept in the Porter's Lodge; particularly some cows' horns and wild boar's tusks, ascribed to beasts which Guy,—a hero of Saxon times, the fabulous ancestor of the first Earls of Warwick,—is said to have destroyed. The dimensions of his arms, which are preserved here, bespeak a man of such strength and stature as Nature no longer produces.

Here at length I took a lingering farewell of Warwick Castle, and laid the recollection, like a dream of the sublime and shadowy past, on my heart. I felt, in the faint moonlight, like a child who sees a fantastic giant head of far distant ages beckoning to it with friendly nod over the summit of the wood.

With such fancies, dear Julia, I will go to sleep, and wake to meet them again in the morning, for another scene of romance awaits me,—the ruins of Kenilworth.

*Birmingham, Dec. 29th: Evening.*

I must continue my narrative.—Leamington ('car il faut pourtant que j'en dise quelque chose') was only a little village a few years ago, and is now a rich and elegant town, containing ten or twelve palace-like inns, four large bath-houses with colonnades and gardens, several libraries, with which are connected card, billiard, concert and ball-rooms (one for six hundred persons,) and a host of private houses, which are almost entirely occupied by visitors, and spring out of the earth like mushrooms. All here is on a vast scale, though the waters are insignificant. The same are used for drinking as for bathing, and yet it swarms with visitors. The baths are as spacious as the English beds, and are lined throughout with earthenware tiles.

Not far from Leamington, and a league from Warwick, is a beautiful enchanting spot called Guy's Cliff; part of the house is as old as Warwick Castle. Under it is a deep cavern, in the picturesque rocky shore of the Avon, into which, as tradition says, Guy of Warwick, after many high deeds at home and abroad, secretly retired to close his life in pious meditation. After two years of incessant search, his inconsolable wife found him lying dead in his cave, and in despair threw herself down from the rocks into the Avon. In later times a chapel was built in the rock to commemorate this tragic event, and adorned by Henry the Third with a statue of Sir Guy. This has unhappily been so mutilated by Cromwell's troops, that it is now but a shapeless block. Opposite to the chapel are twelve monks' cells hewn in the rock, now used as stables. The chapel itself, which has been entirely renovated in the interior, is connected with the dwelling of the proprietor, part of which is Gothic some centuries old, part in the old Italian style, and part quite new, built exactly to correspond with the most ancient part. The whole is extremely picturesque, and the interior is fitted up with equal attention to taste and comfort. The drawing-room, with its two deep window-recesses, struck me as uncommonly cheerful. One of these windows stands above a rock which rises fifty feet perpendicularly from the river, in whose bosom lies a lovely little island, and behind it a wide prospect of luxuriant meadows, beautiful trees, and, quite in the background, a village half buried in wood. At a short distance on the side is an extremely ancient mill, said to have been in existence before the Norman invasion. A little further off, the picture was terminated by a woody hill, also within the enclosure of the park, on which a high cross marks the spot where Gavestone, the infamous favourite of Edward the Second, was executed by the rebellious lords Warwick and Arundel. All these recollections, united with so many natural beauties, make a strong impression on the mind.—The other window afforded a perfect contrast with this. It overlooks a level plain laid out as a very pretty French garden, in which gay porcelain ornaments and coloured sand mingled their hues with the flowers, and terminates in a

beautiful alley overshadowed with ivy cut into a pointed arch. In the room itself sparkled a cheerful fire; choice pictures adorned the walls, and several sofas of various forms, tables covered with curiosities, and furniture standing about in agreeable disorder, gave it the most inviting and home-like air.

I returned back to the town of Warwick to see the church, and the chapel containing the monument of the great King-Maker, which he placed there in his life-time, and now reposes under. His statue of metal lies on the sarcophagus; an eagle and a bear at his feet. The head is very expressive and natural. He does not fold his hands as is the case in most statues of knights, but only raises them a little to heaven, as though he would not pray, and could greet even his Maker only with a gesture of courtesy: his head is slightly inclined, but with no air of humility. Round his stone coffin are emblazoned the splendid bearings of all his lordships, and an enormous sword lies threatening by his side. The splendid painted windows, and the numerous well-preserved and richly gilded ornaments give to the whole a stately, solemn character.

A family of the town most unfortunately got permission, about a hundred and fifty years ago, to erect a monument to some country ‘squire or other, immediately under the large central window. It occupies the entire wall, and destroys the beautiful simplicity of the whole by this hideous, disgraceful modern excrescence.

By the side-wall lies another intruder carved in stone, but one of better pretensions;—no less a man than the powerful earl of Leicester: he is represented of middle age, a handsome, high-bred and haughty looking man; but without the lofty genius in his features so strikingly portrayed on the metal countenance of the great Warwick.

A few posts from Leamington, in a country which gradually becomes more solitary and dreary, lies Kenilworth.

With Sir Walter Scott’s captivating book in my hand I wandered amid these ruins, which call up such varied feelings. They cover a space of more than three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and exhibit, although in rapid decay, many traces of great and singular magnificence.

The oldest part of the castle, built in 1120, still stands the firmest, while the part added by Leicester is almost utterly destroyed. The wide moat which formerly surrounded the castle, and around which stretched a park of thirty English miles in circuit, was dried up in Cromwell’s time, in the hope of finding treasure in it. The park, too, has long disappeared, and is now changed into fields, on which are some scattered cottages. A part of the castle, standing isolated and almost hidden under creeping plants, is transformed into a kind of out-work; and the whole surrounding country has a more barren, deserted and melancholy aspect than any part we have travelled through. But this harmonizes well with the character of the principal object, and enhances the saddening effect of greatness in such utter decay.

The balcony called Elizabeth’s Bower is still standing; and the tradition goes, that in moonlight nights a white figure is often seen there looking fixedly and immovably into the depth below. The ruins of the banqueting-hall, with the gigantic chimney-piece, the extensive kitchen, and the wine-cellar beneath, are still clearly distinguishable; and many a lonesome chamber may still be standing in the towers, to which all access is cut off. The fancy delights in guessing the past by what still remains; and I often dreamed, while climbing among the ruins, that I had found the very spot where the infamous Vernon traitorously plunged the truest and most unhappy of wives into eternal night. But equally lost are the traces of the crimes and of the virtues which lived within these walls; Time has long since thrown his all-concealing veil over them; and gone are the eternally-repeated sorrows and joys, the mouldering splendour, and the transient struggle.

The day was gloomy; black clouds rolled across the heavens, and occasionally a yellow tawny light broke from between them; the wind whistled among the ivy, and piped shrilly through the vacant windows; now and then a stone loosened itself from the crumbling building, and rolled clattering down the outer wall. Not a human being was to be seen; all was solitary, awful;—a gloomy but sublime memorial of destruction.

Such moments are really consolatory:—we feel more vividly than at any other that it is not worth while to grieve and trouble ourselves about earthly things, since sorrow, like joy, lasts but for a moment. As an illustration of the eternal mutation of human affairs, I found myself transported in the evening from the mute and lifeless ruins to the prosaic tumult of a multitude, busied but in gain; in the reeking, smoky, bustling manufacturing town of Birmingham. The last romantic sight was the flames which at night-fall illuminated the town on all sides from the tall chimneys of the iron-works. Here is an end to all sport of the fancy till more fitting time and place.

*December 30th.*

Birmingham is one of the most considerable and one of the ugliest towns of England. It contains a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are doubtless workmen, and indeed, it presents only the appearance of an immeasurable workshop.

Immediately after breakfast I went to the manufactory of Mr. Thomasson, our consul here,—the second in extent. The first,—where a thousand workmen are daily employed, and an eighty-horse power steam-engine is applied to innumerable uses, even in the manufactory of livery buttons and pins’ heads,—has been hermetically sealed to all foreigners ever since the visit of the Austrian princes, one of whose suite carried away some important secret.

I passed several hours here with great interest, though in hideous, dirty, and stinking holes, which serve as the various workshops; and made a button, which R—— will deliver to you as a proof of my industry.

In a better room below are set out all the productions of the manufactory, in gold, silver, bronze, plated, and lackered wares, the latter surpassing their Japan originals in beauty; steel wares of every kind;—all in a profusion and elegance which really excite amazement. Among other things, I saw the copy of the Warwick Vase, of the same size as the original. It is cast in bronze, and cost four thousand pounds. I saw also magnificent table-services in plated ware, brought to such perfection that it is impossible to distinguish it from silver. The great people here often mix it among their plate, as the Paris ladies mix false stones and pearls with their real ones.

I made acquaintance with a multitude of new and agreeable inventions of luxuries in great and small, and could not quite resist the temptation to buy, which is here so powerful. The trifles I bought will soon reach you in a well-packed box.

The iron-works, with their gigantic steam-engines, the needle manufactory, the steel works,—where you find every article from the most delicate scissars to the largest grate, polished like mirrors, with all the intermediate ‘nuances,’—afford agreeable occupation for a day:—but pardon me any further description of them; ‘Ce n’est pas

mon métier.’

*December 31st:—Sunday.*

As the manufactories are at rest to-day, I made an excursion to Aston Hall, the seat of Mr. Watt, where, indeed, there is little to be seen in the way of gardening, but the old house contains many curious portraits. Unfortunately an ignorant porter could give me but little information about them.

There was an extremely fine picture of Gustavus Adolphus, as large as life. The good-nature, dignity and prudence; the clear honest eyes, which yet express much more than honesty; and the gentle, but not the less firm, assurance in his whole aspect,—were in the highest degree attractive. Near to it stood an excellent bust of Cromwell, which I should think a better likeness than the picture at Warwick. It is more consonant with his historic character;—coarse, and, if you will, vulgar features; but a rocky nature in the whole countenance, clearly allied to that dark enthusiasm and demoniac cunning which so truly characterize the man. Two cannon-balls which Cromwell threw into the house, then fortified, and which broke the banisters in two places, are carefully left on the very spot where they fell, and the railing not repaired,—though it has since most stupidly been painted white even in the broken part.

Not to lose a day, as there is nothing to see here but workshops, I intend to set off this evening and travel through the night to Chester. There we shall spend to-morrow in seeing Eaton, Lord Grosvenor’s celebrated seat, of which I wrote you word that Bathiany gave me such a magnificent description, and which, according to all I hear, contains whatever gold can procure. The day after to-morrow I shall return hither, visit some more manufactories, and then go back to Oxford, in the neighbourhood of which are two of the largest parks in England, Blenheim and Stowe.

*Chester, January 1st, 1827.*

Another year gone! None of the worst to me, except for the separation from you. I lighted the lamp in the carriage and read Lady Morgan’s last novel with great pleasure, while we rolled swiftly over the level road. As soon as the hand reached twelve o’clock, R—— congratulated me on the new year, for myself and for you. In twelve hours more we reached Chester, an ancient ‘baroque’ city.

Though we had gone nineteen German miles in thirteen hours, I find that in England, as well as in France, as you go further from the metropolis you find a general deterioration;—the inns are less excellent, the post-horses worse, the postilions more dirty, the dress of the people generally less respectable, and the air of bustle and business less. At the same time, the dearness increases, and you are subjected to many extortions which, nearer to London, are prevented by the great competition.

The new year set in with unfavourable weather. It rained the whole day. As soon as we had made a little toilet, we hastened to see the wonders of Eaton Hall, of which, however, my expectations were not very high. Moderate as they were, they were scarcely realized. The park and the gardens were, to my taste, the most unmeaning of any of their class I had seen, although of vast extent; and the house excited just the same feeling in me as Ashbridge, only with the difference that it is still more overloaded, and internally far less beautiful, though furnished still more expensively, in patches. You find all imaginable splendour and ostentation which a man who has an income of a million of our money can display; but taste not perhaps in the same profusion. In this chaos of modern Gothic excrescences, I remarked ill-painted modern glass windows, and shapeless tables and chairs, which most incongruously affected to imitate architectural ornaments. I did not find one single thing worth sketching; and it is perfectly inconceivable to me how M. Lainé, (to whose merits in the embellishment of his country all must do justice,) could, in the Annals of the Berlin Horticultural Society, prefer this to any he had seen; at which indeed his English critics have made merry not a little. M. Lainé imitated this garden in the one in front of the palace at Potsdam. In his place I should, I confess, have chosen another model; though this style is certainly far better suited to the palace in question than to a Gothic castle. Treasures of art I saw none: the best was a middling picture by West. All the magnificence lay in the gorgeous materials, and the profuse display of money. The drawing-room or library, would, for size, make a very good riding-school. The large portraits of the possessor and his wife, in the dining-room, have little interest, except for their acquaintances. A number of ‘affreux’ little Gothic temples, deface the pleasure-ground, which has, moreover, no fine trees: the soil is not very favourable, and the whole seems laid out in comparatively recent times. The country is rather pretty, though not picturesque, and too flat.

As we had time to spare, we visited the royal castle of Chester which is now converted into an excellent county gaol. The whole arrangement of it seemed to me most humane and perfect. The view from the terrace of the ‘corps de logis,’ in which are the Courts of Justice, down upon the prisoners in their cells, is extremely curious and surprising.

Imagine a high terrace of rock, on which stands a castle with two wings. The ‘corps de logis’ is, as I said, dedicated to the courts, which are very spacious; and the wings, to the prisoners for debt. The court-yard is laid out as a little garden, in which the debtors may walk. Under the court are cells in which the criminals are confined; the further end on the right is appropriated to the women. The cells are separate, and radiate from a centre; the little piece of ground in front of each is a garden for the use of the prisoner, in which he is permitted to walk; before trial his dress is gray; after it, red and green. In each division of the building behind the cells is a large common-room, with a fire, in which the prisoners work. The cells are clean and airy; the food varies with the degree of crime,—the lowest is bread, potatoes and salt. To-day, being new-year’s-day, all the prisoners had roast-beef, plum-pudding, and ale. Most of them, especially the women, became very animated, and made a horrible noise, with hurrahs to the health of the Mayor who had given them this fête.

The view from the upper terrace, over the gardens, the prison, and a noble country, with the river winding below, just behind the cells;—on the side, the roofs and towers of the city in picturesque confusion; and in the distance, the mountains of Wales,—is magnificent, and ‘a tout prendre’ our country counsellors of justice (*Oberlandes gerichtsrathe*) are seldom lodged so well as the rogues and thieves here.

Thank Heaven, we set out on our return to-morrow, for I am quite weary of parks and sights. I am afraid you will be no less so, of my monotonous letters; but as you have said A you must say B, and so prepare for a dozen parks before we reach London.

Meanwhile I send my epistle thither, to afford you at least an interval, and pray God to have you in his merciful

and faithful keeping.

Your ever devoted L——.

## LETTER X.

*Hawkestone Park, Jan. 2nd, 1827.*

Beloved friend,

Though I felt perfectly ‘blasé’ of parks yesterday, and thought I could never take any interest in them again, I am quite of another mind to-day, and must in some respects give Hawkestone the preference over all I have seen. It is not art, nor magnificence, nor aristocratical splendour, but nature alone, to which it is indebted for this pre-eminence, and in such a degree that were I gifted with the power of adding to its beauty, I should ask, What can I add?

Turn your imagination to a spot of ground so commandingly placed, that from its highest point you can let your eye wander over fifteen counties. Three sides of this wide panorama rise and fall in constant change of hill and dale, like the waves of an agitated sea, and are bounded at the horizon by the strangely-formed jagged outline of the Welsh mountains, which at either end descend to a fertile plain shaded by thousands of lofty trees, and in the obscure distance where it blends with the sky is edged with a white misty line—the ocean.

The Welsh mountains are partly covered with snow, and all the cultivated country between so thickly intersected with hedge-rows and trees, that at a distance it has rather the appearance of a thinly planted wood, here and there broken by water or by numberless fields and meadows. You stand directly in the centre of this scene, on the summit of a group of hills, looking down over the tops of groves of oaks and beeches alternating with the most luxuriant slopes of meadow-land, upon a wall of rock five or six hundred feet high, which forms numerous steep precipices and pretty valleys. In one of the gloomiest spots of this wilderness arise the venerable ruins of ‘the Red Castle,’ a magnificent memorial of the time of William the Conqueror.

Now imagine this whole romantic group of hills, which rises isolated from the very plain, to be surrounded almost in a perfect circle by the silver waves of the river Hawke. This naturally bounded spot is Hawkestone Park, a spot whose beauties are so appreciated even in the neighbourhood, that the brides and bridegrooms of Liverpool and Shrewsbury come here to pass their honeymoon. The park seems indeed rather the property of the public than of its possessor, who never resides here, and whose ruinous and mean-looking house lies hidden in a corner of the park, like a ‘hors d’œuvre.’ There is, however, a pretty inn, in which visitors find all that is needful to their comfort. Here we passed the night, and after a good breakfast ‘á la fourchette,’ set out on our long excursion on foot; for the roads are so bad that we could not drive. Our scrambling walk, almost dangerous in winter, lasted four hours.

We crossed a grassy plain, shaded by oaks and covered with grazing cattle, to the rocks I have mentioned, in which the pale green veins show the existence of copper. They rise out of a lofty hanging wood of old beeches, and are crowned at their summits with black firs, the whole effect of which is most striking. In this natural wall is a grotto, which, after climbing wearily along a zig-zag path in the wood, you reach through a dark covered way more than a hundred feet long, hewn in the rock. The grotto consists of numerous caverns incrusted with all sorts of minerals. There are small openings in which are set pieces of coloured glass cut like brilliants; in the dark they gleam like the precious stones of Aladdin’s cave. An old woman was our guide, and excited our wonder by her unwearied walking, and the dexterity with which she climbed up and down the rocks in slippers. The irregular steps of stone were as smooth as glass, and so difficult sometimes to pass over, that our good R——, who had iron heels to his boots, complained bitterly of the efforts he had to make to keep himself up. We reached a summer-house, built of trunks and branches of trees and covered with moss, which commanded a picturesque view of a fantastic hill called the Temple of Patience. Our way then led us to the so-called Swiss Bridge, which is boldly thrown from one rock to another. As the railing is partly broken down and the passage rather a dizzy one, my good Julia, if it were possible for her to have come thus far, would have found an end to her expedition. How fortunate it is to have such an unwearied guide through the regions of imagination—one who bears you in an instant across the giddy bridge, and now places you before a black tower-like rock projecting out of the glittering beeches, overgrown with thorns and festooned with garlands of ivy! This was long the abode of a fox, who lived secure from pursuit in his castle of Malapartus; it is still called Reynard’s House. We went on, up hill and down dale, and at length, rather tired, reached the terrace, an open place with beautiful peeps at the country cut in the wood. Not far from thence, behind very high trees, stands a column a hundred-and-twenty feet high, dedicated to the founder of the family,—a London merchant and Lord Mayor of London in the time of Henry the Third,—whose statue crowns the pillar. A convenient winding staircase in the inside leads to its summit, whence you overlook the panorama of fifteen counties already mentioned. You pass through still wider chasms between the rocks to a lovely cottage, standing in complete seclusion at the end of a green valley, where formerly various beasts and birds were kept, which are now preserved stuffed in a room of the cottage. A young woman showed them to us, with the strange announcement,—‘All these animals that you see *used to live* formerly.’ I spare you the green-house built of masses of rock and branches of trees, and the Gothic tower—a sort of summer-house, and lead you a long, long way through wood, then over green hills and through a narrow defile to the magnificent ruin, the sublimely situated Red Castle. The decayed walls and the hewn rocky sides are of great extent. You can reach the interior only through a winding passage blasted in the rock, so utterly dark that I found myself obliged to use my guide’s petticoat as an Ariadne’s clue, for I literally could not see my hand before my eyes. Out of this tunnel you emerge into a picturesque alley of rock, with smooth high walls overarched with mountain-ashes. On the side you perceive a cavern, the mouth of which is still closed with a rusty iron gate. Climbing rude steps in the rock, you reach the upper part of the ruin—a high roofless tower, in whose walls, fifteen feet thick, many trees centuries old have struck their roots, and in the interior of which is a well, which appears to sink down to the entrails of the earth. The massy and unshaken barrier around it, the lofty tower through which the sky appears above, and the bottomless depth beneath, where reigns eternal night, produce an effect I never remember to have experienced. You see Hope and Despair allegorically united in one picture before you. The tower, and the rock on which it stands, look down from a giddy height, in a perfectly perpendicular line, upon the valley, in which the huge trees appear like copse-wood.

By a somewhat considerable leap of the imagination you reach a New Zealander’s hut on the banks of a little

lake, built many years ago from a drawing of Captain Cook's, and furnished with arrows, spears, tomahawks, skulls of eaten enemies, and such-like pretty trifles, the innocent luxuries of these children of nature.

Here we closed our walk, leaving unseen several devices which deform the place, and which, as well as (alas!) the paths, are somewhat in decay. But these defects are slight, in a whole so full of sublime and wondrously-varied natural beauty.

*Newport, Jan. 3rd.*

It is winter in good earnest;—the earth covered with ice and six inches of snow, and the cold in the rooms, so insufficiently warmed by open fires, almost insufferable. As I passed the greater part of the day in the carriage, I have little to tell.

*Birmingham, Jan. 4th.*

To-day too we saw nothing remarkable on our road but a newly laid out park through which we drove, with a small but elegant garden, with very pretty flower-stands of various sorts, and baskets, all of fine wire, and clothed with creepers. R—— was obliged to draw them with stiff fingers.

The inn at which we ate our luncheon bore the date 1603 carved in stone, and is the prettiest specimen of a cottage in an antique style, with brickwork in various patterns, I have met with. Towards evening we reached Birmingham, where I am reposing comfortably after the excessive cold.

*January 6th.*

The whole day has been, as in my last visit, devoted to the manufactories and warehouses. The poor workmen, however, have a bad time of it. Their earnings are sufficient, it is true; but many of their occupations are of such a kind that the slightest neglect or carelessness may be productive of the most dreadful consequences. I saw a man whose business it is to hold the piece of metal out of which livery buttons are stamped. He has had his thumbs twice shattered, and they are now only little formless lumps of flesh. Wo to those whose clothes approach too near to the steam-engines or other hideous machines! Many a one has this inexorable power seized and crushed, as the boa crushes its helpless prey. Some occupations are as unhealthy as those of the lead-works in Siberia; and in others there is a stench which a stranger can scarcely endure for a minute.

Everything has its dark side,—this advanced state of manufacture among the rest; but that is no reason for rejecting it.

Even virtue has its disadvantages when it oversteps the bounds of moderation; while on the other hand the greatest evil, crime itself not excepted, has its bright spots.

It is remarkable that, in spite of this wonderful progress in all discoveries, the English have not yet been able, as Mr. Thomasson assured me, to rival the iron-castings of Berlin. What I saw of this kind were immeasurably inferior. I am sometimes tempted to think that we are arrived at that point at which, far as the English now excel us, they will begin to descend, and we to ascend. But as they have to fall from such a height, and we to rise from such a depth, a long time may elapse before we arrive at the meeting-point. However, as I said, I think we have started on the road. *Deutschland, Gluck auff!* if thy sons obtain but freedom, their efforts will succeed.

*Stratford-on-Avon, Jan. 6th.*

This day's journey was not long, but full of interest; for the place whence my letter is dated is the birth-place of Shakspeare.

It is profoundly affecting to see the familiar trifles which centuries ago stood in immediate and domestic contact with so great and beloved a man; then to visit the place where his bones have long been mouldering; and thus in a few moments to traverse the long way from his cradle to his grave. The house in which he was born, and the very room hallowed by this great event, still stand almost unchanged. The latter is perfectly like a humble tradesman's room, such as we commonly find them in our small towns; quite suited to the times when England stood on the same step of civilization which the lower classes still occupy with us. The walls are completely covered with the names of men of every country and rank; and although I do not particularly like the parasitical appendages on foreign greatness, like insects clinging to marble palaces, yet I could not resist the impulse of gratitude and veneration, which led me to add my name to the others.

The church on the Avon (the same river which washes the noble walls of Warwick,) where Shakspeare lies buried, is a beautiful remnant of antiquity, adorned with numerous remarkable monuments; among which, that of the chief of poets is, of course, the most conspicuous. It was formerly painted and gilded, as was the bust; but through the stupidity of a certain Malone, was whitewashed over about a century ago, by which it lost much of its singular character. The bust is far from having any merit as a work of art: it is devoid of expression, and probably, therefore, of resemblance. It was not without a considerable outlay of trouble and money that I succeeded in getting a little engraving of the monument in the original colours,—the last copy the clerk's wife had, as she assured me. I send it with my letter.

I also bought in a bookseller's shop several views of the place, and of the objects I have mentioned. In the town-house there is a large picture of Shakspeare, painted in more recent times; and a still better one of Garrick, which has some resemblance, not only in the features but the 'tournure' to Iffland.

*Oxford, Jan. 7th.*

After having given the 'parkomanie' two days rest, we revived it to-day, having visited no less than four great parks, the last of which was the famous Blenheim. But in order:—'Exécutez vous.'

First we passed through Eastrop Park, remarkable in as far as it is of the time in which the French style had just begun to decline; but at this transition period the change was as yet so slight, that avenues of clumps, of different but regularly alternating figures, replaced avenues of single trees; and hedges were planted in serpentine lines. The whole appeared in great decay.

Ditchley Park is more beautiful. Unfortunately, the English climate played us a sad trick to-day. In the morning (for the second time since we left London) the sun shone, and we were triumphing in our good luck, when suddenly there fell such a fog that during the whole remaining day we never could see a hundred steps before us,—often scarcely ten. In the house we found a number of good pictures, especially very fine portraits, but no creature could tell us whom they represented. We learned nothing new in *our* art, but we found a novelty in another department. In the gamekeeper's lodge, in default of spoils of nobler beasts, were about six dozen rats nailed up, their legs and tails displayed with great taste.

Our third visit was to Blandford Park, belonging to Lord Churchill; very inconsiderable as a park, but the house contains some noble pictures. Two, I particularly envied the possessor. The first, a female figure, attributed, no doubt falsely, to Michael Angelo. The drawing is certainly bold, but there is a truth and elasticity in the flesh, a Titian-like colouring, and a lovely archness of expression, which betray no Michael Angelo,—even suppose the assertion to be false, that we possess no oil-paintings of that great master.

The second riveted me still more;—a Judith ascribed to Cigoli, a painter whose works I do not remember to have seen. The subject is common enough: the triumphant virgin, with the trunkless head in her hand, has always appeared to me rather disgusting than attractive; but here the artist has diffused an expression over Judith's elevated and captivating face, which appears to me to be conceived in the very spirit of poetry.

I had rather possess good copies of such exquisite pictures, than less interesting originals by great masters:—it is the poetical not the technical part of a work of art that has charms for me. I pass over a fine collection of drawings by Raphael, Claude, and Rubens, and many interesting portraits.

The horrid fog was thicker and thicker, and we saw Blenheim as if by twilight. In grandeur and magnificence it is doubtless extraordinary; and I was much pleased with what I saw, or rather divined; for it was all shrouded in a veil, behind which the sun appeared rayless, like the moon. The house is very large and regular, built, unhappily, in the old French style, and truly royal in magnificence. The park is five German miles in circumference, and the piece of water, the finest work of its kind existing, occupies alone eight hundred acres. The pleasure-grounds are on an equally vast scale; forty men are daily employed in mowing. Opposite to the house the water forms a cascade, so admirably constructed of large masses of rock brought from a great distance, that it is difficult to believe it artificial.

One cannot help admiring the grandeur of Brown's genius and conceptions, as one wanders through these grounds: he is the Shakspeare of gardening. The plantations have attained to such a height that we saw a single Portugal laurel growing out of the turf, which measured two hundred feet in circumference.

The present possessor, with an income of seventy thousand pounds, is so much in debt that his property is administered for the benefit of his creditors, and he receives five thousand a year for his life. It is a grievous pity that he spends this little in pulling in pieces Brown's imposing gardens, and modernizing them in a miserable taste; transforming the rich draperies which Brown had thrown around Nature, into a harlequin jacket of little clumps and beds. A large portion of the old pleasure-ground is thus destroyed; as the old gardener, almost with tears in his eyes, remarked to us. Many noble trees lay felled around; and a black spot on the turf showed the place where a laurel, nearly as large as the one I mentioned, lately stood in all its pride and beauty. I thought with grief how vain it is to attempt to found anything lasting, and saw in imagination those of my successors who will destroy the plantations which we have designed and tended together with so much fondness. Blenheim is chiefly situated on the spot where stood the ancient royal park of Woodstock (which you remember from Walter Scott's last novel). A great part of the oak wood which existed in the time of the unhappy Rosamond is still alive, and dying in an agony of a century's duration. There are perfect monsters of oaks and cedars, both as to form and size. Many are so entirely enwreathed with ivy that it has killed them, but at the same time clothed them with a new and more beautiful evergreen foliage which enwraps the decayed trunk, like a magnificent shroud, till it falls into dust.

Deer, pheasants and cattle, people the park, whose green plains seemed, in the uncertain mist, boundless as the sea; in some places, bare as a Steppe, in others thickly planted.

The interior of the house looks rather neglected, but contains a number of valuable works of art. It must be confessed that never did a nation bestow a richer reward on one of its great men than Blenheim, which is princely even in its minutest details.[38]

As we entered, there was such a smoke that we thought we had to encounter a second fog in the house. Some very dirty shabby servants—a thing almost unheard-of here—ran past us to fetch the 'Châtelaine,' who, wrapped in a Scotch plaid, with a staff in her hand and the air of an enchantress, advanced with so majestic an air towards us, that one might have taken her for the Duchess herself. The magic wand was for the purpose of pointing more conveniently to the various curiosities. As a preliminary measure, she required that we should inscribe our names in a large book: unhappily, however, there was no ink in the inkstand, so that this important ceremony was necessarily dispensed with. We passed through many chill and faded rooms, decorated with numerous and fine pictures, though among them are many inferior ones, on which the names of Raphael, Guido, &c. are liberally bestowed. The gallery is extremely rich in fine and genuine Rubens'; the most attractive among which, to me, was his own frequently repeated but excellent portrait. I was also much interested by a whole length portrait of the wild Duke of Buckingham, by Van Dyk,—a roué of a very different sort, both in the delicate turn of the features, the chivalrous dignity, and the tasteful dress, from our modern ones. Further on is a beautiful Madonna, by Carlo Dolce, less smooth and 'banale' than most of those by the same master; and an excellent and most characteristic portrait of Catharine of Medicis. She is very fair, with exquisitely beautiful hands, and a singular expression of cold passion (if I may use the words) in her features, which yet does not excite the feeling of repulsion one would anticipate. Ruben's wife hangs opposite to her,—a handsome Flemish housewife, somewhat vulgar, but beautifully painted and admirably conceived. Philip the Second, by Titian, appeared to me unmeaning:—two beggar boys, by Morillo, admirable. Lot and his daughters, by Rubens;—the female figures somewhat less vulgar and coarse than most of his beauties, who generally have too much in common with the chief produce of his native country: Lot is admirably painted: the picture is however a very unpleasing one. In the bedroom was hung, oddly enough, a disgusting, fearful picture of Seneca's death in the bath,—Seneca already a livid corpse.

The portrait of the Duke's mother by Sir Joshua Reynolds is extremely pleasing. Her beauty and sweet child-like look were worthy of a Madonna; and the little boy is a perfect Cupid, full of archness and grace.

The library is a magnificent room, containing seventeen thousand volumes, decorated on the one side with a marble statue of Queen Anne; on the other, a strange pendant—a colossal antique bust of Alexander; a model of

youthful beauty, in my opinion excelling the Apollo Belvedere. It is more human, and yet the god-like nature appears through the human,—not indeed in the christian, but the pagan sense of the word.

It is but fair to notice the portrait of the great Duke of Marlborough, to whom this whole splendid edifice owes its existence. His history is remarkable in many points of view: I especially advise every man who *wishes to make his fortune* to study it attentively; he may learn much from a character so formed to *get on* in the world.—The following anecdote has always appeared to me remarkable, insignificant as was the incident.

The Duke was one day overtaken by a violent shower of rain while riding with his suite. He asked his groom for his cloak; and not receiving it at the instant, repeated his order in a rather hasty tone. This provoked the man, and he replied with an impertinent air, “Well, I hope you will wait just till I have unbuckled it.” The Duke, without evincing the slightest irritation, turned smiling to the person next him, and said, “Now would I not for all the world be of that fellow’s temper.”

The more well-known story of the ‘petulance’ of the Duchess of Castlemaine, which Churchill turned to such good account, and which in the strangest way laid the basis of his great career, showed an entirely similar ‘disposition,’ and power over himself.

In night and fog we reached Oxford, where I alighted at the Star, and refreshed myself with an admirable dinner prepared by a French cook from London. Though I do not, like the ancients, regard cooks as objects of religious veneration, I cannot deny that I have singular respect for their art: ‘Il est beau au feu’ may be said with as much justice of a virtuoso of this kind, as of the most dashing soldier; and in the field of politics and diplomacy, every minister knows how much he is indebted to his cook.

My excursion draws to a close, and in three days I hope to send off B—— with all the materials he has collected, like a bee laden with honey.

*January 8th.*

Oxford is a most singular city. Such a crowd of magnificent Gothic buildings, from five hundred to a thousand years old, can nowhere else be found collected in one place. There are spots in which you can imagine yourself transported back to the fifteenth century. You see nothing around you but monuments of that period, without a single incongruous object. Many, nay almost all, of these old colleges and churches are also very beautiful in detail, and all of a most picturesque character. I have often wondered why we do not adopt many of the details of this style of architecture; for instance, the broad light windows in two or three divisions, sometimes diversified with large bows and irregularly divided; only habit could make us endure the uniform rows of square holes which we call windows.

I went first to the so-called Theatre, which was built by a bishop three hundred years ago. The iron railing which surrounds it has, instead of pillars, a sort of ‘termini’ with the heads of the Roman Emperors, a strange fancy, but the effect is not bad. In this theatre—which, as might be expected from its origin, is more like a church—the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent were made Doctors, and were obliged to appear in scarlet robes. The portraits of all three have since been placed here. The King of England in his coronation robes—an admirable picture by Lawrence, worthy of ancient times—hangs in the centre, in a most splendid frame; on either side, in far simpler frames and simpler garb, hang the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, also by Lawrence. The King is not like: of the Emperor Alexander I never saw a better portrait.

At the University Stereotype Press, where the printing of a sheet on both sides is accomplished in five minutes, I again displayed my activity, and had the honour to print a sheet, which I send you as companion to the Birmingham button: it contains some interesting incidents concerning the Maccabees.

A great deal of the printing for the Bible Society is done here; and if it goes on at this rate, the time will soon arrive concerning which a periodical called ‘The Catholic,’ of the year 1824, prophesied in this wise: “If it comes to that, that all read the Bible, the world will be a fit abode only for wild beasts.” If “the Catholic” means that all will *understand* it, he may be right, for then the whole human race will be ripe for another world. Nevertheless I am so far of “the Catholic’s” mind, that I think the indiscriminate diffusion of the Bible among all,—even the rudest savages,—is throwing pearls before swine.

I next went to the Museum, which contains a very heterogeneous mixture of things. On the staircase as you enter is a picture of the battle of Pavia, in which the principal figures are portraits painted at the time, as is expressed on the canvass. It is precisely in the style of the old miniatures, and very interesting for the accuracy of the dresses and armour: under it is the inscription “Comen les gens de Lempereur deffirent les francoys en lan 1525.” Portraits of Cardinal Wolsey and Cardinal Richelieu also adorn the staircase. Under them was that of Tradescant, a noted gardener of Charles the First, from which it was impossible to tear his colleague R—— away; he looked at the picture with a sort of protecting air, and was specially delighted with a garland of mulberries and cucumbers which picturesquely surrounded this father of gardeners. The most interesting thing in the picture, to me, was the portrait of a strange large bird; worthy of the Arabian Nights, called Dodo, which belonged to the gardener when alive, and whose like has never been seen in these parts since. As a proof that this is no fable, they showed us the genuine head and beak—wonderfully odd.

In the collection of natural history were a great many rare parrots, and a curious bird with spikes on its wings, with which it spears fish as with a lance. The diminutive warrior, who is only six inches high, looks uncommonly fierce and bold; he is like a miniature crane, only much more cunning and pugnacious. Here is the duck-billed platypus, that strange animal from New Holland. The productions of that part of the globe are so unlike those of all the others, that they almost make one imagine it belongs to another era of creation, or that it dropped on our earth from some wandering star.

The colours of a picture made of humming-bird’s feathers seemed something unearthly. Equally curious was a bas-relief of a knight in splendid gold-green armour made of beetles’ wings. Our modern knights might be very handsomely represented in steel-blue armour, made from the wings of the dung-beetle. I cannot attempt to give you an inventory of the cabinet of curiosities; I confined myself, as I always do, to what struck me, which was not always the most celebrated;—a jewelled glove of Henry the Eighth’s;—an autograph letter of Queen Elizabeth’s to Lord Burleigh, beautifully written;—a pretty riding-cloak and shoe of the Maiden Queen, which latter proves the extreme beauty of her foot; lastly, her watch, with a tasteful chain consisting of five medallions in a row, each containing hair

of a different colour—probably of her chief favourites. Far more curious and sacred is a medallion with a portrait rudely executed in mosaic, and an inscription signifying that it belonged to the great Alfred. This precious relic was found ten years ago in ploughing a field in the island of Athelney, where Alfred lay hidden from the Danes.

I must now conduct you to the picture-gallery built by Elizabeth, and preserved exactly 'in statu quo.' The roof is of wainscot panelled, and in each panel a coat-of-arms, which has a most antique and magnificent effect. Very good models of the principal temples of antiquity stand in the ante-room. There are some excellent pictures. The one which charmed me the most was an authentic portrait of Mary of Scotland, by Zuccaro, painted just after her arrival from France, and brilliant in all the indescribable radiance and fascination of her youth and freshness. It is easy to understand how it was that this woman had only passionate adorers and devoted partisans, or furious enemies. A face more, in the true sense of the word, *charming*,—seductive,—can scarcely be imagined: with all its French graces, it however betrays the selfishness of the beauty, the recklessness of unbridled passion; but of malignity or vulgarity, such as we see, the former in Elizabeth, the latter in Catharine of Medicis, not a trace;—in short, a perfectly womanlike, and *therefore* perfectly captivating character of countenance, with all the virtues and all the weaknesses and vices of her sex in their fullest proportions. I should think the possession of such a picture a real happiness,—that of the original might give one too much trouble. The same artist painted a portrait of Elizabeth, precisely like that at Warwick. The Earl of Leicester, taken shortly before his death, is extremely interesting. His face is as elegant and high-bred as it is handsome; and though not indicative of genius, has the expression of a sagacious, dignified, and powerful man. There are no remains of the brilliancy of youth, but a proud complacent consciousness of secure unalterable favour. In a copy of the School of Athens by Giulio Romano, I admired once more the exquisite face of the young duke of Urbino,—that ideal of soft youthful beauty:—the loveliest girl might be more than satisfied with the possession of it. Garrick's portrait, by Raphael Mengs, did not answer my idea of that great actor so perfectly as the one at Stratford-on-Avon. I was delighted with a picture of Charles the Twelfth, by Schröter,—every inch a grand Don Quixotte: and with a very characteristic Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely. Charles' aspect, like his age, seems to me entirely French, even to his features, which are strikingly like those of Bussy Rabutin. His father hangs near,—a more attractive picture than usual. He has unquestionably a fine face, with very speaking eyes; but the soft, melancholy, ideological expression too plainly shows that the bearer of such features was little fitted to encounter such a man as Cromwell, or such an age as that he lived in. It is the greatest calamity for a prince to fall upon an ill-suited time, unless he be strong enough to impress his own stamp upon it. The great Locke, by Gibson, is a pale attenuated student. Near him is a handsome portly Luther, by Holbein;—the stately Handel, by Hodson;—and Hugo Grotius, with his acute, crafty, and yet high chivalrous face, more that of an energetic man of the world than of a man of letters. These are the subjects that struck me the most.

*January 9th.*

To-day I have walked all over Oxford; and I cannot express with what intense delight I wandered from cloister to cloister, and refreshed myself at this living spring of antiquity.

There is a magnificent avenue of elms, which like the buildings around it, dates from the year 1520. From this queen of avenues, in which not a single tree is wanting, and which leads through a meadow to the river, you see on one side a charming landscape, on the other a part of the city, with five or six of the most beautiful Gothic towers,—ever a noble view, but to-day rendered almost like a picture of fairy enchantment: the sky was overcast, the wind drove the black fantastic clouds, like a herd of wild beasts, across it; at length the most beautiful rainbow, vaulting from one tower and descending on another, spanned the whole city.

From this ancient seat of the Muses of England, from all its colleges,—each different from the other,—each enclosing a spacious court, and adorned with noble towers,—each with its own more or less beautifully ornamented church, its library and picture-gallery, all in their kind of new and varied interest,—I carry away the most agreeable recollections. If you can bear to drink again and again from the old cup, you shall accompany me in my rambles.

My first walk was to the Ratcliffe Library; a round and modern building,—erected, that is, in the last century, at Dr. Ratcliffe's cost,—nearly in the centre of the town. The interior is simply a rotunda in three stages or stories, with a cupola and two open galleries, whence side-rooms radiate from the inner, to the outer circles. Below are casts of the best antiques. A small winding staircase leads to a side tower, from the roof of which you have a splendid view of the Gothic palaces pointing to heaven with their hundred spires. The surrounding country is cheerful, fertile, and well wooded. There are four-and-twenty colleges (a sort of cloister for education,) and thirteen churches in this small town, containing only sixteen thousand inhabitants.

From hence we proceeded to Henry the Eighth's Library, preserved, externally and internally, in nearly its original state, and containing not less than three hundred thousand volumes. The 'locale' is like no other of the kind, and transports one completely into past ages. The cruciform room; the strange shelves; the iron gratings, half blue, half gilded, and of a form no longer seen; the enormous windows, as broad as three church windows together and ornamented with beautiful coloured glass; the gay gilded ceiling, with numberless panels, each containing the picture of an open Bible with four crowns; even the Doctors sitting at the tables in the dress of Luther, which they still wear,—how strangely is the fancy excited by such a scene! A gallery runs round midway of the high shelves, for the purpose of reaching the books above. On the railing of this gallery are hung the portraits of the various librarians, from the first to the last; some, unhappily, in modern dresses, who look like apes among their venerable predecessors. In the middle of the room the shelves are so arranged on either side, that they form a long alley of enclosed closets, in which every man who wishes to use the library can work completely undisturbed,—an old and most exemplary arrangement. There are also books in the rooms which occupy the whole ground-floor of this quadrangular edifice. Here are some very curious manuscripts and specimens of early printing. I saw with sorrow how large a tribute the poverty of Germany has been compelled to pay to the wealth of England; among other things, a magnificent copy of Faust's first Bible, of the year 1440, which I think belonged to our Doctor Barth, and is inscribed with a number of notes in his handwriting. I was delighted to find a manuscript so exactly like a volume of Froissart in our library, (that with the miniatures in every leaf,) embellished with the same arabesques of fruit and flowers on a gold ground, the style and colouring of the figures so precisely the same, that it is scarcely to be doubted they are by the same painter. Unfortunately there is neither name nor date. The text is Quintus Curtius,—all the figures exactly in the costume of the time of the illuminator: Alexander, cased in iron from head to foot, breaks a lance with Darius, and throws him from his saddle, just in the style of the French and English Knights in Froissart.

A very curious French manuscript, the subject of which is an heroic poem, contains the name of the writer with the date 1340, (an extremely rare occurrence,) and under it the name of the painter with the date 1346; this gives reason to conclude that the latter had spent six years in the illuminating, which is almost all executed on a very unusual design, in gold, blue and red in squares, like a carpet. This manuscript is peculiarly interesting from the circumstance that the painter, instead of enclosing the text within a border or arabesque, has surrounded it with a representation of the trades, sports, and pastimes of his time. A cursory glance showed me, together with many games and occupations which we have lost, so many which are still so precisely the same, that I was really surprised. For instance, a masked-ball; *Kammerchen vermiethen*;[39] the *Handespiel*, or 'gioco di villano;' the same with the feet, which we boys often used to play in winter to warm ourselves; throwing at cocks, and cockfighting; rope-dancers and conjurors; horse-riders and trained horses, whose feats are more wonderful than ours; rifle-shooting at a man who ('mille pardons') turns himself in unseemly wise to the company, like one still existing on a gate at Lausitz; a smithy, where a horse is shoeing; a wagon, with three large cart-horses harnessed out at length, with harness, &c. all in the present form, even the driver's costume,—a blue slop—the very same; and many other things which I have not time to notice,—showed that though many things change, yet an infinite deal remains unaltered, and perhaps, 'à tout prendre,' human life is more the same in different ages than we generally imagine.

A Boccacio, with exquisitely beautiful miniatures, is one of the show-pieces of the library. A copy of the Acts of the Apostles, of the seventh century, in Greek and Latin, is shown as a great curiosity: each line contains only one word in each language. Considering its great antiquity, it is in very good preservation.

In the beautiful court of All Souls College—which moreover is carpeted with the finest turf—there is a spot whence you have a most magnificent view of spires, towers, and façades of ancient buildings, rising in unbroken series, one behind another, without the least mixture of modern houses. Here is another noble library. In the middle is an orrery, which illustrates our solar system very clearly, and keeps equal course with the sun and planets through the year.

Christ's College is a beautiful building of modern times; a part of it only is very old. The church is of Saxon architecture; round and pointed arches intermingle, but do not at all offend the eye. Here is the famous shrine of St. Frisdewilde, a most magnificent and tasteful Gothic monument of the beginning of the eighth century, and still in good preservation. It was enriched with silver Apostles and other ornaments, which were plundered in Cromwell's time. That unhappy religious war did irreparable damage to the antiquities of England; till then, all these sacred relics were in perfect preservation.

Attached to this college is that most charming walk I described to you above. It leads us to Magdalen College, which has been in part newly restored. The restoration is perfectly in the ancient style, and renders this part of the building secure for five hundred years to come; it has already cost forty thousand pounds, though but a small part is completed:—it may be imagined what enormous sums the execution of such works from the foundation would cost. Nothing great in art can be executed now, for the money it would cost is absolutely unattainable. The sum which formerly purchased a god-like work of Raphael's, would now (even allowing for the difference in the value of money) scarcely buy a moderate portrait by Lawrence. The Botanic Garden, which closed our walk, contains nothing worth describing. I therefore release you for the present, my dear Julia; 'mais c'est á y revenir demain.'

*Buckingham, Jan. 10th.*

It is a sin how long my private journal has been neglected. The more my letters to you swell, the more does my unhappy journal shrink. If you were to burn these letters, I should have no trace of what had become of me all this time. Imagine how unpleasant to vanish from one's own memory!

My imagination is so 'montée' by the many vestiges and echoes of past times, that I dream of a distant future, in which even ruins will be no more,—in which we shall lose not only these shadows of humanity, but human nature itself, and begin a new life in new spheres. For in remembrance, say what you will, we entirely lose that which we actually were;—even here, the old man nearly loses himself as a child. We may indeed find ourselves again, my best friend, and then will the tie that binds us necessarily re-unite. Let this satisfy us.

'Mais revenons à nos moutons;—c'est à dire, parlons de nouveau de parcs.'

Dreadful weather—rain and darkness, detained me at Oxford till three in the afternoon, when it cleared sufficiently for me to set out. The postilion missed the road, which is not a main one, and drove us a long way about, so that we arrived very late. While the fire was lighting in my room, I sat down in mine host's, where I found a very pretty girl, his niece, and two doctors of the place, with whom I talked away the evening very pleasantly.

*Aylesbury, Jan. 11th.*

Stowe is, like Blenheim, another specimen of English grandeur and magnificence. The park embraces a large tract of undulating ground, with fine trees; the house is a noble building in the Italian style. The grounds were laid out long ago; and though in many respects beautiful, and remarkable for fine lofty trees, are so overloaded with temples and buildings of all sorts, that the greatest possible improvement to the place would be the pulling down ten or a dozen of them. There is a charming flower-garden, thickly surrounded with high trees, firs, cedars and evergreens, and flowering shrubs. The parterre forms a regular pattern like a carpet, in front of a crescent-formed house filled with rare birds. In the middle of this carpet is a fountain, and on either side are two pretty 'volières' of wire.

In the park stands a tower called the Bourbon Tower, from the circle of limes around it which Louis the Eighteenth planted during his long residence at Hartwell in this neighbourhood. The tower, though modern, is half fallen in. I wish this be no ill omen for the Bourbons in France, where even the sage Charter-giver could obtain no better titles from his subjects than 'Louis l'Inévitable,' and 'Deux Fois Neuf.'

Here is a monument deserving of mention, dedicated to the great men and women of England, with very appropriate inscriptions, and busts modelled after the best pictures.

The façade of the building is four hundred and fifty feet long, and as long is the unbroken 'enfilade' of rooms in the 'bel étage,' which you enter from the garden by a fine flight of steps. You pass through a bronze door into an oval marble hall with a beautiful dome, whence alone it is lighted. A circle of twenty pillars of red scagliola marble surrounds it, and in the niches between them are ten antique statues. The floor is paved with real marble, and a

gilded grating admits heated air. I will not weary you with further description of the rooms;—they are very rich, and all more or less decorated with pictures and curiosities. The state bed-room, which is not used, is crowded with fine porcelain, and contains a curious old bed of embroidered velvet with gold fringe.

In a boudoir near were many other curiosities, which we were only permitted to see through a grating. The loss of a ruby necklace formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette, is the very sufficient reason for this prohibition, which is never removed but in the Duke's presence.

The library is a long gallery covered from top to bottom with shelves, with a light and elegant gallery in the middle. An adjoining room, fitted up in the same way, contains nothing but maps and engravings, probably one of the richest collections in the world. This seems the peculiar taste of the present Duke.

The hall on the other side of the house, looking on the park, commands a view which struck me as quite peculiar. You see a large open grassy plain, skirted on either side by an oak wood, and in the middle and back ground meadows and wood interspersed. In the centre of the plain, about sixty or seventy paces from the house, stands, perfectly isolated, a colossal snow-white equestrian statue, of admirable workmanship. The pedestal is so high that the horseman seems to rest on the top of the wood behind him. Not a building, nor any other object than trees, grass, and sky, are visible; and the whole scene so utterly still and inanimate, that the white spectral image rivets the attention:—no finer decoration for Don Juan could be imagined. It happened, too, by a fortunate chance, that the sky on that side of the house was perfectly black with a threatening snow-storm, so that the dazzling white statue stood out in almost fearful grandeur. At the moment, it looked alive, and every muscle seemed to rise in the sharp lights.

Among the pictures is a treasure which seems to be unknown to our German travellers, at least I never saw it noticed:—a genuine portrait of Shakspeare, painted during his lifetime by Barnage. The hypercritics of England will have it there is no genuine portrait of Shakspeare; but it seems to me almost impossible to *invent* a physiognomy carrying on it such a triumphant air of truth, so fully expressing the grandeur and originality of the man; furnished with all the intellectual elevation, all the acuteness, wit, delicacy, all the genuine humour, whose exhaustless treasures were never so lavished on any mortal. The countenance is nowise what is vulgarly called handsome; but the sublime beauty of the mind within beams from every part. Across the lofty forehead gleam the bright flashes of that daring spirit; the large dark brown eyes are penetrating, fiery, yet mild; around the lips play light irony and good-natured archness, but wedded to a sweet benevolent smile, which lends the highest, the most heart-winning charm to the lofty, awful dignity of the intellectual parts of the face. Wondrously perfect appears the structure of the skull and forehead; there are no single prominences, but all the organs so capacious and complete that we stand astonished before such a glorious pattern of perfect organization, and feel a deep joy at finding the man in so beautiful a harmony with his works.

Two excellent Albrecht Dürers—a pair of female saints in a fantastic landscape—attracted me, particularly by their primitive German character. They are two genuine Nürnberg housewives, dressed in their fatherlandish caps, and taken from nature itself; good-natured, and busied about their saintly affairs.—A picture of Luther, by Holbein, is more intellectual and less fat than usual.

There is a remarkable picture, by Van Dyk, of the Duke of Vieuxville, ambassador from the Court of France to Charles the First, who with chivalrous devotion followed the King into the field and was killed at Newbury. The dress is old, but picturesque;—a white 'juste-au-corps, à la Henri Quatre,' with a black mantle thrown over it; full short black breeches falling over the knee, with silver points; pale violet stockings with gold clocks, and white shoes with gold roses. On the mantle is embroidered the star of the Holy Ghost, four times as large as it is now worn, the blue riband 'en sautoir,' but hanging down very low, and the cross worn in the present fashion, on the side; it is narrower and smaller than now, and hangs by the broad riband almost under the arm.

The Duke de Guise was not such as I had pictured him to myself:—a pale face with reddish beard and hair; with the expression rather of an 'intriguant' than of a great man.—A picture which corresponds better with the character of the person it represents is Count Gondemar, Spanish ambassador to the Court of James the First, by Velasquez; he ingratiated himself with the King by his dog-Latin, in which burlesque form he made free to say anything. He brought the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh to the scaffold by his Jesuitical intrigues.

A picture of Cromwell, by his Court painter Richardson, has a double interest for the family. It was painted expressly for one of the Duke's ancestor's, who appears in the same picture as page, in the act of tying the Protector's scarf. This portrait is not much like the others of the same personage I have seen; it represents him as younger, and of a more refined nature, and is therefore probably flattered. From the hand of a Court painter this is to be expected.

I must only mention two fine and large Teniers', one of which represents three wonderfully characteristic Dutch boors, meeting in a village and gossiping with their pipes in their mouths; an excellent Ruysdael; six famous Rembrandt's, and Titian's lovely mistress. I admired, too, a new specimen of art,—two Sèvres cups with miniatures after Pétitot, by that admirable porcelain-painter Madame Janquotot. The one represents Ninon de l'Enclos, of whom I had never before seen a picture that answered to my idea of her. This expressed her character fully, and is of the most attractive beauty,—genuine French, lively as quicksilver, bold almost to impudence, but too generous and too truly natural to leave any other than an engaging impression on the mind. The other—a gentle, placid, and voluptuous beauty—- was inscribed, Françoise d'Orleans de Valois. As thoroughly initiated in French genealogies and memoirs, you will know who she is. 'Je l'ignore.' Each cup cost a thousand francs.

In a beautiful moonlight we drove to Aylesbury, whence I now write.

*Uxbridge, Jan. 12th.*

This evening I hope to be in London again. While the horses are putting-to I write a few words. We saw Lord Carrington's park this morning,—for your comfort be it said, the last, at present at least. The garden is nothing remarkable: the house is in the beloved modern Gothic style, but, being simple and unpretending, looks less affected. It is built of stone, without ornament. A good portrait of Pitt hangs in the library. This great man has anything but the face of a man of genius,—and who knows whether posterity will think his deeds betray more than his face?

One thing pretty I observed in the garden,—a thick massy wreath of ivy planted on the turf. It looks as if negligently dropped there. Our excursion was to be closed by the sight of Bulstrode, which Repton describes at such

length as the model of parks; but this drop is spared you, my poor Julia, for the Duke of Portland has sold it, and the present owner has felled the trees about which Repton is so enthusiastic, ploughed up the park, and pulled down the house to sell the stone. It was a miserable scene of desolation,—made more miserable by the strange dress of the women at work; they were wrapped from top to toe in blood-red cloaks, and looked like an ill-omened assemblage of executioners.

*London, Jan. 13th.*

By bright gas-light, which is always like a festal illumination here, we drove into town, and as I wished to have an instant contrast with my park-and-garden life, I alighted at Covent Garden to see my first Christmas pantomime. This is a very favourite spectacle in England, particularly with children; so that I was quite in my place. Playwrights and scene-painters take great pains to make every year's wonders exceed the last. Before I bid you good-night I must give you a rhapsodical sketch of the performance. At the rising of the curtain a thick mist covers the stage and gradually rolls off. This is remarkably well managed by means of fine gauze. In the dim light you distinguish a little cottage, the dwelling of a sorceress; in the back-ground a lake surrounded by mountains, some of whose peaks are clothed with snow. All as yet is misty and indistinct;—the sun then rises triumphantly, chases the morning dews, and the hut, with the village in the distance, now appear in perfect outline. And now you behold upon the roof a large cock, who flaps his wings, plumes himself, stretches his neck, and greets the sun with several very natural *Kikerikys*. [40] A magpie near him begins to chatter and to strut about, and to peck at a gigantic tom-cat lying in a niche in the wall, who sleepily stretches himself, cleans his face, and purrs most complacently. This tom-cat is acted with great 'virtuosité' by an actor who is afterwards transformed into Harlequin. The way in which he plays with a melon, the lightness and agility with which he climbs up the chimney and down again, his springs, and all his gesture, are so natural that they could only be acquired by a long study of the animal himself. Happily the scenic art is come to that, that it no longer suffers men to be excelled by poodles and monkeys, but has actually raised them to the power of representing those admired animals to the life.

Meanwhile the door opens, and Mother Shipton, a frightful old witch, enters with a son very like herself. The household animals, to whom is added an enormous duck, pay their morning court to the best of their ability. But the witch is in a bad humour, utters a curse upon them all, and changes them on the spot into the persons of the Italian comedy, who, like the rest of the world, persecute each other without rest, till at last the most cunning conquers. The web of story is then spun on through a thousand transformations and extravagances, without any particular connexion, but with occasional good hits at the incidents of the day; and above all, with admirable decorations, and great wit on the part of the machinist. One of the best scenes was the witch's kitchen. A rock cleaves open and displays a large cave, in the midst of which more than a cart-load of wood forms the fire, before which a whole stag with its antlers, a whole ox, and a pig, are turning rapidly on the spit. On a hearth on the right side is baking a pie as big as a wagon, and on the left a plum-pudding of equal calibre is boiling. The 'chef de cuisine' appears with a dozen or two assistants in a grotesque white uniform, with long tails, and each armed with a gigantic knife and fork. The commandant makes them go through a ludicrous exercise, present arms, &c. He then draws them up 'en péloton' to baste the roast, which is performed with ladles of the same huge proportions as the other utensils, while they industriously fan the fire with their tails.

The scene next represents a high castle, to which the colossal 'batterie de cuisine' is conveyed like a park of artillery. It appears smaller and smaller along the winding path, till at length the pie disappears in the horizon like the setting moon.

Next we are transported into a large town, with all sorts of comical inscriptions on the houses, most of them satires on the multitude of new inventions and companies for all manner of undertakings; such as, "Washing Company of the three united kingdoms;" "Steam-boat to America in six days;" "Certain way of winning in the lottery;" "Mining shares at ten pounds a share, by which to become worth a million in ten years." The fore-ground exhibits a tailor's workshop, with several journeymen busily stitching away in the 'rez de chaussée; a pair of shears six yards long are fixed over the door as a sign, with the points upwards. Harlequin arrives, pursued by Pantaloon and Co., and springs through the air with a somerset in at a window on the first story, which breaks with a loud crash. The pursuers drawing back from the 'salto mortale,' tumble over and thump each other with artist-like skill and wonderful suppleness. Ladders are now brought, and they climb into the house after Harlequin: but he has made his escape through the chimney, and runs off over the roofs. Pantaloon with his long chin and beard leans out of the window before which the shears are placed, to see which way Harlequin is gone. Suddenly the parted blades shut to, and his head falls into the street. Pantaloon, not a whit the less, runs down stairs and rushes out at the door after his rolling head;—unluckily a poodle picks it up and runs off with it, and Pantaloon after him. But here he meets Harlequin again, disguised as a doctor, who holds a consultation with three others as to what is to be done for the unhappy Pantaloon. They at length decide to rub the place where the head is wanting with Macassar oil; and by means of this operation a new head happily grows under the eye of the spectators.

In the last act, Tivoli at Paris is well given. A balloon ascends with a pretty child. While he floats from the stage over the heads of the audience the earthly scene gradually sinks, and as the balloon reaches the lofty roof, where it makes a circuit round the chandelier, the stage is filled with rolling clouds through which a thousand stars shine and produce a very pretty illusion.

As the balloon sinks, town and gardens gradually rise again. A rope is next stretched, on which a lady drives a wheelbarrow to the summit of a Gothic tower, in the midst of fire-works; while other 'equilibristes' perform their break-neck feats on level ground.

At the conclusion, the stage is transformed, amid thunder and lightning, into a magnificent Chinese hall with a thousand gay paper lanterns; where all spells are dissolved, the witch banished to the centre of the earth by a beneficent enchanter, and Harlequin, recognized as legitimate prince, marries his Columbine.

On our way home we had another and more terrible spectacle, gratis. A lofty column of lurid smoke poured from a chimney, and soon became tinged with blue, red and green;—the nearer we came the thicker and more variegated it ascended, like one of the Chinese fireworks we had just seen. "Probably," said I to R——, "a chemical laboratory, if it be not indeed a fire in earnest." Hardly had I said the words when my fears were fulfilled. Cries resounded from all sides, the flames streamed wildly forth towards heaven, the people flocked together, and fire-engines soon rattled through the streets. But the huge city swallows up all particular incidents,—five hundred steps further, and the fire

in the neighbourhood excited no interest whatever; the guests in an illumined mansion danced merrily, the play-goers walked quietly home, and all traces of alarm or sympathy were lost.

But, my dear Julia, 'il faut que tout finesse'—and so must my long narrative, which certainly furnishes you with a sheet for every year of my life. That it ends with fire you must take as an emblem of ardent love,—and here it is not necessary, as your superstition requires, to exclaim "In a good hour be it said." Every hour, even the most unfortunate, is good—where love is.

Your L——.

## LETTER XI.

*London, Jan. 19th, 1827.*

Dearest Julia,

R—— left London to-day for Harwich, and will be with you in a fortnight. I know how glad you will be to have a living witness of the sayings and doings of your L——; one whom you can question about so many things which, even with the best intentions cannot always find place in letters.

I have now settled myself into a town life again. Yesterday I dined with Prince E——, where the—— secretary of legation kept us in an incessant laugh. He is a kind of agreeable buffoon, and although of very mean extraction, a superlative ultra; ('tel le maitre, tel le valet.') I have often admired the talent of the French, and envied it too, for making the most amusing stories out of the most common-place incidents;—such as lose all their salt coming from any mouth but theirs.

Nobody possesses this talent in a higher degree than Monsieur R——. He affords another proof that it is entirely the result of a language so admirably adapted to produce it, and of an education which springs from the same source; for Monsieur R—— is a German—I think a Swabian; but was brought to France when only two years old, and educated as a Frenchman. Language makes the man, more than blood;—though 'tis true, blood has first made the language.

'Au reste,' one must acknowledge that however brilliant such agreeable chatter may be at the moment, it goes out like a fusee, and leaves nothing on the memory; so that the pedantic German feels a sort of uneasiness after listening to it, and regrets having spent his time so unprofitably. Had it been possible to that element of Germanism which formed our language, to give it that lightness, roundness, agreeable equivocalness, and at the same time precision and definiteness,—qualities which are called into full play in society by French audacity,—the conversation of the German would certainly have been the more satisfactory of the two, for he would never have neglected to connect the useful with the agreeable. As it is, we Germans have nothing left in society, but that sort of talent which the French call 'l'esprit des escaliers;'—that, namely, which suggests to a man as he is going down stairs, the clever things he might have said in the 'salon.'

Of this Frenchman's fireworks and crackers I retain nothing but the following anecdote. A diplomatic writer, who passed as authority in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, concluded a treatise on the great privileges pertaining to foreign envoys, with the following words;—'mais dès qu'un ambassadeur est mort, il rentre dans la vie privée.'

*January 22nd.*

The poor Duke of York is at length dead, after a long illness, and lay in state yesterday with great magnificence. I saw him in October, and found him, even then, the shadow of the robust stately man whom I had formerly so often seen at Lady L——'s, and at his own house, where six bottles of claret after dinner scarcely made a perceptible change in his countenance. I remember that in one such evening,—it was indeed already after midnight,—he took some of his guests, among whom were the Austrian Ambassador, Count Meerveldt, Count Beroldingen, and myself, into his beautiful armoury. We tried to swing several Turkish sabres, but none of us had a very firm grasp; whence it happened that the Duke and Count Meerveldt both scratched themselves with a sort of straight Indian sword, so as to draw blood. Count Meerveldt then wished to try if it cut as well as a real Damascus, and undertook to cut through one of the wax candles which stood on the table. The experiment answered so ill, that both the candles, candlesticks and all, fell to the ground and were extinguished. While we were groping about in the dark, and trying to find the door, the Duke's aide-de-camp, Colonel C——, stammered out in great agitation, "By God, Sir, I remember the sword is poisoned!" You may conceive the agreeable feelings of the wounded at this intelligence. Happily on further examination it appeared that claret and not poison was at the bottom of the Colonel's exclamation.

The Duke seems to be much regretted, and the whole country wears deep mourning for him, with crape on the hat, and black gloves, 'ce qui fait le désespoir' of all shopkeepers. People put their servants into black liveries, and write on paper with a broad black edge. Meantime the Christmas pantomimes go on as merrily as ever. It has a strange effect to see Harlequin and Columbine skipping about on the stage in all conceivable frivolities and antics, while the coal-black audience, dressed as for a funeral procession, clap and shout with delight.

I this minute received your letter from B——. Really so merry, I might almost say so pungent a one, you have not written of a long time. The B—— originals seem to have quite electrified you, and though I rejoice at it, I can't help being a little jealous. But you will soon come back to *your* original. I say with Cæsar, I fear not the fat, but the lean; and so long as you tell me that you preserve your charming 'embonpoint,' I am easy. I had a great mind, however, to plague you a little in return; but I know you don't bear jesting 'par distance' well, so I abstain. To vent my humour in some way, I send you a bit out of my journal,—a 'pendant' to your African Travels; for the poor meagre journal is still alive, though it has received no nutriment by the month together, and the little it has had, has not the least 'haut gout.' Don't expect, therefore, anything facetious or satirical, but something quite serious. It is laid upon you as a punishment.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

I was lately reading a review of Lady Morgan's Salvator Rosa. A passage in it touched me deeply, 'et pour cause.' It is the very original description of her hero, nearly as follows.

"With a thirst for praise, which scarcely any applause could satisfy, Salvator united a quickness of perception

that rendered him suspicious of pleasing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hem! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification.... Abandoned by the idle and the great, whom his delightful talents had so long contributed to amuse, he voluntarily excluded himself from the few true and staunch friends who clung to him in his adversity, and shut himself up equally from all he loved and all he despised.... His reference to this journey is curious, as being illustrative of those high imaginations, and lofty and lonely feelings, in which lay all the secret of his peculiar genius: while his pantings after solitude, his vain repinings, exhibit the struggles of a mind divided between a natural love of repose and a factitious ambition for the world's notice and the *eclat* of fame,—no unusual contrast in those who, being highly gifted and highly organized, are placed by nature above their species in all the splendid endowments of intellect; and who are, by the same nature, again drawn down to its level through their social and sympathetic affections.... His fine but fatal organization, which rendered him so susceptible of impressions, whether of good or evil, and which left him at times no shelter against 'horrible imaginings,' or against those real inflictions, calumny and slander, plunged him too frequently into fits of listless melancholy, when, disabused of all illusion, he saw the species to which he belonged in all the nakedness of its inherent infirmity."

Yes, this picture is copied from the very soul; and it is no less true, that a man born with such a disposition can never feel at ease or happy in the world which surrounds him, unless he be placed very much above it, or live in it entirely unnoticed.

So far I was led by the thoughts of others. Now I must conclude for to-day with a few of my own, the subject of which lies far nearer to our inmost hearts; and discuss a question, the full investigation of which must interest every one, be he ever so little a philosopher by profession.

What is conscience?

Conscience has unquestionably a twofold nature, as it has a twofold source. The one flows from our highest strength, the other from our greatest weakness; the one from the spirit of God dwelling in us, the other from sensual fear. Perfectly to dissever and distinguish these two kinds of conscience, is necessary to that serenity of mind which can arise only out of the utmost possible clearness: for man, when he has once got beyond the original dominant instinct of feeling, attains to the Permanent, even the recognition of truth, only by mental labour and conflict,—the moral 'sweat of his brow.'

Man, however, is a whole, compounded of countless parts; and it is only in the perfect equipoise of these parts, that, *as man*—that is, as a being at once sensual and spiritual—he can obtain perfect happiness and contentment. It is the common, ever-recurring error, to strive to cultivate one side predominantly:—with one man it is the province of religion; with another, that of severe reason; with the man of the world, those of the understanding and the senses alone. But all these together, exercised, enjoyed, and blended, so to speak, with artist-like skill, can alone produce the most perfect Life for this earth, and for our destinies while upon it,—the complete, entire Truth.

Under this point of view, then, must that which we call Conscience be considered, and the true distinguished from the false.

Under the head of the True, I understand the infallible suggestions of the divine spirit in us; which restrains us from evil, generally, as from the wholly one-sided, inconsistent, and negative: and this requires no further explanation. By the False, I mean that which arises only from the Conventional; from custom, authority, from subtleties which have grown out of these foundations, and from overstrained anxiety;—in a word, from fear. Delicate, excitable natures, in whom the cerebral system predominates, in whom, therefore, the head and the fancy are more powerful and active than the heart: in whom the distributing intellect too easily breaks up and scatters the depth and intensity of the full feelings, are most subject to this kind of error. It is, however, so difficult to follow these subtle ramifications and secret counter-workings, that we often take that for a primary feeling, which is only the retro-action of a sophistical intellect.

Now, as right and wrong, applied to the individual actions of human life with all their various conditions and intricacies, must obviously be relative; nothing remains but that every man should, with the help of all the powers of his soul, make quite clear to himself, sincerely and faithfully lay down to himself, what he can reasonably regard as right and what as wrong; and having ascertained it, thenceforward tranquilly apply that standard; and not trouble himself further about his so-called conscience; that is, the inward uneasiness and uncertainty which disturb the mind under new and conflicting circumstances. These cannot possibly be avoided; since the distinctions we have heard of right and wrong, reasonable and absurd, in our childhood and early youth, will ever exercise an irresistible influence. [41]

To give a few exemplifications.—A man of gentle temper, educated in the fear of God and the love of man, who becomes a soldier, the first time he has to take deliberate aim at human life will hardly do it without a strong pang of conscience. So, at least, it was with me. Nevertheless it is his duty; a duty which may be justified on higher, although worldly grounds; so long at least as mankind are not further advanced than they now are.

In like manner, he who after a long struggle forswears the religion of his fathers—the daily repeated lesson of his youth,—and embraces another on full conviction that it is better, will generally feel a slight, but difficultly subdued inquietude; and it is with that, just as it is with the most absurd fear of ghosts in those who have been educated in the belief of ghosts. They have a *ghost-conscience*, which they cannot get rid of. Nay, even more; with irritable characters, the mere persuasion that others hold them guilty of an evil action will give them so much the feeling of an evil conscience, that it appears in all its usual outward signs—embarrassment, blushing, and turning pale.

This may be carried so far as to lead to insanity. For instance: A man universally believed to have killed another, or one who really, though quite innocently, has killed another, may never enjoy a moment's tranquillity or happiness again. We even read of a Bramin, whose religious creed makes the murder of an insect as criminal as that of a man, who killed himself because an English 'savant' told him that he never drank a glass of water without destroying thousands of invisible creatures. 'Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule.'

Ugoni, in his Life of one of the most conscientious of men, Passaroni, relates that as he was one day going over the bridge of the 'Porta Orientale,' he saw a man lying fast asleep on the broad stone parapet, whence, if suddenly waked, he would probably have fallen into the river. He seized him by the arm, with difficulty aroused him, and with still greater made him understand why he had waked him. The porter, in a passion, requited his trouble with a hearty

curse, and bid him go to the devil. Passaroni, greatly mortified and grieved at being the innocent cause of the man's wrath, pulled out a handful of coin, and gave it to him to drink the giver's health. Thereupon he left him quite satisfied; but had scarcely reached the end of the bridge, when it struck him that his gift would probably produce even worse consequences than his waking of the man had done; for that it would very likely lead the poor fellow into the crime of drunkenness. He immediately hurried back in great anxiety, found the man fortunately at the same spot, where he had laid himself down again exactly in his old position, and begged him, with some embarrassment, to give him back so much of the money as he did not want for his most pressing necessities. But as the rage of the porter, who thought himself fooled, now boiled over more furiously than ever, Passaroni devised another expedient: "Here, my friend," said he, "as you will not give me anything back, take another scudo, and promise me solemnly, that if you spend all the rest of the money in drink, you will buy something with that scudo to eat with it." Having received this promise from the 'fachino,' Passaroni's conscience was at length at rest, and he went contentedly home.

We must, I repeat,—if we would not be either unhappy, or ridiculous, and like a reed shaken with every wind,—*educate* our consciences as well as all the other faculties of our souls: that is, while we preserve them in all their purity, prescribe to them due limits; for even the noblest are otherwise liable to deterioration and perversion. The simplest and most universally applicable and universally intelligible guide is the precept of Christ, "Do not unto others (nor, we might add, to yourselves) what ye would not that others do unto you."

But as there exist, as yet, no true Christians, certain exceptions to this rule are, and, in the present state of society, must be, permitted, as for instance, the case of the soldier above cited; or that of a man who obeys the laws of honour, which in certain stations it is utterly impossible to brave. And then there remains no other solution of the difficulty, than to allow to others the same liberty of making exceptions that we find ourselves compelled to claim;—in this way we just manage to preserve charity, and, at all events, that justice which is called the 'lex talionis.'

That man has a happy, an enviable existence, to whom nature and surrounding circumstances have made it easy or possible to walk constantly in a beaten track; to be, from youth upwards, kind and loving, moderate in his desires and pure in his actions. The first fault is pregnant with sorrow and evil; for, as our philosophical poet so truly says,

"Das eben ist der Fluch des Bösen
Dass es fortwuchernd immer Böses muss gebahren!"

And regeneration in this life is not always to be attained. May it not, then, be the last and highest act of mercy of Eternal Love, to have appointed death as a means of wiping out the confused and blotted scrawl, and restoring the troubled, misguided, soul to the condition of a pure white sheet, ready for happier trials? For that upon which the Holy has already been written here, must far higher bliss be in store. All-loving Justice punishes not as weak man punishes; but it can reward only where reward is due,—where it follows as an inevitable consequence of the past.

*January 21st.*

It is become very cold again, and the fire-place, '*wo Tag und Nacht die Kohle brennt,*' is unhappily quite insufficient to produce a warm room, such as our stoves—which, spite of their ugliness, I now think of as admirably efficient—procure us. To set my blood in motion I ride the more, and to-day, on my way home, saw one of the many Cosmorames exhibited here, which certainly affords a very agreeable *chamber journey*, as they call it in B——. The picture of the Coronation of Charles the Tenth in the Cathedral at Rheims, doubtless gave me a far more commodious view of it than I should have had in the crowded church. But what tasteless costume, from the King to the lowest courtier! New and old mixed in the most ludicrous and offensive manner! If people will perform such farces, the least they can do is to make them as pretty as those at Franconi's. The ruins of Palmyra lay outstretched in solemn majesty in the boundless Desert, which a caravan in the distant horizon is slowly traversing under a torrid sun.

The most perfect illusion was the great fire at Edinburg:—it actually burned. You saw the flames stream upwards; then clouds of black smoke ascend; while the view of the whole landscape incessantly changed with the changes of this fearful light, just as in a real fire. Probably the proprietor's kitchen was behind the picture, and the fire which heated the fancy of credulous spectators like myself, roasted the leg of mutton which our shillings paid for.

*January 28th.*

For some days I have vegetated too completely to have much to write to you about. This morning I was not a little surprised to see R——, whom I thought almost with you, enter my room. He had been shipwrecked on his way to Hamburg, and driven back by the storm to Harwich; had passed a whole night in imminent peril, and is so heartily frightened, that he will hear no more of the sea as long as he lives. I therefore send him by Calais, and only write that you may not be uneasy. He has unfortunately lost some of the things he took for you.

Hyde Park afforded a new spectacle this morning. The large lake was frozen, and swarmed with a gay and countless multitude of skaters and others, who enjoyed these wintry pleasures, so rare here, with true child-like delight. A few years ago, in weather like this, a strange wager was laid. The notorious Hunt deals in shoe-blacking: a large sort of wagon filled with it and drawn by four fine horses, which the young gentleman his son drives 'four-in-hand,' daily traverses the city in all directions. This young Hunt betted a hundred pounds that he would drive the equipage in question at full speed across the 'Serpentine,' and won his wager in brilliant style. A caricature immortalized this feat, and the sale of his blacking, as is reasonable, increased threefold.

My house is grown very musical, for Miss A——, a newly-engaged opera-singer, has come to live in it. The thin English walls give me the advantage of hearing her every morning gratis.

I have not been well for some days. The town air does not agree with me, and compels me to follow a 'régime' like that in your song:—

"un bouillon
d'un roguon
de papillon."

*C—— Hall, Feb. 2d.*

Lord D——, to whose wife I had been introduced in London, invited me to visit him for a few days at his country house. I accepted his invitation with more pleasure because C—— Hall is the place of which Repton says that he had laboured at its embellishment, together with its proprietor, forty years ago. Indeed it does him the greatest honour; though, from all I saw and heard, it appeared to me that the admirable taste of its Lord was entitled to the largest share of the merit; especially in sparing old trees which Repton would have removed. Nevertheless an honourable feeling of gratitude has dedicated an alcove, commanding a wonderfully beautiful prospect, to the man to whom landscape-gardening is so much indebted. Repton's son, who was with us, had told Lady D—— a great deal about M ——; and as she is almost as good a 'parkomane' as myself, we had a very attractive subject in common, and walked about for some hours in the flower-garden, which is still more tasteful than splendid, and is adorned with some graceful marble statues by Canova.

I did not see the master of the house, who was suffering from gout, till we came down to dinner, when I met a large company; amongst others Lord M——, who had just been to inspect the ships of war lying in the Thames.

Lord D—— was lying on a sofa, covered with a Scotch plaid, and embarrassed me a little by his first address.

"You don't know me," said he, "and yet we saw each other very often thirty years ago." Now as I was in frocks at the time he spoke of, I was obliged to beg for a further explanation, though I cannot say I was much delighted at having my age so fully discussed before all the company,—for you know I claim not to look more than thirty. However, I could but admire Lord D——'s memory. He remembered every circumstance of his visit to my parents with the Duke of Portland, and recalled to me many a little forgotten incident. What originals were then to be found, and how joyously and heartily people entered into all sorts of amusement in those days, his conversation gave me new and very entertaining proof of.

He mentioned among others a certain Baron, who believed as firmly in ghosts as in the Gospel, and held Cagliostro for a sort of Messias. One day when he went out alone, to skate on the lake near our house, the whole party dressed themselves in sheets and other things borrowed from the wardrobe of the theatre, and presented to the eyes of the terrified Illuminatus the awful appearance of a party of ghosts, in broad daylight, on the ice. In mortal terror he fell on his knees, spite of his skates; and with a volubility which the venerable Lord could not think of, even now, without laughing, uttered "Abracadabra," and bits of Faust's incantations, interspersed with fragments of quavering psalms. During this, one of the ghosts, who, with the help of a long stick under his sheet, made himself sometimes tall and sometimes low, slipped and fell, stripped of all disguise, directly before the knees of the praying Baron. His faith was too robust, however, to be shaken by such a trifle. On the contrary, his terror was increased to such a pitch, that he sprang up, fell again, in consequence of his unlucky 'chaussure,' but soon scrambled up, and with a dexterity no one gave him credit for before, vanished like the wind, amid the cheers of the whole company.

Even the confession of the whole joke by the actors in it never could convince him that he had been hoaxed, and no power on earth could ever induce him to see the frightful lake again as long as he remained at M——.

You know I cannot avoid the reflections which often fill me with melancholy even on the most joyous occasions. So was it with me now, as Lord D—— thus conjured up before me the picture of departed times;—as he eulogized my grandfather's amiable character, described my mother's high spirit, and what a wild child I was: 'Hélas, ils sont passés ces jours de fête.' The amiable man has long lain mouldering in his grave; the high-spirited young woman is old, and no longer high-spirited; and even the wild boy is more than tamed—nay, not very far from those days in which he will say, "I have no pleasure in them:" the mad-cap young Englishman who played the ghost on the ice, lay before me, an old man, tortured with gout, stretched helpless on a sofa,—the tale of the merry pranks of his youth interrupted by sighs extorted by pain; while the poor fool whom he so terrified as ghost has long been a ghost himself, and the good Lord would be not a little alarmed if his visit happened to be returned. "Oh world, world!" as Napoleon said.[42]

*February 3d:—Evening.*

Lord D—— possesses a fine collection of pictures, among which are Titian's celebrated Venus; the death of Regulus, by Salvator Rosa; a large picture of Rubens, which has frequently been engraved; and a very fine Guido. In the two latter indeed, a not very agreeable subject, a lifeless head, is the principal object; in the one that of Cyrus, in the other that of John the Baptist. But Guido's Herodias is another of those figures instinct with the genius of poetical, divine beauty, uniting the most lovely womanliness with the deepest tragic expression, which leave so indelible an impression, and are so seldom found in reality. There is a lady of your acquaintance who corresponds with this ideal, Countess A—— of B——. She was, when I knew her,[43] the most beautiful and richly dressed woman I ever beheld. Perfect symmetry, absolute harmony, reigned in her person and in her mind; so that the most heterogeneous things equally became her. Majestic as a queen, when she was 'en representation;' distinguished by the most easy and graceful manners, the most exquisite knowledge of the world, when doing the honours of her own house; and by the most 'naïve,' touching kindness and sweetness in the circle of her family;—but under every aspect rendered more interesting and impressive by a trace of thoughtful melancholy never wholly effaced, allied to that perfect feminine tenderness which gives to woman the highest and most resistless charm in the eyes of men;—her resemblance to this picture of Guido's was striking. Two very pretty attendants of Herodias are in admirable contrast with the main figure. They are perfect ladies-in-waiting, who have no soul for anything beyond their court and their service; and their beauty receives from its very unmeaningness a certain rather animal character, which we can contemplate with an agreeable carelessness—a sort of repose to the mind after the profound and thrilling impression made by the main figure. The one is watching the glance of her mistress with an unmeaning smile; the other looks at the head of the Martyr in the charger with the same indifference as if it were 'a pudding.'

I must describe to you, once for all, the 'vie de château' in England; of course only the common canvas, on which the Special is in every case embroidered by each man according to his fancy. The groundwork is in all the same, nor did I find it at all altered from what I formerly saw here. It forms, without any question, the most agreeable side of English life; for there is great freedom, and a banishment of most of the wearisome ceremonies which, with us, tire both host and guest. Notwithstanding this, one finds not less luxury than in the town; this is rendered less burthensome by the custom I mentioned of receiving guests only during a short period of the year, and on invitation.

The ostentation which, doubtless, lies at the root of such customs, we may well forgive, for the better reception

it procures us.

Strangers have generally only one room allotted to them, usually a spacious apartment on the first floor. Englishmen seldom go into this room except to sleep, and to dress twice a-day, which, even without company and in the most strictly domestic circle, is always ‘de riguer;’ for all meals are commonly taken in company, and any one who wants to write does it in the library. There, also, those who wish to converse give each other ‘rendezvous,’ to avoid either the whole society, or particular parties, in the formation of which people are quite at liberty. Here you have an opportunity of gossiping for hours with the young ladies, who are always very literarily inclined. Many a marriage is thus concocted or destroyed, between the ‘corpus juris’ on the one side and Bouffler’s Works on the other, while fashionable novels, as a sort of intermediate link, lie on the tables in the middle.

Ten or eleven is the hour for breakfast, at which you may appear in ‘negligée.’ It is always of the same kind as that I described to you in the inn, only of course more elegant and complete. The ladies do the honours of the table very agreeably. If you come down later, when the breakfast is removed, a servant brings you what you want. In many houses he is on the watch till one o’clock, or even later, to see that stragglers do not starve. That half-a-dozen newspapers must lie on the table for every one to read who likes, is, of course, understood. The men now either go out hunting or shooting, or on business; the host does the same, without troubling himself in the least degree about his guests (the truest kindness and good breeding;) and about half an hour before dinner the company meet again in the drawing-room in elegant toilette.

The course and order of dinner I have already described to you.

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England is the true land of contrasts—‘du haut et du bas’ at every step. Thus, even in elegant houses in the country, coachmen and grooms wait at dinner, and are not always free from the odour of the stable. At the second breakfast, the ‘luncheon,’ which is served a few hours after the first, and is generally eaten only by the women (who like to make ‘la petite bouche’ at dinner,) there are no napkins, and altogether less neatness and elegance than at the other meals.

This as parenthesis:—I now return to the ‘order of the day.’ When the men have drunk as much as they wish, they go in search of tea, coffee, and the ladies, and remain for some hours with them, though without mixing much. To-day, for instance, I observed the company was distributed in the following manner. Our suffering host lay on the sofa, dosing a little; five ladies and gentlemen were very attentively reading in various sorts of books (of this number I was one, having some views of parks before me;) another had been playing for a quarter of an hour with a long-suffering dog; two old Members of Parliament were disputing vehemently about the ‘Corn Bill;’ and the rest of the company were in a dimly-lighted room adjoining, where a pretty girl was playing on the piano-forte, and another, with a most perforating voice, singing ballads.

I cannot help remarking here, that Lord and Lady D—— are among the most enlightened, unpretending, and therefore most agreeable, of the people of rank here. He is of the moderate Opposition, and desires the real good of his country, and nothing else; a patriot wholly devoid of egotism,—the noblest title that a cultivated man can bear. She is goodness, cordiality, and unpretendingness itself.

A light supper of cold meats and fruits is brought, at which every one helps himself, and shortly after midnight all retire. A number of small candlesticks stand ready on a side-table; every man takes his own, and lights himself up to bed; for the greater part of the servants, who have to rise early, are, as is fair and reasonable, gone to bed. The eternal sitting of servants in an ante-room is not the custom here; and except at appointed times, when their services are expected, they are little seen, and one waits on oneself.

At night I found a most excellent chintz bed with a canopy. It was so enormously large that I lay like an icicle in it,—for the distant fire was too remote to give any sensible warmth.

*February 5th.*

Between ourselves be it said, however agreeable, however unconstrained may be one’s abode in another’s house, it is always too constrained, too unaccustomed, above all too dependent for me, proud and fond of ease as I am, ever to feel perfectly at home. This I can be nowhere but within my own walls, and, next to that, in a travelling carriage or an inn. This may not be the best taste in the world, but it is mine. There are so many men who have no taste of their own, at all, that I am delighted with myself for having one, though it be not of the best. I shall therefore not exhaust the term of my invitation, but evacuate my large bed to-morrow, and proceed to Brighton, a watering-place now in great fashion.

I have ridden all over the park here, in company with Lord D——’s very kind and polite son. It is less remarkable for features of striking beauty, than for the absence of all defect. Some views through wooded valleys, of the distant Thames, the town of Gravesend and its rising masts, have however a grand character; but nothing can exceed the incomparable skill with which the walls of wood within the park are planted, in masterly imitation of nature. As a study, I should recommend Cobham, in some respects, more than any of the parks I have described; though in extent and costliness it is surpassed by many. It is very modest, but to the admirer of nature its character is only the more delightful and satisfactory. It has also a great variety of hill, valley, and wood.

I took leave of Lady D—— in her own room; a little sanctuary, furnished with delightful disorder and profusion:—the walls full of small ‘consoles,’ surmounted with mirrors and crowded with choice curiosities; and the floor covered with splendid camellias, in baskets, looking as if they grew there.

Among these flowers, dear Julia, I take my leave of you. I entreat you to send me an answer of equal length, that your conscience may not reproach you with loving me less than I love you.

Your hearty Friend, L——.

## LETTER XII.

*Brighton, Feb. 7th, 1827.*

Beloved,

I travelled these sixty miles yesterday with great rapidity, and in the most charming state of indolence, without even the exertion of looking up;—for one must once in a while travel like a fashionable Englishman.

It seems that here is a better atmosphere than in any other part of the land of fog; the bright sunshine waked me this morning as early as nine o'clock.

I soon went out;—first on the Marine Parade, which stretches to a considerable extent along the sea; then made a tour through the large, clean, and very cheerful town, which with its broad streets is like the newest parts of London; and concluded with visits to several London acquaintances. I then rode out, for I had sent my horses here before me. Vainly did I look around for a tree. The country is perfectly naked: nothing is to be seen but hilly downs covered with short turf; and sea and sky are the only picturesque objects:—even this first day of my visit they greeted me with the most beautiful sunset. The majestic orb was veiled in a rosy transparent mist, so that it darted forth no rays, but was like a ball of massive gold, glowing with the most fervid heat: as it touched the water, it appeared slowly to dissolve, and to spread itself over the surface of the blue deep. At length Ocean swallowed the fiery globe; the burning hues faded from red to violet, then gradually to whitish gray, and at length the waves driven by the evening wind, dashed murmuring on the shore in the dim twilight, as if in triumph over the buried sun.

A distinguished old Minister enjoyed this noble spectacle with me, and was fully alive to its beauty. Lord Harrowby is an amiable man, of mild refined manners, and of great experience of the world and of business.

*February 8th.*

Public rooms, lists of visitors (*Badelisten*), &c., do not exist here. Brighton has only the name of a bathing-place in our sense of the word, and is chiefly resorted to by the inhabitants of London for recreation and pure air. People who have no country-house, or who find London too expensive, spend the winter, which is the fashionable season, here. The King was formerly very fond of Brighton, and built a strange Oriental Palace, which seen from the adjoining heights, with its cupolas and minarets, looks exactly like the pieces on a chess-board. The interior is splendidly though fantastically furnished. Although it has cost enormous sums, its possessor, long sick of it, is said to have shown a desire to pull it down, which indeed would be no great subject of lamentation.

The only large trees I have seen in the neighbourhood are in the gardens of this Palace. But the walks by the sea are so ageeable that one does very well without; especially the large Chain Pier, which extends a thousand feet into the sea, and from whose extremity the steam-vessels sail for Dieppe and Boulogne.

Not far from thence an Indian has established Oriental baths, where people are shampooed after the Turkish fashion, which is said to be very healthful and invigorating, and is in great favour with the fashionable world. I found the interior arrangements very European. The treatment is like that in the Russian vapour-baths, only I think not so good. I cannot help thinking the sudden cold after such profuse perspiration very dangerous.

I thought the method of drying linen more worth imitating. It is laid in a sort of wardrobe lined with tin, and kept at an equal heat by means of steam.

*February 9th.*

The sun has disappeared again, and the cold has returned with such force that I am writing to you in gloves—for the better preservation of my white hands, to which I, like Lord Byron, attach great importance. I honestly confess I don't see that a man is 'un fat' merely for trying to preserve the little beauty God has given him; at all events chapped hands are a horror to me and always were.—Talking of this, I remember that I was once in the boudoir of a very beautiful woman in Strasburg, where I met Field-marshal W—— (then only General), who in eulogizing Napoleon laid a peculiar stress on his temperance, adding in a contemptuous tone, "A hero could not be a 'gourmand.'" Now the fair lady, who was otherwise a very kind friend of mine, knew me to be not quite insensible to 'bonne chére,' to gratify her malicious pleasure in teasing me, made the General repeat his observation. Though I never set up for a hero, (except in a little romance or two, here and there,) I felt that I blushed; one of those stupidities of which I never could break myself, even on many occasions where there was no ground for it. Provoked at myself, I said with some pique, "It is fortunate for the lovers of a good table, General, that there are a few brilliant exceptions to your rule. Remember Alexander:—it is true that a too luxurious feast led him into the burning of Persepolis;—but I think you will allow him to have been a hero for all that: and 'gourmandise' did not prevent Frederick the Great from acquiring immortal renown, both as a warrior and ruler.—You, General, who have fought with the French with so much glory, should not attack a good 'cuisine;' for that nation, however, distinguished be her generals, will obtain a wider and perhaps more lasting fame from her cooks." This last sentence was doubtless inspired by a prophetic spirit; and how would the enthusiastic eulogist of Napoleon have wondered, had I told him that in a little while he would stand opposed to the great 'non-gourmond' himself, and would receive one of the last effectual 'coups de griffes' of the sick lion.

You think, I dare say, dear Julia, that this anecdote is as much in place here as one of our friend H——'s 'a-propos.' But you are mistaken. I now go to adduce Alcibiades and Poniatowsky, as examples of men distinguished for attention to dress and to their persons; thus proving from experience that neither sensibility to good cheer, nor a little 'fatuité,' are any obstacles to heroism, if other qualities be not wanting.

A visit from Count F——, one of the most agreeable and respectable representatives of Napoleon's time, who carried into the Imperial Court 'les souvenirs de l'ancien regime,' and into the present one the reputation of spotless integrity and fidelity, (a most rare instance!)—here interrupted me. He came to invite me to dinner to-morrow. This has detained me:—it is too late to ride; I am not in the humour to seek Club society: I shall put on a second dressing-gown, dream about you and M——, read over your letters, and patiently freeze in my room,—for more than eight degrees of heat I find it impossible to procure by means of an open fire in my airy and many-windowed room.—'Au revoir,' then.

*February 10th.*

It was fair that I should indemnify myself to-day for my confinement to my room, so I wandered about in the neighbourhood for many hours. I enjoyed my freedom the more, as I was to execute myself in the evening at a great subscription ball.

The country all around is certainly very remarkable; for in a four hours ride I did not see a single full-grown

tree. Yet the numerous hills, the large town in the distance, several smaller ones scattered about, the sea and ships—all under rapidly changing lights, sufficiently diversified the landscape; and even the contrast with the generally well-wooded character of England was not without its charms. The sun at length retired to rest incognito, the sky cleared, and the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the waters. I now turned my horse's head from the hills down to the sea, and rode five or six miles, about the distance to Brighton, hard on the edge of the waves along the sandy shore. The tide was coming in, and my horse sometimes shyed when a wave, crowned with snowy foam, rolled under his feet and quickly retreated as if in sport.

I love nothing better than to ride alone by moonlight on the wide shore,—alone with the plashing and roaring and murmuring of the waves;—so near to the mysterious deep, that my horse can only be kept within reach of its rolling waters by force, and as soon as his rein is loosened darts away with redoubled speed towards the firm land.

How different from this poetical scene was the prosaic ball!—which moreover so little answered my expectations that I was perfectly astonished. A narrow staircase led directly into the ball-room, which was ill-lighted and miserably furnished, and surrounded with worsted cords to divide the dancers from the spectators. An orchestra for the musicians was hung with ill-washed white draperies, which looked like sheets hung out to dry. Imagine a second room near it, with benches along the walls, and a large tea-table in the middle; in both rooms the numerous company raven black from head to foot, gloves inclusive; a melancholy style of dancing, without the least trace of vivacity or joyousness; so that the only feeling you have is that of compassion for the useless fatigue the poor people are enduring;—and now you have a true idea of the Brighton Almack's, for so these very fashionable balls are called. The whole establishment is droll enough. Almack's balls in London are the resort of people of the highest rank during the season, which lasts from April to June; and five or six of the most intensely fashionable ladies (Princess L—— among the number), who are called Patronesses, distribute the tickets. It is an immense favour to obtain one; and, for people who do not belong to the very highest or most modish world, very difficult. Intrigues are set on foot months beforehand, and the Lady-patronesses flattered in the meanest and most servile manner, to secure so important an advantage; for those who have never been seen at Almack's are regarded as utterly unfashionable—I might almost say disreputable; and the would-be-fashionable English world naturally holds this to be the greatest of all possible calamities. So true is this, that a novel was lately written on this subject, which contains a very fair delineation of London society, and has gone through three editions. On nearer observation, however, one sees that it betrays more of the ante-chamber than of the 'salon,'—that the author is one, as the Abbé de Voisenon said, 'qui a écouté aux portes.'

How admirably well-informed the English are concerning foreigners is seen in a passage in this novel, in which the wife of a foreign ambassador, born however in England, is extremely facetious on the ignorant Londoners who assigned a higher rank to a German Prince than to her husband the Baron, whose title was far nobler. "But the word Prince," adds she, "whose nullity is well known to everybody on the Continent, dazzled my stupid countrymen." 'C'est bien vrai,' says a Frenchman, 'un Duc cirait mes bottes à Naples, et à Petersbourg un Prince Russe me rasait tous les matins.' As the English generally mis-spell and mis-quote foreign words and phrases, I strongly suspect that a slight mistake has crept in here, and that it ought to be printed, "un Prince Russe me *rossait* tous les matins."[44]

You may partly conceive the burlesque effect such a fashionable novel produces on people in the middling society of London, who are continually groping in the dark after 'le bel air,' are consequently in perpetual terror and agony, lest they should betray their acquaintance with the great world, and thus generally make themselves exquisitely ludicrous. I had a very amusing example of this a few weeks before the publication of the book in question.

I was invited, with several other foreigners, to dine with a very rich * * *

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Among them was a German Prince, who had visited at the house before, and, luckily for the farce, a German Baron also. When dinner was announced, the Prince advanced, as usual, to the lady of the house to hand her out, and was not a little amazed when she turned her back upon him with a slight curtesy, and took the arm of the most agreeably-surprised Baron. A laugh, which I really found it impossible to suppress, almost offended the good Prince, who could not explain to himself the extraordinary behaviour of our hostess; but, as I instantly guessed the cause, I soon helped him out of his wonderment.

Regardless of rank, he now took the prettiest woman of the party; while I, for my part, made haste to secure ——, that I might be sure of an amusing conversation during dinner. The soup was hardly removed, when I expressed to her as politely as I could, how much her nice tact and exact knowledge of the usages of even foreign society had surprised me. "Ah," replied she, "when one has been —— so long, one becomes thoroughly acquainted with the world." "Certainly," replied I, "especially in ——, where you have all that sort of thing in black and white." "You see," said she, speaking rather low, "we know well enough that 'a foreign Prince' is nothing very great, but to a Baron we give the honour due." "Admirably distinguished!" exclaimed I; "but in Italy you must be on your guard, for there 'barone' means a rascal." "Is it possible?" said she; "what a strange title!" "Yes, madam, titles on the Continent are mysterious things; and were you the Sphinx herself, you would never fathom the enigma." "May I help you to some fish?" said she. "With great pleasure," answered I, and found the turbot, even without a title, excellent.

But, to return to Almack's:—The oddest thing is, that one of these tickets, for which many English men and women struggle and strive, as if for life and death, are, after all, to be paid for with the sum of ten shillings; for Almack's are neither more nor less than balls for money. 'Quelle folie que le mode!' We are sometimes forced to conclude that our planet is the mad-house of the solar system.

In Brighton we find the copy of London in little. The present Lady-patronesses are * * * When I entered, I saw no one of my acquaintance, and therefore addressed myself to a gentleman near me to show me the Marchioness of ——, from whom I had received my ticket, through the 'entremise' of Countess F——. I was obliged to present myself to her, to return my thanks; and found her a very kind, amiable, domestic woman, who had never quitted England. She introduced me to her daughters, and also to a certain Lady——, who spoke very good German. That is the fashion now, and the young ladies labour hard to accomplish it.

I afterwards found a gentleman of my acquaintance who introduced me to several very pretty young ladies, among whom Miss W——, a niece of Lord C——, was peculiarly distinguished. She was brought up in Germany, and is more German than English,—of course an advantage in my eyes. She was by far the prettiest and most graceful girl in the room, so that I was almost tempted to dance once more; though from vanity (for I always danced badly) I

renounced that so-called pleasure years ago. I might safely enough have attempted it here, for God knows, nowhere do people jump about more awkwardly; and a man who waltzes in time is a real curiosity. But it seems to me too ludicrous, to join the worshippers of the tarantula so far on my way towards forty. 'Il est vrai que la fortune m'a souvent envoyé promener, mais danser—c'est trop fort!'

I was told that the chief of a Highland clan, with a name as long as a Spaniard's,—a descendant of some island king, and proud as Holofernes of a thousand years of noble ancestry,—wished to make my acquaintance. I had reason to congratulate myself on making his; for I found him a living model of one of Walter Scott's pictures. A genuine Highland Scot, hanging with body and soul on ancestry and ancient customs, having great contempt for the English, full of fire, good-natured, loyal-hearted, and brave; but childishly vain, and, on that side, as easy to wound as to win. I very gladly took refuge from the tedium of the crowd in conversation with a man of so original a character. I sat down by him on a bench in the tea-room, and got him to tell me of all the glories of his ancient heritage, all the battles of his forefathers, and his own travels and adventures. The worthy man described to me at great length his Highland dress, to which he evidently attached immense importance; and told me a long history of the effect his appearance in it had produced on the Court of Berlin. There was doubtless enough to excite a smile in his account of the astonishment of the King and Queen, and of the signal attentions his striking dress commanded; yet there was a fire and a simplicity in his manner of relating the triumphs of his national costume, that touched me extremely.

*February 11th.*

This morning I went to church, with a full intention of being pious; but it did not succeed. Everything was too cold, dry, and unæsthetic. I am an advocate for a more imaginative worship, though it be addressed rather more to the senses. If we did but follow Nature, we should find her the best instructress in religion, as in other things. Is it not by her most magnificent and sublime spectacles that she awakens our hearts to emotions of piety? by the painting of her sunsets, by the music of the rolling deep, by the forms of her mountains and her rocks? Be not wiser, my brethren, than him who created all these wonders, and formed the human heart to feel them; but imitate him, according to the measure of your feeble powers.

But on this matter I should preach to deaf ears, except to yours, dear Julia; they have long listened, with me, to the heavenly song of the spheres, which ceaselessly resounds in the eternal, beautiful creation, if men did not stop their ears with the cotton of positive dogmas and traditions, through which they cannot hear it.[45]

The sermon too which I heard, though prepared beforehand, and read, was stony and unprofitable. Preachers would do much more good if they would lay aside the old mechanical custom of taking texts only out of the Bible, and take them from local life and circumstances, and from human society as it now exists; if they would rather seek to foster the in-dwelling poetical religion, than the mere spirit of dogma; if they would treat morality not only as the Commanded, but as the Beautiful and the Useful,—the Necessary, indeed, to the happiness of the individual, and of society. If more pains were taken to *instruct* the working-man from the pulpit,—to form him to *think* instead of to *believe*,—crime would soon become less frequent; he would begin to feel a real interest in what he heard,—a positive want of the church and of the sermon, for his own guidance and information: whereas he now attends them mechanically and without reflection, or from some motives equally unprofitable. The laws of the land, too, and not the Ten Commandments alone, should be declared and expounded to the people from the pulpit;—they should be made perfectly conversant with them, and with the grounds of them; for, to use the words of Christ, how many sin without knowing what they do![46]

The best practical receipt for a universal morality is, without doubt, to ask oneself whether an action, or course of action, *if adopted by every man*, would be useful or injurious to society. In the first case, it is of course good,—in the second, bad. Had Governments, and those upon whom devolves the sacred and neglected duty of instructing the people, habituated them to the constant application of this test or measure of conduct, and then demonstrated to them, directly, 'ad oculos,' the inevitable, ultimate reaction of evil conduct *on themselves*, they would, in the course of a few years, have improved not only the morality of the country, but its physical condition and commercial prosperity; whereas the ordinary priestly wisdom, which sets faith, authority, and dogma above everything, has left mankind in the same state for centuries,—if indeed it have not made them worse.

It would, perhaps, do no harm occasionally to choose teachers who have been converted to virtue by experience of the evil consequences of vice (as, for instance, the late Werner,) and who are therefore best informed on the subject. Not only is there more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just men, but such a man is more firm in his convictions and perceptions, and generally more zealous in reclaiming others, as the examples of many holy men prove.

Above all, in every well-organized society all clergymen, be they of what persuasion they may, must, in my opinion, be paid by fixed salary, and not be permitted to take money for every separate consolation of real, or ceremony of conventional, religion;—a meanness which necessarily destroys all true reverence for the priest, and which must degrade him in his own eyes, if he have any delicacy. It is really dreadful to see the poor man stick his two *groschen* behind the altar for the holy elements he has just received; or crowd a fee into the reverend gentleman's hand when his child is christened, just as if he were giving him a shilling to drink. But when we hear the parson storm and scold from the pulpit, because his offerings and tithes decrease; when we hear him announce such a falling-off in his revenues as a proof of the decline of religion; then, indeed, we feel distinctly why there are so many parsons, and what they themselves regard as their true and proper vocation. Soldiers naturally love war, and in like manner priests love religion,—for their own advantage. But patriots love war only as a means of obtaining freedom; and philosophers, religion only for its beauty and its truth.

That is the difference.—But, as the author of the Zillah so truly says, "Establishments endure longer than opinions; the church outlasts the faith which founded it; and if a priesthood has once succeeded in interweaving itself with the institutions of the country, it may continue to subsist and to flourish long after its forms of worship is regarded with aversion and contempt."

The afternoon was more satisfactory.—I climbed the hills around the town, and at last crept up to the top of a windmill in order to see the whole panorama of Brighton. The wind turned the sails of the mill with such force that the whole building rocked like a ship. The miller's lad, who had shown me the way up, went to a flourbin and took out a telescope. Spite of its soft bed, it was unhappily broken. I was however well satisfied with the general view,

enlivened as it was by hundreds of fishing-boats which seemed struggling with the storm, and hastened back with the sinking sun to my social duties.

The party at Count F——'s was small but interesting; it was rendered so in the first place by the host himself; then by a lady celebrated for her beauty; and lastly, by a former well-known leader of 'ton' in Paris. In his youth he played a considerable part there, and was at the same time constantly implicated in political affairs. He now passes a great part of the year in England, probably still not without political views. He is one of that sort of men, daily becoming more rare, who live in great style, one knows not how; contrive to acquire a sort of authority everywhere, one knows not why; and under whom one always expects to find something mysterious, one knows not wherefore. —— is very agreeable, at least when he chooses: he narrates admirably, and has forgotten nothing of his eventful life which can give zest to his conversation. For adventurers of this high order, whose consummate knowledge of the world affords continual matter for admiration, (though generally employed only to make dupes,) the French character is better suited than any other. Their agreeableness in society smooths their way; and their not over warm hearts and œconomical understandings, (if I may use the expression,) admirably enable them to keep all the ground they have won, and to maintain a firm footing on it for ever.

The clever man of whom I am now speaking plays also very agreeably; and jestingly declares, like Fox, that after the pleasure of winning, he knows no greater than that of losing.

We talked a great deal about Napoleon, of whom our host, like all who lived long in immediate intercourse with him, could not speak without veneration. He mentioned a circumstance which struck me. The Emperor, he said, was so incredibly exhausted by the violent excitement of the Hundred Days and the events that succeeded them, that on his retreat from Waterloo, in the early part of which he was protected by a batallion of his 'Garde,' he proceeded very slowly, and without any precipitation (quite contrary to our version of the affair.) Two or three times he fell asleep on his horse; and would have fallen off, had not Count F—— himself held him on. But the Count declared that, except by this complete corporeal exhaustion, he never exhibited the slightest mark of internal agitation.

*February 14th.*

My original friend, the Scot—who, I am told, has killed two or three men in duels—visited me this morning, and brought me his genealogy, printed, with the whole history of his race or 'clan.' He complained bitterly that another man of his name contested the rank of chieftain with him; and took great pains to prove to me, from the work he had brought, that he was the true one: he added, that "the judgment of Heaven between them would be the best way of deciding their respective claims." He then called my attention to his arms, of the origin of which he related a curious history,

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It was, like most of these traditions, poetical enough, and a striking picture of those rude but vigorous ages. I did not fail to relate to him a 'pendant' to his story, from the Nibelungenlied, concerning my own ancestors;—probably both were equally true. We parted over the ghosts of our forefathers, the best friends in the world.

There are now private balls every evening: and in rooms to which a respectable German citizen would not venture to invite twelve people, some hundreds are here packed like negro slaves. It is even worse than in London; and the space allotted to the quadrilles allows only the mathematical possibility of making something like dancing demonstrations. A ball without this crowd would be despised; and a visitor of any fashion who found the staircase empty, would probably drive away from the door. This strange taste reminded me of one of Potier's characters, a 'ci-devant jeune homme' who orders a pair of pantaloons of his tailor which are to be 'extraordinairement collant:' as the 'artiste' is going away he calls after him, "Entendez vous?—extraordinairement collant; si j'y entre, je ne le prends pas." In like manner an English dandy would say of a rout, "Si j'y entre, je n'y vais pas."

When you are once in, however, I must confess that nowhere do you see a greater number of pretty girls, against whom you are squeezed 'bongré malgré,' than here. Some of them have been educated for a year or two in France, and are distinguished for a better 'tournure' and style of dress; many of them speak German. A man may have as many invitations to 'soirées' of this sort as he likes; but he may go away as perfect a stranger as if he had been uninvited; for if he does not stay long, he does not so much as see the hostess, and certainly she does not know half the people present. At one o'clock a very 'recherché' cold supper is served, with 'force champagne.' The supper-room is usually on the ground-floor, and the table of course cannot contain above twenty persons at a time, so that the company go down in troops, and meet, pushing and elbowing, on the narrow staircase. If you succeed in getting a seat, you may rest a little; and many avail themselves of this privilege with small regard to their successors: little attention is paid to giving place to the ladies. On the other hand, the servants are very active in continually replacing the dishes and bottles, as fast as they are emptied, on the side of the table to which the guests have no access.

In order to see the whole of the thing, I stayed till four in the morning in one of the best houses, and found the end of the fête, after three-fourths of the company were gone, the most agreeable; the more so as the daughters of the house were remarkably pretty amiable girls. There were some famous originals, however, at the ball; among others, a fat lady of at least fifty-five, dressed in black velvet with white trimmings, and a turban with floating ostrich feathers, who waltzed like a Bacchante whenever she could find room. Her very pretty daughters tried in vain to rival their mamma. My curiosity being excited by such a display of Herculean vigour and pertinacity, I found the lady's large fortune had been made by speculations in cattle. The music in most of these balls was extremely meagre and bad. The musicians, however, contrive to produce such a noise with such instruments as they have, that you cannot hear yourself speak near them.

*February 16th.*

I read yesterday that "strong passions are increased by distance." Mine for you must be very strong then—though indeed tender friendship is ever the surest of any—for I love you better than ever:—but this is intelligible enough. If we truly love a person, we have, when absent from him, only his good and agreeable qualities before our eyes; the unpleasant little defects which exist in every man, and which, however trifling they may be, annoy us when present, vanish from our recollection,—and thus love naturally increases in absence. And you—what do you think on this subject? How many more faults have you to cover with the mantle of Christian love in me!

I am going to London to-morrow, expressly to deliver this letter to our ambassador with my own hands, since the last was delayed so long. Probably it fell into the hands of the curious, for we shall not soon get rid of the 'infamie' of opening letters. In two days I shall return, and shall be happy enough to miss three or four balls in the interval.—I took a long walk this morning, and this time not entirely alone, but with one of the many agreeable girls I have met with here. When young unmarried women are once 'lancées' in the world, they enjoy more rational freedom in England than in any other country in Europe. The young lady 'quæstionis' was just seventeen, and polished in Paris.

On my return home I found, to my no small astonishment, a letter from the luckless R——, who has been again driven back to Harwich, and despairingly implores money and help. Contrary to my desire, as I now learn for the first time, he did not go by Calais. These wanderings of the Garden-Odysseus are as ludicrous as they are disagreeable, and you will doubtless think the adventurer 'malgré lui' is eaten by the fishes, till you have ocular proof of the contrary. I recollect that twelve years ago, about this same season, I was going to embark for Hamburg, from which I was fortunately dissuaded by my old French valet. He said, with rather an odd turn of expression; "Dans ces tems ci, il y a toujours *quelques équinoxes* dangéreuses, qui peuvent devenir funestes." He was right; the vessel was wrecked, and several lives lost.

*London, Feb. 18th.*

Honour to Mr. Temple!—Your letter, which he forwarded, reached me in ten days, while those which come through our diplomacy are three weeks on the road. Give him my best thanks. I laughed heartily at the news H—— sends me so humourously. The little *Criminal-rath* ('conseiller criminel') whom the jester calls 'le Rat criminel'; the 'Renvoyé extraordinaire,' and the 'Diplomate à la fourchette,' are admirably painted; so is The Fortunate house-court-state-and body-servant. Don't wonder at his success: it is indisputable that there is a sort of narrowness which almost always succeeds in the world; and a character of mind which never succeeds. Mine is of this latter sort—a fantastic picture-making mind, that fashions its own dream-world anew every day, and thence remains for ever a stranger in the actual world. You tell me that if Fortune had offered herself to me, I should have slighted her, or at most, playfully taken her by the finger, instead of clutching her earnestly;—that I never valued the present till it stood as a picture in the far distance;—that then indeed it was often a picture of repentance and regret; the future, a picture of longing and aspiration; the present, never anything but a misty spot. 'A merveille.' You say all this most charmingly; and I must acknowledge that nobody understands better how to moralize impressively than you.—If it were but of any use to me! But tell me,—if you could convince the lame man that it were far better for him not to be lame;—as soon as the poor wretch tries to set one foot before the other, does he limp the less? 'Naturam expellas furca,' &c. Vainly do you desire your stomach to digest better, your wit to be sharper, your reason to be more efficient:—things go on in their old train, with a few modifications.

The decisions of the Ministers on the S—— affair, which you communicate to me, also remain after the old sort, in spite of the extreme politeness of those gentlemen. Is it not strange, however, that our inferior functionaries distinguish themselves as much by their 'tracasseries,' and by their ill-bred, and I might say contemptuous style, as the higher do (with a single exception) by their care in using none but the most refined and polished forms? Do not these on this very account wear the appearance of the bitterest irony? You may give this as a subject for a prize-essay to our G—— dilettante academy.

'A propos,'—who is that very wise Minister of whom H—— speaks? Ah ha! I guess—but all Ministers are now-a-days so wise 'ex officio,' that it is difficult to know which he means. The other, however, I guessed instantly—as well as the pure horizontal individual, whose illness grieves me heartily; for when he is well, he stands, in my opinion, most singularly perpendicular, towering above disfavour or envy, by the dignity of his character, and by his experience and talents for business. There are, to be sure, some official persons in our country whom one might fairly ask, with Bürger's Lenore, every time one sees them, "Bist lebend, Liebster, oder todt?"[47]

Heaven preserve us both in better health of body and mind! And, above all, may it preserve to me your tender friendship, the most essential element of my well-being!

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XIII.

*Brighton, Feb. 19th, 1827.*

Dear Julia,

'To make the best of my time,' (as the practical English say,) before I left town yesterday I visited three theatres in succession. In the first piece I saw, the principal person was an Irish servant. According to all I have been able to learn from plays and novels, these Irish must be an odd people,—of a fresh originality very unlike the English. Irish beggars are very common in the streets of London, where they are easily recognized by their Gascon-like manner and dialect. A modern author remarks with equal drollery and truth: "The English beggar whines out the same monotonous words in a drawling tone, 'Give a poor man a halfpenny, Give a poor man a halfpenny.'—What an orator is his Irish colleague! 'O your honour, give us a penny, only one blessed penny, your honour's honour, and God's blessing be upon your children, and your children's children! Give us only one little penny, and may Heaven grant you a long life, and a quiet death, and a blessed resurrection!'" Who can withstand entreaties so humorously moving?

In the next theatre we were regaled with a pantomime, in which was a quadrille of birds, and another of tea-things; after which the tea-pot, milk-jug, and cup, executed a 'pas de trois,' while spoons, knives, and forks danced around them as 'figurantes.' The birds were 'à s'y méprendre,' and I recommend something of the same kind, with parrots which might speak too, to be arranged for the S—— Court theatre by Mephistophiles. A clever account of it would be a still further novelty, and a tea-kettle and accompaniments would be very suitable additions to the society.

I saw the Indian jugglers for the third time. They exhibited something quite new. Instead of balls, they threw up and caught short burning torches. This produces a curious sort of fire-work, a continuous developement of burning figures,—wheels, serpents, triangles, stars, flowers, &c., as if in a kaleidescope. The immovable steadiness and

accuracy of these people never misses.

The fantastic absurdities of the pantomimes probably affected my imagination in the night, which I dosed away between London and Brighton; for I had the strangest visions in my carriage. At first I was mounted on my beautiful gray, whom for once I could not manage: he constantly resisted my will; and when at last I mastered him, shook his head with such fury, that it broke from his neck and flew to a distance of twenty paces, while I plunged down a precipice on the headless body.—I was next sitting on a bench in my park, and watching the devastations made by a frightful hurricane, which tore up the old trees far and near, and threw them together like faggots.—At last I quarrelled with you, dear Julia, and in despair went for a soldier. I forgot you (which is possible only in sleep,) and found myself in my new sphere, once more young and brilliant, full of fresh spirit, and not less full of wanton pride. It was the day of battle. The thunder of the cannon rolled magnificently; noble martial music accompanied it, and animated our spirits; while, with the prerogative of a dream, we sat quietly breakfasting on a 'pâté aux truffes et champagne,' in the midst of a fire of musketry. A spent cannon-ball now came 'en ricochet' towards us; and before I could spring aside, carried off the head of my comrade, who was sitting on the ground by my side, and both my legs, so that I fell groaning with pain and horror. When I recovered my senses, the storm was roaring around me, and the sea howled in my ears. I thought myself on the voyage, when, behold my carriage stopped at the door of the inn on the Marine Parade at Brighton! To-morrow perhaps I shall dream out the rest. But are the waking fancies of life much less confused? Castles in the air, for good and for evil;—nothing but castles in the air. Some stand for minutes, some for years, some for tens[48] of years; but they all fall at last, and palace, just as easily as a miserable hut, a grave or a dungeon. But you are ever by, my Julia, either sharing the palace, adorning the hut, weeping over the grave, or consoling me in bonds. At this moment I am floating midway, without any determinate abode: I am, however, all the more ethereal and light-hearted for that; but, I must confess, with a very sleepy 'physique,' for it is three in the morning: and so I kiss your hand, and bid you good-night. But I beg you to look in your dream-book what these adventures of mine portend.

You know my favourite superstition, which I set too high a value upon to have it torn from me by chaffy reasonings. As, for instance, when an 'esprit fort' shrugs up his shoulder, (if he does not venture to turn up his nose in my face,) or a well-anointed priest says, "It is extraordinary to see how inconsistently many men refuse to believe in religion, (by which parsons always mean *their* Church and its ordinances,) and yet give way to the utmost credulity in the greatest absurdities." "But, reverend Sir," I ask in reply, "in what then do these absurdities consist?" "Why, the belief in sympathies, in dreams, in the influence of the stars, and so on." "But, most respected Sir, I see no inconsistency in the matter. Every reflecting man must confess that there are a number of mysterious powers in nature,—influences, and attractions, both of our earth, and of the system to which it belongs, of which many that formerly passed for fables have been discovered; others that as yet we do but suspect or divine, and cannot ascertain. It is therefore by no means contrary to reason to make one's own hypothesis concerning them, and to believe in these more or less. I do not, therefore, contest your miracles, nor your symbols;—I contest only certain other things, which many of you teach, and which are equally incomprehensible to the understanding and repugnant to the heart: for instance, a God more passionate and partial than the frailest man; infinite torments appointed by infinite love, for finite sins; arbitrarily-predestined forgiveness or damnation,—and so on. Such things can be possible only when two and two shall make five, and no superstition can approach the insanity of such a belief."

*February 22nd.*

I am just returned from a grand Almack's fancy ball, where everybody was either in some fantastic outlandish dress, or in uniform,—a 'mélange' which does not seem to me in very good taste, nor very respectful to the latter. You may imagine that my friend the Highland chieftain did not fail to appear in his national costume. It is really very handsome; in the highest degree rich, picturesque, and manly: the only thing that does not please me is the shoes with the large buckles. The sword is just in the form of one of our student's rapiers; and besides that, there is a dagger, pistols, and cartouche-box. The arms are set with precious stones; and an eagle's feather, the badge of a chieftain, adorns the cap.

I escorted two ladies to the ball,—the one a good-natured and sensible woman, still very pretty at five-and-thirty, who likes the world and is liked by it, and nurses an invalid husband with the most unremitting care. Her 'tournure' is agreeable, her disposition kind and good,—so that she is just the person 'pour en faire une amie dans le monde.' The other lady, her intimate friend, is a young and very pretty widow; not a very considerable only *seem* realities. Nobody can furnish a greater abundance of plans to architects of such castles than I. On the slightest inducement I can build a fairy person, but a good-tempered friendly little creature, who is perfectly contented if you tell her that her teeth are pearls and her eyes violets.

I had no reason to be ashamed of my ladies, either as to person or dress; but they, and all present, were eclipsed by the youthful Miss ——. She is really one of the most beautiful girls I have seen,—a little sylph,—who must have stolen her exquisite foot and her graces from another land. She is only sixteen,—wild, and mobile as quicksilver; unwearied in dancing as in frolic. I was so fortunate as to gain her good graces to-day by a lucky offering. This consisted in a 'cornet' of remarkably well-made 'bonbon' crackers, in the distribution of which she had found infinite diversion at the last ball. This indecorum had been strongly reprobated by the mammas; so that there were no more to be had at supper, as heretofore. I had providentially laid in a stock at the confectioner's, and now presented them to her unexpectedly; and I doubt whether the gift of a million of money would give poor me half the pleasure I now bestowed by such a trifle. The little thing was in an ecstacy of delight, and immediately prepared her batteries, which were the more successful, as the enemy thought themselves secure. At every explosion she laughed as if she would kill herself; and every time I met her she smiled upon me with her sparkling eyes, as sweetly as a little angel. Poor child! this perfect innocence, this overflow of happiness and joy, touched me deeply—for, alas! she will soon, like all the rest, be undeceived.

There were many other very pretty young women; but they were too 'dressées'; some were loaded with jewels and trinkets, but none were comparable to this girl.

*February 24th.*

I spent this evening at Mrs. F——'s, a very dignified and delightful woman, formerly, as it is affirmed, married to the King. She is now without influence in that region, but still universally beloved and respected,—'d'un excellent ton

et sans prétension.' I there heard some interesting details concerning Lord Liverpool: a man who, an hour before, ruled half a world with energy and sagacity, becomes an 'imbecile' from the neglect to open a vein! His predecessor, Lord Castlereagh, from the same cause commits suicide!—On how frail a tenure hangs the human intellect!

In this house one sees only 'beau monde.' Indeed there is not much of the very emptiest, the exclusive society here; or they live completely retired, that they may not come into collision with the persons they call 'Nobodies,' whom they shun with greater horror than Brahmins shun Parias. Though my station and connexions allow me to enter the sanctuary, I do not on that account disdain the world without. As a foreigner, and still more as an independent man, I take the liberty to seek enjoyment wherever I can find it, unfettered by such restrictions,—nor do I always find the most in the highest places. Even the vulgar and laughable 'singerie' of the 'parvenus' is sometimes extremely amusing, and has a much more burlesque character in England than in any other country; since wealth, establishment, and luxury,—in a word, all their 'entourage,'—are essentially the same as those of the great and high-bred; only the persons wander among them as if stripped bare.

Here occurred a long pause in my correspondence. Pardon,—I was eating my solitary dinner; a snipe stood before me, a 'mouton qui rêve' by my side. You guess who is the latter. Don't be distressed about the place on the left, for on the right is a blazing fire, and I know how much you fear that.

I shall spend the evening again at Count F——'s, who is of the Brahmin class. Have I described him to you? He is no insignificant person. Uniting French agreeableness with English solidity, he speaks both languages with nearly equal ease and fluency. Though no longer young, he is still a handsome man, and his external appearance is rendered more striking by a very noble, dignified air. Simple, and thoroughly polite, cheerful without sarcasm or malignity, his conversation amuses and satisfies, even when it is not brilliant at the moment. His wife is neither remarkable for beauty nor the contrary. She has sense, 'l'usage du grand monde, et quelque fois de la politesse;' no inconsiderable talent for music, and ten-thousand a-year. With all these materials, I need not tell you the house is an extremely pleasant one.

*February 25th.*

There is a delightful custom for the men at English balls. After the conclusion of a dance, each takes his partner on his arm, and walks about with her till the next begins. Many a man has thus time to conquer his timidity, and nothing is wanting but our large and numerous rooms to make it more agreeable. Here there is no wider field to expatiate in than down the stairs to the eating-room, and up again; still many a gentle word may be whispered in the crowd, for nobody heeds what his neighbour does.

As I am tormented on all sides to dance, (a German who does not waltz appears incomprehensible here,) and do not like it, I have given out that I am restrained by a vow, and leave it to be inferred that it is a tender one. The ladies do not know how to reconcile this with the persuasion that I came here in search of a wife, which they stoutly maintain. Thank Heaven! I find my tranquillity quite undisturbed. * * *

A poor Englishman here is in much worse plight. He threw himself off the pier to-day, being, as the English say, 'crossed in love,' and only yesterday he was dancing as if stung by a tarantula. The poor fellow must have been like the turkeys that are made to dance ballets in Paris by being set on a metal plate, under which a fire is lighted. The spectator who sees their convulsive bounds, thinks they are very merry, while the poor things are burning by inches.

I have often complained that Brighton has no vegetation; but the sun sets in the sea, and the cloud-pictures by which they are accompanied, exceed all I ever beheld in variety. To-day it had rained all day, and in the evening, when it cleared up, a dark range of mountains formed itself above the watery mirror, gradually acquiring a firmer consistency as the sun reached the highest peak, and broke through the black masses as if with clefts of flaming gold; I thought I saw Vesuvius again, streaming with lava. After I had attended this magnificent 'coucher' of the monarch of the heavens till its last moment, I wandered about the bare downs till it was perfectly dark, scouring hill and dale on my swift steed. Probably he too had pictures in his fancy which urged him to greater speed,—enticing visions of oats and hay.

*March 14th.*[49]

These everlasting balls, concerts, dinners, and promenades, I cannot call exactly tedious, but time-killing. Meanwhile a poor dying man has taken up his abode in my house; and his groans and complaints, which all night long reach me through the thin walls, form too sharp and melancholy a contrast with this abode of frivolity and dissipation. I can do nothing for him, so I shall leave the house to-morrow for London.

I have received both your letters, and am heartily grieved to hear that both cook and doctor are wanting at your baths. You must do everything you can to get both these important chemists, (destined by Nature to play into each other's hands,) as soon as possible, and of the best quality.

You know that a celebrated French physician, the first time he was called into a house, always began by running into the kitchen, embracing the cook, and thanking him for a new patient.

When Louis the Fourteenth grew worse and worse, and, distrusting his own physicians, consulted our Esculapius, the latter made representations to the first 'homme de bonne bouche' that he should provide fewer and simpler dishes for the King. "Allons donc, Monsieur," replied the heroic cook, embracing the physician, "mon métier est de faire manger la Roi, le votre de lui en ôter les suites. Faisons chacun le notre."

Before I left Brighton I was forced to be present at a musical 'soirée,' one of the severest trials to which foreigners in England are exposed. Every mother who has grown-up daughters, for whom she has had to pay large sums to the music-master, chooses to enjoy the satisfaction of having the youthful 'talent' admired. There is nothing therefore but quavering and strumming right and left, so that one is really overpowered and unhappy: and even if an Englishwomen has the *power* of singing, she has scarcely ever either science or manner. The men are much more agreeable 'deletanti,' for they, at least, give one the diversion of a comical farce. That a man should advance to the piano-forte with far greater confidence than a David, strike with his forefinger the note he thinks his song should begin with, and then 'entonner,' like a thunder-clap, (generally a note or two lower than the pitch,) and sing through a long 'aria' without rest or pause, and without accompaniment of any sort, except the most wonderful distortions of the face,—is a thing one must have seen to believe it possible, especially in the presence of at least fifty people. Sometimes the thing is heightened by their making choice of Italian songs; and, in their total ignorance of the

language, roaring out words, which, if they were understood by the ladies, would force them to leave the room. It did not appear to me that people constrained themselves much in laughing on these occasions: but some vocalists are far too well established in their own opinion to be disturbed by that;—once let loose upon society, they are extremely hard to call off again.

*London, Feb. 17th.*

I am once more in Albemarle Street, and after my long absence I yesterday paid no fewer than twenty-two visits; dined at a Club dinner;[50] went to a ball at the house of the above-mentioned fair Napoleonist, and closed the day with a 'soirée' at Mrs. Hope's, a very fashionable and pretty woman, wife of the author of Anastasius.

To-day I visited 'in another quarter' two Chinese ladies who also receive company here, and in a very original style too,—only one must pay one's 'entrée.' Even from the very staircase everything is arranged as if in China itself; and when you enter, and see the ladies reclining, with outstretched feet five inches in length, under an illumination of paper lanterns, you may almost fancy yourself in Canton. They claim to be of high descent,—to which their feet bear witness; for the lower classes, of course, have not this distinguishing mark. The small-footed women have so little centripedal power, that they can hardly totter from one ottoman to another without a stick.

I am a passionate admirer of small feet in women; but these are too small, and horrible to behold naked: the toes, doubled under from infancy, are literally grown into the sole. This practice is nearly as absurd as the stays of our ladies, though perhaps not quite so injurious to the health.

I bought a new pair of shoes of these princesses, which I made them try on before my eyes. I send them to you, together with several other Chinesiana, silk hangings, pictures, &c.; among others, portraits of the Emperor and Empress. The good creatures seem to me, spite of their quality, to have brought a complete warehouse with them, for the moment a thing is sold it is replaced by another. Though they have been for some time in England, they have not learned a single word of English. Their own language appeared to me very heavy and dragging; and their faces were, to a European taste, more than ugly.

*February 18th.*

The Italian Opera has commenced,—the only theatre 'du bel air,' except the French Play. As people cannot appear there but 'en toilette,' even in the pit, the effect is very brilliant. The opera however was bad, orchestra as well as singers, and the ballet likewise. The lighting of the theatre is better adapted for being seen than for seeing: in front of every box hangs a chandelier, which dazzles one very offensively, and throws the actors into the shade. The opera lasts till one o'clock, so that you have ample time to visit it without giving up other engagements. The 'trouble' has now begun in good earnest; one seldom gets home before three or four o'clock in the morning: and a man who chooses to be very 'répandu'—which the exclusives indeed do not, but which is amusing to a foreigner—may very well accept a dozen invitations for every evening.

The great world is consequently not alive before two o'clock in the afternoon. The Park hours are from four till six, when the ladies drive about by thousands in their elegant equipages and morning dresses, and the gentlemen on their beautiful horses 'voltigent' about from flower to flower, displaying all the grace Heaven has bestowed upon them. Almost all Englishmen, however, look well on horseback, and ride better and more naturally than our riding-masters, who certainly understand admirably, when they are on a horse trained to every sort of pace and speed, how to sit like a clothes-peg on a linen-line.

The green turf of the Park swarms with riders, who can ride faster there than in the 'corso.' Among them are many ladies, who manage their horses as skilfully and steadily as the men.

But Miss Sally is now led out before my door, and snorts impatiently on the macadamized pavement. My letter is long enough:—a thousand greetings to all who are good enough to remember me, and the most affectionate farewell to you!

Your friend L——.

## LETTER XIV.

*London, March 25th.*

Dearest and best,

It would be too tiresome if I sent you a daily list of the parties I go to: I shall only mention them when anything strikes me as remarkable; and perhaps hereafter, if I feel the inclination and the power, I shall give you a general 'apperçu' of the whole. The technical part of social life—the arrangements for physical comfort and entertainment—is well understood here. The most distinguished specimen of this is the house of the Duke of D——, a king of fashion and elegance.

Very few persons of rank have what we, on the Continent, call a palace, in London. Their palaces, their luxury and their grandeur, are to be seen in the country. The Duke of D—— is an exception;—his palace in town displays great taste and richness, and a numerous collection of works of art. The company is always the most select; and though here, as everywhere, too numerous, is rendered less oppressive by the number of rooms: still it is too much like a crowd at a fair. The concerts at D—— House, particularly, are very fine entertainments, where only the very first talent to be found in the metropolis is engaged, and where perfect order combined with boundless profusion reigns throughout. Among other things, the arrangement of the suppers and 'buffets,' which are excellent in such crowded parties, is most recommendable. In a separate room is a long table, with the most delicate and choice refreshments of every kind, so placed that it is accessible to the guests only on one side. Behind it stand maid-servants, in a uniform of white gowns and black aprons, who give everybody what he asks for, and have room enough to do their ministering conveniently: behind them is a door communicating with the 'offices,' through which everything needful is handed to them without disturbance to the company;—the disagreeable procession of troops of men-servants balancing great trays and pushing about the 'salons' with them, always in danger of discharging their contents, cold or warm, into the laps or pockets of the company, is thus avoided.

The supper is served at a later hour, by male attendants, in another room, which communicates with the kitchen. The waiting is far better, with much fewer people, than on the Continent, and accomplished without the least confusion.

I must observe, by the by, as to 'bonne chère,' that the very best in the world is to be found at the first tables in London: they have the best French cooks and the best Italian confectioners, for the very simple reason that they pay them best. I am told there are cooks who receive twelve hundred a year here;—to merit, its crown!

Sometimes, after concert and supper, at two in the morning dancing begins, and one drives home by sunlight. This suits me admirably, for you know I always had the taste of Minerva's bird. In such a night-morning I often enjoy a drive in the Park; for, thank heaven! Spring is visibly coming, and the tender green of the young leaves and the pink almond blossoms peep forth over the garden-walls and amid the dark net-work of the swelling branches.

*March 26th.*

I devoted this morning to an excursion to Deptford, to see Captain Parry's ship, the Hecla, which is to sail in a few days for the North Pole. Whether she will reach it, is another matter: I wish it may not fare with Parry as with poor Count Zambeccari, who to this hour is not returned from his last ærial voyage.

Captain Parry did the honours of his singular vessel with great politeness; his air and manner perfectly bespeak the frank, determined, gallant seaman he is known to be. Some curiously formed boats, which were likewise to serve as sledges, lay on the deck. The ship herself has double sides, filled with cork, to keep in the heat; she is also warmed by 'conduits de chaleur.' The provisions consist of the strongest extracts; so that a whole ox in his quintessence can be put in a man's coat-pocket, like the stereotype editions of the 'chef d'œuvres' of the whole literature of England in one volume. All the officers seemed picked men. I found Captain Ross, who has accompanied Captain Parry in all his voyages, a very polished and agreeable man. The ship was thronged with visiters, climbing in a continual stream up the rope-ladder. It was impossible to look without intense interest on a crew who were going to confront such toils and dangers, in the light-hearted and enterprising spirit of their class, solely for the advancement of science and the satisfaction of a noble curiosity.

I was invited to dine in barracks by a Major of the Horse Guards. There is a most advantageous custom prevalent throughout the English army,—I mean the so-called 'Mess.' Each regiment has its common table, to which every officer is bound to contribute a certain sum, whether he choose to avail himself of it or not. By this he is entitled to the privilege of dining at it daily, and of bringing an occasional guest according to some established regulations. A committee superintends the economical part. Each officer presides at table in turn, from the colonel down to the youngest lieutenant, and is invested, so long as he is 'en fonction,' with the requisite authority. The 'ton' of the officers is excellent; far more 'gentleman-like' than that commonly to be found on the Continent; at least so I am bound to conclude from this sample. Although the strictest subordination prevails in service, yet when that is over, they meet as gentlemen, so entirely on an equality, that it were impossible for a stranger to discover from their deportment the superior from the subordinate officers. The table was admirably served. There was not wanting either an elegant service of plate, or champagne, claret, or any of the requisites of luxury. The dinner was followed by no excess; and the conversation, though perfectly unconstrained and cheerful, was confined within the bounds of decorum and good breeding. To crown all, the whole did not last too long; so that I had still time to pay some visits at the opera, which is convenient enough for that purpose.

*March 28th.*

In most companies pretty high play is the order of the day, and the ladies are the most eager players. The crowding to the 'écarté' table, which is almost out of fashion at Paris, is incessant; and the white arms of the English beauties appear to great advantage on the table-covers of black velvet embroidered with gold. But if their arms are dangerous, their hands are still more so, 'car les vieilles surtout trichent impitoyablement.' There are some old maids whom one meets in the first society who make a regular trade of play, so that they carry off fifty pounds at a stroke without changing a feature. They have small parties at their own houses, which are as 'like tripots' as possible.

In no country can the admirer of 'le moyen age,' 'fair, fat and forty,' meet more women in high preservation than in England. Even still more mature years do not obliterate all pretensions.

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I closed my day with reading and whist at the Club. My party was most curiously composed;—the Portuguese Ambassador, who is strikingly like Napoleon; a Neapolitan ex-minister, brought hither by the failure of the revolution; the Frenchman whom I described to you at Brighton; and my German insignificance, who however this time gained the victory; for I won eight rubbers and two 'Monkeys.' What is a 'Monkey?' you ask. Fashion has given strange names to the markers. One for twenty-five pounds is called a Poney; and one for fifty, a 'Monkey.'

*April 3rd.*

You are accustomed to follow me from the palace to the cottage, and from the decorated room to more beautiful nature. To-day I must introduce you to my dentist, the celebrated Mr. Cartwright. This gentleman is said to make ten thousand a year by his profession, and exercises it in the most 'grandiose' style. In the first place he goes to no one, excepting the King: every subject, male or female, must wait on him. But this is not all;—you must announce yourself a week or fortnight beforehand, and solicit an audience: you then receive a card containing the following answer:—

"Mr. Cartwright will have the pleasure of receiving N—— N—— on such a day and such an hour."

You appear at the appointed time, and are ushered into an elegant room, where a piano-forte, prints, books and other helps to pass time are placed; a very necessary attention, as you often have to wait an hour or more.

When I entered, I found the Duchess of Montrose and Lady Melville and her daughters, who were called away 'gradatim,' so that at length my turn came.

When you have once reached this point, you find indeed infinite reason to be satisfied; for Mr. Cartwright is the most skilful and scientific man of his profession I ever met with,—perfectly devoid of all trace of 'charlatanerie,' which the difficulty of access might lead you to anticipate. He has also a settled price, and not an exorbitant one, —'mais c'est un Grand Seigneur dentiste.'

In the evening, after wandering to four or five places in search of something interesting, I at last fixed myself at Lady ——'s where I was riveted by the conversation of a Captain ——, a half German who is just returned from the East, and gave a very interesting account of his travels. Among other things he told me the following strange anecdotes of Lady Hester Stanhope, a niece of Pitt's, who left England many years ago, turned Arab, and has established herself in Syria.

She is now honoured by the Arabs as a prophet, lives with all the state of a native princess, and seldom allows Europeans to see her.

After a great deal of trouble Captain —— gained access to her. The first thing she required was his promise that he would not write anything about her. This vow being made, (luckily I am bound by none such,) she was cheerful and conversable, and talked with equal ease and cleverness. She made it no secret that she had renounced the Christian faith, and at the same time that she still looked for the appearing of the true Son of God, before whom she was appointed to prepare the way. Hereupon she showed the Captain a noble Arab mare, which had a curious bony excrescence on the back exactly in the form of a saddle. "This horse," said she,—with a look of which Captain —— declared he was still in doubt whether to ascribe to madness or to a desire to hoax him,—"This horse God has saddled for his own Son, and wo to the man who shall dare to mount it! Under my protection it awaits its true master."

She afterwards assured him, 'en passant,' that Adam was still living, and that she knew perfectly the place of his concealment, but would not reveal it.

The lady of the house listened to his narration, and assured him that Lady Hester had been only 'quizzing' him; for that she had known her well, and that never had woman a clearer, more determined, and at the same time more astute mind. For a person of such a character, she has made a good exchange in renouncing Western for Eastern life. She rules; she is free as bird in air; while in the centre of civilization she would never have been able to subtract herself from the slavery which must ever remain, more or less, the dark side of civilized life.

*April 4th.*

Sir Alexander Johnston, a great Orientalist, but in another sense of the word, invited me to dinner, and seasoned the repast by his intelligent and learned conversation. He has effected many important things in his department; but we, dear Julia, are both of us too ignorant on the subject for me to attempt to give you an account of them. One thing however will interest you. He told me of a cachemir shawl of Tippo Saib's, embroidered in gold, and silks of all colours, ten ells long and worth a thousand pounds—a thing well calculated to set a female imagination on fire.

*April 6th.*

Can you tell me why all objects reflected by art give us only pleasure, whereas all realities have at least one defective side? We see the torments of Laocoon in marble with undisturbed delight,[51] while the actual scene would excite simply horror. A Dutch fish-market, represented with perfect fidelity by a humorous painter, charms us, and our pleasure increases as we follow out the details; in the real market, we should pass along rapidly with averted eyes and nose. The joys and sorrows of the hero of a poem or work of imagination affect us in like manner with deep pleasure, while we feel only pain at actual sufferings, and actual joys ever appear incomplete and imperfect. Even happiness, supposing it to be attained, always brings with it the bitter thought, How long will it last? Well, therefore does Schiller say, "Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst." (Serious, or stern, is life, cheerful is art.) Art alone,—the creation of fancy,—procures unmingled pleasure; and therefore let us, dear Julia, never cease to rejoice that an active creative fancy is stirring within us, and sometimes procures us enjoyments which reality cannot bestow. Shall I then prepare for myself such an innocent festival, and fly across the sea to you? we have been but too long asunder.

How beautiful does everything appear to me! It is spring;—the violets send forth enchanting fragrance after the heavy shower; swallows are twittering in the air, and pretty little water-wagtails are running merrily round the lake. And now the sun breaks from behind the last lingering dark cloud, in all his majesty, and draws strange characters on the distant mountains. The old limetrees around us gleam like emeralds; gay butterflys try their light wings, and frolic, as if drunk with joy, over the grassy carpet. Bees hum busily around the thousand fresh flowers, and green beetles glitter in the sunlight. But now a splendid bow arises out of the west, spans the blue sky above the castle, and sinks on the black pine-forest. Now is the cheerful white-covered table set, and decked with polished utensils. The juicy fruits of the hot-house, hyacinthine Xeres in crystal cups, and champagne covered with thick mist, from the ice, await the guests:—and see who advances slowly and gravely among the shrubs, with that dignified air?

Ah, it is you, dear Julia, I exclaim enraptured—fly towards you, and

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Thus does fancy paint. What however in reality unhinges me is, that it is a long time since I had a letter from you, and I really want one to restore my nerves. But I must dress for a couple of 'Russian steam balls' as they ought to be called.

*April 7th.*

As the Lord Mayor has invited me to his great dinner, I rode into the city this morning to call on him: this is rather a perilous enterprise, with a fidgetty horse. Once I got so entangled in the crowd, that I was absolutely forced to turn my horse on the 'trottoir.' This the people regarded as an invasion of their rights; and not observing that necessity drove me thither, began to abuse me, and some to strike my horse: a huge gigantic carter held up his fist and challenged me to box with him: as however I felt no inclination to make this practical application of the lessons I have taken in the 'noble art of self-defence,' I pressed forward to a small gap which happily offered itself, and made my escape.

I dined with Count Munster, a noble representative of Germany, who has endeavoured as far as possible to preserve German simplicity in his household. Everybody knows his distinguished qualities as a statesman: he is not less remarkable for his agreeable manners and talents in social and domestic life.

Since his residence in England, he has designed and painted the decorations for his castle in the Harz, with great taste and skill; and his wife's paintings on glass are very beautiful: in a few years all the windows of the castle

chapel will be adorned with her own works. The German housewife however is no mere modern bel-esprit, or artist, but, like one of the knightly dames who are the subjects of her pencil, she takes care to have excellent beer brewed in her own house:—she gave me some, which I drank with all the gratitude of a guest in the hall of Valhalla.

In the evening a great fête at Lord Hertford's, with concert, ball, French-play, &c., assembled the fashionable and half-fashionable world[52] in a magnificent and tastefully furnished house. The singularity in it is, that all the rooms are decorated in the same manner,—flesh-coloured stucco and gold, with black bronze, very large looking-glasses, and curtains of crimson and white silk. This uniformity produces a very 'grandiose' effect. One room alone (of extraordinary size for London) is white and gold, carpeted with scarlet cloth, and with furniture and curtains of the same colour.

The company, 'c'est a dire la foule,' was not more vivacious than usual, and the whole affair 'magnifiquement ennuyex.'

Another house worth seeing is that of the great banker ——, especially on account of the fine collection of pictures. Here is also that triumph of modern sculpture, Thorwaldson's Jason, and some valuable antiques. On a sort of terrace on part of the house are hanging-gardens; and though the shrubs have only three feet of earth, they grow very luxuriantly.

The lady of the gardens is however no Semiramis; 'il s'en faut,' whatever she may think * * *

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I could not help comparing her with her far more wealthy rival Madame R——, and remarking how far the Jewish golden queen surpassed the Christian one in cordial amiability and external dignity and good-breeding.

*April 8th.*

What contributes much to the 'dullness' of English society, is the haughty aversion which Englishmen (note well that I mean in their own country, for 'abroad' they are ready enough to make advances) show to addressing an unknown person; if he should venture to address them, they receive it with the air of an insult. They sometimes laugh at themselves for this singular incivility, but no one makes the least attempt to act differently when an opportunity offers.

There is a story that a lady saw a man fall into the water, and earnestly entreated the dandy who accompanied her, and who was a notoriously good swimmer, to save his life. Her friend raised his 'lorgnette' with the phlegm indispensable to a man of fashion, looked earnestly at the drowning man, whose head rose for the last time, and calmly replied, "It's impossible, Madam, I never was introduced to that gentleman."

I made the acquaintance of a man of very different manners this evening; the Persian Chargé d'Affaires, an Asiatic of very pleasant address, and whose splendid costume and black beard were only deformed, in my eyes, by the Persian peaked cap of black sheepskin. He speaks very good English, and made very acute observations on European society. Among other things he said, that though in many respects we were much further advanced than they, yet that all their views of existence were of a firmer and more composed character; that every man reconciled himself to his lot; whereas he remarked here an incessant fermentation, an everlasting discontent, both of masses and of individuals; nay, he confessed that he felt himself infected by it, and should have great trouble, on his return to Persia, to fall back into that old happy track, in which a man who is unfortunate consoles himself, exclaiming, "Whose dog am I then, to want to be happy?"

This indeed furnishes ample matter for reflection to the pursuers of the ideal, to which secret association I, alas! belong.

A ball at Mrs. Hope's was very splendid, 'mais c'est toujours la même chose.' In a party to which I went before this, I was presented to the Duke of Gloucester. I only mention the fact for the sake of remarking, that the English Princes of the Blood observe a much more courteous sort of etiquette than most of those on the Continent: the Duke, who was playing whist, rose from the table, and did not sit down again till our short conversation was ended.

But let me go back for a moment to the beginning of the day.

The gardens of the neighbourhood are now in full bloom, the weather is fine, and my ride this morning brought me about thirty miles from town. In variety and richness the suburbs of London surpass those of any other capital; which here and there display natural beauties, but never that exquisite mixture of nature and the highest cultivation, —never at least in any considerable masses.

I should have gladly ridden further and further, and returned at length with great regret. The meadows around me were so luxuriant, that it was only at a distance they looked green; when you were near them they were embroidered with blue, yellow, red, and lilac, like a carpet of Tournay. The cows were wading up to their bellies in the gay flowers, or resting under the shadow of huge domes of foliage, impenetrable to every ray of sun. It was magnificent, and adorned with a richness which art can never reach. In an hour's riding I reached a hill where the ruins of a church stood in the midst of a garden. The sun darted its rays from behind a cloud athwart the whole sky, like a huge torch, the centre of which rested directly on the metropolis of the world,—the immeasurable Babel which lay outstretched with its thousand towers, and its hundred thousand sins, its fog and smoke, its treasures and its misery, further than the eye could reach. It was in vain! I must plunge into it again, from the spring and its bursting blossoms, from the green meadows—again into the macadamized slough,—into the everlasting dead monotony,—into dinners and routs.

Accept my farewell—my next letter will go on to tell what became of Daniel in the lion's den.

Your faithful friend
L——.

## LETTER XV.

*London, April 15th, 1827.*

Dearest Friend,

At length the long-desired letter is arrived, and another in its company. Why was it so long on the road?—'Quien sabbe?' as the South Americans say. Probably the official reader was lazy, and let it lie by him some time before he would take the trouble to re-seal it dexterously.

But, dear Julia, how pretty and tender is your poem—a new talent, which I never discovered in you before. Yes, may God grant that "all your tears may turn to flowers, to adorn us and refresh us with their fragrance!" and that this beautiful and loving prophecy may soon be fulfilled! And yet the fairest flowers would be too dearly bought, for me, at that price. *Your* tears at least ought not to flow to produce them.

What you say of H——, "qu'il se sent misérable parcequ'il n'est fier que par orgueil et libéral que par bassesse" is striking, and will unfortunately suit too many liberals.

I wrote to you on the occasion in question, that you should think only of yourself; and you reply, that I am yourself. Best and kindest! yes, one self we will remain wherever we may be; and had men guardian spirits, ours must act in common: but here we have no other tutelary genius than that moral strength which Heaven has given us.

And is it really so melancholy in M——? You tell me of storms and torrents of rain that threaten destruction. But a fortnight has passed since that was written—before this reaches you it will be a month. I shall hope therefore that you are reading it in the midst of the green spring, with every thing blooming around you, and with the zephyr fanning you instead of the furious wind. I told my old B——dt that there were terrible storms in M——. "Ja, ja," replied he, "those are the Brighton ones." If you had known that, dearest Julia, you would have thought them more agreeable, for they would have brought you the latest news of your friend. I beg you to give my most sincere and heartfelt thanks to our honoured Premier. Were all of his class like him, how much more popular would government be! Were all Ministers as high-minded and as upright, how would the universal discontent be diminished! and how much more free and independent would they themselves be of those many weights which drag them down, just when it is most necessary they should soar!

All goes on here as usual. This evening, a splendid fête at Lord H——'s closed the Easter festivities. Most fashionable people now make another short stay in the country, and in a fortnight hence *the season proper* begins. I am going back to Brighton for a few days, but shall wait for the Lord Mayor's dinner.

*April 16th.*

This took place to-day in Guildhall; and now that I have recovered from the fatigue, I am extremely glad I went.

It lasted full six hours, and six hundred people were present. The tables were set parallel from the top to the bottom of the hall, with the exception of one which was placed across it, at the top. At this the Lord Mayor himself and his most distinguished guests were seated. The 'coup d'œil' from hence was imposing;—the vast hall and its lofty columns, the tables extending further than the eye could reach, and the huge mirrors behind them, so that they seemed prolonged to infinity. The brilliant illumination turned night into day; and two bands of music, in a balcony at the end of the hall opposite to us, played during the toasts, which were all of a national character. The Lord Mayor made six-and-twenty speeches, long and short, well and truly counted. A foreign diplomate also ventured upon one, but with very bad success, and had it not been for the good-nature of the audience, who called out 'Hear, hear!' every time he was at fault, till he had collected himself again, he must have stuck fast, and so remained.

At every toast which the Lord Mayor gave, a sort of master of the ceremonies decorated with a silver chain, who stood behind his chair, called aloud, 'My lords and gentlemen, fill your glasses!' The ladies were frightfully dressed, and with a 'tournure' to match. I was seated next to an American, the niece of a former President of the United States, as she told me,—but I really forget which. It is to be presumed that her red hair and Albino complexion are not common among her countrywomen, or their beauty would not be so celebrated. Her conversation, however, was very clever, and had something of the humour of Washington Irving.

At twelve o'clock the ball began. It must have been curious enough, from the motley character of the company: I was, however, so tired with sitting six mortal hours at dinner, in full uniform, that I drove home as fast as I could, and for once went to bed at midnight.

*Brighton, April 17th.*

In this morning's paper we read the speech of the diplomate I mentioned to you:—N. B. not what it was, but what it ought to have been,—which is often the case.

Immediately after breakfast I drove out with Count D——, a very merry, amusing Dane, and spent the evening at Lady ——'s, where I met many of the persons I had seen here before: and Lady ——, whom you remember at Paris as the object of the Duke of Wellington's adorations.

A propos of him,—do you read the newspapers? Here is a great crisis in the political world. Canning's appointment as Premier has given such offence to the other Ministers, that seven have resigned, and only three remain in place. It is said that the party will find it difficult to go on without some of them,—for instance, Lord Melville. The Duke of Wellington also loses considerably by the change. He who was all in all, is now declared, with the usual exaggeration of party spirit, "politically dead." There is, however, something magnanimous in thus sacrificing one's personal views to one's opinions. Caricatures rain upon the defeated, and some of them are very witty. The old Lord Chancellor Eldon, who is very unpopular, is particularly ill-treated. So is Earl W——, a singular old man, who has the most preposterous aristocratical haughtiness, looks like a mummy, and spite of his eighty years, is daily to be seen crossing St. James's park on a fast-trotting horse, with the velocity of a bird.

*Brighton, April 20th.*

To-day I have had full experience how dangerous the fogs here may become. I had not thought of this in London, where the scenes they occasion are generally only ludicrous.

An acquaintance had lent me his hunter, as I had left mine in London, and I determined to ride, in a direction as yet unknown to me, towards what is called the Devil's Dyke. I had already ridden some miles over the smooth turf, when suddenly the air was obscured, and in a few minutes I could not see ten steps before me. Thus it remained; nor did there appear the least hope of its clearing. I passed an hour in riding to and fro in search of a tracked road;—my light clothing was soaked through, the air ice-cold, and had night overtaken me, the prospect was not the most

agreeable. In this extremity, wholly unacquainted with the country, it happily occurred to me to give my old horse, who had often hunted over these downs, completely his own way. In a few paces after he felt himself perfectly free he turned short about, and set off at a pretty brisk gallop directly down the hill upon which I was. I took good care not to disturb him, spite of the obscurity around me, even when he broke through a field of high prickly broom and furze, over which he leapt like a hare. A few inconsiderable hedges and ditches of course retarded him still less; and after half an hour's pretty hard running, the good beast brought me safely to the entrance of Brighton, though on the opposite side to that from which I had set out. I was heartily glad to get off so well, and seriously determined to be more prudent in this land of fog for the future.

I generally spend my evenings at Lady K——'s or Mrs. F——'s, and play écarté and whist with the men, or loo with the young ladies. These small circles are much more agreeable than the great parties of the metropolis. There, every art is understood but the art of society. Thus, for instance, musicians, artists, poets, and men of talent generally, are invited merely as fashionable decorations; to live with them, to extract enjoyment from their conversation, or from their genius, is a thing utterly unknown. All real cultivation has a political character and tendency; party spirit, and the fashionable spirit of caste pervade all society. Hence arises not only a universal 'décousu,' but a rigorous division of the several elements; which, combined with the naturally unsocial temper of Englishmen, must render a residence among them unpleasant to every foreigner, unless he either has access to the most intimate family circles, or can take a lively interest in political affairs.

The happiest and the most respectable class in England is, without all doubt, the middle class, whose political activity is confined to the improvement of their own immediate province, and among whom tolerably just views and principles generally prevail. People of this unfashionable class are also the only truly hospitable, and are wholly devoid of the arrogant airs so disgusting in their superiors. They do not run after a foreigner; but if he comes in their way, they treat him with kindness and sympathy. They love their country passionately, but without any view to personal interest,—without hope of sinecures, or intrigue for place. They are often ridiculous, but always deserving of respect, and their national egotism is restricted within more reasonable bounds than that of their superiors.

It may now be said with equal truth of England as it formerly was of France, 'que les deux bouts du fruit sont gâtés,'—the aristocracy and the mob. The former unquestionably holds a most noble station: but without great moderation, *without great concessions made to reason and to the spirit of the times*, they will perhaps not occupy this station half a century longer. I once said as much to Prince E——; he laughed in my face,—'mais nous verrons.'

I send you a few excerpts from the newspapers, to give you an idea of the freedom of the press.

1st. "Every ship in the Navy ought to hoist her colours; for Lord Melville was an incubus that weighed down the service. Meritorious officers may now have a chance,—under Lord Melville they had none."

2nd. "We hear from good authority that the Great Captain takes extraordinary pains to get into the Cabinet again, but in vain. This *spoiled child of fortune* ought not to have imagined that his resignation could for a moment have embarrassed the government. We believe, however, that he is not the only ex-Minister who already bitterly repents his folly and arrogance."

3rd. "The Ministerial Septemvirate who wanted to extort power, are much indebted to Mr. Hume's new Act. According to the old law, servants who tried to extort higher wages from their masters were very properly sent to the tread-mill."

4th. "We are assured that a great Septemvir has offered to re-enter the service, on condition that he be made Directing Minister, Grand Constable, and Archbishop of Canterbury."

Our Ministers would stare not a little if our blotting-paper journals were to make as free with them.

To-morrow I return to *town*: for as the Romans formerly called Rome "the city," so do the English call London "town."

*London, April 22nd.*

I arrived just in time to be present at a dinner-party at the new Premier's, to which I received an invitation in Brighton.

This distinguished man is as remarkable for the grace and charm with which he does the honours of his house, as for the eloquence with which he carries away his auditors. 'Bel esprit' and statesman by turns, he wants nothing but better health: he seemed to me very unwell and suffering. Mrs. Canning is also a very intelligent woman. I have been assured that she holds the newspaper department, *i. e.* that she reads them, and informs her husband of all the important matter they contain; nay, even that she has occasionally written articles herself.

A concert of Countess ——'s was very fully attended. Galli and Pasta, who are arrived, and will greatly raise the state of the Opera, sang. The rooms were choke-ful, and several young men lay on the carpet at the feet of their ladies, with their heads luxuriously reclined against the cushions of the sofas on which their fair ones were seated. This Turkish fashion is really very delightful; and I wondered extremely that C—— did not introduce it in Berlin, and deposit himself for once at the feet of one of the ladies in waiting. The Berliners would have thought this 'charmant' (as they call it) in the English Ambassador.

*April 25th.*

After a long interval I re-visited the theatre. I was in good luck, for Liston acted 'à mourir derire,' in a little farce the scene of which is laid in Paris in the time of Louis the Fifteenth. A rich English merchant, tormented with the spleen, goes to that city for amusement. Scarcely is he fairly settled in his hotel when the minister of police is announced, and presently enters, admirably dressed in the costume of the time. He discloses to the astonished citizen that the police is on the track of a notorious gang of thieves, who, suspecting that he had a great deal of money with him, had laid a plan to break into his house that night, and to rob and murder him. The minister adds, that every thing now depends on his own behaviour; that if he shows the slightest consciousness, if he appears less cheerful than usual, or does any thing unwonted betraying anxiety, he will probably hasten the proceedings of the robbers, and in that case that the police could not be answerable for his safety—indeed that his life would probably be in the greatest danger, for that it was not sure that the people of the house were not in the plot;—he must therefore go to bed at ten o'clock as usual, and let matters take their course.

Mr. Jackson, more dead than alive at this intelligence, wants instantly to leave the house. But the minister gravely replies that this can by no means be suffered, and would be no security to him; for that the robbers would discover his new residence, and then make more sure of their prey. “Make yourself perfectly easy,” concludes Monsieur de Sartines, “all will be well if you do but put a good face upon the affair.”

You may easily imagine what ludicrous scenes are produced by the continual efforts of the old merchant to conceal the horrible fright he is in. Meanwhile his servant, a true Englishman, always thirsty, finds some wine in a closet and eagerly drinks it. It turns out to be antimonial wine, and in a few minutes he is seized with violent sickness; his master instantly concludes that the plan is to poison, instead of shooting or stabbing him. At this moment the hostess comes in with a cup of chocolate. In a transport of rage and terror, Liston seizes her by the throat, and forces her to drink the chocolate; which, after some surprise at the oddness of English manners, she very willingly does. Liston’s by-play during this, and the manner in which, suddenly recollecting his promise, he bursts into a convulsive laugh, and tries to turn it off as a jest, is unspeakably droll. At length ten o’clock arrives; and after many burlesque incidents, Mr. Jackson goes to bed in his velvet breeches, lays a sword and pistols by his side, and draws the curtains quite close. It unfortunately happens, that the daughter of the host has a love-affair, and had given her lover ‘rendezvous’ in this very room before the stranger had engaged the lodging. To avoid discovery she glides softly in, puts out the light cautiously, and goes to the window, at which her lover is already climbing in. As soon as he springs into the middle of the room, and begins to speak, groans of terror are heard from the bed: first one pistol falls down with a clatter, then another; the curtain opens; Liston makes a feeble thrust with the sword, which falls from his trembling hand, throws himself out of bed, and in his curious costume falls on his knees before the girl, who is as terrified as himself, and pitiously implores mercy, while the lover slily conceals himself behind the bed. The door is thrown open, and the minister of police enters with torches, to inform the trembling Jackson that the band of robbers is taken; and adds, with a smile, as he looks at the group, “I congratulate you that you have found so agreeable a way of passing the time.”

*April 26th.*

A strange place I have visited to-day! A church called the Areopagus, in which a clergyman, the Rev. Robert Taylor, preaches *against* Christianity, and permits anyone publicly to oppose him. He has retained only one thing of the Anglo-Christian church—to make you pay a shilling for your seat. Mr. Taylor has some learning, and is no bad speaker, but as passionate a fanatic for the destruction of Christianity as some others are for its support. He says strong things—sometimes true, often false; sometimes witty, and sometimes utterly indecorous. The place was thronged with hearers of all classes.—In a nation which is at so very low a point of religious education, it is easy to understand that a negative apostle of this sort may attract a great concourse. In Germany, where the people are far advanced in the rational path of gradual reform, an undertaking of the kind would fill some with pious horror, would attract nobody, and would justly disgust all,—even if the police did not render such an exhibition impossible.

The first Almack’s ball took place this evening: and from all I had heard of this celebrated assembly, I was really curious to see it; but never were my expectations so disappointed. It was not much better than at Brighton. A large bare room, with a bad floor, and ropes around it, like the space in an Arab camp parted off for the horses; two or three small naked rooms at the side, in which were served the most wretched refreshments; and a company into which, spite of the immense difficulty of getting tickets, a great many ‘Nobodies’ had wriggled; in which the dress was generally as tasteless as the ‘tournure’ was bad;—this was all. In a word, a sort of inn-entertainment:—the music and the lighting the only good things. And yet Almack’s is the culminating point of the English world of fashion.

This overstrained simplicity had, however, originally a motive. People of real fashion wished to oppose something extremely cheap to the monstrous ‘faste’ of the rich ‘parvenus;’ while the institution of Lady-patronesses, without whose approbation no one could be admitted, would render it inaccessible to them. Money and bad company (in the aristocratic sense of the word) have however, forced their way: and the only characteristic which has been retained is the unseemly place, which is not unlike the ‘local’ of a shooting ball in our large towns, and forms a most ludicrous contrast with the general splendour and luxury of England.

*May 1st.*

At E——’s this morning I found Prince S——, who is just come from the coronation at Moscow by way of Brazil; (such is the ease and rapidity of travelling in our times.) For natural beauty, he gave the preference to the island of Madeira, over every country he had seen. He was but just eight days in coming from thence to London, which has set me longing to make the excursion as soon as the season is over.

From four o’clock in the afternoon till ten, I sat in the House of Commons; crowded, in horrible heat, most uncomfortably seated; and yet with such eager, excited attention, that the six hours passed like a moment.

There is something truly great in such a representative assembly! This simplicity of exterior; this dignity and experience; this vast power without, and absence of all pomp within!

The debate this evening was moreover of the highest interest. Most of the former Ministers have, as you know, resigned; among them, some of the most influential men in England, and (since Napoleon’s and Blücher’s death) the greatest Commander in Europe. Canning, the champion of the liberal party, has defeated this Ministry, and is, spite of all their efforts, become head of the new one, the formation of which was left to him, according to the usual custom here. But the whole power of the exasperated ultra-aristocracy and their dependants presses upon him; and even one of his most particular friends, a commoner like himself, is among the resigning Ministers, and has joined the hostile party. This gentleman (Mr. Peel) to-day opened the attack, in a long and clever speech, though full of repetition. It would lead me too far, and greatly exceed the bounds of a correspondence like ours, were I to go into the details of the present political questions. My object is only to give you an idea of the tactic with which on the one side, the leader of the new Opposition headed the attack, and was followed by several more obscure combatants, who planted a stroke here and there; while on the other, the old Opposition, the Whigs, (who now support the liberal ministry with all their might,) more skilfully commenced with their musketry, and reserved the heavy fire of their great gun, Brougham. In a magnificent speech which flowed on like a clear stream, he tried to disarm his opponent; now tortured him with sarcasms; now taking a higher flight, wrought upon the sensibility, or convinced the reason of his hearers. I must attempt to give you a specimen of this extraordinary piece of eloquence.[53]

The orator closed with the solemn declaration, that he was perfectly impartial; that he *could* be impartial; for that it was his fixed determination never, and on no terms, to accept a place in an Administration of these kingdoms. [54]

I had heard and admired Brougham before. No man ever spoke with greater fluency,—hour after hour, in a clear unbroken stream of eloquence,—with a fine and distinct organ,—riveting the attention,—without once halting, or pausing,—without repeating, recalling, or mistaking a word; defects which frequently deform Mr. Peel's speeches. Brougham speaks as a good reader reads from a book. Nevertheless, it seems to me that you perceive only extraordinary talent, formidable pungent wit, and rare presence of mind:—the heart-warming power of *genius*, such as flows from Canning's tongue, he possesses, in my opinion, in a far lower degree.

Canning, the hero of the day, now rose.—If his predecessor might be compared to a dexterous and elegant boxer, Canning presented the image of a finished antique gladiator. All was noble, refined, simple;—then suddenly, at one splendid point, his eloquence burst forth like lightning—grand and all-subduing. A kind of languor and weakness, apparently the consequence of his late illness and of the load of business laid upon him, seemed somewhat to diminish his energy, but perhaps increased his influence over the feelings.

His speech was, in every point of view, the most complete, as well as the most irresistably persuasive;—the crown and glory of the debate. Never shall I lose the impression which this, and that other celebrated speech of his on the affairs of Portugal, made upon me. Deeply did I feel on each of these occasions, that the highest power man can exercise over his brother man,—the most dazzling splendour with which he can surround himself, before which that of the most successful warrior pales like the light of phosphorus in the sun,—lies in the divine gift of eloquence. Only to the great master in this godlike art is it given to affect the heart and mind of a whole nation with that sort of magnetic somnambulism, in which nothing is possible to it but blind and absolute surrender and following; while the magic rod of the magnetiser is equally absolute over rage and gentleness, over war and peace, over tears and smiles.

On the following day the House of Lords was opened under the same remarkable circumstances as the House of Commons had been, though there are no men of talents equal to Brougham, nor, above all, to Canning. Lord Ellenborough rose first, and said that the late Ministers were accused of having resigned in consequence of a combination, and of having thus been guilty of the great offence of endeavouring to abridge the constitutional prerogative of the King to change his ministers entirely at his own free will. For the preservation of their honour he must therefore claim for them to be heard fully in their own justification.—Here I saw the great Wellington in a terrible strait. He is no orator, and was compelled, 'bongré, malgré,' to enter upon his defence, like an accused person. He was considerably agitated; and this senate of his country, though composed of men whom individually, perhaps, he did not care for, appeared more imposing to him 'en masse' than Napoleon and his hundred thousands. There was, however, something touching to me in seeing the hero of this century in so subdued a situation. He stammered much, interrupted and involved himself; but at length, with the help of his party, who at every stumbling-block gave him time to collect himself by means of noise and cheers (exactly as it was with the Ambassador's speech at the Lord Mayor's feast,) he brought the matter tolerably to this conclusion,—that there was no 'conspiracy.' He occasionally said strong things,—probably stronger than he meant, for he was evidently not master of his stuff. Among other things, the following words pleased me extremely.—"I am a soldier and no orator. I am utterly deficient in the talents requisite to play a part in this great assembly. I must be more than mad if I ever entertained the insane thought (of which I am accused) of becoming Prime Minister."[55] All the Lords who had resigned made their apology in turn, as well as they could. Old Lord Eldon tried the effect of tears, which he has always at hand on great occasions: but I did not see that they produced any corresponding emotion in the audience. He was answered by the new Peer and Minister, Lord Goderich, formerly Mr. Robinson, for himself and the Premier, who, being a commoner, cannot appear in the House of Lords, though he governs England, and is become too illustrious, as Mr. Canning, to exchange that name for a title.

The new peer's speech was a very good one, but the beginning excited an universal laugh. True to long habit, he addressed the speaker of the House as "Sir." He was so 'décontenancé' at his blunder, that he put his hand to his forehead, and remained for a time speechless; but recovered his self-possession with the help of the friendly "Hear, hear!"

Lord Holland distinguished himself as usual by sharp and striking exposition; Lord King by a great deal of wit, not always in the best taste; Lord Lansdowne by calm, appropriate statement, more remarkable for good sense than for brilliancy. Lord Grey far excelled the rest in dignity of manner, a thing which English orators, almost without exception, either neglect or cannot acquire. The want of decorum, remarkable in the lower house, which is like a dirty coffee-house, and where many of the representatives of the people lie sprawling on the benches with their hats on, and talking of all sorts of trifles while their colleagues are speaking, seldom appears here. The place and the deportment are, on the contrary, suited to the senate of a great nation.

When I question myself as to the total impression of this day I must confess that it was at once elevating and melancholy;—the former when I fancied myself an Englishman, the latter when I felt that I was a German.

This twofold senate of the People of England, spite of all the defects and blemishes common to human nature which are blended in its composition, is yet something in the highest degree grand; and in contemplating its power and operation thus near at hand, one begins to understand why it is that the English nation is, as yet, the first on the face of the earth.

*May 3d.*

To-day, for a change, you shall follow me from the serious business of Parliament to the theatre.

The piece was a mere spectacle:—dramatic exhibitions of that sort are more beautifully and skilfully executed here than in any other country. I shall confine myself to describing the 'scenery.'

In a wild mountain district of Spain, a Moorish castle rises amid rocks in the distance. It is night, but the moon shines brightly in the blue heavens, and mingles her pale light with the brilliant illumination of the windows of the castle and the chapel. A road winding among the mountains is visible at many points; and at length, supported on arches of masonry, leads to the foreground.

A band of robbers now glide stealthily forth from the thicket, and conceal themselves by the road-side.—You discover from their conversation that they are lying in wait for a rich prize.

Their handsome young leader is distinguished by his commanding air and his splendid dress, in the style of the Italian banditti. After a short interval you see the castle-gates in the distance unclose, a drawbridge is let down, and a state-carriage drawn by six mules rolls along the road. Sometimes you lose it behind the mountains;—it approaches, growing larger and larger (an effect admirably produced by figures of various dimensions,) and at length comes on the stage at a brisk trot. A few shots are immediately fired by the robbers, the coachman is killed, and the plunder of the carriage goes forward amid noise and confusion. In the midst of the tumult the curtain falls.

At the beginning of the second act you see the same scene, but it excites quite different emotions. The lights in the castle are extinguished,—the moon is veiled behind a cloud. In the dim light you imperfectly distinguish the carriage, with the doors rent from the hinges. On the box lies the murdered driver; the pallid head of one of the fallen robbers is seen above a stone trench; and the handsome captain leans dying against the trunk of a tree, while his boy Gilblas is vainly trying to check the flight of the departing spirit. This half-dead, half-living picture, is extremely powerful and touching.

My morning calls were useful, for they procured me three tickets for the next Almack's; and I prevailed upon one of the most rigorous and dreaded of Patronesses to give me a ticket for a little obscure 'Miss of my acquaintance,'—an immense 'faveur!' I was, however, obliged to manœuvre and entreat a long time to obtain it. The young lady and her party nearly kissed my hands, and behaved as if they had gained the great prize in the lottery.

After Almack's, there is no way of approaching an English lady so good as politics. There has been nothing to be heard lately, whether at dinner or at the Opera, nay even at balls, but Canning and Wellington from every pretty mouth; nay, Lord E—— complained that his wife disturbed him with politics at night. She frightened him by suddenly calling out in her sleep, "Will the Premier stand or fall?"

If I improve myself in nothing else here, I shall in politics and cabriolet-driving; the latter one learns to perfection. You wind along at full speed, among carts and carriages, where you would have thought you must have stopped for minutes. A residence in such a metropolis of the world certainly tends to correct all one's small views of things: one regards them in a broader manner, and more 'en bloc.'

*May 10th.*

The eternal uniformity of the season goes on for ever. A soirée at Lady Cowper's, one of the gentlest of Lady-patronesses; another at Lady Jersey's, one of the handsomest and most distinguished women in England,—both preceded by an Indian mélodrame,—filled my evening very agreeably. The scene of the mélodrame lay in an island whose inhabitants were endowed with the delightful gift of flying. The prettiest girls came floating in in masses, like flights of cranes, and when very pressingly courted just let their wings sink; but if you were emboldened by this,—a nod—and the graceful, many-coloured folds expanded, and away they went; nor could one so much as see the slender cords by which they were drawn up.

At a dinner and soirée at Prince Polignac's there were several interesting persons; among them the Governor of Odessa, one of the most agreeable Russians I have seen, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the celebrated painter. I was told that he regularly loses at billiards (of which he makes the great mistake of fancying himself a master) the enormous sums he gains by his art. He is a man of interesting appearance, with something 'du moyen age' in his features, strongly reminding one of the pictures of the Venetian school.

Still more was I attracted by the Portuguese eyes of the Marchioness ——: Portuguese and Spanish eyes eclipse all others.

Prince Polignac's niece told me that her uncle's hair, which is perfectly white, while the rest of his appearance is youthful and agreeable, had turned gray at the age of five-and-twenty, in the course of a few weeks, from the anxiety and horror of a revolutionary dungeon.[56] He may well find the present contrast agreeable; but, alas! the Restoration cannot restore the colour of his hair. I was interested by this circumstance; for you know, my good Julia, mine has also patriotically begun to assume our national colours, white and black.

A curious foreigner who wishes to see all the gradations of social life, can hardly hold out a London season. More than forty invitations are now lying on my table,—five or six for each day. All these fête-givers must be called upon in a morning; and, to be courteous, one must go in person. 'C'est la mer à boire;' and yet on my way to parties I continually pass ten or a dozen houses which I don't know, where the same mass of carriages is standing before the door.

A ball at which I was lately present was peculiarly brilliant, and was attended by some of the Royal Princes. When this is the case, the vanity of the host has introduced the fashion of mentioning it on the card: "To meet his Royal Highness," &c. &c. is the laughable phrase. The whole garden belonging to the house was built over, and divided into large rooms, which were hung with draperies of rose-coloured and white muslin, ornamented with enormous mirrors and numerous chandeliers, and perfumed with the flowers of every zone.

The Duchess of Clarence honoured the entertainment with her presence; and all pressed forward to see her, for she is one of the few Princesses whose personal character inspires far more respect than their rank, and whose infinite goodness of heart and amiable disposition have gained her a popularity in England of which we Germans may be proud; the more so as she is probably destined to be Queen of these realms.

The person who gave this ball was, however, far from being fashionable; a quality which is susceptible of the strangest 'nuances.' But every one, fashionable or not, refines upon his neighbour's entertainment as he can.

The next day Countess L—— gave a ball, at which I was obliged to alight at least a thousand steps from the house, as it was utterly impossible to get through the crowd of carriages. Several equipages that had tried to force their way were fast locked together, and the coachmen were swearing the most terrible oaths. At this ball the hot-houses were tapestried with moss of various hues, and the ground thickly strewed with new-mown grass, out of which flowers seemed to grow freely here and there; the stalks were illuminated, which doubled the splendour of their colours. The walks were marked by coloured lamps, glittering like jewels in the grass. Gay arabesques were described among the moss on the walls in the same manner. In the background was a beautiful transparent landscape with moonlight and water.

*May 15th.*

Riding out to-day with several ladies, the question arose which way we should take, the best to enjoy the beautiful spring evening. Just then we saw an air-balloon floating in the sky, and the question was answered. For more than ten miles did the untired ladies follow their aerial guide, as if on a ‘steeple chase,’ but it vanished at length from our sight. The evening was devoted to a grand diplomatic dinner, at which several of the new Ministers were present; and to a ball in a German house, whose solid and tasteful magnificence equals the best English ones, and excels most in the agreeable qualities of its possessors; I mean Prince Esterhazy’s.

My journal will soon be like Bernouilly’s Travels, which mainly treat of invitations, dinners, and evening parties. But you must take the thing as it comes. Liken this journal to a stuff upon which are very different embroideries, some rich, some poor. The strong lasting stuff is my unalterable love for you, and the wish to make you live with me, as far as it is possible, my distant life; the embroideries are only copies of what I see or experience, and must therefore take the same character, be the colours sometimes glowing, sometimes faint. And it were not to be wondered at if they faded altogether in the choking city, which never can afford such lovely hues as beautiful nature.

*May 21st.*

I give you notice beforehand that I must remain true to the same theme, and record a breakfast at the Duke of Devonshire’s at Chiswick.

This is the prettiest sort of fête given here; they are given in the country, and the company are dispersed through the house and the beautiful gardens. Though called breakfasts, they begin at three and do not leave off before midnight. Prince B——, brother-in-law of Napoleon, was there,—another of those whom I formerly saw in that splendour which they borrowed only from the Sun of the world,—a splendour which so quickly vanished with its source.

But the great ornament of the fête was the beautiful Lady Ellenborough. She came in a small carriage drawn by poneys not larger than Kamtschatkadale dogs, which she drove herself. From henceforward the doves may be unyoked from the chariot of Venus, and poneys harnessed to it instead.

All sorts of equipages fare worse here than any where. At last night’s Almack’s there was such a ‘bagarre’ among them, that several ladies were obliged to wait for hours before the chaos was reduced to any order. The coachmen on these occasions behave like madmen, trying to force their way, and the English police does not trouble itself about such matters. As soon as these heroic chariot-drivers espy the least opening, they whip their horses in, as if horses and carriage were an iron wedge; the preservation of either seems totally disregarded. In this manner, one of Lady Sligo’s horses had its two hind-legs entangled in such a manner in the fore-wheel of a carriage, that it was impossible to release them, and one turn of the wheel would infallibly have broken both. Notwithstanding this, the other coachman could hardly be prevailed on to stand still. When the crowd dispersed a little, they were forced to take out both horses, and even then it was with some difficulty they extricated the entangled one. All this time the poor animal roared like the lion in Exeter ‘Change. At the same time a cabriolet was crushed to pieces, and ‘en révanche’ drove both its shafts through the window of a coach, from which the screams of several female voices proved that it was already full: many other carriages were damaged.

After this description, you, dearest, with your ‘poltronnerie,’ will scarcely trust yourself here in a carriage. It were certainly safer to adopt the fashion of the time of Queen Bess, when all, even the most delicate court-maidens, went a-visiting on horseback.

*May 27th.*

I had the honour of dining with the Duke of Clarence to-day. The Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, her daughter, and the Duchess of Gloucester were present. The Duke is a very kind, friendly host, and always does me the favour to remind me of the various times and places at which we have met before. He has much of the true Englishman, in the best sense of the word, and the English love of domestic life. This dinner was given in celebration of the birthday of Princess Carolath.[57] He gave her health; at which the gentle Emily, spite of her intimacy with the amiable Duchess, her relation and friend, blushed over and over.

Among the guests I must mention Sir George Cockburn, who took Napoleon to St. Helena. He told me many circumstances which proved Napoleon’s extraordinary power of winning those whom he had any desire to win. The Admiral likewise admired the sincerity with which Napoleon spoke of himself, as of an indifferent historical personage; and among other things, openly declared that the Russians had so completely outwitted him in Moscow, that up to the very last day he was continually in hope of peace, till at length it was too late. ‘C’était sans doute une grande faute,’ added he coolly.

The Duke’s daughters are ‘d’un beau sang,’ all remarkably pretty, though all in a totally different style. Among the sons, the most distinguished is Colonel Fitzclarence, whose travels overland from India, through Egypt, you read with so much interest. He has also written on the German Landwehr, of which he is no partisan. Seldom does one find a young officer of such varied accomplishments. I have known him a long time, and have frequently had occasion to be grateful for his obliging and friendly manners.

His eldest sister is married to Sir Philip Sidney. I heard from her that not only has the series of portraits been preserved unbroken in that illustrious family from Lord Leicester’s time downwards, but also a lock of hair of every successive head of the family. Among other curious documents they have also a list of the guests at the feast at Kenilworth, and some very remarkable household accounts of that time. I believe Sir Walter Scott has used these papers.

In the evening Pasta warbled at Countess St. A——’s, and two or three balls closed the day.

*May 26th.*

This morning in the Park I could not restrain a hearty laugh at a young lord, who has not profited much by his residence at Paris, and whose beautiful horse attracted more admiration than himself. “Quel beau cheval que vous avez là!” said I. “Oui,” replied he, with his English accent; “je l’ai fait moi même, et pour celà je lui suis beaucoup attaché.” Is not this almost as good as the deaf Russian officer in B——, to whom the King said, on the entrance of a surgeon, “Ce poisson là est bien fréquent chez vous.” “Oui, Sire,” replied he, with a profound bow, “je l’ai été

pendant quinze ans.”

‘Rex Judæorum’ gave a magnificent dinner, the dessert of which alone, as he told me, cost a hundred pounds. I sat next to a very clever woman, Mrs. A——, the friend of the Duke of W——, a very characteristic, acute, un-English physiognomy,—you may think what an ‘enragée’ politician. I must have annoyed her excessively; in the first place I am a great Canningite; in the second, I hate politics at dinner. We had a great exhibition of splendour. The table service was of vermillion and silver; that of the dessert, I think, all gold. Under the portrait of Prince Metternich (a present from the original) in an adjoining room, was a large gold box, perhaps a copy of the Ark of the Covenant. A concert succeeded the dinner, at which Mr. Moschelles played as enchantingly as his wife looked. It was not till two o’clock that I got away to a rout at the Duke of Northumberland’s, a small party of about a thousand persons. Music was performed in an immense picture-gallery, at thirty degrees of Reaumur. The crowd and bustle was however so great that we heard little of it. The atmosphere was like that of the black-hole at Calcutta. Are these really the amusements of civilized nations!

*May 31st.*

The rich Lady L——, with whose ‘black diamonds’ her complexion forms the most agreeable contrast, and whose ‘air chiffonné’ is quite original, showed me her bazaar this morning. It is no common one, for it contained jewels to the amount of three hundred thousand reichsthalers. The whole boudoir full of perfumes, flowers, and rarities, the ‘clair obscur’ of rose-coloured curtains, and the Marchioness herself in a dress of yellow gauze, reclined on her chaise longue ‘plongée dans une douce langueur;’—it was a pretty picture of ‘refinement.’ Diamonds and pearls, pens and ink, books, letters, toys and seals, and an unfinished purse, lay before her. Among the seals, two were piquant, from their contrast,—the one from Lord Byron:

“Love will find its way
Where wolves would fear to stray.”

The other says, with true French ‘philosophie,’ ‘Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe.’ Nothing, however, was so common in the house as portraits of the Emperor Alexander who had paid great attention to the Marchioness at V——, and whose image had been thus multiplied by gratitude. Her husband was ambassador there, and used his English prerogative to its full extent. Once he boxed with a ‘fiacre’ driver: another time he presented the Archduchess, and, if I mistake not, the Empress herself, to his wife, instead of the reverse;—then he ran into the kitchen to stab his cook for having offended the Marchioness: ‘enfin, il faisant la pluie et le beau tems à V——; ou plutôt l’orage et la grêle.’

Just conceive how ‘disappointed’ the poor lady must be, after so long ruling on the Continent, ‘malgré ses diamans, son rang, et sa jolie mine,’ not to be able to be really and truly fashionable. But this aristocracy of fashion is more difficult to attain to than the highest rank of freemasonry, and much more capricious than that venerable institution, though both alike make something out of nothing.

I dined at Lord Darnley’s, where I met Lord Bloomfield, formerly a conspicuous man, and great favourite of the King’s ‘du tems de ses frédaines.’ There was also the Archbishop of York, a majestic old man, who began life as a private tutor, and has reached this elevated station by the patronage of his pupils. Nothing can be at once more ugly and more laughable than the demi-toilette of an English Archbishop. A short schoolmaster’s wig ill-powdered, a black French coat, and a little black silk ladies’ apron hung over the inexpressibles in front, just as our miners hang theirs behind.

We were extremely well entertained with game and excellent fruits from Cobham; and after dinner drove to a concert, which was very different from any I had heard here. These concerts were set on foot by several noblemen and distinguished persons, admirers of the music of Handel, Mozart, and the old Italian masters, whose compositions are here exclusively performed. It’s long since I had such a treat! What is the modern *Trilliliren* compared with the sublimity of that old church music? I felt transported back to the days of my childhood, a feeling which always strengthens the soul for days, and gives it a fresher, lighter flight. The singing was excellent throughout, and often of an unearthly beauty in its simplicity; for it is inconceivable what a power God has given to the human voice when rightly employed, and poured forth in a simple and sustained flow. Handel’s choruses in the Oratorio of Israel in Egypt, make you think you *feel* the night which overshadowed Egypt, and hear the tumult of Pharaoh’s host, and the roaring of the sea that engulfs them in its waters.

I could not bring myself to listen to ball-fiddling after these sacred tones, and therefore retired to my own room at twelve o’clock, willingly leaving Almack’s and another fashionable ball unvisited. I shall carry the echo of this music of the spheres into my dreams, and, borne on its wings, shall take a spiritualized flight with you, my Julia: ‘Are you ready? Now we fly.’

*June 1st.*

My old B—— waked me very early, which he never does unless he has a letter from you to give me. On all lesser occasions he lets me sleep on, however particularly I may have desired him to call me. His apology always is, “You were so sound asleep!”

It is really lucky that I have not that sort of vanity which is intoxicated by praise, otherwise you would make a complete fool of me. Alas! I know myself too well, and a hundred faults which your love but half perceives. The little devil whom you attack certainly often possesses me. But he is tolerably innocent, often a poor foolish, honest little devil, of a sort that stands midway between angel and devil, as to the morality of the business;—in a word, a genuine weak child of man. But as he displeases you, poor little imp, I shall put him into a bottle, like Hofmann, and cork him down with Solomon’s seal. From this time I shall produce only the Herrnhüter before you:—you know I passed my youth among that sect, ‘et si je m’en ressens, je ne m’en ressens guères.’

I shall certainly be present at the fancy-ball you mean to give in imitation of that at Brighton. Nobody will know me, for the good reason that I shall be invisible: I shall only imprint a kiss on your forehead, and then be off like a thought:—be on the watch therefore!

*June 3d.*

I wandered yesterday from the regions of the gay world once more into the city, and observed the toiling industry which is continually producing some fresh article of luxury. Every day sees some new invention. Among them may be reckoned the countless advertisements, and the manner of putting them ‘en evidence.’ Formerly people were content to paste them up; now they are ambulant. One man has a pasteboard hat, three times as high as other hats, on which is written in great letters, “Boots at twelve shillings a pair,—warranted.” Another carries a sort of banner, on which is represented a washerwoman, and the inscription, “Only three-pence a shirt.” Chests like Noah’s ark, entirely pasted over with bills, and of the dimensions of a small house, drawn by men or horses, slowly parade the streets, and carry more lies upon them than Münchausen ever invented.

I arrived at Mr. R——’s very tired, and accepted an invitation to dine with him at his counting-house. During dinner we philosophized on the subject of religion. ‘R—— est vraiment un très bon enfant,’ and more obliging than most men of his class,—whenever he thinks he risks nothing by it, which one cannot blame him for. In our religious discussion he had somewhat the best of it, for he is of the ancient nobility in matters of faith: they are the true aristocrats in this subject, and will hear of no innovation or reform. I wound up by saying, with Göthe, *Alle Ansichten sind zu loben*; and drove in a crazy hackney-coach back to the ‘West End of the Town,’—where there are neither Jews nor Christians, but only Fashionables and Nobodies,—to hear Pasta sing at Mrs. P——’s, and to play écarté, de moitié with Lord H——’s friend.

I came home at four o’clock, fell asleep by rosy day light, and fancied my bed was the moss of a forest. I was waked by a piteous cry: I looked around, and saw a poor devil come plump down through the air from the top of a high tree, and fall on the ground near me. Groaning, and pale as ashes, he crawled up, and cried out that it was all over with him. I was hastening to help him when a creature like an inkstand with a stopper came up, and, with heavy curses, gave the half-dead man several blows with his stopper. I watched my time, pulled out the stopper; and as the ink streamed forth, he changed himself into a Moor in a splendid silver jacket and elegant costume, who cried out laughing, that if I would only let him alone, he would shew me such things as I never saw before. Now began such conjurations as left all the Pinettis and Philadelphias in the world far behind. A large closet changed its contents every minute; and all the treasures of Golconda, with unheard-of curiosities, were presented to my view.

My dream went on increasing in extravagance. Did you ever hear of such mad visions as haunt me here? It’s the melancholy fog, the suffocating air of London, which clouds my senses. I send them to you therefore, that you may let them out in our own sunshine, and on their heavy wings I lay a thousand affectionate greetings of your faithful Friend,

L——.

## LETTER XVI.

*London, June 5th, 1827.*

This morning I paid a visit to Mrs. Hope, and saw her husband’s collection of works of art more in detail. A very beautiful Venus by Canova was peculiarly interesting to me, having seen it some years ago, unfinished, in the ‘atélier’ of that delightful artist in Rome; it then left a more agreeable impression on my mind than any of his works.

Among the pictures, I was particularly struck with the infamous Cesare Borgia, by Correggio. What a sublime villain! He stands in the most intrepid manly beauty; vigour and loftiness of mind beam from every feature; in the eyes alone lurks the ferocious tiger. The collection is peculiarly rich in pictures of the Flemish school; many of them are of inimitable truth, which I freely confess has often a greater charm for me than even the perfect representation of an Ideal, if that does not happen to hit some kindred conception in my own mind.

Thus a fine stately old Dutch burgher’s wife, drinking down a glass of wine with great ‘délice,’—her husband wrapped in his cloak with the bottle out of which he has just helped her still in his hand, while he looks at her with good-natured pleasure,—was to me a very attractive subject.

So, likewise, some officers of the sixteenth century in their handsome and appropriate dress, carousing after their hard and bloody toils: and several others, equally true to nature. Among the landscapes I made acquaintance with a Hobbima, which has the greatest resemblance to the manner of Ruysdael. Fruit, which almost deceived the sense, by Van Huysum and Van Os. Houses, in which every tile is given, by Van der Meer. Several Wouvermans, Paul Potters, &c. &c.—nothing was wanting to complete the richness of the collection. Only the modern English pictures were bad.

The rest of the day I staid at home, to hallow the birthday of my good mother, alone and in quiet.

*June 7th.*

As a sample of the necessities of a London dandy, I send you the following statement by my ‘fashionable’ washerwoman, who is employed by some of the most distinguished ‘élégans,’ and is the only person who can make cravats of the right stiffness, or fold the breasts of shirts with plaits of the right size. An ‘élégant,’ then, requires per week,—Twenty shirts; twenty-four pocket-handkerchiefs; nine or ten pair of ‘summer trowsers;’ thirty neck-handkerchiefs (unless he wears black ones;) a dozen waistcoats; and stockings ‘á discretion.’

I see your housewifely soul aghast. But as a dandy cannot get on without dressing three or four times a day, the affair is ‘tout simple,’ for he must appear,—

1st. In breakfast toilette,—a chintz dressing-gown and Turkish slippers.

2nd. Morning riding dress,—frock coat, boots and spurs.

3rd. Dinner dress,—dress coat and shoes.

4th. Ball dress, with ‘pumps,’ a word signifying shoes as thin as paper.

At six o’clock the Park was so full that it was like a rout on horseback, only much pleasanter; instead of carpets or chalked floors there was the green turf, a fresh breeze instead of stifling heat and vapour; and instead of tiring one’s own legs, one made the horse’s do all the work.

Before I rode thither I called on Princess E—— and found three young and handsome ‘ambassadrices en conférence, toutes les trois profondement occupées d’une queue;’ namely, whether it was necessary to wear one at

the queen of Würtemberg's, or not.

At a ball this evening, at the forementioned Marchioness of Londonderry's, I saw the Polonaise and the Mazurka danced here for the first time,—and very badly. We supped in the Statue Gallery. Many ladies had hung shawls and other articles of dress on the statues, which dreadfully shocked one's feeling for art. At six I came home, and am writing to you while they are closing my shutters to make an artificial night. The valets here have a sad life of it, and can only sleep out of hand, if I may say so, or like watchmen, in the day.

*June 13th.*

I have already told you that one is invited here to a Royal Prince, just as in some other places, among intimate friends, to a dainty dish. I was thus invited yesterday to dine with the Duchess of Gloucester, and to-day with the Duke of Sussex. This Prince, who is 'brouillé' with the King, has gained great popularity by his liberal opinions, and quite deserves it. He has been much on the Continent, and likes the German mode of life. Our language is perfectly familiar to him, as indeed it is to most of his brothers. In compliment to him, after the ladies left the table, cigars were brought, and more than one smoked, which I never before saw in England. Monsieur de Moutron told a great many droll stories, with genuine French address. But the most amusing person was Major Keppel, the Persian traveller, who related some rather 'scabreuses' but amazingly 'piquantes' anecdotes, which he would not commit to print, and which I reserve till we meet. In the morning I drive to Ascot with young Captain R——, and shall visit Windsor, to make some break in this life of uniform dissipation. It is supposed that the races will be unusually brilliant, as the King is to be present, and his horses are to run.

*Windsor, June 14th.*

After a rapid drive of twenty-five English miles,—partly through Windsor Park, behind which the Castle, the residence of so many kings, rears its head,—we reached the wide and barren heath of Ascot, where the races are held. The place presented a perfect picture of pleasuring encampment. Endless lines of tents for horse and man; streets of carriages along the course, chiefly filled with pretty women; high stands, consisting of three or four stages one above another, with the King's stand at the goal;—all this enlivened by twenty or thirty thousand people, of whom many have been encamped here five or six days:—such are the leading features of the motley picture. One part forms a sort of fair, where among the other booths and tents,—like a Liberty or Free Quarter[58] in the middle ages,—are to be found various games of hazard, elsewhere severely forbidden.

The ladies in the carriages are provided with excellent breakfasts, and champagne, which they distribute with great hospitality. I found many old friends, and made some new acquaintances; among others, an extremely agreeable woman, Lady ——, who invited me to dine at her cottage. As the races ended for to-day at six o'clock, we drove to T—— Park, through a most beautiful country, so thickly studded with trees that spite of its ploughed fields it had the appearance of a cultivated wood. We arrived before the family, and found the house open, but without a servant or any living creature in it. It was like the enchanted dwelling of a fairy, for a more lovely abode cannot be conceived. Could you but have seen it! On a rising ground, half-concealed by the most magnificent old trees, stood a house whose various jutting parts, built at different periods, and here and there hidden by the shrubberies, never permitted the eye to catch its entire outline. A sort of colonnade of rose-trees, covered with flowers, led directly into the hall; and passing through some other apartments and a corridor, we reached the dining-room, where a table stood richly covered,—but still no human being was visible. The garden lay before us, a perfect paradise, lighted by the glow of the evening sun. Along the whole house, now projecting, now receding, were verandas of various forms, and clothed with creeping plants. These formed a border to the gayest flower-garden, covering the whole slope of the hill. Close upon the edge of it was a deep and narrow green valley; behind which the ground rose again and formed a higher line of hill, the side of which was clothed with huge beeches. At the end of the valley the near view was terminated by water. In the distance, above the crown of trees, was seen the 'Round Tower' of Windsor Castle, with the majestic royal banner floating in the blue air. This was the only object to remind us that Nature, or some beneficient fairy, did not reign alone here; but that man, with his pleasures, his pomps, and his necessities, was near at hand. Like a beacon-tower of ambition it looked down upon the peaceful cottages; alluring the gazer to a higher but more deceitful enjoyment, which he who obtains buys only with his own grievous loss. Peace and contentment abide in the valley.

My poetical 'extase' was interrupted by my fair hostess, who was greatly amused at our description of her enchanted palace, and immediately took care that we should be shown to our rooms, to make our toilet, which the dust and heat rendered very necessary. An excellent dinner, with iced champagne and delicious fruits, was very grateful, and we remained at table till midnight. Coffee and tea, with music, occupied two hours more, the latter of which, I must in all sincerity confess, we could willingly have dispensed with.

After our agreeable evening a rather disagreeable incident awaited me. As I was going to bed B—— began to exclaim that ill-luck followed him everywhere.

"Why, what has happened?"

"O Lord! if I could help it I would not tell, but it must come out."

"Now, Devil take you, make an end; what is it?"

The confused-headed old fellow had put a purse with five and twenty pounds I gave him into the pocket of the carriage, instead of into the seat; and, like Kotzebue's stupid country squire, took it out in the tumult of the booths to pay for a glass of beer, changed a sovereign, because as he said he had no small money, and then carefully put the purse in the same place again. It followed, as a matter of course in England, that when he returned to the carriage it was gone.

*Richmond, June 13th.*

This morning we visited the Castle, which is now completing according to the old plan, and is already the vastest and most magnificent residence possessed by any sovereign in Europe. The time was too short to see the interior, which I therefore deferred to another opportunity. I only paid a visit to the Duchess of C——, who lives in the great tower and enjoys a delicious view from her lofty balcony. Among her attendants was a beautiful Greek boy in his national costume, scarlet, blue, and gold, with naked legs and feet. He was saved from the massacre of Scio by

being hidden in an oven. He is now become a perfect Englishman, but has retained something inexpressibly noble and foreign in his air. At one o'clock we returned to the race-ground; and this time I received my breakfast (luncheon) from the hands of another beauty. At the close of the races we drove to Richmond, where R——'s regiment is quartered, and passed a very joyous evening with the officers. The universal competence of England permits a far more luxurious life than military men enjoy with us. These gentlemen deny themselves nothing, and their mess is better served throughout than many a princely table in Germany.

In the morning this regiment of Hussars and a regiment of Lancers are to be reviewed by an Inspecting General, which I shall stay to see.

*June 16th.*

The regiment went through its business very well; with less affectation,—perhaps with less precision,—than our marvellously trained three-year horse-soldiers; but with more true military coolness, and with the steadiness and ease resulting from long habit: all their evolutions too were more rapid, from the excellence of their horses, with which those of the Continent are not to be compared. The English cavalry has gained immensely in command of the rein, and in military seat, since the last war, which is mainly to be ascribed to the care and attention of the Duke of Wellington: the men had their horses as well in hand as the best of ours. The extraordinary thing, according to our notions, was to see the perfect ease with which fifty or sixty officers in plain clothes,—several General officers among them, some in undress jackets and top-boots, some in frock-coats and coloured cravats,—took part in the review, and thronged around the Inspecting General, who with his two aids-de-camp were the only men in uniform, except the regiment. Nay, even some supernumerary officers of the regiment itself, not on actual service, rode about with him in civil dress and shoes,—a sight which would have given such shock to the nerves of a —— general, as would have endangered his intellects for ever. In a word, one sees here more of the reality; with us, more of the form. Here, 'tis true, the clothes do not make the man; and this simplicity is sometimes very imposing.

R—— told me that this regiment was originally formed by the Tailors' Company, at the time of the threatened French invasion, and at first consisted entirely of tailors. They are now transformed into very sturdy martial hussars, and fought with great distinction at La Belle Alliance.

*June 18th.*

Since the day before yesterday I have returned to the old track. I 'débutai' with four balls, and a dinner at Lord Caernarvon's, where I met Monsieur Eynard, the celebrated Philhellenist, whose pretty wife manifests an equal enthusiasm for the Greek cause. Yesterday I dined at Esterhazy's, and met a young Spaniard whom I could not help wishing an actor, that he might play Don Juan, for he seemed to me the perfect Ideal of that character. With the tones of the dramatic Pasta, whom one hears every evening, ringing in my ears, I went to bed.

This evening there was a concert at the tall Duke's, where every body was in raptures at old Velluti, because he sang well once upon a time. He lives here upon his ancient fame. From thence I went to one of the prettiest balls I have seen in London, at the house of a Scotch woman of rank. The largest room was entirely decorated with paper lamps made in the forms of various flowers, very tastefully grouped.

As we got into our carriages at six o'clock, by sunshine, the ladies had a most strange appearance. No 'fraicheur' could stand this test: they changed colour like chameleons. Some looked perfectly blue, some mottled, most of them death-like, their locks hanging about, their eyes glassy. It was frightful to see how the blooming rosebuds of lamplight were suddenly changed by the sunbeams into faded withered roses.

*June 23rd.*

What say you, dear Julia, to a breakfast given to two thousand people? Such an one took place to-day in the 'Horticultural Gardens,' which are extensive enough to accommodate that number of persons conveniently. Not that there was any deficiency of horrible crowding in the tents in which the provisions were placed,—especially where the prize fruits were exhibited. As soon as the prizes were distributed, they were devoured in the twinkling of an eye, in the coarsest and most unseemly manner. There was one Providence pine which weighed eleven pounds; deep red and green ones of not much smaller dimensions; strawberries as big as small apples; and the rarest choice of delicious fruits of all kinds. The fête, on the whole, was gay, and of an agreeable rural character.

The smooth turf, and the well-dressed company that trod it; the tents and groups among the shrubs; perfect masses of roses and flowers of every kind, produced the most cheerful, agreeable scene. I drove there with our Ambassador, with whom I returned at seven in the evening. We could not help laughing at the strange industry of an Irishman, who affected to light us to our carriages, with a lantern in which there was, of course, no light, as it was broad day. By this piece of manual wit he earned a shilling from the merry and good-natured. One of his English comrades called out to him, "You are showing the way to liberal people." "Oh!" said he, "if I did not know them for such, I should not go with them." Odd enough too were the Tyrolese singers, who are in great fashion; they call every body, even the King, who talks German with them, '*Du*' (thou), and are strangers to all false shame or fear of man. It is comical enough to see one of them go up to Prince Esterhazy, to whose patriotic favour they are chiefly indebted for their great vogue, put out his hand to him and exclaim, "*Nun, was machst Du, Esterhazy?*" (literally, "Well, what art thou about, Esterhazy?") The little female in this party of wonderful animals came up to me to-day and said, "I have been looking at thee a long time, for thou art so like my dear John, that I must give thee a kiss." The offer was not very tempting, for the girl is ugly; but as His Majesty himself has kissed her (of which there is a good caricature in the shops), the proposal is now esteemed flattering.

*June 26th.*

The Duke of Northumberland had the kindness to show me his fine palace to-day in detail. I here found what I had long vainly desired to see,—a house in which not only the general effect is that of the highest splendour and elegance, but every thing, the greatest as well as the smallest, is executed with equal exactness and perfection,—'ou rien ne cloche.'

Such an Ideal is in this instance completely realized. You do not find the smallest trifle neglected, not a line awry, not a speck of dirt, nothing faded, nothing out of fashion or keeping, nothing worn out, nothing sham, not an

article of furniture, not a window, or a door, which is not, in its way, a model of workmanship.

This extraordinary perfection has indeed cost several hundred thousand pounds, and doubtless no little trouble; but it is perhaps unique in its kind. The richest embellishment from works of art and curiosities is also not wanting. The arrangement of the latter on terrace-formed shelves covered with violet velvet, behind which are looking-glasses in one piece, is very tasteful. One of the most striking things is the marble staircase, with a railing of gilded bronze. The hand-rail of polished mahogany at the top is a curious piece of workmanship: by some contrivance, which remains a secret, the wood is so put together that it is impossible to discover a single joint from top to bottom. The whole seems to be made of one piece, or is so really. Another remarkable thing is the false 'porte cochère' in the outer wall, which is only opened on occasion of a great press of carriages; and when closed, cannot be detected in the façade. It is of iron, and so completely masked by a coating of composition stone and a false window, that it cannot be distinguished from the rest of the house.—Of the pictures another time.

At the Duke of Clarence's, in the evening, I made the acquaintance of a very interesting man,—Sir Gore Ouseley, late ambassador to Persia, who was accompanied by Mr. Morier, the author of Hadji Baba, as his secretary of legation. I must tell you two or three characteristic anecdotes of that country, which I heard from him.

The present Shah was held in such a state of dependence by his prime minister, Ibrahim Khan, who had placed him on the throne while yet a child, that he had little more than the name of a ruler. It was impossible for him to make any resistance, since every province or city throughout the empire was governed, without exception, by relations or creatures of the minister. At length the Shah determined to withdraw himself at all risks from such a bondage, and devised the following energetic means, which bear the genuine stamp of Oriental character. According to the ancient institutions of the country, there exists a class of soldiers, thinly scattered through all the principal towns, called the King's guard. These obey no order that does not proceed immediately from the King himself, and bear his own private signet: this guard has thus remained the only body independent of the minister, and the sole sure support of the throne. The King now secretly despatched orders, written by his own hand, to the chief of this faithful band, requiring them on a particular day and hour to put to death all Ibrahim's relations throughout the kingdom. On the appointed day the Shah held a Divan, sought to bring on a dispute with Ibrahim, and when the latter assumed his usual lofty tone, commanded him immediately to retire to the state prison. The minister smiled, and replied, "that he would go, but that the King would be pleased to consider that the governor of every one of his provinces would call him to account for this act." "Not now, friend Ibrahim," exclaimed the King gaily,—"Not now." Then drawing out his English watch, and casting a withering glance at the perplexed minister, he coolly added, "At this minute the last of your blood has ceased to breathe, and you will soon follow." And so it happened.

The second anecdote shows that the Shah acts on the principle of the French song, which says, "quand on a dépeuplé la terre, il faut la répeupler aprés."

At Sir Gore's audience of leave, he begged the Shah graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make any inquiry. "A hundred and fifty-four sons," replied the Shah. "May I venture to ask your Majesty how many children?" The word daughters, according to the rules of Oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce, and indeed the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The King, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. "Ha ha! I understand you," said he laughing; and called to the chief of his eunuchs, "Musa, how many daughters have I?" "King of kings," answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, "five hundred and sixty." When Sir Gore Ouseley repeated this conversation to the Empress-mother in Petersburg, she only exclaimed, "Ah, le monstre!"

*June 29th.*

As the season, thank Heaven, now draws near its close, I project a tour to the north of England, and Scotland, whither I have received several invitations, but had rather preserve my liberty in order to scour the country 'à ma guise,' if time and circumstances permit.

To-day we had the finest weather I have seen in England; and as I returned from the country in the evening, after an early dinner at Count Münster's, I saw, for the first time, an Italian light on the distance,—shades of blue and lilac as rich and as soft as a picture of Claude's.

'A propos,' among the notabilia for imitation I must mention a flower-table of the Countess's. The top is a crystal-clear glass, under which is a deep box or tray filled with wet sand, with a fine wire net over it, in the interstices of which fresh flowers are closely stuck. The tray is pushed in, and you have the most beautiful flower-picture to write or work over. If you wish to regale yourself with the fragrance, you may open the glass cover, or remove it entirely.

Children's balls are now the order of the day, and I went to one of the prettiest this evening at Lady Jersey's. These highborn northern children had every possible advantage of dress, and many were not without grace; but it really afflicted me to observe how early they had ceased to be children;—the poor things were, for the most part, as unnatural, as unjoyous, and as much occupied with themselves, as we great figures around them. Italian peasant-children would have been a hundred times more graceful and more engaging. It was only at supper that the animal instinct displayed itself more openly and unreservedly, and, breaking through all forms and all disguises, reinstated Nature in her rights. The pure and lovely natural feeling, however, was the tenderness of the mothers, which betrayed itself without affectation in their beaming eyes, made many an ugly woman tolerable, and gave to the beautiful a higher beauty.

A second ball at Lady R——'s presented the hundredth repetition of the usual stupid throng, in which poor Prince B——, for whose corpulence these squeezes are little adapted, fainted, and leaning on the banister, gasped for air like a dying carp. Pleasure and happiness are certainly pursued in very odd ways in this world.

*July 3rd.*

This afternoon I rode by a long circuitous way to eat a solitary fish dinner at Greenwich. The view from the Observatory is remarkable for this,—that almost the whole surface of ground you overlook is occupied by the city of London, which continually stretches out its polypus arms wider and wider, and swallows up the villages in its neighbourhood, one after another. Indeed, for a population equal to that of half the kingdom of Saxony some space is

wanted.

I went into the Ship tavern, gave my horse to the hostler, and was shown into a very neat little room with a balcony projecting over the Thames, under which the fish were swimming which I, merciless human beast of prey, was about to devour. The river was enlivened by a hundred barks; music and song resounded cheerfully from the steam-boats passing by; and behind the gay scene, the sun, blood-red, and enveloped in a light veil of mist, declined towards the horizon. As I sat at the window, I gave audience to my thoughts, till the entrance of various sorts of fish as variously prepared, called me to more material pleasures. Iced champagne, and Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I had put into my pocket, gave zest to my repast; and after a short siesta, during which night had come on, I remounted my horse and rode the German mile and a half to my home through an unbroken avenue of brilliant gas lamps, and over well-watered roads. It was just striking midnight when I reached the house, and a coffin hung with black passed me on the left like an apparition.

*July 5th.*

B—— gave me your letter at Almack's, and I immediately hastened 'home' with it. How greatly have your descriptions rejoiced me! I was near weeping over the venerable trees that called to me, through you,—"Oh, our master and lord, hearest thou not the rustling of our leafy tops, the home of so many birds?" Ah, yes, I hear it in spirit, and shall have no true enjoyment till I am once more therewith my truest friend, and the plants that are to me as loving children. I thank you cordially for the leaf of cinq foil; and as the horse of the accompanying Vienna postillion, the bearer of a thousand blessings, has lost his tail on the road, I have replaced it by this leaf, which gives him a genuine Holy Alliance look.

Here my old B—— interrupted me with the question whether he might stay out for the night, promising to be back by eight in the morning. I gave him leave, and asked, laughing, what adventure he had in hand? "Ach!" said he, "I only want for once to see how they hang people here, and at six o'clock in the morning five men are to be hanged at once."

What a discord rang through my whole being, just filled with joyous tumult! What a contrast between the thousands, wearied with the dance, and sated with multiplied amusements, returning home at that hour to their luxurious couches, and those wretched beings who are condemned to pass through anguish and pain into eternity! I exclaimed again with Napoleon, "Oh, monde, monde!" and for a long time, after a day wasted in frivolity, could not go to sleep; I was pursued by the thought that at that very moment perhaps these unhappy ones were called to take so fearful a leave of the world and its joys; not excited and elevated by the feeling of being martyrs to some good or great cause, but the victims of vulgar, debasing crime. Men pity those who suffer innocently: how much more pitiable do the guilty appear to me!

My imagination when once excited always outstrips wisdom and expediency; and thus did all vain pleasures, all those refinements of luxury which mock at misery and privation, now appear to me in the light of real sins: indeed I very often feel in the same temper with regard to them. A luxurious dinner has often been spoiled to me when I have looked at the poor servants, who are present indeed, but only as assistant slaves; or thought of the needy, who at the close of a long day's ceaseless toil can hardly obtain their scanty miserable meal; while we, like the epicure in the English caricature, envy the beggar *his hunger*. Yet spite of all these good and just feelings, (I judge of others by myself,) we should be greatly incensed if our servant played the Tantalus and removed the dishes from our tempting table, or if the poor man invited himself to share our feast without the wedding garment. Heaven has ordained that some should enjoy, while others want; and so it must remain in *this* world. Every shout of joy is echoed, in some other place, by a cry of grief and despair; and while one man here breaks the cord of existence in phrensy, another is lost elsewhere in an ecstasy of delight.

Let no one therefore fret himself vainly concerning it, if he neither deserve nor understands that it should fare better or worse with him than with others. Fate delights in this bitter irony—therefore pluck, O man! the flowers with child-like joy so long as they bloom; share their fragrance and beauty when you can with others, and manfully present a breast of steel to your own misfortunes.

*July 7th.*

I return to my daily chronicle.

After dining with the epicurean Sir L——, I passed the evening very agreeably in a small party at the Duchess of Kent's. The Court circles here, if they may be called so, have no resemblance whatever to those of the Continent, which once led the absent Count R—— into such a strange scrape. The King of B—— asked him how he enjoyed the ball that evening; "Oh," replied he, "as soon as the Court is gone I think it will be very pleasant."

At a very late hour I drove from thence to a ball at Princess L——'s, a lady whose entertainments are perfectly worthy of her Fashionableness 'par excellence.' A conversation I accidentally fell into with another diplomate procured me some interesting particulars. He told me about that difficult mission, the purpose of which was to induce the Empress of the French voluntarily to quit an army still devoted to Napoleon, and consisting of at least twelve thousand picked men. Contrary to all expectation, however, he found in Marie Louise scarcely a disposition to resist, and very little love for the Emperor (which indeed the sequel has sufficiently proved.) The little King of Rome alone, then only five years old, steadfastly refused to go, and could only be removed by force;—just as on a former occasion, led by the same heroic instinct, he had resisted the Regent's pusillanimous flight from Paris. His account of the parts which many distinguished men played on this occasion I must omit: I can only say that it confirmed me in the persuasion that the French nation never sunk to so low a pitch of baseness as at the time of Napoleon's abdication.

*July 10th.*

It is now more oppressively hot than I had imagined possible in this misty country. The turf in Hyde Park is of the colour of sand, and the trees dry and sear; the squares in the town, spite of all the watering, do not look much better. Nevertheless the grass-plots are as carefully mowed and rolled as if there were really grass upon them. No doubt, with equal care and labour, even more beautiful turf could be obtained in South Germany than here; but we shall never get to that,—we love our ease too well.

As the heat increases, London empties, and the season is nearly over. For the first time I found myself without an invitation to-day, and employed my leisure in sight-seeing. Among other things I visited the King's Bench and Newgate prisons.

The former, which is principally appropriated to the reception of debtors, is a perfect isolated world in miniature;—like a not insignificant town, only surrounded by walls thirty feet high. Cookshops, circulating libraries, coffee-houses, dealers, and artizans of all kinds, dwellings of different degrees, even a market-place,—nothing is wanting. When I went in, a very noisy game at ball was going on in the latter. A man who has money lives as well and agreeably as possible within these walls,—bating liberty. Even very 'good society,' male and female, is sometimes to be found in this little commune of a thousand persons; but he who has nothing fares ill enough; to him, however, every spot on the globe is a prison. Lord Cochrane passed some time in the King's Bench, for spreading false intelligence with a view to lower the Funds; and the rich, highly respected, and popular Sir Francis Burdett was also imprisoned here some time for a libel he wrote. The prisoner who conducted me about had been an inhabitant of the place twelve years, and declared in the best possible humour, that he had no hope of ever coming out again. An old French-woman of very good air and manners said the same; and declared that she did not intend ever to acquaint her relations with her situation, for that she lived very contentedly here, and did not know how she might find matters in France. She seemed perfectly persuaded 'que le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.'

The aspect of Newgate, the prison for criminals, is more apalling. But even here the treatment is very mild, and a most exemplary cleanliness reigns throughout. The Government allows each criminal a pint of thick gruel in a morning, and half a pound of meat or a mess of broth alternately for dinner, with a pound of good bread daily. Besides this, they are permitted to buy other articles of food, and half a bottle of wine a day. They employ themselves as they please; there are separate courts belonging to a certain number of rooms or cells: for those who like to work there are work rooms; but many smoke and play from morning till night. At nine o'clock they must all attend divine service. Seven or eight generally inhabit one room. They are allowed a mattress and two blankets for sleeping, and coals for cooking, and, in winter, for warming the cells. Those condemned to death are put in separate less convenient cells, where two or three sleep together. By day, even these have a court-yard for recreation, and a separate eating room. I saw six boys, the eldest of whom was not more than fourteen, all under sentence of death, smoking and playing very merrily. The sentence was not yet confirmed, however, and they were still with the other prisoners; it was thought it would be commuted for transportation to Botany Bay. Four of a maturer age, in the same predicament,—only that the enormity of their crimes left them no hope of pardon,—took their fate still more gaily. Three of them were noisily playing whist with Dummy,[59] amid jokes and laughter; but the fourth sat in a window-seat busily engaged in studying a French grammar. 'C'était bien un philosophe sans le savoir!'

*July 12th.*

Yesterday evening I went for the first time to Vauxhall, a public garden, in the style of Tivoli at Paris, but on a far grander and more brilliant scale. The illumination with thousands of lamps of the most dazzling colours is uncommonly splendid. Especially beautiful were large bouquets of flowers hung in the trees, formed of red, blue, yellow, and violet lamps, and the leaves and stalks of green; there were also chandeliers of a gay Turkish sort of pattern of various hues, and a temple for the music, surmounted with the royal arms and crest. Several triumphal arches were not of wood, but of cast-iron, of light transparent patterns, infinitely more elegant, and quite as rich as the former. Beyond this the gardens extended with all their variety and their exhibitions, the most remarkable of which was the battle of Waterloo. They open at seven: there was an opera, rope-dancing, and at ten o'clock (to conclude) this same battle. It is curious enough, and in many scenes the deception really remarkable. An open part of the gardens is the theatre, surrounded by venerable horse-chesnuts mingled with shrubs. Between four of the former, whose foliage is almost impervious, was a 'tribune,' with benches for about twelve hundred persons, reaching to the height of forty feet. Here we took our seats, not without a frightful squeeze, in which we had to give and take some hearty pushes. It was a warm and most lovely night: the moon shone extremely bright, and showed a huge red curtain, hung, at a distance of about fifty paces from us, between two gigantic trees, and painted with the arms of the United Kingdom. Behind the curtain rose the tops of trees as far as one could see. After a moment's pause, the discharge of a cannon thundered through the seeming wood, and the fine band of the second regiment of Guards was heard in the distance. The curtain opened in the centre, was quickly drawn asunder; and we saw, as if by the light of day, the outwork of Houguemont on a gently rising ground, amid high trees. The French 'Gardes' in correct uniform now advanced out of the wood to martial music, with the bearded 'Sapeurs' at their head. They formed into line; and Napoleon on his gray horse, and dressed in his gray surtout, accompanied by several marshals, rode past them 'en revue.' A thousand voices shout 'Vive l'Empereur!'—the Emperor touches his hat, sets off at a gallop, and the troops bivouac in dense groups. A distant firing is then heard; the scene becomes more tumultuous, and the French march out. Shortly after, Wellington appears with his staff,—all very good copies of the individuals,—harangues his troops, and rides slowly off. The great original was among the spectators, and laughed heartily at his representative. The fight is begun by the 'tirailleurs;' whole columns then advance upon each other, and charge with the bayonet; the French cuirassiers charge the Scotch Grays; and as there are a thousand men and two hundred horses in action, and no spare of gunpowder, it is, for a moment, very like a real battle. The storming of Houguemont, which is set on fire by several shells, was particularly well done: the combatants were for a time hidden by the thick smoke of real fire, or only rendered partially visible by the flashes of musquetry, while the foreground was strewed with dead and dying. As the smoke cleared off, Houguemont was seen in flames,—the English as conquerors, the French as captives: in the distance was Napoleon on horseback, and behind him his carriage-and-four hurrying across the scene. The victorious Wellington was greeted with loud cheers mingled with the thunder of the distant cannon. The ludicrous side of the exhibition was the making Napoleon race across the stage several times, pursued and fugitive, to tickle English vanity, and afford a triumph to the 'plebs' in good and bad coats. But such is the lot of the great! The conqueror before whom the world trembled,—for whom the blood of millions was freely shed,—for whose glance or nod kings waited and watched,—is now a child's pastime, a tale of his times, vanished like a dream,—the Jupiter gone, and as it seems, Scapan only remaining.

Although past midnight it was still early enough to go from the strange scene of illumination and moonlight to a splendid ball at Lady L——'s, where I found a blaze of diamonds, handsome women, dainty refreshments, a luxurious supper, and gigantic ennui; I therefore went to bed as early as five o'clock.

I had often heard of a certain Mr. Deville, a disciple of Gall; a passionate craniologist, who voluntarily, and only with a view to the advancement of his science, gives audience every day at certain hours. He carefully examines the skulls of his visitors, and very courteously communicates the result of his observations.

Full of curiosity, I went to him this morning, and found a gallery containing a remarkable collection of skulls and casts, filled with ladies and gentlemen; some of whom brought their children to be examined with a view to their education. A pale, unaffected, serious man was occupied in satisfying their curiosity with evident good-will and pleasure. I waited till all the rest were gone, and then asked Mr. Deville to do me the favour to grant me an especial share of attention; for that, though it was unhappily too late for education with me, I earnestly wished to receive from him such an account of myself as I might place before me as a sort of mirror. He looked at me attentively, perhaps that he might first detect, by the Lavaterian method, whether I was 'de bonne foi,' or was only speaking ironically. He then politely asked me to be seated. He felt my head for a full quarter of an hour; after which he sketched the following portrait of me, bit by bit. You, who know me so well, will doubtless be as much surprised at it as I was. I confess that it plunged me into no little astonishment, impossible as I knew it to be that he could ever have known anything about me. As I wrote down all he said immediately, and the thing interested me, as you may believe, not a little, I do not think I can have mistaken in any material point.[60]

"Your friendship," he began, "is very difficult to win, and can be gained only by those who devote themselves to you with the greatest fidelity. In this case, however, you will requite their attachment with unshaken constancy."

"You are irritable in every sense of the word, and capable of the greatest extremes; but neither the passion of love, of hatred, nor any other, has very enduring consequences with you."

"You love the arts, and if you had applied, or would apply to them, you would make great proficiency with little difficulty. I find the power of composition strongly marked upon your skull. You are no imitator, but like to create: indeed you must often be driven by irresistible impulse to produce what is new."

"You have also a strong sense of harmony, order, and symmetry. Servants or workmen must have some trouble in satisfying you, for nothing can be complete and accurate enough for you."

"You have,—strangely enough,—the love of domestic life and the love of rambling about the world (which are opposed,) of equal strength. No doubt, therefore, you take as many things about with you as you can find means to convey; and try in every place to surround yourself with accustomed objects and images as quickly as possible." (This, so strikingly true, and so much in detail, astonished me particularly.)

"There is a similar contradiction in you between an acute understanding (forgive me, I must repeat what he said,) and a considerable propensity to enthusiasm and visionary musing. You must be profoundly religious, and yet, probably, you have no very strong attachment to any particular form of religion, but rather (his very words) revere a First Cause under a moral point of view."

"You are very vain,—not in the way of those who think themselves anything great, but of those who wish to be so. Hence, you are not perfectly at ease in the society of your superiors, in any sense of the word,—nay, even of your equals. You are perfectly at ease only where, at least on one point, either from your station, or from some other cause, you have an acknowledged preponderance. Contradiction, concealed satire, apparent coldness, (especially when ambiguous and not decidedly and openly hostile,) paralyze your faculties; and you are, as I said, perfectly unrestrained and 'cheerful' only in situations where your vanity is not 'hurt;' and where the people around you are, at the same time, attached to you, to which your good-nature—one of your strongest characteristics—makes you peculiarly susceptible."

"This latter quality, united to a strong judgment, makes you a great venerator of truth and justice. The contrary incenses you; and you would always be disposed to take the part of the oppressed, without any individual interest in the matter. You are ready to confess your own injustice, and to make any reparation you can. Unpleasant truths concerning yourself may vex you, but if said without hostile intention, will incline you to much higher esteem for the sayer. For the same reason, you will not rate distinctions of birth too highly, though your vanity may not be wholly insensible to them."

"You are easily carried away, and yet levity is not one of your characteristics: on the contrary, you have 'cautiousness'[61] in a high degree. It is indeed the wormwood in your life; for you reflect far too much upon everything; you conjure up the strangest fancies, and fall into distress and trouble, mistrust of yourself and suspicion of others, or into perfect apathy, at mere trifles. You occupy yourself almost *always with the future*, little with the past, and less with the present."

"You continually *aspire* (*streben*); are covetous of distinction, and very sensitive to neglect; have a great deal of ambition, and of various kinds; these you rapidly interchange, and want to reach your object quickly, for your imagination is stronger than your patience; and therefore you must find peculiarly favourable circumstances in order to succeed."

"You have, however, qualities which make you capable of no common things, even the organ of perseverance and constancy is strongly expressed on your skull, but obstructed by so many conflicting organs, that you stand in need of great excitement to give room for it to act: then the nobler powers are called forward, and the meaner ones recede."

"You value wealth very highly, as all do who wish to accomplish great objects,—but only as means, not as end. Money in itself is indifferent to you, and it is possible that you are not always a very good manager of it."

"You want to have all your wishes gratified in a moment, as with an enchanter's wand: often however, the wish expires before the fulfilment is possible. The pleasures of sense, and delight in the beautiful, have a powerful influence over you; and as you certainly incline to the imperious, the ambitious, and the vain, you have here a cluster of qualities, against which you have need to be upon your guard not to fall into great faults; for all propensities in themselves are good; it is only their abuse that renders them a source of evil. Even the organs so erroneously designated by the father of our science the organs of murder and theft, (now more correctly termed organs of destructiveness and acquisitiveness) are only marks of energy and of desire to possess, which, when united with good-nature, conscientiousness and foresight, form a finely constituted head; though without these intellectual qualities they may easily lead to crime."

He also said, that in judging of a skull it was necessary to regard not the separate organs, but the aggregate of the whole; for that they respectively modified each other in various ways; nay, sometimes entirely neutralized each other; that therefore the proportions of the whole afforded the true key to the character of the man.

As a universal rule, he laid down, that men whose skulls, if divided by a supposed perpendicular line drawn through the middle of the ear, presented a larger mass before than behind, were the higher portion of the species; for that the fore part contains the intellectual, the hind part the animal propensities.

All the skulls of criminals who had been executed, for instance, which he had in his collection, confirmed his theory; and in one distinguished for the atrocious character of his offence, the occiput was two-thirds of the whole head. The busts of Nero and Caracalla exhibit the same proportions.—Where the contrary extreme prevails, the individual in question is deficient in energy: and here, as in every thing, a balance is the true desideratum.

Mr. Deville affirmed that it was possible, not only to enlarge organs already prominent by the exercise of the qualities they denote, but by that very process to diminish others; and assured me that no age was excepted from this rule. He showed me the cast of a skull of a gentleman who, when near sixty, devoted himself intensely to the study of astronomy; and in a few years the appropriate 'bosse' became so prominent as to project considerably beyond all others.[62]

*July 14.*

I have paid several visits to Mr. Nash, to whom I am indebted for much valuable instruction in *my* art. He is said to have 'erected' an enormous fortune. He has a beautiful country-house, and no artist is more handsomely lodged in town. I was particularly pleased with his library. It consists of a long and wide gallery, with twelve deep niches on each side, and two large doorways at the ends, leading into two other spacious rooms. In each niche is a semicircular window in the roof, and on the wall a fresco painting, copied from the 'Logge di Rafaelle;' and below these, casts of the best antique statues, on pedestals. The remaining space in the niches is occupied by books, which, however, rise no higher than the pedestal of the statues. Arabesques, also copied from those of the Vatican, admirably executed in fresco, adorn the broad pilasters between the niches.

All the space on the walls or pilasters not covered with paintings is of a pale red stucco, with small gold mouldings. The execution seems thoroughly finished and excellent.

I dined at the Portuguese Ambassador's. Our dinner was very near ending like Prince Schwartzenberg's at Paris. One of Rundell and Bridge's beautiful brilliant silver girandoles came too near the curtain, which immediately blazed up. The flames were extinguished by the Spanish Ambassador; a fact which may afford matter for witticisms to the newspapers, in the present political conjuncture.

I drove half a post further in the streets, late at night, to see the tower of St. Giles's church, whose new bright-red illuminated clock-face shines like a magnificent star in the dark.

I found your letter at home, with all sorts of affectionate reproaches for my neglect of our own interests for indifferent things. Even were this sometimes the case, you must not think that my heart is the less filled with you. The rose, too, sometimes yields a stronger, sometimes a weaker perfume; nay, sometimes there is not a flower on the bush; in their season they bud and blossom again—but the nature of the plant is always the same.

Herder's prayer is beautiful—but it is not applicable to this earth; for though it is true that God's sun shines on the evil and on the good, it is equally true that His thunderbolt strikes the good and the evil. Each must protect himself from calamity, with all the wisdom and the courage he is endowed with.

Men are wearisome to you, you say. Oh, Heaven! how wearisome are they to me! When one has lived so long in the interchange of all feelings and all thoughts, the intercourse with the 'banal' unsympathizing world is more than empty and tasteless.

Your hypothesis, that two kindred souls will, in another world, melt into one existence, is very pretty—but I should not like to be united to you in that manner. One being *must*, indeed, love itself; but the mutual love of two is voluntary, and that alone has value. Let us therefore hope to meet again, but to be one, as we are now,—one only in mutual love and truth.

One of the many currents of this great stream carried me into the Annual Exhibition of Pictures. In historical pictures there was little to delight the lover of art. Some portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence showed, as all his do, his great genius, and at the same time his carelessness. He finishes only particular parts, and daubs over the remainder in such a manner that it must be looked at from a distance, like scene-painting. The great masters of the art painted not so, when they devoted their talents to portrait painting.

In landscapes, on the other hand, there was much that was attractive.

First, The Dead Elephant.—The scene is a wild mountain-district in the interior of India. Strange gigantic trees and luxuriant tangled thickets surround a dark lake. A dead elephant lies stretched on its shore, and a crocodile, opening its wide jaws and displaying its frightful teeth, is seen climbing up the huge body, driving away a monstrous bird of prey, and menacing the other crocodiles which are eagerly swimming across the lake to their repast. Vultures are poised on the branches of the trees, and the head of a tiger glares from the jungle. On the other side are seen three still more formidable predatory animals,—English hunters, whose guns are pointed at the great crocodile, and will soon excite more terrific confusion among this terrific group.

Another view is on the sea-shore of Africa. You see ships in the far distance. In the foreground a palm-grove slopes down to the clear stream, where a boat is lying at anchor, in which a negro is sleeping—but in what a fearful situation! A gigantic boa-constrictor has issued from the wood, and, while its tail rests in the thicket, has twined itself in a loose ring around the sleeper, it now rears its head aloft hissing with rage at his companions, who are hastening with their axes to his assistance. One of them has just fortunately succeeded in scotching it, and has thus saved the negro, who wakes, and stares in wild terror on the serpent. It is said that as soon as the muscles of the back of the boa are divided in any part it loses all its power. The picture is taken from an incident which really occurred in the year 1792.

We are still in a distant part of the globe, but in more remote ages. A wondrously beautiful moonlight gleams and glitters on the Bay of Alexandria. Majestic monuments and temples of Egyptian art lie in the strongly contrasted light and shadow; and from the steps of a hall of noble architecture, Cleopatra, surrounded by all the luxury and

pomp of the East, is descending to the golden bark which is to bear her to Antony. The most beautiful boys and girls strew flowers under her feet, and a chorus of old men with snowy beards and clad in purple, are seated on the sea-shore, singing a farewell song to their golden harps.

Have you not enough of this yet, dear Julia? Well then, look at the Travelled Monkey, who returns to his brethren in the woods, in the dress of a modern 'exclusive.' They throng around him in amazement; one pulls at his watch chain, another at his well starched cravat. At length, one whose jealousy is excited by his finery gives him a box on the ear: this is a signal for an universal pillage. In a few minutes he will be reduced to appear once more 'in naturalibus.'

Here I close my exhibition. Dear Julia, confess that if you were the editor of the '*Morgen Blatt*,' you could not have a more indefatigable correspondent. Whether I be well or ill, merry or sad, I always fulfil my duty. Just now I am by no means at my best: I am ill, and I have lost a great deal of money at whist. It is really extraordinary how soon one comes to regard a pound as a 'thaler.' Though I know the difference full well, and often find it not very agreeable, yet the physical effect of the 'sovereign' here, is constantly the same upon me as that of the 'thaler' at home, for which I often laugh at myself. I wish fate would make a similar mistake, and convert our 'thalers' into pounds. I, for one, should certainly not bury mine. Yet we should put our gains to good interest; for when one tries to make a beautified living creation out of dead money, as we have done, and at the same time to increase the comfort of those around one,—as I did by employing them, and you by the more direct means of bounty,—surely one has gained usurious interest.

Prudence, however, is not our 'forte,' and if you have shown rather more than I, it is only because you are a woman, and have therefore the habit of being on the defensive. Prudence is far more a weapon of defence than of attack.

You have now a good opportunity for the exercise of it in the S—— society, and I already see you in thought taming the refractory, and speaking the words of peace with dignified serenity. Here is your portrait on the margin, 'à la Sir Thomas Lawrence.' You will doubtless recognize that strong bent for art which the Gallite discovered on my cranium. The surrounding caricatures you must ascribe to my somewhat sulky humour.

As a mind in this flat depressed tone is little fertile in thoughts, permit me to supply the place of them by some passages out of a singular book I have met with. You will think that it must have flowed not only from my pen but from my most inmost soul.

"It is incalculable," says the author, "what an influence the objects which surround our childhood exercise over the whole formation of our character in after life. In the dark forests of the land of my birth, in my continual solitary wanderings where nature wears so romantic an aspect, arose my early love for my own meditations, and, when I was afterwards thrown among numbers of my own age at school, rendered it impossible to my disposition of mind, to form any intimate companionships, except those which I first began to discover *in myself*.

"In the day my great pleasure was lonely wandering in the country:—in the evening, the reading of romantic fictions, which I connected in my mind with the scenes I was so familiar with; and whether I sat in winter in the chimney corner poring over my book, or in summer lay stretched in luxurious indolence under a tree, my hours were equally filled with all those misty and voluptuous dreams which were perhaps the essence of poetry, but which *I was not gifted with the genius to embody*. Such a temper is not made for intercourse with men. One while I pursued an object with restless activity,—another I lived in perfectly supine meditation. Nothing came up to my wishes or my imaginings, and my whole being was at last profoundly imbued with that bitter, melancholy philosophy, which taught me, like Faust, that knowledge is but useless stuff, that hope is but a cheat; and laid a curse upon me, like that which hangs on him who, amid all the joys of youth and the allurements of pleasure, feels the presence of a spirit of darkness ever around him.

"The experience of longer and bitterer years makes me doubt whether this earth can ever bring forth a living form which can realize the visions of him who has dwelt too long absorbed in the creations of his own fancy."

In another place, he says of a man who was much praised:

"He was one of the macadamized Perfections of society. His greatest fault was his complete levelness and equality; you longed for a hill to climb;—for a stone, even if it lay in your way. Love can attach itself only to something prominent, were it even a thing that others might hate. One can hardly feel what is extreme for mediocrity."

'C'est vraiment une consolation!'

Further: "Our senses may be enthralled by beauty; but absence effaces the impression, and reason may vanquish it."

"Our vanity may make us passionately adore rank and distinction, but the empire of vanity is founded on sand."

"Who can love Genius, and not perceive that the feelings it excites are a part of our own being and of our immortality?"

*July 18th.*

Would you believe, dearest Julia, that although annoyed in various ways, and almost ill, I have found these days of solitude, in which I have been occupied only with you, my books, and my thoughts, much more satisfactorily,—how shall I express it?—much more fully employed, than that comfortless existence which is called society and the world. Play forms an ingredient, for that is a mere killing of time without any result, but has at least the advantage, that we are not conscious of the time we are wasting during its lapse, as we are in most so-called amusements. How few men can rightly enter into such a state of mind! and how fortunate may I esteem myself that you can! You are only too indulgent towards me, and that makes me place less confidence in your judgments.

Now for a secret:—When I send you any extracts from books, you are never to swear whose they are; for, thanks to my boasted organ of composition (you see I am still busied with Mr. Deville,) exact transcribing is almost an impossibility with me. A borrowed material always becomes something different, if not something better, under my hands. But as I am so excitable and mobile, I must often appear inconsistent, and my letters must contain many contradictions. Nevertheless, I hope a genuinely humane spirit always appears in them, and, here and there, a knightly one; for every man must pay his tribute to the circumstances with which birth and existence have surrounded him.

Ah, if we did but live together in the old knightly days! Many a time has the enchanting picture of the castle of our fathers,—such as they inhabited it, in the wild Spessart, frowning from rocks surrounded by old oaks and firs,—stood like a dim recollection before my fancy. Along the hollow way in the valley, I see the lord of the castle with his horsemen riding to meet the morning sun, (for as a true knight he is an early riser.) You, good Julia, lean forward from the balcony, and wave your handkerchief till not a steel breastplate glitters in the sunbeam, and nothing living is in sight, save a timid roe that darts out of the thicket, or a high-antlered stag that looks proudly down from some crested crag on the country beneath.

Another time we are seated, after some successful feud, at our goblets. You pour out the wine, which I quaff like a brave and true knight, while the good chaplain reads the wonders of a legend. Now the warder's horn is heard on the turret, and a banner is seen winding up to the castle gate. It is your former lover returned from the Holy Land —'Gare à toi.'[63]

*July 19th.*

A cheerful ray of sun enticed me forth, but I soon exchanged the clear air of heaven for subterranean gloom. I went into the famous Tunnel, the wonderful passage under the Thames. You have read in the papers that the water broke in some weeks ago, and filled the part that was completed, five hundred and forty feet in length. Any event, lucky or unlucky, is sure to give birth to a caricature in a few days. There is one representing the Tunnel catastrophe, in which a fat man on all-fours, and looking like a large toad, is trying to save himself, and screaming 'Fire!' with a mouth extended from ear to ear. With the aid of the diving-bell the hole has been so stopped, that it is asserted there is no fear of a recurrence of the accident. The water has been pumped out by a steam-engine of great power, so that one can descend with perfect safety. It is a gigantic work, practicable nowhere but here, where people don't know what to do with their money.

From hence I went to Astley's theatre, the Franconi's of London, and superior to its rival. A horse called Pegasus, with wings attached to his shoulders, performs wonderful feats; and the drunken Russian courier, who rides six or eight horses at once, cannot be surpassed for dexterity and daring. The dramatic part of the exhibition consisted of a most ludicrous parody of the Freischütz. Instead of the casting of the bullets, we had Pierrot and Pantaloon making a cake, to which Weber's music formed a strangely ludicrous accompaniment. The spirits which appear are all kitchen spirits, and Satan himself a 'chef de cuisine.' As the closing horror, the ghost of a pair of bellows blows out all the lights, except one great taper, which continually takes fire again. A giant fist seizes poor Pierrot; and a cook almost as tall as the theatre, in red and black devilish costume, covers both with an 'extinguisher' as big as a house.

These absurdities raise a laugh for a moment, it is true; but they cannot make a melancholy spirit cheerful, and you know I have so many causes for gloom which I cannot forget * * *

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Some evil constellation must now reign over us; for certainly there are lucky and unlucky tides in man's life, and to know when they set in would be a great assistance to the steersman. The star which you tell me burns so brightly over your residence must have a hostile influence. One star, however, shines benignly upon me, and that is your love. With that, would my life be extinguished.

Change of scene seems to become more and more necessary to me, especially as there is little here to amuse or interest. After rain, sunshine:—forward then,—and do you rouse me by your letters. Let them be cheering and invigorating by their own cheerfulness, for that is more important to me than all the intelligence, bad or good, they can contain. Nothing is so terrible to my imagination as to think of you, at a distance, distressed or out of spirits. It is so great an art to suffer triumphantly—like a martyr; and it is practicable when one suffers innocently, or for love of another. You, my dearest Julia, have known few other sufferings than these. Of myself I cannot speak so proudly.

*July 23rd.*

This morning I visited Bedlam. Nowhere are madmen—confined ones, that is—better lodged. There is a pleasure-ground before the door of the palace, and nothing can be cleaner and more conveniently fitted up than the interior. As I entered the women's gallery, conducted by a very pretty young girl, who officiated as keeper, one of the patients, a woman of about thirty, looked at me for a long time very attentively,—then suddenly coming up to me she said, "You are a foreigner: I know you, Prince! Why did you not put on your uniform to come to see me? that would have become you better. Ah, how handsome Charles used to look in his!"

You may imagine my painful astonishment. "Poor thing!" said my guide, "she was seduced by some foreign prince, and every foreigner she sees she fancies is one. Sometimes she cries the whole day long, and will let nobody go near her: after that she is quite sensible again for weeks. She was very pretty once, but fretting has spoiled all her beauty."

I was greatly struck by a young man, evidently of respectable station and education, who was possessed by one fixed idea,—that he was a Stuart, and had therefore a lawful claim to the throne. I conversed with him for half an hour without being able to get him upon this subject. He always broke off cautiously, nay cunningly, and talked in a very interesting manner of other things, particularly of America, where he had travelled for a considerable time; nor did he exhibit the slightest trace of insanity. Speaking of Walter Scott's novels, I several times mentioned the Pretender, which I thought would excite him to speak; and at length said in a confidential tone, "I know you are a Stuart yourself." This seemed to alarm him; and laying his finger on his lips, he whispered, "We must not speak of that *here*; the triumph of justice can be brought about by time alone, but the light will soon shine forth." "I am going into Wales," replied I, (he is a native of the Principality,) "will you give me your father's address, that I may carry him your greetings?" "With the greatest pleasure," said he; "give me your pocket-book, and I will write it." I gave it him, and he wrote his real name, —— ——; then pointing to it with a smile, he added, "That's the name under which my father passes there.—Adieu!" and with a gracious motion of the hand he left me.

What a dreadful spectacle! One single inveterate idea converts the most agreeable man into an incurable lunatic, costs him his freedom, and condemns him to the society of vulgar madness for life. What is unhappy man in conflict with physical evil,—and where, then, is the freedom of his will?

There was a foreign patient, whose conceits were more ridiculous,—if those of madness can ever be so;—a

German pedant and writer of tours, who joined me in looking about the house, of which he was a constant inmate. He was incessantly taking notes. He addressed each of the patients at great length, and carefully committed their answers to paper, though they were often any thing but complimentary to him. Scarcely had he observed my conversation with the young man I have mentioned, when he came up to me, and besought me pressingly to let him see what that gentleman had written in my pocket-book. I told him. “Oh excellent—singular,” said he, “perhaps a real Stuart! I must inquire into it immediately,—a secret of state perhaps,—who knows? Very remarkable. *Ich empfehle mich unterthänigst.*” So saying, he strutted away, with an awkward, silly air, yet perfectly satisfied with himself.

On my way home I met a number of funerals, which indeed in a gulf like London, where Death must be ever at work, is no wonder; and yet I must always regard it as a bad omen, even though the superstition that deems it so belong rather to Bedlam than to a reasonable head.—With me it has some foundation.

When I was very young I was once driving in a curricle through the town of J—— where I then resided. A long funeral procession met me: I was forced to stop; and as my horses were shy and restive, I had some difficulty in holding them in, and at length became infected with their impatience. I broke through the train, and inconsiderately exclaimed, “The D—l take all this absurd funeral pomp; I can’t be detained by it any longer.” I drove on; and had scarcely gone fifty paces further, when a little boy darted out of a shop door, and ran with such rapidity between the horses and the carriage that it was impossible to check them till the wheel had passed over the whole length of the poor child’s body, and he lay lifeless on the pavement. You may imagine my mortal terror. I sprang out, raised the little fellow; and a number of people were already gathered around us, when the mother rushed forward, rent my heart with her cries, and excited the people to take vengeance on me. I was obliged to harangue the crowd to allay the rising storm; and after relating the manner of the accident, giving my name, and leaving money with the mother, I succeeded, not without some difficulty, in regaining my carriage and escaping from the tumult. I was near the gate, to which you descend by a tolerably steep hill. I was so absorbed by the thought of the accident which had just occurred, that I did not attend to the reins,—one slipped out of my hand. The horses, already hurried and alarmed by the confusion, set off, and came in contact with a wagon, with such force that one of them was killed on the spot, and my curricle smashed to pieces. I was thrown out with great violence, and for a moment rendered senseless by the shock. On recovering, I found myself lying with my face pressed so close to the ground that I was almost stiffled. I felt, however, the plunging of a furious animal above me, and heard the thunder of blows which seemed to strike my head, and yet gave me but little pain. In the midst of all, I clearly distinguished the cries of several persons around, and the exclamation, “He is a dead man—shoot the horse instantly!” At these words I received a blow on the temple which entirely deprived me of sense.

When I opened my eyes again, I was lying on a mattrass in the middle of a miserable room: an old woman was washing the blood from my head and face, and a surgeon, busied with his instruments, was preparing to trepan me. “Oh, let the poor gentleman die in peace!” cried the woman compassionately: and as I thought I felt distinctly that, spite of my external wounds, I had received no internal injury, I happily found strength to resist the operation; though the young man, who was an hospital pupil, was extremely eager to prove his skill—which, he encouragingly added, he had not yet had an opportunity of trying—upon my skull. I exerted all my remaining strength, ordered a carriage, asked for water and a looking-glass, in which, however, I could scarcely recognize myself, the greater part of the skin of my face being left in the high road. It was not till nature had replaced it by a new one, that my groom,—who was sitting by me at the time of the accident, and was thrown into a field by the road-side and but little hurt,—told me what strange circumstances had attended the accident. The pole of the curricle had splintered like a lance against the wagon: the light vehicle fell forwards, and I with it. The stump of the pole had stuck into the earth, and had fastened down my head. Upon me laid the horse entangled in the traces, making the most furious efforts to get free, and continually kicking with his hind feet against the broken pole, which thus became my sole preserver, by receiving the blows which would otherwise have dashed my head into a hundred pieces. This lasted almost a quarter of an hour before they could disengage the horse.

From that day I never liked meeting funerals.

As postscript to these reminiscences of my past life, I must add one comical incident. The boy I ran over recovered completely, and six weeks after his accident and mine, his mother brought him to me with rosy cheeks and dressed in his Sunday clothes. As I kissed him and gave his mother a parting present, the poor woman exclaimed with tears of joy, “Oh, Sir, I wish my boy could be run over so every day of the week!”

*July 28th.*

It was a long time since I had visited the City, and I accordingly devoted yesterday to it. As I am, in my quality of Teutonic knight, a beerbrewer, I turned my ‘cab’ to Barclay’s brewery, which the vastness of its dimensions renders almost romantic, and which is one of the most curious sights in London.

From twelve to fifteen thousand barrels, that is about twenty thousand quarts[64] of beer, are brewed here daily. Every thing is done by machinery, which is all set in motion by a single steam-engine. The beer is boiled in four vats, each of which holds three hundred barrels. The hops are first put into the vat or cauldron dry, and kept stirring by a machine, that they may not burn. During this process the sweet-wort flows in upon them. There is a curious apparatus for cooling the beer in hot weather;—it is made to pass through a number of pipes like those of an organ, through which a stream of cold water is then let to flow, and so on, alternately. At last the beer flows into a barrel as high as a house, of which there are ninety-nine under gigantic sheds. You can’t conceive the strange effect of seeing a vessel holding six hundred thousand quarts tapped for you to drink a glass of porter, which, ‘par parenthèse,’ is excellent, and cold as ice. These barrels are covered with a little hill of fresh sand, and preserve the beer fresh and good for a twelvemonth. It is drawn off into smaller casks, and sent out to the consumer. The drawing off is effected with great rapidity by means of leathern pipes, as the smaller casks are arranged in readiness under the floor on which the great ones stand.

A hundred and fifty horses, like elephants, one of which can draw a hundred hundred-weight, are daily employed in carrying out the beer.

A single enormous chimney devours the smoke of the whole establishment; and from the roof of the principal building you have a very fine panoramic view of London.

I next proceeded to the West-India docks and warehouses,—an immeasurable work; one of those at the sight of

which the most cold-blooded spectator must feel astonishment, and a sort of awe at the greatness and the might of England. What a capital lies here in buildings, wares, and vessels! The admirably excavated basin, which it took me half an hour to walk round, is thirty-six feet deep, and surrounded by sheds and warehouses, some of which are five or six stories high: some of them are built entirely of iron, the foundations only being of stone. This mode of building has however been found to be dangerous, from the contraction and expansion of the metal. In these boundless depositories there was sugar enough to sweeten the whole adjoining basin, and rum enough to make half England drunk. Two thousand artisans and overseers are commonly employed daily, and the value of the goods here collected is estimated at twenty millions sterling; exclusive of the stores, which are kept in great quantities in a storehouse, so that the breaking or spoiling of any of the tools delays the work only a few minutes. The number of well-contrived tools and machines is wonderful. I looked on with great pleasure while blocks of mahogany and other foreign woods, many larger than the largest oak, were lifted up like feathers, and deposited on drays or wagons as carefully as if they had been the most brittle ware. Everything is on a colossal scale. On each side of the basin lie rows of ships, most of them newly painted. There are two basins, one for import and the other for export. I was obliged to leave this interesting place sooner than I wished, as the entrance-gate and all the warehouses are closed at four o'clock. The gatekeeper does not take the slightest trouble to ascertain whether there is any one in the yard, so that it appeared to me one would have to bivouac there for the night if one missed the hour. The man very coolly assured me that if the King were there he would not wait a minute; I made my escape therefore as quickly as I could.

On my way home I passed a booth where a man was calling out that here were the famous German dwarf and his three dwarf children; the living skeleton; and, to conclude, the fattest girl that ever was seen. I paid my shilling, and went in. After waiting a quarter of an hour, till five other spectators arrived, the curtain was drawn up, and the most impertinent 'charlatanérie' exhibited that ever I witnessed. The living skeleton was a very ordinary sized man, not much thinner than I. As an excuse for our disappointment, we were assured that when he arrived from France he was a skeleton, but that since he had eaten good English beef-steaks, it had been found impossible to check his tendency to corpulence.

The fattest woman in the world was a perfect pendant to the skeleton. She was not fatter than the Queen of Virginia Water.

Last came the so-called dwarfs—which were neither more nor less than the little children of the 'Impressario,' stuck into a sort of bird-cage, their faces shaded, and only their hands and feet left free. With the former the little wretches made a horrible noise with great bells.—Here closed the exhibition:—an English hoax, which no Frenchman could have executed more burlesquely nor with more effrontery.

*July 29th.*

Since I became Mr. Deville's pupil I cannot help measuring the skulls of all my acquaintances with my eye, before I open myself to them; and to-day, like the man in Kotzebue's comedy, I examined an English servant I was hiring, 'in optima forma.' Let us hope the result will not be similar,—for the line drawn through the ear gave good promise. And here it struck me that the common proverb (and how much popular truth do such often contain!) is perfectly in accordance with Deville's principle—"He has it behind the ear, beware of him!" (*Er hat es hinter den Ohren, hütet euch vor ihm!*)

Joking apart, I am perfectly convinced that, as with magnetism, so with craniology, people throw away the good with the bad[65] when they treat it as a mere chimera. It may admit of many modifications: but I have so fully proved the justice of the leading principles upon my own skull, that I should not think people at all ridiculous for paying some attention to it in educating their children—nor even for using it to aid their own self-knowledge. I, at least, have gained a more clear idea of myself by this means than I had before.

As I had been writing all day, I took advantage of the mild and clear moonlight for my ride.

The night was quite Italian, and the roads lighted to a great distance with lamps, within the region of which I remained, and rode for several hours in the town and suburbs. The view from Westminster-bridge was most striking. The numerous lights on board the vessels danced like Will-o'-the-Whisps, on the surface of the Thames; and the many bridges spanned the noble stream as with arches of light. Westminster Abbey alone was without any artificial illumination. Only the loving moon, the betrothed of ruins and Gothic temples, caressed with her pale beams the stone pinnacles and ornaments, sought every deep nook with eager fondness, and silvered the long glittering windows; while the roof and towers of the lofty building reared themselves, still and cold, in black colourless majesty, above the lights and the tumult of the city, into the deep blue firmament.

The streets remain busy till midnight: nay, I even saw a boy of eight years old at the utmost, perfectly alone in a little child's carriage drawn by a large dog, driving along full trot, and without the slightest fear, among the latest carriages and stage-coaches. Such a thing can be seen only in England, where children are independent at eight, and hanged at twelve.

But good morning dear Julia; it is time to go to bed.

*August 1st.*

The heat is still very oppressive—the earth is like an ash-heap; and if the macadamized streets were not kept watered by a continual succession of large water-carts, the dust would be insufferable. But this makes driving and riding pleasant still; and though the fashionable time is over, shopping is very amusing: one is greatly tempted to buy more than one wants; and as I have very little money just now, I am obliged to call in fancy to my aid to procure me all I covet for you and for myself.

I sent you some time ago a description of a very original man, Sir L—— M——. I was invited to his house to-day, to a most luxurious dinner, fixed so long beforehand that a diplomatic guest had been summoned across the seas, from Baden, by courier, a month ago. He arrived punctually on the very morning, and seemed to have brought a "British and foreign" appetite with him. He had not forgotten to load himself with continental delicacies, to which, as well as to the numerous excellent wines, the most exemplary justice was done. One had need have a strong head to withstand such things, but the air really makes a great deal of food and strong drink more necessary than with us. A man who could at first hardly drink a glass of English claret, (that is, mixed with brandy,) after a time finds a whole bottle of port agree very well with his health, and with the English fogs. But if our palates were especially consulted

at this repast, there was no want of salt in the conversation. An officer who had served in the Birman war told us many interesting details of that people.

Another man related an Irish bull, which appeared to me the best I had heard—inasmuch as the blunder was no less than a man's cutting off his own head. The fact is, however, as he asserted, authentic, and occurred as follows:—

The peasants of Ulster use an enormous scythe, with the end of the handle sharpened to a point, that they may stick it into the ground. When they go home from work, they carry these formidable weapons over their shoulders, in such a manner that the edge of the scythe lies round their neck. Two peasants were sauntering home by the side of a river, when they spied a large salmon with his head hidden under the roots of an old tree, and his tail lying out into the stream. "Look, Paddy," said one, "at the stupid salmon! he thinks because he can't see us that we can't see him: if I had but my pike I would let him know the difference." "Och!" said the other, creeping down the bank, "sure the scythe-handle will do for that—here goes!" And so saying, he struck at the salmon; and hit him truly enough,—only, unfortunately, with the same stroke he took off his own head, which fell plump into the water before the eyes of his astonished comrade. For a long time he could not understand how it was that Paddy's head fell off so suddenly, and still maintains that there was something not quite as it should be in the business.

I closed the day with the English Opera. At the end of the first act a mine falls in and buries the principal persons of the piece alive. In the last scene of the second act they reappear in the bowels of the earth, nearly starved indeed, having lain there three days, and utterly exhausted. This, however, proves no impediment to the prima donna singing a long Polonaise air, to which there is a chorus with trumpets, "Ah, we are lost, all hope is gone!" but, oh miracle! the rocks fall asunder again, and open a wide entrance to the light of day. All distress, and with it the distressing nonsense of the piece, was at an end.

*August 2nd.*

Yesterday's debauch called my attention to an organ which Mr. Deville did not include in his list—the organ of 'gourmandise,' which immediately confines on that of murder, and is in fact, like that, a species of destructiveness. I find I possess it in a considerable degree, and I only wish all the bumps and knobs on my skull gave as innocent and agreeable results. It indicates not the mere vulgar desire for eating and drinking, but enables its possessor to estimate the delicate fragrance of wine, or the inventive genius of a cook. It is inimical to human happiness only when found in conjunction with a sentimental stomach,—which happily does not appear to be the case with me.

To-day I saw an exhibition of an entire gallery of pictures embroidered with the needle, and the work of one person: their excellence is really surprising. The name of the artist, the most patient of women, is Miss Linwood. At a little distance the copies are very like the originals, and the enormous prices she gets for them shows that their merit is recognized. I heard that one such piece of tapestry, after Carlo Dolce, sold for three thousand guineas. There was a portrait of Napoleon during the Consulate, which must have been very like him at that time, and was regarded by some Frenchmen present with great admiration.

I next went to see the solar microscope, the magnifying power of which is a million. What it shows is really enough to drive a man of lively imagination mad. Nothing can be more horrible,—no more frightful devilish figures could possibly be invented,—than the hideous, disgusting water animalculæ (invisible to the naked eye, or even to glasses of inferior power,) which we daily swallow. They looked like damned souls darting about their filthy pools with the rapidity of lightning, while every motion and gesture seemed to bespeak deadly hate, horrid torture, warfare, and death.

I was seized with a sight-seeing fit, and wished to efface the shocking impressions of that infernal world by something more agreeable. I visited three panoramas,—Rio Janeiro, Madrid, and Geneva.

The first is a singular and paradisaically luxuriant country, differing completely from the forms and appearances of that which surround us. The second, in its treeless sandy plain, looks the picture of blank stationariness and of the Inquisition: burning heat broods over the whole scene like an 'auto da fè.' The third appeared to me like an old acquaintance; and with a full heart I looked long at the immoveable and unchangeable fatherlandish friend,—the majestic Mont Blanc.

*August 8th.*

Canning is dead. A man in the plenitude of his intellectual power, who had but a few weeks ago arrived at the goal of his active life, who had risen to be the ruler of England, and, in that quality, unquestionably the most influential man in Europe; endowed with a spirit of fire that would have guided the reins he held with a mighty hand, and a soul capable of embracing the good of his species from a station more elevated than any to which human ambition could raise him.

One shock has overthrown this proud structure of many years. And this high-spirited man was doomed to end his days by a sudden and tragic death, amid fearful sufferings, the victim of a relentless Destiny, who steps on with iron foot, treading down all that comes in her way, heedless whether it be the young seedling, the swelling blossom, the lordly tree, or the withering plant, that she crushes.

What will be the consequences of his death? Years must elapse before that will be seen; perhaps it will hasten on a conclusion which seems to threaten us on many sides, and to which only a large-minded, liberal, and enlightened statesman, like Canning, were capable of giving unity and a favourable direction. It is not impossible that the party which now so indecently and unfeelingly triumphs at his untimely death, may be the first to be placed in real and imminent peril by that very event; for not in vain has Lord Chesterfield said, with a far-seeing prophetic eye, "Je prevois que dans cent ans d'ici les métiers de gentilhomme et de moine ne seront plus de la moitié aussi lucratifs qu'ils le sont aujourd'hui."

But what do I care about politics? Could I but always preserve the due equipoise in myself, I should be content. Meantime Canning's death is now, of course, the talk of the town, and the details of his sufferings are truly afflicting. The Saints, who hated him for his liberal opinions, try to set it abroad that during his physical torments he was converted—what *they* call converted. One of his friends, on the other hand, who was by his bed-side for a considerable time, knew not how sufficiently to eulogize his stoical courage, and the serenity with which he bore his cruel fate;—occupied to the last moment with plans for the weal of England and of humanity, and anxiously desiring to impress them once more on the heart of the King.

As the grave and the gay, the tragic and the frivolous, shake hands here below, a very curious novel divides attention with this great calamity. It is remarkable for its rather 'baroque,' but often witty and faithful delineations of continental manners. I give you the description of the beginning of a ball at Ems, as a sample of the observations of Englishmen on our manners and customs.

"The company at the Archduke's fête was *most select*: that is to say, it consisted of every single person who was then at the baths: those who had been presented to His Highness having the privilege of introducing any number of their friends: and those who had no friend to introduce them, purchased tickets at an enormous price from Cracowsky—the wily Polish intendant. The entertainment was most imperial; no expense and no exertion were spared to make the hired lodging-house look like an hereditary palace; and for a week previous to the great evening, the whole of the neighbouring town of Wisbaden,[66] the little capital of the duchy, has been put under contribution. What a harvest for Cracowsky!—What a commission from the *restaurateur* for supplying the refreshments!—What a per-centage on hired mirrors and dingy hangings!

"The Archduke, covered with orders, received every one with the greatest condescension, and made to each of his guests a most flattering speech. His suite, in new uniforms, simultaneously bowed directly the flattering speech was finished.

"'Madame von Furstenburg, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Madame von Furstenburg, I trust that your amiable and delightful family are quite well." [The party passed on.]—'Cravatischeff!' continued His Highness, inclining his head round to one of his aid-de-camps; 'Cravatischeff! a very fine woman is Madame von Furstenburg. There are few women whom I more admire than Madame von Furstenburg.'"

"'Prince Salvinski, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Poland honours no one more than Prince Salvinski.'—'Cravatischeff! a remarkable bore is Prince Salvinski. There are few men of whom I have a greater terror than Prince Salvinski.'"

"'Baron von Konigstein, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Baron von Konigstein, I have not yet forgot the story of the fair Venetian.'—'Cravatischeff! an uncommonly pleasant fellow is Baron von Konigstein. There are few men whose company I more enjoy than Baron von Konigstein's.'"

"'Count von Altenburgh, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. You will not forget to give me your opinion of my Austrian troop.'—'Cravatischeff! a very good billiard-player is Count von Altenburgh. There are few men whose play I'd sooner bet upon than Count von Altenburgh's.'"

"'Lady Madeleine Trevor, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends.—Miss Fane, your servant—Mr. Sherborne—Mr. St. George—Mr. Grey.'—'Cravatischeff! a most splendid woman is Lady Madeleine Trevor. There is no woman whom I more admire than Lady Madeleine Trevor;—and, Cravatischeff! Miss Fane, too! a remarkably fine girl is Miss Fane.'"

Stinging enough, is it not, Julia? I have met with few descriptions that have amused me more: and my translation,—extremely good, is it not? There are few translations that please me more than my own.

In a serious style, too, the Author is not amiss.[67]

More practically does the celebrated Smollett write to a friend: "I am old enough to have seen and convinced myself that we are all the playthings of Destiny, and that it often depends on a trifle not more important than the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether a man should raise himself to riches and honours, or pine away in misery and want till he dies.

*August 15th.*

I daily inspect the workmen in St. James's Park, formerly only a sort of meadow for cows, and now converted into beautiful gardens, according to a plan of Mr. Nash's. The water is also much better distributed. I acquire a great deal of technical information here, and admire the judicious division and series of the work, the ingenious modes of transport, the moveable iron railways, &c.

It is characteristic, that while the laws which protect private property are so strict that a man who climbs over a wall into a garden runs the risk of being hanged, or otherwise grievously punished; that if it occurs in the night the proprietor may shoot him dead;—with the public, wherever they have the shadow of a claim, it is necessary to go to work as gingerly as you would with a raw egg. This park is the property of the Crown, but has been open to the public from remote ages; and Government does not dare to close it, even temporarily, notwithstanding the improvements which the King is now carrying on, (at the nation's cost, it is true.) A board is put up on which is inscribed literally as follows:—"The public are most respectfully requested, during the operations which are designed for the increase of their own gratification, not to injure the carts and tools of the workmen, and to avoid as much as possible the part where the men are at work." Very little attention, however, is paid to this respectful and reasonable petition, and the carts and barrows which lie empty when the men leave work are often used by the boys to wheel each other about, and to play all sorts of tricks with. The girls seesaw on the long planks, and many little wretches amuse themselves with throwing stones in the water just at the very spot where ladies are standing, who are of course so splashed as to be obliged to hasten home. This brutal love of mischief is quite peculiar to the English people, and forms the sole apology for the grudging inhumanity with which the opulent classes shut up their charming pleasure-grounds. It is worth inquiring, however, whether the moroseness of the rich was not the cause, instead of the effect, of the mischievous temper of the poor. It is difficult for people on the Continent to imagine to what a pitch it goes.

The anxiety with which the rich English shut up their property from the profaning eyes of the stranger is sometimes truly amusing, but may chance to be painful. I was riding one day in the neighbourhood of London,—and attracted by the sight of a fine house and grounds, I asked the porter who stood at the lodge, whether he would allow me to look at the gardens? He had many scruples, but at last he opened the gate, taking charge of my horse during the time. I might have walked about for a quarter of an hour, and was just looking at the neatly-kept pleasure-ground, when a somewhat fat personage in his shirt appeared at a window of the house; he seemed to be running about in great distress, but at last threw open the window with great vehemence, and whilst I heard the violent ringing of a large bell, cried out to me with half-suppressed rage, "Qui êtes-vous, Monsieur? que cherchez-vous ici?"

I thought it too ridiculous to shout back the answer from such a distance, and soon found it unnecessary; for a number of servants, alarmed by the ringing of the bell, flocked together from all directions, one of whom now repeated to me the question ‘ex officio.’ In a few words I let the proprietor know by him that I was a foreigner who had been attracted by fondness for gardening; that I had not climbed over the wall, as he seemed to believe, but had entered through the usual entrance, where my horse was still waiting; that I was heartily sorry for having caused him such a shock in his illness, and only wished that it might have no serious consequences, at the same time assuring him of my best respects, and that I would immediately leave the forbidden garden. I soon reached my horse, and rode off laughing, for this was the gay side of the affair. About a fortnight after, I passed by chance near the same house: I approached the lodge again, and rang the bell; another man appeared; and in a mischievous fit I inquired after the health of his master, and whether I could be permitted to see the garden? “God forbid!” was the answer, “on no account!” I now heard from the servant, to my sincere grief, that the poor fellow, his predecessor, had been dismissed with his wife and children, though he had been in the service of the family for many years, merely for having let a stranger enter without permission. Nevertheless this severe gentleman is one of the patent liberals of England. What would an illiberal one have done?

The walks and rides in the neighbourhood are now very inviting again, for autumn has set in early. The scorched grass has resumed its coat of bright green, and the trees hold their foliage longer and fresher than with us, though they begin to change their colour earlier. Winter comes late, often not at all, to throw its broad white mantle over them. The mowing of the grass, and cleaning and sweeping of the gardens and grounds never cease; indeed, as autumn and winter are ‘the seasons’ in the country, that is just the time when most care is bestowed upon them.

London is deserted by the fashionables; and that with such affectation, that many who are obliged to remain on business positively conceal themselves. The streets in the west end of the town are like those of a deserted city. * * *

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They are still infested with beggars, and with that most affecting sort of beggars who ply their melancholy trade in the night. Not only English women, but foreigners here contract this shocking custom. I was really made almost desperate by a withered French woman, of whom I could not get rid, even by the usual shilling:—“Encore un moment,” exclaimed she; “je ne demande rien, c’est seulement pour parler Français, pour avoir une conversation raisonnable, dont ces Anglais ne sont pas capables.”

In the present solitude one has at least as much time to oneself as one likes; one can work, and read the legion of newspapers at one’s leisure. The absurdities which daily appear in them on foreign affairs are almost incredible. To-day I found the following article: “The admiration of the Emperor Alexander for Napoleon was for a long time boundless. It is well known that at the theatre at Erfuth, when Talma uttered the words

‘L’amitié d’un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux,’

Alexander leaned over to Napoleon and said, ‘Ces paroles ont été écrites pour moi.’—The following anecdote is probably less known. *We can vouch for the truth of it.* Alexander one day expressed to Duroc the intense desire he had to possess a pair of breeches of his great ally the Emperor Napoleon. Duroc sounded his master on this very extraordinary subject. Napoleon laughed heartily. ‘Oh,’ cried he, ‘donnez lui tout ce qu’il veut, pourvu qu’il me reste une paire pour changer.’ *This is authentic.* We are also assured that Alexander, who was very superstitious, never wore any other breeches than Napoleon’s in the field, during the campaigns of 1812-13.”

The day ended very pleasantly for me with the arrival of my friend L——, for whom I now leave you, and close this letter (which is far enough from being amusing or instructive in proportion to its dreadful length,) with the old assurance, which to you I know will want no charm of novelty, that, far or near, you are ever next to my heart.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XVII.

*London, Aug. 20th, 1827.*

Dear and faithful friend,

Curiosity led me again to-day to the Tunnel. I went in the diving-bell down to the bed of the river, and spent half an hour there, looking at the process of stopping the breach with sand-bags and earth. Excepting a rather violent pain in my ears, I found it more comfortable in our metal box, the deeper we sank. It has two thick glass windows at the top: and near them two leathern pipes which admit fresh air. The bell has no floor,—only a narrow board on which to set your feet, and two strong benches on the sides. It is lighted by lanterns. The workmen had capital water-boots, which resist the wet four-and-twenty hours; and I was particularly delighted at writing the address of the maker in my pocket-book among the fishes, “*auf des Stromes tiefunterstem Grunde*.”

After having escaped safe and sound from the water, I was near suffering a sad calamity from fire. I had gone for a minute into another room, and a candle which had burned down in the socket set fire to the papers on my writing-table: before I could extinguish it, many things very interesting to me were destroyed. Copies of letters, prints and drawings, an unfinished novel, (what a pity!) numberless addresses, a part of my journal,—all became the prey of the flames. I could not help laughing when I saw that all the receipts were left untouched, while the unpaid bills were consumed to the last vestige. That’s what I call an obliging fire. The great packet of your letters is burnt round the edges, so that they look as if they were written on mourning paper:—right again, for letters between people who love each other, always mourn over the necessity for writing them. The Vienna courier you wot of, who came charged with a hundred thousand blessings, is turned negro; but his life is happily saved, and his cinq-foil leaf is in full preservation. I send him back to you as a witness and a messenger of the fire.

*August 21st.*

There is such an extent and variety of ‘terra incognita’ in this illimitable London, that with no other guide than chance one is sure to fall upon something new and interesting. In this way I found myself to-day in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, a noble square, almost a German mile from my lodging, surrounded with fine buildings, and adorned with

lofty trees and beautiful turf. The most considerable edifice is that of the College of Surgeons, and contains a very interesting museum. One of the gentlemen showed me the establishment with great civility. The first thing which claimed my attention was a very pretty little mermaid which had been exhibited here for money some years ago, and was afterwards sold for a thousand pounds, when it was discovered that she was a deceptive contrivance made out of a small ourang-outang and a salmon, joined together in a most workmanlike manner. The existence of such creatures remains, therefore, as much a problem as ever. Near to it stood a real large ourang-outang, who lived here for a long time, and performed many domestic services in the house. Mr. C—— (so my informant was called) assured me that he must regard this animal as of a distinct genus, nearer to man than to the ape. He had long and attentively observed this individual, and had found in him the most certain proofs of reflection and combination, evidently far beyond the reach of instinct. Thus, he remarked that Mr. Dick (as he called him) felt in gentlemen's pockets, if he were permitted, for eatables; but if his search was unsuccessful, carefully replaced every thing that did not answer his purpose, instead of throwing it away or letting it fall, as all other monkeys do. He was so sensitive to the slightest mark of displeasure, that he was depressed and unhappy for days after being unkindly spoken to. He was observed, too, to try of his own accord to assist the servants, if he saw them unusually oppressed with work.

There were some preparations exhibiting almost incredible cases of recoveries from wounds. The most extraordinary among them was the breast of a man (which Mr. C—— showed me, preserved in spirits,) who had been so completely spitted by the shaft of a carriage, that he could only be dragged from it by the efforts of several persons. The shaft had passed close to the heart and lungs, which, however, it only gently forced aside, without doing them the least injury, and had broken the ribs before and behind. After the man had been extricated from his horrible situation, he had strength enough left to walk up two flights of stairs, and to lie down on a bed. He lived fourteen years after the accident, sound and well; but the surgeons had kept their eye upon him, and got possession of his body as soon as he was dead. They have placed him in their museum, together with the shaft, which had been kept in his family as a relic.

I was struck by a small, beautifully-formed greyhound, which was built up in a cellar, and was found, after the lapse of many years, perfectly dried. He looked as if carved out of gray sandstone, and presented an affecting image of resignation,—rolled up as if in sleep, and with such a mournful expression of his little head, that one could not look at it without pity. A cat, starved and dried in the same manner, looking on the contrary savage and fiendish. Thus, thought I, is gentleness beautiful even in suffering! It was a picture of the good and the wicked in a like situation; and yet how different the effects!

I must mention the skeleton of the Frenchman who was exhibited here as 'the living skeleton,' his bones being really covered with little more than skin. His stomach was smaller than that of a new-born child; and the unhappy creature was condemned to a prolonged starvation, for he could not eat more than half a cup of broth a-day. He was twenty years old,—died in London, and sold himself, while yet alive, to the museum.

As I was driving home, I had taken a quantity of small money in change at the turnpikes, and I amused myself in an odd humour by letting a penny fall quietly out of the carriage every time I saw a poor, ragged person. Not one of them perceived it; all passed over it. And just so does Fortune with us! She drives continually through the world in her chariot, and throws out her gifts blindfold. How seldom do any of us see them, or stoop to pick them up! We are generally seeking elsewhere at the lucky moment.

On my return home, I found a real gift of fate, and a very precious one,—a long letter from you * * *

Herr von S——, whom you mention as one of the recent arrivals at the baths, is an old acquaintance of mine, a strange original whom we all liked, and yet could not resist making a butt of, and who was continually meeting with adventures the most ludicrous and the most serious. You have seen what a caricature he looks, and that he is of all men the least formed to be a man 'à bonnes fortunes.' When a young lieutenant, however, he was madly in love with one of the most beautiful women of her time, Baroness B——; and one evening, on her torturing him to the utmost by some biting jest, he ran a sword through his body before her eyes. The weapon went through his lungs, so that a candle held to the wound was blown out. Nevertheless our tragic madman was cured, and Frau von B—— was so touched by this proof of passion, that she became less cruel to so desperate a lover. * * *

*Salthill, August 25th.*

I have at length left town with L——, who will accompany me for some days, after which I shall continue my travels alone. The first resting place is a delightful inn, like a gentleman's villa, in the neighbourhood of Windsor. The prettiest veranda festooned with roses and all sorts of creepers, and adorned with a quantity of flowers in pots, covers the whole front; and a pleasure-ground and flower-garden, in exquisite order, stretch before my window. From hence I have a noble view of the gigantic Castle in the distance, which, set in a frame of two massy horse-chestnut-trees, gleamed like a fairy palace in the evening sun. The long rain had painted every thing emerald-green, and the sweet fresh country has the most benign influence on my mind and spirits. I can talk of you too, my good Julia, to L——, whose society is very agreeable to me. To-morrow we mean to see a multitude of things. This evening, as it was late, we contented ourselves with a ramble in the fields.

*August 26th.*

Early in the morning we drove to Stoke Park, the residence of a grandson of the celebrated Quaker, William Penn. In the house is preserved a bit of the tree under which he concluded the treaty with Indian chiefs. The park is fine, and contains the greatest variety of deer either L—— or I had ever seen,—black, white, striped, mottled, black with white spots on the forehead, and brown with white feet. The park and garden, though beautiful, presented nothing remarkable.

This we found in Dropmore, the seat of Lord Grenville, where the most extraordinary trees and an enchanting flower-garden excited all our attention. It was more properly two or three gardens;—in richness of flowers, really unique; the beds partly cut in the turf, partly surrounded with gravel. Each bed contained only one sort of flower, which threw an indescribable richness of colour over the whole picture. Countless geraniums of every sort and colour, with many other flowers we hardly know, or of which we possess at most only single specimens, were arranged in large and splendid masses. The colours too were so admirably grouped that the eye rested on them with extreme delight.

Yet a great part of the park consisted only of barren soil with heather,—just like that of our woods. The turf was dry and scorched, yet the high cultivation gave to the whole an air of great beauty, and confirmed me in my persuasion that with money and patience every soil may be overcome,—climate alone cannot.

After we had seen another park, which commanded some remarkably fine views, we drove to Windsor to see the new part of the Castle 'en detail.' Unfortunately, almost at the same minute the King came up with his suite, in five phætons drawn by poneys; so that we were obliged to wait more than an hour till he drove off again, and we were permitted to enter.

In the interval we visited Eton College, an old establishment for education founded by Henry the Sixth. Its exterior is that of a vast and handsome Gothic building with a church attached to it; its interior, of a simplicity hardly exceeded by our village schools. Bare white walls, wooden benches, carved with the names of the scholars who have studied here, (among which are those of Fox, Canning, and other celebrated men,) are all that distinguish the room in which the best born youth of England are educated. According to the rules of the foundation, the King's scholars have nothing day after day but mutton. What could the royal founder propose to himself by this singular law? The library is very handsomely decorated, and contains some interesting manuscripts.

On our return from Eton the King had driven away, and Mr. Wyatville his architect, under whose direction the new part of the Castle is erecting, had the kindness to give us detailed information about every part. It is a vast work, and the only one of its kind in England, which is executed not only at a great cost and with technical skill, but with uncommon taste, nay genius. The grandeur and magnificence of the Castle, which, though not half finished, has cost three millions of our money, are truly worthy of a King of England. Situated on a hill above the town, and commanding a beautiful view, while it presents a noble object from every side, its position gives it an immense advantage. Its historical interest, its high antiquity, and its astonishing vastness and extent, unite to render it single in the world.

The magnificence of the interior corresponds with the exterior. Each of the separate panes of glass in the huge Gothic windows cost twelve pounds sterling, and the eye is dazzled with velvet, silk, and gilding. A high terrace on the side of the king's chamber, which forms hot-houses in the inside, and on the outside looks only like a high abrupt wall in the stern character of the rest of the building, encloses the most charming garden and pleasure-ground. The four great gates into the castle yard are so admirably contrived, that each encloses one of the most interesting points of the landscape as in a frame.

All the recent additions are, as I have already mentioned, so perfectly executed, that they are hardly to be distinguished from the old part; and I cannot blame the architect for having faithfully imitated even the less tasteful details. On the other hand, I must confess that the internal decorations, spite of all their gorgeousness, appeared to me to leave much to wish for. They are enormously overloaded in parts, and are not always either in keeping with the character of the building, or calculated to produce an agreeable effect.

*August 28th.*

L—— left me yesterday,—sooner than he had intended. I am extremely sorry for it; for so agreeable and friendly a companion doubles every pleasure. I afterwards drove with an acquaintance of the Guards, to St. Leonard's Hill, belonging to Field-marshal Lord H——, to whom E—— had given me a letter.

The weather, which had been overcast, and from time to time rainy, was splendid; scarcely a cloud in the sky. On no more beautiful day could I see a more beautiful place than St. Leonard's Hill. These giant trees; this fresh wood, full of variety; these enchanting views, both far and near; this delightful house, with the most lovely of all flower-gardens; this luxuriant vegetation, and this delicious retirement, from which, as from behind a curtain, you look out upon a world of diversified beauty lying in the valley beneath,—form a whole which has not its equal in England. The possessors are a very agreeable old couple, unfortunately without children to whom to transmit this paradise. The old lord seemed much pleased at my enthusiasm for the beauties of the place, and invited me to spend the following day, which I accepted with great pleasure. To-day I was engaged to dine with my friend Captain B—— at the Guards' mess at Windsor, where I passed the evening, from six o'clock till midnight.

At an early hour in the morning I was summoned by Lord H——, who is Ranger of Windsor Park, and wished to show it me before the King made his appearance. As soon as he rides out, the private part of the ground is hermetically sealed to every one, without exception, who does not belong to his own invited company. I was rather late; the kind-hearted old lord scolded me a little, and made me instantly get into a landau drawn by four noble horses, in which we rolled rapidly through the high beech woods.

The King has had several roads cut, for his own special and peculiar use, through the most interesting parts of his immense park of Windsor. We drove along one of them; and in half an hour reached the royal stables, where the celebrated giraffe is kept. Here, unhappily, we heard that the King's carriages had been ordered, and indeed they stood already harnessed in the yard. There were seven, of various forms, but all with very low wheels, almost as light as children's carriages, and drawn by little poneys; the King's with four, which he drives himself,—the others with two: most of the poneys were of different colours. Lord H—— beheld these equipages with dismay. He was afraid the King might meet us, and feel 'mal à son aise' at the sight of unexpected strangers—for the monarch's tastes are singular enough. It is unpleasant to him to see a strange face, or indeed a human being of any kind whatsoever, within his domain; and the Park is consequently (with the exception of the high road which crosses it,) a perfect solitude. The King's favourite spots are, for further security, thickly surrounded by screens of wood, and plantations are daily laid out to add to the privacy and concealment. In many places where the lay of the ground would enable you to get a glimpse of the sanctuary within, three stages of fence are planted one behind the other.

We hastened accordingly to secure a sight of the giraffe, which was led out before us by two Moors who had accompanied her from Africa. A wonderful creature indeed! You know her form; but nothing can give an idea of the beauty of her eyes. Imagine something midway between the eye of the finest Arab horse, and the loveliest Southern girl, with long and coal-black lashes, and the most exquisite beaming expression of tenderness and softness, united to volcanic fire. The giraffe is attached to man, and is extremely 'gentle' and good-natured. Her appetite is good, for she daily sucks the milk of three cows who were lying near her. She uses her long bright-blue tongue like a trunk, in which way she took from me my umbrella, which she liked so much that she would not give it up again. Her walk was somewhat ungainly, from having sprained her leg on board ship; but the Africans assured us that when in perfect health she is very swift-footed. Lord H—— hurried off, for fear of the King; and after passing through a thickly-

planted part of the pleasure-ground attached to the ‘Cottage,’ which we only saw from a distance, we directed our course to Virginia Water, the King’s favourite haunt. It is a large, artificial, but very natural-looking lake, on which His Majesty almost daily fishes.

I was not a little surprised to see the whole country here assume a new character, and one very uncommon in England,—that of my beloved Fatherland:—fir- and pine-wood intermingled with oaks and alders; and under foot our heather, and even our sand, in which this year’s plantations were completely dry and withered. I could have given the King’s gardeners some useful hints about planting in sand, for I convinced myself that they do not at all understand the treatment of that sort of soil.—A little frigate lay rocking on the lake, on whose banks were various little devices,—Chinese and Moorish houses executed with taste and not caricatured. The haste with which we drove along rendered it only possible to see things in a transient, and for the most part distant manner. I was, however, very glad to have gained at least a general idea of the whole.

My venerable host climbed up on the seat of the carriage, and stood there, supported by his wife and me, to look about whether the King might not be somewhere in sight; nor was he perfectly tranquil till the gate of the sanctuary closed upon us.

On our way back we saw the King’s hunters—beautiful animals, as you may suppose,—and a peculiar breed of small elegant hounds, which are not to be met with out of England. We returned with good appetites for dinner, where I found several guests. Our hostess is a very agreeable woman, and as ‘parkomane’ as myself. All the noble trees in front of the house, between which glimpses of the distant landscape appear like separate pictures, were planted by herself forty years ago, and from that time to this only two have been removed. Every day convinces me more and more that the wide unbroken prospects which are here almost prohibited, destroy all illusion. With the exception of some few very old parks, you find hardly a house in England the view from which is not broken by scattered trees. Drawings deceive you, because the main object of the draftsman generally is to show the architecture and size of the building, and he consequently leaves out the trees.

A most useful contrivance in this garden was a gigantic umbrella as large as a little tent, with an iron spike at the bottom to stick into the ground. You could thus establish yourself in any spot shaded from the sun.

I gladly accepted an invitation from my friendly host for the following day, to meet the ladies of honour (*Hofdamen*[68]) of the Queen of Würtemburg. After dinner we walked again, to see a cottage in the low ground of the park. Enclosed on every side by hill and wood, it forms a charming contrast to the handsome villa on the height. Rode home (B—— and I) by brilliant star-light.

*August 29th.*

After paying a visit to Mrs. C—— in Windsor, I returned to Lord H—— ‘s, enjoying with new delight the noble oakwoods of his park, at the entrance of which, the prettiest lodge, tastefully built of trunks and branches of trees, and overgrown with roses, is a sort of index to the lovely character of the whole. I found a large party assembled;—the principal lady of honour (*Oberhofmeisterin*,) two ladies in waiting (*Hofdamen*,) and two equerries of the Queen of Würtemburg,—all German: le Marquis de H——, a Frenchman, with two sons and a daughter, (the latter a true ‘Parisienne;’) an English clergyman, and another foreign nobleman.

The French party have judiciously put forward their cousinship with the childless Peer, are very kindly received, live in the cottage in the valley which I described yesterday, and have expectations of inheriting this noble property,—so that the little French girl is already regarded as ‘a good match.’

The most interesting person to me in the whole company, however, was the Countess herself. She is a most amiable old lady, full of dignified courtesy, united to a very agreeable turn of mind. She has seen much of life, and relates what she has seen in the most interesting manner. She told me many particulars concerning Lord Byron, who passed much of his boyish time in her house, and was then so untameable that she said she had had unspeakable trouble with the daring, mischievous boy. She did not think him base, but ill-tempered; for she observed that he always took a sort of pleasure in giving pain, especially to women; though when he chose to be amiable, she confessed that it was hardly possible to resist him. She added, that whatever were the defects of his wife, he had certainly treated her very ill, and had exercised a refinement of torture towards her; probably because she had formerly refused him, for which he swore never-ending vengeance even on the day of his marriage.

I did not put implicit faith in this account, in spite of my great respect for the narrator. The soul of a poet like Byron is hard to judge;—the ordinary standard is quite inadequate to it, and very few people have any other to apply.

Where one is much pleased, one generally pleases; and accordingly I was pressingly invited to spend a few days in this little paradise. My restlessness is, however, as you know full well, equal to my indolence: and as I am difficult to move from a place where I have once fixed myself, (‘témoin’ my long unprofitable abode in London,) I find it equally difficult to bring myself to remain where the immediate interest is exhausted. I therefore gratefully declined the invitation, and returned to Salthill.

*August 30th.*

The terrace of Windsor Castle forms a delightful promenade for the people of the town, and is frequently enlivened by the band of the Guards. I walked there this morning with the pretty and amiable Misses C——, and paid a visit with them to the ‘châtelaine’ of the Palace, an old unmarried lady.

It is impossible to have a more delightful residence. Every window commands a beautiful landscape. The venerable lady showed me a stone in the wall of her bedroom, on which was a decayed inscription. “This,” said she, “was carved by a charming young knight who pined here in captivity, just before his death; he was suffocated under this very stone.” “Good God!” said I, “are you not afraid to sleep here—suppose the young knight’s ghost should appear!” “Never fear!” exclaimed the sprightly old lady, “at my time of life one is not so timid; I am safe from all young knights, living or dead.” We proceeded to the noble chapel, where divine service was going on. The banners, swords, and coronets of the Knights of the Garter proudly ranged around; the melancholy light of the coloured windows; the beautiful carvings in stone and wood; the reverential groups of hearers,—formed a fine picture only defaced by some few objects: for instance, the ridiculous monument of the Princess Charlotte, in which the four subordinate figures turn their backs completely on the spectator; while on the other hand the Princess appears in a twofold character,—extended as a corpse, and ascending to heaven as an angel.

Lulled by the music, I gave myself up, in the quiet nook in which I had niched myself, to my fancies, and, absorbed in the kingdom of sound, soon forgot all around me. At last I thought myself dead, and yet I fancied myself a visitor of that Gothic chapel we wished to build, dear Julia, and standing before my own tomb. In the centre of the church, on a white marble sarcophagus, lay a figure wrapped in thick folds of drapery, with a wolf and a lamb at his feet. Another pedestal of the same form was vacant. I approached, and read the following inscriptions on the marble. On the end under the head of the recumbent figure were the following words,

In thy bosom, O God!
Rests his imperishable spirit,
For the eternal law of life
Is death and resurrection.

At the opposite end was written;

His childhood was deprived of its greatest blessing,—
Loving education in the paternal house.
His youth was stormy, and vain, and foolish,
But never estranged from Nature and from God.

On the one side,

Serious and melancholy was his manhood;—
It would have been shrouded in night,
Had not a loving woman,
Like the sun, with clear benign beams,
Oft changed the dark night into cheerful day.

On the other side,

Length of days was denied him:
What were his works and his deeds?
They live and bloom around you.
What else he strove for, or attained, on earth,—
To others it availed much, to himself little.

And now I thought much of you, and of all I love, and I felt a sort of pious sorrow for myself;—and as the sudden pause of the music awoke me from my dream, the silent tears were actually upon my cheek, so that I was almost ashamed to be seen.

*August 31st.*

One is well served in England,—that is certain. I was invited to dine at six at the Guard's mess which is very punctual, and sat writing till late. The barracks are three miles from my inn, which is, as usual, a post-house. I therefore told my servant to call for 'horses' instantly. In less than a minute they were harnessed before the door, and, in fifteen, driving like the wind, I was at table as the clock struck six.

The military profession is on a far more social footing here than with us, for the simple reason that the members of it are richer. Though the service is as far as possible from being neglected, there is not the slightest trace of pedantry; and, out of service, not the least distinction between the colonel and the youngest lieutenant. Every man takes as unrestrained a part in conversation as in any other society. In the country the officers are all in uniform at mess, but not in London,—with the exception of the officer 'du jour.' After dinner, however, they all take their ease; and to-day I saw a young lieutenant sit down in dressing-gown and slippers to play whist with his colonel in uniform. These gentlemen have given me a general invitation to their table as long as I remain in the neighbourhood, and are extremely friendly and cordial to me.

I had passed the morning in seeing Frogmore, and the pictures in Windsor Castle. In the hall of the throne are several tolerable battle-pieces, by West: the subjects are the feats of Edward the Third and the Black Prince,—a throng of knights, snorting horses, ancient armour and caparisons, lances, swords and banners, which form a very appropriate decoration for a royal hall. In another room I was struck by the very expressive portrait of the Duke of Savoy,—the true Ideal of a ruler. Luther and Erasmus, by Holbein, are excellently paired, and yet contrasted: the acute and sarcastic countenance of the latter looks as if he were just about to utter the words he wrote to the Pope, who reproached him with not keeping his fasts: "Holy Father, my soul is Catholic, but my stomach is Protestant."

The beauties of the Court of Charles the Second, who adorn a whole wall, are well suited to lead a man into transgression of another kind. There is nothing remarkable at Frogmore.—The piece of water is now only a swamp for frogs, though surrounded by hedges of rose and hew. A complete encampment of light moveable tents on the turf had a pretty effect.

*September 3rd.*

I have been prevailed upon to devote some days to the enjoyment of a country life at the beautiful Lady G——'s, a relation of Canning.

At breakfast she told me that she was present some months ago when Canning took leave of his mother (both being then in perfect health) in these words: "Adieu, dear mother! in August we shall meet again." In July the mother died suddenly, and in the beginning of August her son followed her.

Yesterday and the day before we drove to Egham races, which are held on a plain surrounded by hills. I met many persons I knew; was presented by the Duke of Clarence to the Queen of Würtemberg; betted successfully; and in the evening went to a pic-nic ball in the little town, which, as with us, was fruitful with country dandies and other amusing provincialisms.

To-day I walked nearly the whole day long with some young ladies. Young Englishwomen are indefatigable

walkers, through thick and thin, over hill and dale,—so that it requires some ambition to keep up with them.

In the park of a nabob we found an interesting curiosity; two dwarf trees, transplanted from China,—elms a hundred years old, with completely the shrivelled look of their age, and yet scarcely two feet high. The secret of rearing such trees is unknown in Europe.

At last the high-spirited girls climbed over a fence of Windsor Park, and disturbed the shades sacred to royal solitude with their merry laugh. By this means I saw several forbidden parts of the lovely scenery round Virginia Water, into which the anxious Lord H—— had not ventured;—had we been caught, it surely would not have gone very hard with us in such company.

*Windsor, Sept. 5th.*

During the four days of my stay we had become such cordial friends, that I felt almost sad at parting. The ladies accompanied me two or three miles before I got into the carriage. I drove away somewhat 'triste,' and directed the post-boy to the barracks of the Guards, where I arrived just in time for dinner. With the aid of much champagne and claret, (for my long walk had made me thirsty,) I consoled myself for the parting with my fair friends as well as I could, and then drove with Captain B—— to a 'soirée' at Mrs. C——'s. After tea, at about eleven o'clock of a splendid night, in compliance with the wishes of the ladies, it was determined to take a walk in the Park, to see the gigantic castle by moonlight from a peculiarly favourable point. The walk was certainly rather long, but it well rewarded us. The sky had flocks of sheep scattered over its deep blue fields, (one of the officers, with more exactness than poetry, compared it to curds and whey,) over which the light of the lustrous moon was beautifully diffused. Our delight was soon rather rudely interrupted by two sentinels with muskets, who challenged and prepared to arrest us as trespassers and breakers of the peace. (N. B. A company of twenty persons, principally ladies, and at least seven officers of the Guards in full uniform!) At last they consented to be satisfied with two officers whom they immediately took into custody. How different from our manners! With us, officers would have felt themselves dishonoured by the hard words the sentinels used, and perhaps have thought it their duty to run them through on the spot. Here, it appeared quite in order, and not the slightest attempt at resistance was made. The rest of us went home; and in about an hour the two prisoners returned, having had to encounter many delays before they could obtain their release. One of them, Captain F——, laughed heartily while he told us that the gamekeeper had reproved him severely, and said "it was a shame that officers, who were bound by their profession to repress all disorders, should not have abstained from committing a trespass," and so forth. "The man was not so much in the wrong," added he; "but ladies' wishes must always be complied with, 'quand même.'"

On returning to my inn I found my old B——, who came to receive my orders in person before his final departure. I am very well pleased with the Englishman whose character I investigated craniologically, and therefore shall not miss my old countryman so much.

He is the bearer of a large plan of a garden, on which I lay outstretched for an hour before I went to bed, to finish it; as Napoleon used to lie on his maps and plans. He, however, with his rough pencil drew blood; I, only water and flower-beds;—he fortifications, I summer-houses;—he soldiers, and I trees.

In the sight of the All-seeing it may be the same whether his children play with cannon-balls or with nuts; but to men the difference is considerable:—in their opinion, he who causes them to be shot by thousands is far greater than he who only labours to promote their enjoyment.

A long index will illustrate my plan. Go hard to work to execute what I lay before you, and gladden my return with the realization of all my garden-dreams which have your approbation.

My intention is now to return to London for a few days, for the purpose of seeing my horses embarked, and then to set out on my long tour in the country. The Journal will therefore have a long time to swell before I can send it you. Do not think, however, that I grow negligent; for, as the illustrious and brilliant prince says, "There are few things I enjoy more than writing to you."

Your L——.

## LETTER XVIII.

*London, Sept. 7th, 1827.*

Dear friend,

I am, as you know, not strong in remembering anniversaries and the like; but I know full well that to-morrow is the day on which I left my poor Julia alone in B——. A year has rolled over us, and we insects are still creeping on in the old track. But we love each other as much as ever, and that is the main thing. We shall work our way in time through those great heaps under which we are now forced to toil so wearily; and perhaps reach the fresh grass and the beautiful flowers on which the morning has scattered her diamonds, and the gay sunbeams dance glittering in the wet crystal. 'Soyez tranquille, nous doublerons encore un jour le Cap de bonne espérance.'

For some days I have written nothing about my sayings and doings, because they amounted only to this,—that I worked and wrote daily with B——, dined with L—— at the Travellers' Club, and went to bed. Yesterday we had the company of another German at dinner, Count ——, who is come to buy horses. He seems to have a good deal of money, and is young enough to enjoy it; 'au reste,' the perfect picture of a good-natured country gentleman (*Landjunker*,)—of a truth, a most happy sort of man:—I only wish I were one.

As to your opinion about parks, I must remark that the extent of them, especially when properly rounded, can never be great enough. Windsor park is the only one which has fully satisfied me as a whole, and the reason for that is its enormous size. It realizes all I would have;—a pleasant tract of country, within the bounds of which you can live and do what you like, without privation or constraint; hunt, fish, ride, drive, without ever feeling cramped; in which you never see a point, except just at the entrance-gates, at which you remark, Here is a boundary; and to which all the beauties of the surrounding country to the remotest distance have been rendered tributary by a cultivated taste.

In other respects you are right: one must not throw away good and bad together; and it is better to conceal many defects and limitations of the ground by skilfully-planned paths and plantations, than to make disproportionate

sacrifices to them.

My horses are safe on board, and sail to-day; though the beautiful Hyperion behaved like mad, dashed the box in which he was enclosed into pieces like glass, and burst all the halters and straps that confined him. He was within an inch of falling into the river, and will probably give them a good deal of trouble on the passage, though we have bound him like a wild beast. One can't blame the poor animal for being frightened when the crane, like a giant's arm, seized him and bore him into the air. Many, however, take it very quietly, for even among horses there are Stoics.

There is nothing which needs really detain me now in London; but Lady —— is still here in the solitude,—and she is so attractive. To quit such a friend were a sin,—the more so, as I have not the least idea of falling in love with her. But is not the true unmixed friendship of a charming woman something very sweet? I have often remarked how men destroy all friendship with women, because they always think it incumbent on them to play the adorer; they thus alarm their delicacy, and check at once that unsuspecting confidence and ease which might otherwise subsist between them. I am well contented with the mere friendship of an amiable woman, especially when I can read it in her soft blue eyes, hear it from a mouth of pearl and coral, and feel it in the kind pressure of a velvet hand. To this portrait you have only to add the innocent look of a dove, long dark-brown curling hair, a slender form, and the most beautiful English complexion, and you have Lady —— before your eyes.

*Doncaster, Sept. 16th.*

I might almost have dated from London, so rapidly have I skimmed over these hundred and eighty miles; and yet I have had time to get a sight of two celebrated houses of the time of Elizabeth, though a transient one.

The first, Hatfield, which belonged to herself, and which she frequently inhabited, is less magnificent than the second, Burleigh House, which was built by her great minister Cecil. Hatfield is built of brick; only the eyebrows of the windows, the corners, &c. are of stone. The proportions are good and grand. There is nothing remarkable in the park and garden, but a fine avenue of oaks, which are reported to have been planted by the Queen herself.

I could only see the outside of Burleigh House; for though the family were all absent, the 'châtelaine' was in no way to be moved to desecrate the sabbath by showing the house to a foreigner. I regretted this the more, because there is a fine collection of pictures. The ancient park is full of the finest trees; but the water, both here and at Hatfield, stagnant and muddy. The house itself is in a confused style, Gothic below, and with chimneys like Corinthian pillars. The great statesman must have had a very corrupt taste in art.

*York, Sept. 17th.*

Doncaster races are the most frequented in England, and the course is far preferable to any in the country for elegance, fitness, and commodious sight of the whole. The view of the race is more agreeable, and less brief and transient; for from the lofty and elegant stand you distinctly overlook the whole course from beginning to end. The horses run in a circle, and the same point serves as starting-post and goal. The concourse of people, of handsome women and fashionable company, was extraordinary. All the great neighbouring nobility came in their gala equipages,—a very interesting sight to me, because I thus learned one sort of state observed here in the country, which is very different from that in town. The most distinguished equipage was that of the Duke of Devonshire, and I describe his train to you as a notice for M——. The Duke's party were seated in a full-bodied carriage drawn by six horses, the harness and hammercloth of moderate richness, and the coachman in intermediate livery, flaxen wig, and boots. The carriage was escorted by twelve outriders: namely, four grooms mounted on horses of different colours, with light saddles and bridles, four postillions on carriage-horses exactly like those in the carriage, with harness-reins, and postillions' saddles; lastly, four footmen in morning jackets, leathern breeches and top-boots, with saddle-cloths and holsters embroidered with the Duke's arms. The order of the train was as follows: first, two grooms; then two postillions; then the carriage with its six beautiful horses which the coachman drove from the box, a postillion riding the leader. On the left rode a footman; another somewhat further back on the right; behind the carriage two more postillions, then two grooms, and lastly, two more footmen. The little fellow who rode the leader was the only one in full state livery,—yellow, blue, black and silver, with a powdered wig,—rather a theatrical dress, with the arms embroidered on his left sleeve.

The St. Leger race, which took place to-day, has probably caused many a sleepless night, for enormous sums have been lost. A little mare, which was so lightly esteemed that the bets were fifteen to one against her, was in first of twenty-six horses that ran. An acquaintance of mine won nine thousand pounds, and had he been unsuccessful, would have lost hardly as many hundreds. Another is said to have lost nearly every thing he had, and, as it is asserted, through the trickery of the owner of one of the horses.

Immediately after the races, which with their animated crowd and thousand equipages afforded me a most striking exhibition of English wealth, I drove further north, towards some object yet unknown to myself, and arrived at one o'clock in the morning at this city of York. During the whole ride I read by my lamp Madame de Maintenon's Letters to the Princess des Ursins, which entertained me extremely. Many passages are remarkably illustrative of the manners of her age. The incognito Queen of course understands court-life to the very bottom; and often reminded me strongly of a good friend of yours, especially by her manner of affecting complete ignorance of all that was passing, and of undervaluing her own influence. She however shows great mildness and prudence, and such extraordinary tact and good-breeding in all she says and does, that one is constrained to think her more amiable than history represents her. It is indeed always a bad thing to let an old woman govern, whether in petticoats or breeches; but it was easier then than now, for all ranks of people were obviously far more like great 'naïfs' children. They even made war in that spirit. Nay, they regarded Almighty God as a Louis the Fourteenth in the highest '*potenz*;' and, like true courtiers, when they were 'in articulo mortis,' they left their earthly king in a moment,—taking no further notice of him,—to devote themselves exclusively to that mightier Ruler, whom they had hitherto neglected as too distant. One can distinctly perceive in these old 'Mémoires,' that those who had been tolerably successful at Court went out of the world with considerable confidence in their 'savoir faire' in heaven; while those who were in disgrace suffered much greater fear of death, and severer stings of conscience. It is quite impossible, now, to represent to oneself such a Court or such an existence, faithfully; but perhaps for our particular class, it was not such a bad state of things. I fell into many reflections on this eternal change in human affairs; and at length breathed upon by that invisible spirit which pervades the Whole, turned with loving greetings to the brilliant star of eve, which from endless years had looked down upon all this struggle with pitying tolerance and untroubled peace.

There are certainly some talents in me which it is a pity to think of

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Now all this is lost and thrown away (for one always serves oneself badly,) like many better things:—for example, a wondrously beautiful tree in some American wilderness, which every spring decks itself in vain with the richest foliage and the most fragrant blossoms, where no human being can gladden his senses and his spirit by its sweetness. Such an existence we call useless. What amiable egotism!—and under its unjust sentence I too must suffer, for those above-mentioned virtues of mine are just as useless;—nay, my whole person would probably be so, were I not of substantial use to the post-boys and waiters, who take my money; and valuable to you, my kind friend, (‘je m’en flatte au moins,’) on other grounds. So that I do not live in the world absolutely and utterly for nothing; and, as on the other hand I hurt nobody, my account stands tolerably fair after striking a balance.

This whole day I have been wandering about the town. I began with the cathedral, which may be compared to that of Milan for the richness of its ornaments, as well as for its size. The founder was Archbishop Scrope, (one of Shakespeare’s personages,) whom Henry the Fourth beheaded as a rebel in 1405. He lies buried in the church; and in the chapter-house is a table covered with a piece of tapestry belonging to him, and embroidered with his arms. It is still in tolerable preservation. The windows in the church are chiefly of old stained glass, only here and there repaired with new. The carving in stone is everywhere admirable, and has all the delicacy and elegance of carved wood, representing all sorts of foliage, animals, angels, &c. One of the great windows is not less than seventy-five feet high and thirty-two broad. That at the other end represents, by its strange stone ramifications, the veins of the human heart, and, with its blood-red glass, produces a curious effect. One of the side windows is remarkable for being painted in imitation of embroidery; it is like a gay carpet. In the choir is an old chair in which several Kings of England were crowned. I sat down in it, and found it, for stone, very comfortable; I dare say I should have thought it still more so if it had been the preparation for a throne.

Near the church is a very pretty Gothic library, the arrangements of which appeared to me very well contrived. Every book has three numbers on the back. At the top, that of the shelf, then that of the compartment, and below, its own number; so that it can be found in a moment. The numbers are on pretty little labels, and do not at all deform the books. In one corner is a very light and convenient staircase leading to the gallery, which runs about midway round the room.

The alphabetical catalogue is arranged as follows:

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| Form. | Letter C. | Edition. | Shelf. | Compartment. | Number. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8vo. | Cosmo, &c. | Verona 1519 | II. | 7 | 189-192 |
| 4to. | Cavendish | London 1802 | I. | 5 | 52-55 |
| Folio | Colley | London 1760 | XI. | 3 | 1080-1082 |
| 12mo | Corneille | Paris 1820 | X. | 6 | 920-930 |

This will suffice to make it clear to you; and as I know by experience what a difficult matter the arranging of a library is, and how many are the ways of doing it, I send you this scheme, as very well suited to a small collection of books.

I could not get a sight of any of the rare books or manuscripts kept here, as the librarian was absent. In a corner I found a very curious drawing of the procession at the great Marlborough’s funeral. It is almost incredible how totally the dresses and customs have altered even since that time. The aged clerk who conducted me about, said he remembered when a boy to have seen soldiers with long bag-wigs like those in the picture.

About three-quarters of a mile from the Minster, on a hill near to the town, are the romantic ruins of St. Mary’s Abbey, overgrown with trees and ivy. The people here have the not very praiseworthy project of erecting a public building on the same hill: they have even begun to dig the foundation; in doing which they have come upon some of the most beautiful remains of the old abbey, as perfect as if executed yesterday. I saw several exquisite capitals still in the earth, and in a neighbouring house, admirable bas-reliefs which have been deposited there while the work is going on. We crossed the river Ouse in a boat, and continued our walk along the top of the old city wall,—a picturesque but rather impracticable way. The surrounding country is very fresh and green; and the numerous Gothic towers of the town give great diversity and beauty to the prospect. After a quarter of an hour’s walk, we reached the Micklegate, from which the old barbican has been pulled down, but which has otherwise retained its original form. The gorgeous arms of York and England glittered upon it with knightly splendour.

In an adjoining field a Roman tomb was discovered fifteen years ago, and the owner who found it, now exhibits it in his cellar. The arch, of Roman brick, is perfectly fresh: the skeleton, lying in a stone coffin beneath, is pronounced by anatomists to be that of a young woman; and, (which is saying a good deal at the end of two thousand years,) she has still ‘des beaux restes,’—splendid teeth, and a beautifully formed skull. I examined the organs carefully, and found all the most desirable qualities; to such a degree, indeed, that I could not help regretting making her acquaintance two thousand years too late, or I should certainly have married her. A better organized cranium I shall never find—that’s certain. She does not seem to have been rich, for nothing was found in her coffin but two glass bottles,—very curious things in themselves, more perfect and more like our glass than any I ever saw, except at Pompeii. It is distinguishable from ours only by its silvery shine, and exhibits no mark of having been blown, though no means have been discovered of concealing such marks in any of our uncut glass. The British Museum has offered the possessor a large sum for these glasses. He finds it, however, more advantageous to show the curiosities himself, at a ‘thaler’ of our money a-head.

We returned to the Micklegate, and proceeded with still more difficulty along the crumbling wall, till, after half an hour’s scrambling, we came to a beautiful ruin called Clifford’s Tower. This ancient fortress plays a part in English history. On one occasion a thousand Jews were burnt alive in it,—having no Rothschild then to save them. At last, about a century ago, being used as a magazine for gunpowder, it was blown up, and has ever since been abandoned to the eating tooth of Time. But time not only destroys, but builds up: and thus as the ruins decayed, ivy,

in which thousands of sparrows nestle, curled itself around them like thick tresses; and in the centre of the tower is a large nut-tree, which overtops the roofless walls. The hill or mound on which the ruin stands, was constructed by the Romans; and a man who lately dug to a considerable depth in search of treasure, found almost the whole foundation of it composed of bones of men and horses. Such is the earth—the universal grave and cradle.

From ruins and death I proceeded to the living dead, who pine at the foot of the hill—the poor prisoners in the county jail. Externally their dwelling appears a palace. The interior has a very different aspect; and my heart ached for the poor devils who were to sit the whole winter through till March, in cells, which are clean, it is true, but chill and damp, only *on suspicion*; with the pleasant prospect, perhaps, of being hanged at the end. If they are acquitted, they have no indemnification to expect. In the court in which the debtors were allowed to walk, were two horses, a she-goat, and an ass. In all the rooms and cells I visited, I observed the greatest cleanliness and order. But the strangest peculiarity of this prison, was a sort of thieves' wardrobe, arranged with real elegance, like the wardrobe of a theatre. A jailor, whose head was considerably overloaded with drink, stammered out the following explanation:

"Here you see the wigs of the famous Granby, which disguised him so, that for ten years he could never be caught. He was hanged here in 1786.—Here is the stake with which George Nayler was knocked down two years ago on the road to Doncaster. He was hanged here last spring.—Here is Stephen's 'knock-down,' with which he killed six people at once. He was hanged here likewise two years ago.—Here are the enormous iron leg-bolts, the only things that would hold Fitzpatrick. He escaped seven times out of the strongest prisons: but these leg-bolts, which I fastened on him myself, were a little too heavy for him. (They were complete beams of iron, which a horse could hardly have dragged along.) He did not wear them long, for two months afterwards, on the first of May,—a beautiful morning 'twas,—he was sent to another world.—Here are the machines with which Cook coined false money. He was quite the gentleman—hanged in 1810."

"Pray," interrupted I, "what sort of a weapon is this immense wooden mallet?"

"Oh!" grinned the old fellow, "that's innocent enough; that's only what I break sugar with when I make negus, He, he, he!—only I put it here ready."

The wardrobe was immediately adjoining his room, and seemed an amateur collection, which owed its rise entirely to his own taste and zeal. How various are the hobby-horses of men!

I am afraid you are already tired of this long walk, dear Julia; but you must follow me a little further; nay, you may even consent to climb from the depth to the highest height. I wished to see the whole panorama of my walk at a glance, and selected for that purpose a Gothic tower of the finest proportions. It is of the most beautiful, elaborate architecture from top to bottom; and behind the transparent tracery I had espied from a distance, with the aid of my opera-glass, ladders which extremely tempted me to mount.

After a stout walk,—in the course of which we came to another old gate, called the Nobles' Gate, which was built up fifty years ago and is now re-opened to serve as a passage to the new cattle-market,—we at length reached the desired tower, a part of the oldest church in York. I had some trouble in finding the clerk, a black man, more like a coal-heaver than a servant of the church,—but full of goodwill. I asked him if one could get up to the fine galleries at the top. "That I don't know," replied he, "for I never went up, though I have been clerk these ten years. There are only old ladders, and some are broken at the top, so that I don't think it possible." This was enough to fire my adventurous soul; and I hastened up the worst, darkest, narrowest, and most decayed winding staircase you can imagine. We soon reached the ladders; we climbed them without halting, and came to the first landing-place. But here the clerk and the 'laquais de place' hesitated to proceed. A high and certainly very frail-looking ladder, wanting many staves, led to a small square hole at the top (where, for a space of about six feet, the staves were entirely gone;) through this you reached the roof. I was determined not to go back 're infectâ,' so I scrambled up, reached the edge of the opening with my hands, and swung myself up with some little difficulty. The view was indeed magnificent, and I exactly attained my chief end,—to see the noble Minster, (which is so miserably encumbered by houses below,) perfectly free in all its colossal majesty, like a line-of-battle ship among boats. The wind, however, blew so terribly around my elevated post, and all seemed in such a decaying state, that I could almost fancy the whole tower rocked in the blast. By degrees I grew uncomfortable in this continued storm. I began my descent, but found that far more difficult than the ascent, as is generally the case in such places. But one must not stay to think, if one begins to feel what the English call 'nervous.' Holding fast by my hands, therefore, I let my feet drop like feelers in search of the highest stave, and very glad was I when I found it. On my arrival at the bottom I was as black as the clerk.

Meanwhile it was the time of evening service in the Minster, where a fine organ and well-selected music in so noble a building, promised me a delightful resting-place. I hastened thither, and dreamed away a delicious half-hour under the influence of sweet sounds and melancholy; while this vast organ,—the tyrant of music, as Heinze calls it,—rolled pealing through the immense aisles, and the sweet voices of children, like the breath of spring, lulled the awe-struck soul again to peace.

Almost in the twilight I visited the town-hall, where the Lord Mayor (only London and York have *Lord* Mayors) holds his court three times a week, and where the sessions are held every three months. It is an old and handsome Gothic building. Near it are two rooms for the barristers and attorneys (*obern und untern Advocaten*.) In the upper room the Lord Mayor's arms are emblazoned in modern painted glass,—for every tradesman has arms here. One can generally discover from them what is the calling of the possessor. The mottos, however, are less business-like, and seem to me to affect too noble an air.

I have now established the proper balance, that is to say, my hands are as tired of writing as my feet of walking. It is time to give the stomach some work to do. If I were Walter Scott, I would give you the bill of fare; but as it is, I don't venture. Instead of it I shall subjoin a word upon my after-dinner reading, which will be furnished again by Madame de Maintenon.

It really touched me to see how vividly the poor woman paints the melancholy uniformity, the bitter 'gêne' of her life: and how often and heartily she longs, with a force and a sincerity that cannot be mistaken, for her dismissal from this stage, which, as she says, "worse than all others, *lasts from morning till night*." Amidst all her power and splendour, she still seems to regard death as the most desirable of things: and indeed, after the long endless void,—after the sacrifice of every personal feeling and inclination year after year, one can imagine the mortal weariness of the spirit, longing for its release. This explains the religious mania that took possession of her, which was also characteristic of the childishness of the age. Had a woman of Madame de Maintenon's talents lived at a later period,

Molinistes and Jansenistes would hardly have succeeded in extorting a smile of contempt from her; but in her time it was otherwise. Still she is in her way a great woman, as Louis the Fourteenth is, in his, a great king—in a little age. It was precisely because it *was* little that it formed little things,—Court, society, &c.—to far greater perfection than ours; and thence to the imaginative mind, which contemplates with pleasure the Perfect in every thing, great or small, must ever present an attractive picture.

*Sept. 20th.*

This morning I devoted to the gleanings, and visited the ancient church of All Saints, where I found some admirable painted glass, though in very bad preservation. There was a Virgin and Child, of a beauty and sweetness of expression of which Raphael would not have needed to be ashamed. I then went to another old church, St. Mary's, where there is a strange gateway on which a number of hieroglyphics and the signs of the zodiac are beautifully carved in stone. As I had been introduced to the Archbishop of York in London, I wrote him a note yesterday, and begged to be allowed to pay my respects to him. He returned a most polite answer, begging me to pass some days at his house. I however declined his invitation to more than a dinner, and drove to his country-house at five o'clock. I found a beautifully kept, luxuriant pleasure-ground, and stately old Gothic structure in a peculiar style, which pleased me much. It was not very large, but perfectly elegant; and at the four corners of the flat roof stood four colossal eagles with out-stretched wings. Instead of the heavy battlements, which have a good effect only in enormous masses, a beautiful sort of open-work ornament in stone, at once rich and light, ran round the roof as a parapet. That the interior corresponded in magnificence with the exterior you may conclude from the ecclesiastical rank and wealth of the possessor. The venerable Archbishop, still a very hale active man, conducted me about, and showed me his kitchen-gardens and hot-houses, which are remarkably fine. They were as neat as the most elegant drawing-room,—a thing which it would be impossible to make our gardeners understand. Not a trace of disorder or dirt, of boards and tools lying about, dunghills near the paths, or the like. On the walls were the choicest fruit-trees arranged in symmetrical lines; among them currant-bushes which had attained to such a growth by the removal of all the small under-branches, that they were twelve feet high, and loaded to excess with bunches like small grapes. In the hot houses, in which pines and grenadillas (a West-Indian fruit in the form of a little melon, and with a flavour like that of a pomegranate,) grew luxuriantly, was a different sort of vine in every window: all were thick-hung with fruit. The fruit-trees on the walls were covered with nets, and at a later season are matted, so that one may pluck ripe fruit till January. One part of the garden was full of ripe strawberries of a peculiar kind, and His Grace assured me he had them in the open air till January. He pointed out to me the Norman cress as a new vegetable of remarkably fine flavour, and told me it might be cut in the snow.

The multitude of flowers still in blossom which edged the beds of the kitchen-garden was striking. I know that this climate is favourable to gardeners, nevertheless they must excel ours in the management of flowers.

In the pleasure-ground I saw larches not only of enormous size, but as thick in foliage as pines, and their pendent branches extending twenty feet over the turf. I heard here, for the first time, that it is thought very beneficial to trees of this tribe[69] to touch the moist earth with their branches, for that they draw great nourishment in that way.

A dinner worthy of an Archbishop closed this agreeable evening. I have told you that the wives of English Bishops do not share their husband's titles. The wife of the Archbishop of York is however, a 'Lady in her own right;' and what is more, a very agreeable woman. She has ten sons and three daughters.

*Scarborough, Sept. 21st.*

I forgot to tell you a droll story that was related yesterday; the strongest instance of 'distraction' (except that of the self-decapitating Irishman,) you ever heard. Lord Seaford said, that his uncle, the old Earl of Warwick, who was famous for fits of absence, travelled up to London one evening from Warwick Castle on important business, which he settled to his satisfaction the following day, and returned again in the night. He had hardly reached home, when he fainted. All the family were alarmed, and asked his valet if his Lord had been ill in London. "No," replied the man, "he has been very well: but I really believe that he has forgotten to eat ever since he was away." This was actually the case, and a plate of soup soon restored His Lordship to his accustomed health.

I write to you from a sea bathing place that has the reputation of being very beautiful. As yet I know nothing about it, for it was pitch dark when I arrived. In the morning I hope to enjoy the best possible view, for I am lodged in the fourth story, the house being choke-full.

On my journey I visited Castle Howard, the seat of Lord Carlisle. It is one of the English 'show places,' but does not please me in the least. It was built by Vanbrugh, an architect of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, who built Blenheim in the same bad French taste. That, however, imposes by its mass, but Castle Howard neither imposes nor pleases. The whole park, too, has something to the last degree melancholy, stiff, and desolate. On a hill is a large temple, the burial-place of the family. The coffins are placed around in cells, most of which are still empty; so that the whole looks like a bee-hive, only indeed more silent and tranquil. In the castle are some fine pictures and antiques. Among the former, the celebrated Three Marys of Annibal Carracci is particularly remarkable. This picture represents the dead Christ, behind whom his mother has sunk fainting; the elder Mary hastens to her with a gesture of lamentation, while Mary Magdalene throws herself despairingly on the body. The gradation from actual death to fainting, thence to the subdued grief of age, and lastly, to the living despair of youth, is given with inimitable truth. Every limb in the body of Christ appears truly dead: you see that the vital spirit has utterly quitted this form, so motionless, cold, and stiff. On the contrary, all is life and motion in the beautiful Magdalene, even to the very hair; all is the vigour and fulness of life, excited by the bitterest grief.—Opposite hangs Annibal's portrait by himself. It has very striking features, but looks more like a 'highwayman' than an artist. You, dear Julia, would have been most attracted by a collection of drawings of the Lords and Ladies of the Court of Francis the First,—fifty or sixty portraits: they were painted memoirs. Among the antiques I was amused by a Goose of the Capitol in bronze, which you fancy you hear cackling with its outstretched wings and open bill. A picture of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, in admirable preservation, is worth mention;—otherwise nothing particularly struck me. The well-known St. John by Domenichino is here, and given out to be an original. If I mistake not, the real one is in Germany.

The park, planted in large stiff masses, is remarkably rich in archways: I passed through about seven before I

reached the house. Over a muddy pond, not far from the Castle, is a stone bridge of five or six arches, and over this bridge—no passage. It is only an ‘object;’ and that it may answer this description thoroughly, there is not a tree or a bush near it or before it. It seems that the whole grounds are just as they were laid out a hundred and twenty years ago. Obelisks and pyramids are as thick as hops, and every view ends with one, as a staring termination. One pyramid is, however, of use, for it is an inn.

*Sept. 22nd.*

If colds and consumptions are frequent in England, it is more to be attributed to the habits of the people than the climate. They have a peculiar predilection for walks on the wet grass; and in every public room there are open windows, so that it is hardly possible to bear the drafts. Even when they are shut the wind whistles through them; for they are seldom substantial, and never double. The climate too, however favourable to vegetation, is dreadful for men. This morning at nine o’clock, I rode out on a hired horse, in beautiful weather and a cloudless sky, and before I had been out an hour the most soaking rain wetted me through and through. At last I reached the village, where, in despair at not finding even a gate-way under which to take shelter, I sprang from my horse, and seeing a cottage door open, went in, and found two old women cooking something over a fire. In England, everything domestic is held so sacred and inviolable, that a man who enters a room without having cautiously announced himself and begged pardon, instantly excites alarm and displeasure. Although the cause of my intrusion ran in pretty obvious streams from my hat and clothes, I was not very cordially received by the old ladies. But what was the rage and horror of my hostesses ‘malgré elles,’ when my steed, whose sagacity would have done honour to Nestor himself, walked in at the door, and before anything could be done to stop him, took his station in the most quiet and decorous manner before the chimney-piece, and with a look of sly, affected stupidity, began to dry his dripping ears at the fire. I thought the women would have died of rage, and I of laughing. I had such compassion for my poor comrade in misfortune, that I did not like to turn him out by force; and so,—they scolding and storming, I trying to appease them with gentle words, and the more approved eloquence of other silver sounds,—we staid, half by force, half by entreaty, till the storm was a little over, and we were a little dried. The drying, however, was of small avail; for, at the entrance to the romantic Forge Valley, storm and rain began afresh. I surrendered myself to my fate, though wholly without defence, and consoled myself with the beauties of the surrounding spot,—a deep, narrow valley, clothed with rich wood, through which a rapid, foaming streamlet took its way. By the side of the brook was a good road. I remarked a pretty and simple way of enclosing a spring between two large blocks of stones set upright, and a third laid across. Through this rude portal the water gushed forth, and bounded on its course.

To avoid catching cold, if possible, I took a warm salt bath as soon as I arrived, and then proceeded to the ‘Sands,’—that is, the part of the beach left by the tide; a very singular promenade. Saddle-horses, and carriages of all kinds, stand in numbers for hire; and you may ride for miles on the very brink of the waves, over ground like velvet. The old Castle of Scarborough on the one side, and a fine iron bridge connecting two hills on the other, increase the picturesque character of the scene. I rode by the light of the evening sun up to the Castle, from which the view is magnificent, and which is itself an imposing object.

On the highest point of the ruin is an iron machine like a kibble, which serves as a beacon. A large tar-barrel is placed in it and set on fire. It burns like a flaming torch the night through. The Castle stands on a projecting rock, which rises to the height of a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet perpendicular from the sea. Around the Castle its summit is like a bowling-green.

*Sept. 23rd.*

To-day I rode along the sea-coast to Filey, where there is a celebrated bridge of rocks built into the sea by the hand of Nature. The sea was blue, and covered with sails. At Filey I took a guide. We passed along many strangely-shaped rocks, and came at length to this bridge, which is in fact only a broad reef, running out about three-quarters of a mile into the sea. The detached blocks were thrown about in fantastic groups, and it was necessary to take some care not to slip over their smooth-washed sides. The tide was coming in, and already covered a part of the reefs. After satisfying my curiosity I scrambled back, and took my way through a pleasant field to the nearest inn.

*Flamborough Head, Sept. 24th:—Evening.*

Distances are calculated quite otherwise here than with us. My respectable old mare, a hired one, brought me here very well, five German miles in two hours. As soon as I arrived, I hired another horse to ride a mile and a half (German) further, to see the light-house and cavern which render Flamborough Head remarkable. The weather was most brilliant, with a good deal of wind, so that I hoped this time to escape a wetting; but I was deceived; for I had scarcely reached the cliffs when I was regaled not only with the ‘obligato’ drenching rain, but also with the accompaniment of a violent tempest. This, however, was an agreeable variety; for thunder and lightning beheld from beetling cliffs overhanging a foaming sea are worth encountering some inconvenience for. The custom-house officer who accompanied me, very civilly brought me an umbrella, seeing the lightness of my dress; but the storm, and the slippery and perilous path at the edge of the precipice rendered it useless. The sea has washed away the rocks in such a manner that many stand like solitary towers or columns in the waves. They looked like huge sea-spirits,—their whiteness rendered more glaring by the inky sky. There are many caverns, to which there is access at low water. It was now high-tide, however, and I was obliged to hire a fishing-boat to take me to the largest of them. Inspired by the fresh breeze, I took an oar for the first time in my life, and rowed heartily: I find the exercise so pleasant that I shall certainly take it as often as possible. The sea was so rough that I could not help thinking we were in some danger, and expressed as much to my companion. He answered me very poetically; “O Sir! do you think life is not as sweet to me as it is to you, because I am only a poor fisherman? As far as the mouth of the cavern there is no danger, but we can’t go in to-day.” I was therefore obliged to content myself with casting a glance into the huge arch-way, whence the foam flew up like smoke, amid the howling and bellowing of the waves. As the fisherman assured me that sea-water never gave cold, I mounted my horse, still dripping from the salt wave, and rode to the light-house. This was the more interesting to me, as I had till now but a very imperfect conception of the construction of these buildings.[70]

An opportunity, which has presented itself, of sending this letter safely to the Embassy, enables me to share my

travels with you thus far.

I therefore close it for the present,—always with Scheherezade's condition of beginning again to-morrow.

'Sans adieu,' therefore,

Your L——.

## LETTER XIX.

*Whitby, Sept. 25th.*

DEAR JULIA,

I slept rather late after my yesterday's fatigues, and did not leave Scarborough till two o'clock. The road to Whitby is very hilly, and the aspect of the country singular. As far as the eye can reach, neither tree, house, wall, nor hedge;—nothing but an endless sea of wavy hills, often of a strange regularity of form, like heaps of rubbish shot down, thickly overgrown with heather, which at a near view presents the most beautiful shades of purple and red, but at a distance sheds one uniform dingy brown over the whole landscape, promising a rich harvest to grouse-shooters. Nothing breaks the uniformity but a number of white spots moving slowly here and there—the down sheep, with their black faces and fine wool. About three miles from Whitby, as you descend from the hilly country, the scene gradually changes, and near the town becomes very romantic. Meanwhile English cleanliness and elegance sensibly diminish. Whitby is exactly like an old German town; without 'trottoirs,' equally dirty, and with as narrow streets.

Probably few strangers of any 'apparence' visit this miserable place; or whether they took me for somebody else I know not,—but so it was, that they besieged me like some strange animal, and did not let me depart without an escort of at least a hundred people, who crowded round me, very good-naturedly indeed, but rather too pressingly, and examined me from head to foot. I could not help thinking of a droll anecdote the Duke of Leeds told me. This nobleman was very affable with his tenants and people; one of them came up to him one day when he was riding, and told him he had a great favour to beg of him. The Duke asked him what it was. The man replied, after some hesitation, that he had a little boy who plagued him day and night to let him see the Duke, and that as His Grace was now close to his cottage, he would perhaps do him the great favour to let his son look at him. The Duke readily consented, and rode laughing to the cottage, where the delighted father ran in and fetched his child. The boy stood amazed, looking at the middle-aged gentleman of not very commanding exterior before him, of whose greatness and power he had heard so much; gazed at him a long time; then touched him; and suddenly asked, "Can you swim?" "No, my good boy," said the Duke. "Can you fly?" "No, I can't fly neither." "Then I like father's drake better, for he can do both."

Whitby has a harbour shut in between very picturesque rocks, with a handsome granite pier stretching far into the sea, from which you have a fine view of the town. The ruins of the celebrated abbey, standing on an abrupt crag, are peculiarly beautiful. It was founded by a King of Northumberland in the sixth century, and is now the property of some private individual, who does nothing for the preservation of this sublime memorial of ancient greatness. His cattle feed among its mouldering walls, which are so choked with dirt and rubbish that I could hardly approach to see them. I alighted by the light of the young moon, and was enchanted by the romantic effect,—lofty columns, darting up into the air like the slender trunks of pines; long rows of windows in good preservation, and many finely executed ornaments about them, still as perfect as if the wind of the first autumn now played among their ample arches. Other parts were quite altered and decayed, and many a frightful face lay scattered about, grinning at me in the moonlight. Near the abbey is a very ancient church, which is still used, and is surrounded by hundreds of moss-grown gravestones.

I am lodged in a humble but very comfortable country inn, kept by two sisters, whose civility is of that sort which springs from real good-nature and zeal, and not from regard to pelf alone. As I asked for a book they brought me the Chronicle of Whitby, which I turned over, while the wind roared as loudly without, as it does round our good castle of M——. In this Chronicle is a valuation of lands in the seventh century, in which Whitby, with its appurtenances, is rated at sixty shillings!

I find from it, that the vast and magnificent abbey has been destroyed neither by fire nor by violence, but was delivered over by more silent tyranny to the tooth of time. Henry the Eighth confiscated this with the rest, and sold it, even to the stones of the building. Fortunately, after several houses in the town had been built of the materials, an ancestor of the present possessor bought what remained, which has ever since been left 'in statu quo.'

*Guisborough:—Evening.*

I had written a note to Lord Mulgrave, the proprietor of a great alum-work, and of a beautiful house and park on the sea-shore, begging permission to see them. He sent me a very polite answer, and a groom on horseback to conduct me. This aggravated the yesterday's misery; and the chief magistrate of the little town now though fit to becompliment me by the mission of two of his colleagues, who were also secretaries of the Museum, which they proposed to show me. As it contains many very curious fossils found in this neighbourhood, I accepted their offer. Half the town was collected again, and followed us, with an 'arrière garde' of a very noisy 'jeunesse.' In the Museum I found a number of the members assembled, and a blooming company of ladies, from whose attractive faces I was continually forced to turn away my eyes to look at a crocodile or a petrified fish. The two secretaries had divided the duties between them:—one did the honours of the fish and amphibia; the other of the quadrupeds, birds, and minerals: and both were so zealous that I should see everything in their respective departments, while some dilettanti were no less eager to show me other things, that I had need of the hundred eyes of Argus to take in all. The thing which interested me the most was an Esquimaux canoe with the fishing apparatus complete, presented by Captain Parry. It is made entirely of whalebone and seal-skins, and so light that one can scarcely conceive how it can encounter the sea. It is tolerably long; but in the centre, at its greatest breadth, scarcely a foot across; the whole is enclosed like a box, with the exception of a round hole in the middle, in which the Esquimaux sits and balances his little bark with a double oar. The petrifactions of all kinds, as well of existing as of antediluvian animals and plants, are extremely numerous and fine, and the large crocodile, almost perfect, is certainly 'unique' in its kind. The gentlemen insisted on accompanying me back to my inn, whither we were attended by the usual 'cortège.' As I drove

off, a dreadful hurrah resounded, and several of the children of both sexes did not quit me till they found it impossible to keep pace with the horses.

I now drove slowly along the beach, conducted by Lord Mulgrave's servant. I alighted to walk, and amused myself with picking up little stones of the most brilliant colours which covered the beach. In an hour we reached the alum-work, which lies in the most romantic situation, between the abrupt cliffs overhanging the sea. I examined it all very minutely, as you will see by the accompanying letter to the A—— D——.

I had to go back along a path which seemed fit only for goats, and of the inconveniences of which the overseer had advertized me. Sometimes it was scarcely a foot broad, and at its sides rose a smooth alum rock of two hundred feet perpendicular height. Along such paths, many of which intersect the rocks, the men work, and hew away the alum ore which lies near the surface. This affords the strangest spectacle you can imagine: the men appear to hang to the wall of rock like swallows, and are often obliged to be pulled up by ropes. Below, in the valley, are large cars for carrying away the ore, which is incessantly heard clattering down the rocks. It took me two hours to see all; and I then drove to the house, where Lord Mulgrave's son (the earl himself being ill of the gout) regaled me very hospitably with an excellent luncheon, and conducted me about the park. It is indebted for its greatest beauties to Nature, to whose rocks, brooks, and wooded glens, you have access through very judiciously-cut roads, some German miles in length. From the house you look from under high oaks and beeches along a velvet turf, upon the sea, covered with a hundred sails. One of the greatest ornaments of the park is the old castle,—a ruin believed to have been originally a Roman fort, and afterwards the castle of the Saxon prince Wanda. At a later period it was given to the ancestor of the present family by King John, as a reward for the murder of the young prince, so touchingly described by Shakspeare. The view from the old battlements is wild and picturesque. In the new castle, which was built fifty years ago in the Gothic style, I was much struck with the portrait of a female ancestor of the present earl, who must have been lovely and no less original; for she is painted in deep mourning, and yet she sits smiling at a window with this inscription in old English: "Since my husband's love was but a jest, so is my mourning but a jest."

Young Mr. Phipps told me that a strange accident occurred on a ridge of slate-rocks which run into the sea near the house.—Two girls were sitting on a cliff with their backs to the sea; a sharp fragment of the slate split off from the rock high above them, and falling with increasing velocity cut off the head of one of them, (who was earnestly talking to the other,) so clean, that it rolled to a distance on the sand, while the trunk remained unmoved. The parents are still living in the village.

*Ripon, Sept. 27th.*

I slept through the night very well in my carriage, breakfasted in the garden of a pretty inn, and then hastened to Studley Park, which contains the famous ruins of Fountain's Abbey, esteemed the largest and most beautiful in England. They far exceeded my expectation, as did the park.—I must describe them to you as I saw them.

The way leads through a majestic wood, first to a steep hill, and then, at an abrupt turn, to a green valley about three or four hundred feet wide, in the centre of which is a little river broken into various natural waterfalls. On one side of the valley is a considerable chain of hills, overgrown with venerable ashes, beeches, and oaks; on the other, an abrupt wall of rock overhung with trailing plants, and also crowned with old trees. The whole end of the valley is closed by the ruins and the lofty towers of the abbey. You will easily form some conception of the vastness of these ruins, when I tell you that the buildings belonging to the abbey, when entire, covered fifteen acres of ground, and that the ruins now cover four. The nave of the church, great part of the walls of which are still standing, is three hundred and fifty-one feet in length, the oriel window fifty feet high, and the tower, though partly fallen down, a hundred and sixty-six feet high. The architecture is of the best period—the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—as simple as it is grand. A gateway leads from the church to the cloister, three hundred feet long and forty-two wide; a second to the cloister garden, which is cultivated as a flower-garden by its present possessor, and surrounded by various picturesque ruins,—the library, court and chapter-house. The vaulted ceiling of the latter, like the Römer in Marienburg, is supported by a single pillar in the centre. The groined roof of the kitchen is constructed, with consummate skill, without any support. Near it is the magnificent confectory, a hundred and eight feet long and forty-five wide:—this was, of course, the crown and glory of the abbey, which was famed for its luxury and dissoluteness. In the church are many monuments—one of Lord Mowbray in full chain armour, carved in stone; further on, several abbots; and lastly, a stone coffin, which contained the mortal remains of Harry Percy. Above it is an angel, in good preservation, and beneath it the date 1283, very distinct. At the top of the tower is a Latin inscription in gigantic Gothic letters, which proclaims from on high these beautiful and appropriate words, "Glory and praise to God alone through all ages!" The whole ruin is hung with draperies of ivy and creeping plants, and majestic trees here and there wave their tops above it. The river winds by, and a few steps further on, turns the old abbey-mill, which is still in use; as if to teach the lesson, that when power and magnificence pass away, the useful retains its modest existence. At a short distance behind the abbey stands the old dwelling of the proprietor, which was built out of the fallen stones of the ruins in the sixteenth century. This, too, is highly picturesque, though of course in a far less noble style. Its walled gardens with their high-cut yew hedges, and regular, trim flower-beds; and the mixture of objects comparatively modern, yet now fast acquiring a claim to antiquity, give the fancy an agreeable and spacious field to expatiate in. Here are perhaps the oldest yews in England. One, which is thought to be a thousand years old, is thirty feet in circumference in the thickest part of its stem. Among the carvings in the house are those of two old knights taken from the abbey, with the inscription, probably modern, 'Sic transit gloria mundi.' The decay of Fountain's Abbey, too, is to be attributed to the suppression of monasteries under Henry the Eighth.

Leaving the abbey, in half an hour you reach a beautiful and finely kept pleasure-ground, which is rendered peculiarly delightful by its diversity of hill and vale, noble trees, and well-placed clumps; though rather encumbered with a multitude of old-fashioned summer-houses, temples, and worthless leaden statues. In one of these temples, dedicated to the Gods of antiquity, stands a bust of—Nero! But these slight defects might easily be removed, while such a combination of natural beauty can rarely be met with. At the end of the deer-park stands the house of the proprietress, an elderly single lady of large fortune. I met her in the garden, and was invited by her to luncheon, which I gladly accepted, as my long walk had made me very hungry.

To return to the ruin.—Giving way to my critical vein, I must add one thing,—which is, that while too little care is bestowed upon Whitby, too much is bestowed upon this. Not a loose stone lies on the ground, which is mowed as

smooth as a carpet. The old cloister garden is laid out in a too modern taste; and were this poetic structure mine, I would immediately set out about creating a little more artificial wildness about it; for the whole ought to partake of that air of half-decayed grandeur which has the greatest power over the imagination.

After my return to Ripon I visited the church there—another beautiful remnant of antiquity, with a choir full of the richest carvings. There is a subterranean arched room—a sort of catacomb, adorned with skulls and bones,—in which I busied myself a long while with my favourite craniological researches. Among these human ruins was a skull so strikingly like my own, that it even struck the clerk. What may the old boy have been?—perhaps myself in another garment? Nobody could give me any account of this house of bone. There was the genuine French skull of an emigrant priest, which the clerk himself had smuggled in. He looked so polite and so talkative, that I fancied he would have said, 'Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter mes respects; vous êtes trop poli de venir nous rendre visite. Nous avons si rarement l'occasion de causer ici!' It was a well bred skull—that you saw at the first glance; my portrait, on the other hand, looked very thoughtful and silent. It would be odd enough if one thus stood over one's own old bones.

*Harrowgate, Sept. 28th.*

This bathing place is much after the fashion of ours, and more social than most of the English ones. People meet at 'table d'hôte,' at tea, and at the waters, and thus easily become acquainted. The place consists of two villages, both pretty and cheerful, and situated in a beautiful fertile country. Unfortunately, the weather is now dreadful: it rains incessantly; and the sulphureous water I drank to-day has made me so ill that I cannot leave my room.

*September 29th.*

These waters do not agree with me at all; nevertheless, I made my way to-day to the World's End, a short walk here,—'The World's End' being only a neighbouring village, with a pretty view into—the world's beginning; for as it is round, you may make it begin and end where you will. At 'table d'hôte' I met about seventy other persons. Though the season is nearly over, there are still about a thousand visitors, most of them of the middle classes; for Harrowgate is not one of the fashionable watering places, though it seems to me far more pleasant than the most fashionable Brighton.

An old General of eighty, who was my neighbour at dinner, interested me extremely. He had met with Frederick the Great, Kaunitz, the Emperor Joseph, Mirabeau, and Napoleon, on various occasions of his life, and told me many interesting particulars about them. He had likewise been Governor of Surinam, and of the Isle of France; had commanded for a long time in India, and was now what we call General of Infantry, (next rank to a Field-Marshal.) All this would give him a high station with us:—here, no such thing; and this he remarked himself. "Here," said he, "the aristocracy is every thing: without family influence, without connexion, without some person of rank by whom a man may be pushed, he may indeed attain a high rank in the army; but, except under some very peculiar circumstances, this gives him no consideration. I am only a baronet," added he; "yet that empty and trifling hereditary title gives me more consideration than my long services or my high military rank; and I am not called General,—or, as I should be with you, '*Euer Excellenz*,'—but Sir Charles."

After dinner the company re-assembled to tea, which ended with a little dance.

*Leeds, Oct. 1st.*

I remained in Harrowgate so long, chiefly in expectation of letters from you, as I had given L—— that address. To-day, then, I found one on my return from my walk: you can think the joy it gave me.

I have accompanied you in thought to Dresden, and drunk your health before the illuminated letters of your name. It is one of my strange peculiarities, that though I was four years in garrison at D——, I never saw either Pillnitz or Moritzburg; so that your description of the latter, with the old Landvoigt, was very interesting to me.

You reproach me with liking better to write than to speak upon certain subjects. You are right on the whole. But this affair,—and indeed all sorts of petitioning,—is so contrary to my nature, that I speak awkwardly and ill, and do better if I write. Besides, failure is not so disagreeable.—But back to my journey.

The magnificent seats in England are really almost countless. One must confine oneself to the most remarkable. Ten miles from Harrowgate I found Harewood Park, a delightful residence;—fine natural wood, with glens, rocks, a copious mountain stream, the ruin of an old castle on a hill,—all situated in the richest country, and with distant views of the Cumberland mountains.

The scene was enlivened in a striking manner. Just as I drove past the house, I saw the possessor, Lord Harewood, with his pack of a hundred hounds, his red-coated huntsmen, and a number of high-mettled horses coming down a hill, on their return from a fox-hunt. I could not avoid going up to him to explain the cause of my being here. I found a tall handsome man, of remarkably winning air, in appearance and manner young and active, in years (which one must be assured of to believe it,) sixty-five. He received me with singular courtesy, said he had had the pleasure of seeing me several times in London, ('je n'en savais pas un mot,') and begged me to allow him to show me his park. I entreated him not to give himself the trouble, after the toils of the chase (in which men generally ride five or six German miles full gallop, and leap fifty or sixty hedges and ditches:) but all my entreaties were vain; and this fine old man accompanied me, up hill and down dale, over the whole of his princely domain. What interested me most, as being new to me, was the kennel. Here I saw a hundred and fifty dogs in two perfectly clean rooms, each containing a large bed for seventy-five dogs, and each having its own enclosure in front. There was not the slightest offensive smell, nor the least dirt. In each yard was a tub with running water, and a man armed with a broom, whose whole business it is to keep the ground continually washed, for which purpose he can let the water flow over it at pleasure. The dogs are accustomed to perfect obedience, and keep their bed and room very clean. It is a great art to feed them properly; for to sustain their great exertions, they must be kept very lean, and yet their flesh ought to be as firm as iron. This was perfectly accomplished here; and there could not be a more beautiful sight than these slender, obedient, and happy-looking animals, half of whom were just returned from the chase, and yet seemed quite unwearied. They all lay however on their huge common bed, and looked at us affectionately, wagging their tails; while the other half sprang eagerly and wildly forward, into their court. The stables too, built in a quadrangle at a little distance from the house, were very fine, and contained about thirty noble horses. My carriage had followed,

and Lord Harewood now gave the postillion instructions which way to drive through the park, that I might see the most beautiful points, and then sauntered home accompanied by two great water-dogs and a jet-black spaniel. He was in fox-hunting costume,—a scarlet coat that looks like a livery.

I forgot to say that we had first made a tour through the house, which is richly and handsomely furnished, and contains family pictures by Vandyk, Reynolds, and Lawrence, the three best painters of England in their several centuries. There was one work of art in the principal apartment quite peculiar,—red curtains painted on wood, so admirably executed that Rauch himself would have been astounded at the flow of the drapery. Though I was told what they were, I could scarcely believe it till I convinced myself by the touch, so completely deceptive was the imitation of the silken stuff. Another uncommon decoration consisted in having the ceilings of all the rooms of the same designs as the carpets; a very expensive thing, if, as I imagine, the carpets were all woven after the pattern of the ceilings.

The long drive through the park, a good league, was very delightful. The road lay at first along the lake, with a majestic view of the house, and then through the wood to the river, which forms various cascades and little lakes. The wood itself was full of variety,—now thick and almost impervious to the view; then grove-like; then open patches with a dense enclosure; or young copse from which deer were peeping out; or anon a long and narrow vista to the distant mountains.

A nobleman thus situated is a dignified representative of his class; and it is very natural that, thus favoured by nature and by fortune, he should appear kind, benevolent, respectable, and happy, like this noble Earl, whose image will always afford me as delightful and refreshing a subject of recollection, as the beautiful landscape it graces.

Very different from the impression of the day, and yet not less agreeable, was that of the evening. I reached the great manufacturing town of Leeds just in the twilight. A transparent cloud of smoke was diffused over the whole space which it occupies, on and between several hills; a hundred red fires shot upwards into the sky, and as many towering chimneys poured forth columns of black smoke.

The huge manufactories, five stories high, in which every window was illuminated, had a grand and striking effect. Here the toiling artisan labours far into the night. And that some romantic features might not be wanting in the whirl of business and the illumination of industry, two ancient Gothic churches reared their heads above the mass of houses, and the moon poured her silver light upon their towers, and seemed to damp the hard glare of the busy crowd below, with her serene majesty.

Leeds has near 120,000 inhabitants, and yet no representatives in parliament,—because it is a new town: while, as it is well known, many a wretched ruined village sends two members, who are, of course, the creatures of the proprietor. Glaring and monstrous as is this nuisance, the statesmen of England have not yet dared to abate it; perhaps because they fear that any change in so complicated a piece of machinery may be a dangerous operation, to which recourse should be had only in extreme necessity.

*Late in the Evening.*

I have adapted myself to many English customs,—among others, to cold dinners. As a change they are sometimes wholesome, and, being completely national, are almost always of excellent quality. To-day my solitary table was covered with no less than the following varieties; a cold ham, an awful ‘roast beef,’ a leg of mutton, a piece of roast veal, a hare pie, a partridge, three sorts of pickle, cauli-flowers cooked in water, potatoes, butter, and cheese. That this would have been meat enough to feed a whole party of German burghers, ‘saute aux yeux.’

*October 2nd.*

The first thing I saw this morning before my windows was the refined contrivance of a grocer, who had not been satisfied with exhibiting, like most of his brethren, a number of Chinese tea-chests, mandarins, and vases, but had put a piece of clockwork in his window, a stately automaton Turk diligently grinding coffee. From hence I proceeded on my further tour. First I visited the Market-hall, a beautiful building, in which the market is held under a glass roof; then the Cloth-hall, an immense room entirely filled with cloth of all sorts and colours; and lastly, the largest cloth manufactory of the place, which is worked by three steam-engines. Here you begin with the raw material (the sorting of the wool,) and finish with the perfect cloth; so that if you took a tailor with you, you might bring your wool in the manufactory in the morning, and come out with a coat made of it in the evening. Our friend R—— actually performed this feat, and wore the coat for a long time with great predilection. The various machines are ingenious in the highest degree; but the stench and the unwholesome air, as well as the dust in many of the operations, must be very unhealthy to the poor workmen, who moreover were all of a dark blue colour. The young man who showed me the manufactory said, however, that the cotton manufactories were much more unhealthy, from the fine and subtle dust; that in them a workman seldom reached his fiftieth year, whereas here there were instances of men of sixty. The Gothic churches which yesterday produced such an effect at a distance, presented nothing remarkable on a nearer inspection; and the town itself, enveloped in an everlasting fog produced by the smoke, which never ceases day nor night, is the most disagreeable place you can imagine.

*Rotherham:—Evening.*

Continuing my journey, I made the first halt at Templenewsome, a house of Elizabeth’s time, belonging to the Dowager Marchioness of Hertford. This edifice has a great singularity; instead of battlements, a stone gallery surrounds the roof, consisting of letters which compose a sentence from the Bible. The park is melancholy, and the furniture of the house old-fashioned, without being interesting. I found nothing remarkable in the picture-gallery, but in the other rooms there were some interesting portraits: both the Guises, the uncles of Mary of Scotland; General Monk, who is strikingly like our old friend Thielemann; and Lord Darnley (Mary’s husband,) to whom this castle belonged; it hangs in the room in which he was born. I had a very bad headache; for which reason, perhaps, a second park, Stainbrook, appeared to me dreary and uncomfortable, nor could I admire the pictures. The road then led me through a series of manufacturing places, which looked like burning towns and villages. Rotherham itself, where I now am, is celebrated for its great iron-works, and I intend to see some of them to-morrow, if my illness goes off.

*October 3rd.*

After having walked half a German mile to the largest iron-work, I unluckily found the engine stopped, in consequence of the furnace having received some damage yesterday. I could therefore see but little, and went a mile further on to the steel-works. Here the steam-engine had just got out of order, and the operations were likewise suspended. So I wandered on again to the thread and linen manufactory; and my own astonishment, as well as that of my guide, was not small, when we perceived no signs of working here also, and heard that the great spindle had been broken in the morning. With this extraordinary 'guignon' ended my useless efforts to instruct myself for to-day; indeed there was no time to make any more.

*Sheffield:—Evening.*

I rode from Rotherham to Wentworth House, the seat of Lord Fitzwilliam, another truly regal domain, for extent, richness, and splendour; but (like many English parks) melancholy and monotonous; the immense tracts of grass, with a few scattered trees, and the tame sheep-like deer grazing upon them, in time become intolerable. Certainly, it is a most tasteless custom to have these green deserts extend on one side up to the very houses; it makes them look like enchanted palaces, inhabited by deer instead of men. It is easier to give oneself up to this notion since there is seldom a human being to be seen outside the house, which is usually shut up, so that you are often obliged to ring at the door for a quarter of an hour before you can get admittance, or the Lady 'Châtelaine' appears to play the cicerone, and receive her fee. Wentworth House is adorned with many valuable statues and pictures. Amongst others, a beautiful picture by Vandyk, representing the builder of the castle, Lord Strafford, just as sentence of death has been announced to him: he is holding the fatal scroll in his hand, and dictating to his secretary his last will. Another picture represents his son, a beautiful boy of sixteen, in a most becoming mourning dress,—black, with rich lace, fawn-coloured boots, a tight enamelled collar, a short cloak, a rich sword, and a scarf 'en bandoulière.'

The picture of a race-horse as large as life, painted on gray linen, and placed in a niche without a frame, really deceived me; I thought it alive. This horse won so much, that the former lord built a quadrangle of magnificent stables, the most complete I have seen in this country, with the money. In these stables, which contain also a riding-school, stand sixty beautiful and picked horses.

An excellent portrait of the vain and ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, and one of the fickle Duke of Buckingham, are very interesting. The housekeeper, pointing to the portrait of Harvey, said: "This is the man who invented the circulation of the blood." One would like to make that man's acquaintance.

In the flower-gardens I found some beautiful parts; amongst others, an enclosure made of wire-fence, running along the gay parterres, peopled with foreign birds, a clear brook flowing through it, and planted with evergreens, on which the feathered inhabitants could sport at pleasure.

Several black swans, which have already reared four young ones, were swimming on a small pond near it. They seem to be completely accustomed to this climate. I was struck by a common beech on the banks of the water, which, by early polling, had completely changed its character. It was very low, but its branches stretched out on all sides, so as to cover an immense space, and form a regularly leafy tent of unequalled beauty. A fir, polled in the same manner, had attained a beauty far greater than that of its natural growth.

I arrived in good time at Sheffield, where, from the quantity of smoke, the sun appeared shorn of his beams. I looked at the astonishing productions in cutlery; as, for instance, a knife with a hundred and eighty blades; scissors which cut perfectly and can be used, though hardly visible with the naked eye, &c. &c. In defiance of superstition, I bought you needles and scissors enough for your whole life, with some other newly-invented trifles, which I am sure will please you.

*Nottingham, Oct. 4th.*

I rode the whole night, and saw only from a distance, and by moonlight, Newstead Abbey, Lord Byron's birth-place and family seat, now much neglected.

Besides the Gothic church (of which nearly every English town possesses one, more or less beautiful,) there is not much to be seen in Nottingham; a remarkable manufactory of net excepted, where the steam-engines do all the work, and only a single man stands by the machinery to take care that nothing goes wrong.

It is most strange to see the iron monsters begin to work, as if moved by invisible hands, and the most beautiful lace, stretched in a frame, comes slowly forth at the top, neat and finished; while the spindles, with the raw thread wound round them, keep on their perpetual motion below; the whole unaided, as I have said, by a single human hand.

It was just the time of the Fair, which had drawn together a great number of curiosities; among others, a beautiful collection of wild beasts. Two Bengal tigers, of an enormous size, were so perfectly tame, that even ladies and children were allowed to enter their cage, or the animals were let out in the riding school where the collection was exhibited. No dog could be more gentle; but I doubt whether our police would have suffered such experiments. A remarkable animal was the horned horse, or Nyl Ghau, from the Himalaya mountains,—handsome and fleet, and in some respects very strangely formed. The beautiful wild ass of Persia, which they say is swifter and more untireable than a horse, and can live for weeks without food, was new to me. There were also here, as in the collection of animals on the Pfaueninsel near Berlin, a giant and a dwarf.

*London, Oct. 6th.*

Before I left Nottingham I visited the neighbouring seat of Lord Middleton, which is worth seeing. The park offered little remarkable. There was a curious old picture—a faithful portrait of the house and gardens as they existed two hundred years ago. It is very interesting; the more so, as you see the family in the strangest dresses, with a great company and numerous attendants, walking in the garden, and as the noble owner therein represented is the same who is so often mentioned in connexion with the celebrated ghost story. Every one ought to have pictures of this kind painted for his successors: the comparisons they suggest are always amusing, and sometimes instructive.

I reached St. Albans in the night, and saw the celebrated Abbey by the light of the moon, and of lanterns. The clerk was quickly awakened, and conducted me thither. I first admired the exterior of the building, built by the Saxons, in the eighth century, of indestructible Roman bricks, and then entered the imposing interior. The nave of the church is doubtless one of the largest in the world; it is more than six hundred feet long. There are many

beautiful stone carvings; and although little could be distinctly seen by so feeble a light, the general effect by this strange and uncertain illumination, with our dark figures in the middle, and the sounds of the midnight bell from the tower, was most romantic and awful.

This was still more the case when we descended into the vault where, in an open leaden coffin, lies the skeleton of the Duke of Gloucester who was poisoned six hundred years ago by Cardinal Beaufort. Time has rendered it as brown and smooth as polished mahogany; and curious antiquarians have already robbed it of several bones. The clerk, who was an Irishman, seized one of the leg-bones without ceremony, and brandishing it in the air like a cudgel, he remarked that this bone had become so beautiful and hard with time, that it would make an excellent shillelah. What would the haughty Duke have said, if he could have known how his remains would be treated by such ignoble hands? The magnificent oak ceiling, more than 1000 years old, is a glorious proof of the solid architecture of those times. It is still as beautiful and perfect as if there were no cyphers after the unit. The painted windows, with the golden tomb of St. Alban, were unhappily almost entirely destroyed in Cromwell's time.

I reached London early enough to repose half the night; and my first business in the morning was to finish this letter, already swollen to a packet. In a few hours I hope it will be on its way.

Do not be impatient therefore; and receive this letter with the same affectionate indulgence as its numerous predecessors.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XX.

*London, Nov. 1st, 1827.*

A Frenchman says; "L'illusion fut inventée pour le bonheur des mortels; elle leur fait presqu'autant de bien que l'espérance." If this is true, happy man is my dole, for I am never at a loss for illusions or hopes.

Some of these have certainly been thrown to the winds by your letter; but be of good courage, there is already a fresh crop of new ones springing up as fast as mushrooms.—More of them anon.

Concerning the intolerable, sleepy President, I cannot possibly write from hence. Besides, as a dandy would say, the man is not 'fashionable' enough. And indeed you manage all these affairs so admirably, that it were a shame not to leave them entirely to you. This is selfishness on my part, but of a pardonable sort, since it is advantageous to us both * * *

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During the last few days I have made a little excursion to Brighton, taking a circuitous route back. Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, was one of the objects of my curiosity. It has some points of resemblance to Warwick, but is far inferior to it, though of equal antiquity. Here also is an artificial mound and keep, at the eastern end. The view from the top of the round ruined tower must be magnificent, but to-day the fog rendered it impossible to see it; indeed I could not even distinguish the terrace gardens surrounding the castle: I therefore consoled myself in the company of a dozen large tame horned owls, which inhabit what was once the warder's room. One of them has been here these fifty years, is very amiable, and barked when he wanted any thing, exactly like a dog. The English are great lovers of animals,—a taste in which I entirely sympathize. Thus, in many parks you find colonies of rooks, which hover round the house or castle in vast flights, and are in very good keeping with an ancient castle and its towering trees; though their cawing is not the most agreeable music in the world. The interior of Arundel Castle has nothing very distinguished. The numerous painted windows are modern; and among the family pictures only one struck me,—that of the accomplished Lord Surrey, put to death by Henry the Eighth, the costume of which was very singular.

The library is small, but very magnificent; wainscoted with cedar, and ornamented with beautiful carving and painting; in short, it wanted nothing but books, of which there were not more than a few hundreds.

A very large but very simple hall, called the Baron's Hall, has a great number of painted windows, the merit of which is not remarkable.

In the apartments there was a quantity of old furniture, preserved with great care to prevent its falling to pieces, in its frail condition. This fashion is now general in England. Things which we should throw away as old-fashioned and worm-eaten, here fetch high prices, and new ones are often made after the old patterns. In venerable mansions, when not destructive of convenience, they have a very good effect. In modern buildings they are ludicrous.

The old part of the castle is said to have been a Roman fort, and many Roman bricks are found in the walls. In later times it was still a place of defence, and sustained several sieges. The modern part, in the style of the ancient, was built by the predecessor of the present duke, and cost, as I was told, eight hundred thousand pounds. The same thing might certainly have been done in Germany for three hundred thousand reichsthalers. The garden appeared to me diversified and extensive, and the park is said to be very noble and picturesque, but the horrid weather hindered me from seeing it. In the evening I drove to Petworth, where there is another fine house. I write from the inn, where I was settled in a few minutes as if at home, for my travelling arrangements and conveniences have been greatly perfected since my residence in England.

*Petworth House, Oct. 26.*

Colonel C—— came to my inn early in this morning, and reproached me with not driving straight to the house of his father-in-law, Lord E——, the owner of Petworth House. He pressed me so kindly to spend at least a day there, that I could not refuse. My luggage was soon transported thither, and I as quickly installed in my room. It is a fine modern palace, with a noble collection of pictures and antiques, and a large park which contains a celebrated stud. I was peculiarly struck with three of the pictures,—Henry the Eighth, a full-length, by Holbein, remarkable for the exquisite painting of the dress and ornaments, and the fresh masterly colouring: a portrait of the immortal Newton, which is far less distinguished for its expression of intelligence, than for its pre-eminently elegant and gentlemanly air; and one of Maurice of Orange, so like our poet Houwald that it might pass for him. The mixture of statues and pictures which is common here, is disadvantageous to both.

Among the curiosities is a family relic,—the great sword of Harry Percy, an ancestor of Lord E——'s. The library served, as usual, as drawing-room,—a very rational and agreeable plan. It was fitted up according to your taste,—only the best modern books, in elegant bindings; for all others there was another room upstairs.

The freedom in this house was perfect, which rendered it doubly agreeable to me. One really feels not the slightest 'gène.' There were many guests of both sexes. The host himself is a learned and accomplished connoisseur in art, and at the same time a very conspicuous and successful man 'on the turf.' In his stud I saw a horse about thirty years old, ('Whalebone',) who was obliged to be supported by several grooms when he attempted to walk, and whose foals still unborn, fetch enormous sums. That's what I call a glorious old age. 'Au reste,' the regulations of the stud are very different here from ours. With all your appetite for knowledge, however, this 'thema' might interest you little, so that I shall go on to other matters.

On the following day, arrived the Duchess of St. A——, a woman whose ever ascending fortunes have been remarkable enough. The earliest recollections of her infancy are those of a deserted, starving, shivering child, in a solitary barn in an English village. Thence she was taken by a band of gipsies;—quitting them, she entered a strolling company of players. By her agreeable person, high spirits, and original humour, she gained some reputation in her new profession, gradually secured patronage and friends, and lived in long and undisturbed connexion with a rich banker, who at length married her, and at his death left her seventy thousand a year. This enormous fortune afterwards promoted her to be the wife of the third English Duke, and (by a curious coincidence) the descendant of the celebrated actress Nell Gwynne, to whose charms the Duke owes his title, in the same manner as his wife has acquired hers.

She is a very good-natured woman, who is not ashamed to speak of the past—on the contrary, alludes to it perhaps rather too much.

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After an agreeable visit of three days, I returned hither, and now celebrate my birth-day in the profoundest solitude, with closed doors. Three-fourths of my melancholy fits I may certainly ascribe to the month in which I first saw the light. May children are far more cheerful: I never saw a hypochondriacal son of the Spring. A song called *Prognostica* once fell into my hands: I am very sorry I did not keep it; for it told a man's fortune according to the month of his birth. I only remember that those born in October were to have a melancholy temper, and that the prophecy began thus:—

"Ein Junge geboren im Monat October
Wird eim Critiker, und das ein recht grober."[71]

I leave you now for a great dinner at Prince E——'s, for I will not devote the whole day to solitude; I am too superstitious for that. Adieu.

*November 4th.*

In my quality of Chevalier de St. Louis, I was invited to-day to a great dinner at Prince P——'s, in commemoration of the Saint's day, or the 'jour de fête' of the king of France,—I really don't know which. After it, I went to see the *Continuation* of Don Juan at Drury Lane. 'Of course' the first act was laid in hell, where Don Juan immediately seduces the Furies, and at last even the devil's grandmother, for which offence he is forcibly ejected by His Satanic Majesty. Just as he reaches the picturesque shores of the fire-rolling Styx, Charon is in the act of ferrying over three female souls from London. While they are landing, Don Juan occupies the old ferryman's attention with changing a bank-note (for paper money is current in the infernal regions,) seizes the moment to make off with them from the shore, and conducts them back to earth. Arrived in London, he has his usual adventures,—duels, elopements, &c.; the equestrian statue at Charing Cross invites him to tea; but his creditors carry him off to the King's Bench, whence he is delivered by marrying a rich wife, in whom he at length finds that full punishment for all his sins which hell could not afford. Madame Vestris as Don Juan is the prettiest and most seductive young fellow you can imagine, and, it is easy to see, does not want practice.

The piece amused me. Still more amusing was a new novel which I found on my table, the scene of which is laid in the year 2200,—not a very new idea, certainly.

It represents the religion of England as once more Catholic, the government an absolute monarchy, and universal education so diffused, that learning is become the common property of the lower classes. Every artisan works upon mathematical or chemical principles. Footmen and cooks, with such names as Abelard and Heloisa, speak in the style of the *Jenaer Literaturzeitung*. On the other hand, it is the fashion among the higher classes, by way of distinguishing themselves from the 'plebs,' to use the most vulgar language and expressions, and carefully to conceal any knowledge that goes beyond reading and writing. There is some wit in this idea, and perhaps it is prophetic. The habits of life of this class are also very simple. Few and homely dishes appear on all their tables, and luxury is to be met with only at those of the servants. That air-balloons are the common conveyances, and that steam governs the world, are matters of course.

A German professor, however, makes a discovery in galvanism, by which he is enabled to bring the dead to life; and the mummy of King Cheops, recently found in a pyramid which had remained unopened, is the first person on whom this experiment is tried. How the living mummy comes to England, and how horribly he behaves there, you may read when the novel is translated into German. 'Au reste,' I often feel like a mummy myself,—bound hand and foot, and eagerly waiting my release.

*Nov. 5th.*

Such a fog covered the whole town this morning that I could not see to breakfast without candles. Going out till evening was not to be thought of. I was invited to dinner at ——: P—— was there too, to whom she generally shows great hostility, I know not why. To-day, with his usual 'étourderie,' he ruined himself for ever. The lady has, as you may remember, rather a red nose, which the malicious have ascribed to the custom with which General Pillett reproaches Englishwomen. P—— probably did not know this, and remarked that she mixed a dark liquid with her wine. In the innocence—or the wickedness—of his heart, he asked her whether she was so much of an Englishwoman

as to mix her wine with Cognac. It was not till he remarked the redness diffuse itself over her whole face, and the embarrassment of those who sat near, that he was conscious of his ‘bévue;’ for the innocent beverage was toast and water. This suggested to me the ludicrous directions given by a book of *Rules for Good Behaviour*, written in our pedantic national manner. “When you go into company,” says the author, “be sure to inform yourself accurately beforehand concerning the persons you are likely to meet; their parentage, connexions, foibles, faults, and peculiarities; so that you may not, on the one hand, say any thing unknowingly which may touch a sore place, and on the other, may be able to flatter in an easy and appropriate manner.”

Laughably expressed enough, and difficult to accomplish, but not a bad precept!

There was a great deal of political talk, particularly of this dashing commencement of a war, by the destruction of the Turkish fleet.

How inconsistent is the language of Englishmen on this subject! But ever since the fall of Napoleon the leading politicians do not seem to know rightly what they would be at. The miserable results of their Congresses do not satisfy even them; but yet there has appeared no original mind capable of making these meetings conduce to more important consequences; no master-will to guide them; and the fate of Europe depends no longer on its leaders, but on chance. Canning was but a transient vision; and how are his successors employed? The destruction of the fleet of an old and faithful ally, without a declaration of war, is the best proof; though, as man and Philhellene, I heartily rejoice at it.

But amid all these political abortions, this tottering and vacillating of all parts, we shall certainly live to witness still more extraordinary things;—perhaps combinations which have hitherto been deemed impossible. This is partly to be ascribed to Canning himself,—for his plans were not matured; and a man of eminent genius is always detrimental to his successors when they are pygmies. The present Ministers have completely the air of wishing to lead England slowly into the pit which Canning dug for others.

Even the very storm which they have been gathering on the boundaries of Asia, will perhaps burst most furiously over the centre of Europe. I hope however the God of the thunder will be with *us*. The future prospects of Prussia appear to my anticipations far higher and more glorious than any fate has yet granted her; only let her never lose sight of her motto, “*Vorwärts*.”

On returning home I found your letter, which amused me much; especially K——’s sallies, vainly bottled up in Paris to be let loose in S——, where they find so little success; for indeed you are right,

> “Rien de plus triste qu’un bon mot
> Qui se perd dans l’oreille d’une sot.”

And that he may experience often enough.

*Oct. 29th.*

As one has now time to go to the theatre, and the best actors are playing, I devote many of my evenings to this æsthetic pastime. Last night I saw with renewed pleasure Kemble’s artist-like representation of Falstaff, about which I once wrote to you. I must however mention, that his dress of white and red,—very ‘recherché,’ though a little worn, combined with his handsome curling white hair and beard,—gave him a happy mixture of the gentleman and the droll, which in my opinion greatly heightened, and, so to say, refined the effect.

Generally speaking, the costume was excellent;—on the other hand it must be admitted to be an unpardonable destruction of all illusion, that as soon as Henry the Fourth, with his splendid Court, and his train of knights, brilliant in steel and gold, quit the stage, two servants in theatrical liveries, with shoes and red stockings, come on to take away the throne. I found it just as impossible to reconcile myself to hearing Lord Percy address the King, who was sitting at the back of the stage, for a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which time I never could catch sight of anything but his back. It is remarkable that the most celebrated actors here regularly affect this offensive practice; while with us they run into the contrary fault, and the ‘primo amoroso’ during the most ardent declaration of love, turns his back on his mistress to ogle the audience. To hit the right medium is certainly difficult, and the stage arrangements ought to assist the actor.

Of the character of Percy, German actors generally make a sort of mad calf, who behaves both towards his wife and towards the King as if he had been bitten by a mad dog. These men don’t know when to soften, and when to heighten the effects of the poet. Young understands this thoroughly, and knows perfectly how to unite the stormy vehemence of the youth with the dignity of the hero and the high bearing of the prince. He suffered the electric fire to dart in lightnings from the thunder-cloud, but not to degenerate into a pelting hail-storm. They appear to me, too, to act together here, better than on the German stage, and many of the scenic arrangements seemed to me judicious.

To give you one example:—you remember (for we once saw this play together at Berlin) the scene in which the King receives Percy’s messengers. You thought it so indecorous that Falstaff should be continually pressing forward before, and up to, the King, and rudely interrupting him every moment with his jokes. The cause of this was, that our actors think so much more of their persons than of their parts. Herr D—— feels himself ‘every inch a King’ in comparison with Herr M——; and forgets whom they severally represent at the moment. Here Shakspeare is better understood, and the scene more appropriately represented. The King stands with the ambassadors in the front of the stage; the Court is scattered in groups; and midway on one side are the Prince and Falstaff. The latter cracks his jokes, as a half-privileged buffoon; but rather addresses them in an under voice to the Prince than directly to the King: when addressed by him, he immediately assumes the respectful attitude suited to his station, and does not affect to fraternize with his sovereign as with an equal.

In this manner you can give in to the illusion of seeing a Court before you; in the other, you think yourself still in Eastcheap. The actors here live in better society and have more tact.

*Nov. 23d.*

It is curious enough that men regard that alone as a wonder which is at a distance from them, in time or space; the daily wonders near them they pass by unheeded. Yet we must be now living in the days of the Arabian Nights, for I have seen a creature to-day far surpassing all the fantastic beings of that time.

Listen what are the monster's characteristics. In the first place, its food is the cheapest possible, for it eats nothing but wood or coals. When not actually at work, it requires none. It never sleeps, nor is weary; it is subject to no diseases, if well organized at first, and never refuses its work till it becomes incapable by great length of service. It is equally active in all climates, and undertakes every kind of labour without a murmur. Here it is a miner, there a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a smith, or a miller;—indeed it performs the business of each and all of them; and though a small creature, it draws ninety tons of goods, or a whole regiment of soldiers packed into carriages, with a swiftness exceeding that of the fleetest stage-coaches. At the same time it marks its own measured steps on a tablet fixed in front of it. It regulates, too, the degree of warmth necessary to its well-being: it has a strange power of oiling its inmost joints when they are stiff, and of removing at pleasure all injurious air which might find its way into its system;—but should any thing become deranged in it, it immediately warns its master by the loud ringing of a bell. Lastly, it is so docile, spite of its immense strength (nearly equal to that of six hundred horses,) that a child of four years old is able in a moment to arrest its mighty labours, by the pressure of his little finger.

Would people formerly have believed that such a ministering spirit could be summoned by anything but Solomon's signet? or did ever a witch burnt for sorcery produce its equal?

Now a new wonder. Only magnetise five hundred gold pieces with a strong will to change them into such a creature, and after a few preliminary ceremonies, you will see him established in your service. The spirit ascends in vapour, but never vanishes. He remains your lawful slave for life. Such are the miracles of our times, which perhaps surpass many of the most extraordinary of former ages.

I spent the evening at the house of Lady C—— B——, who has just finished a new novel, called "Flirtation." I talked very frankly to her about it, for she is a clever and a good woman.* * *

* * * * * * *

I don't know whether I told you that I lodge at the house of a dress-maker in Albemarle-street, who has collected around her a perfect garland of English, French, and Italian girls. All is decorum itself; but there are many talents among them which can be turned to account—among others, that of a French girl, who has a genius for cooking, and has thus enabled me to entertain my kind friend L—— in my own little home. Dinner, concert (droll enough it was, for the performers were all 'couturières'), a little dance for the young ladies, a great many artificial flowers, a great many lights, a very few intimate friends;—in short, a sort of rural fête in this busy town. The poor girls were delighted, and it was almost morning before they went to bed, though the duenna kept faithful watch and ward to the last moment. I was greatly praised and thanked by all; though in their hearts they no doubt liked my young friend L—— much better.

*Nov. 28th.*

A great actor,—a true master of his art, certainly stands very high. What knowledge and power he must have! How much genius must he unite with corporeal grace and address!—how much creative power, with the most perfect knowledge of wearisome 'routine!'

This evening, for the first time since my residence here, I saw Macbeth,—perhaps the most sublime and perfect of Shakspeare's tragedies. Macready, who has lately returned from America, played the part admirably. The passages in which he appeared to me peculiarly true and powerful, were, first, the night-scene in which he comes on the stage after the murder of Duncan, with the bloody dagger, and tells his wife that he has done the deed. He carried on the whole conversation in a low voice, as the nature of the incident requires;—like a whisper in the dark,—yet so distinctly, and with such a fearful expression, that all the terrors of night and crime pass with the sound into the hearer's very soul. Not less excellent was the difficult part with Banquo's ghost. The fine passage—

"What man dare, I dare.
Approach, then, like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!" &c.

with great judgment he began with all the vehemence of desperation; then, overcome by terror, dropped his voice lower and lower, till the last words were tremulous and inarticulate. Then, uttering a subdued cry of mortal horror, he suddenly cast his mantle over his face and sank back half-lifeless on his seat. He thus produced the most apalling effect. As man, you felt tremblingly with him, that our most daring courage can oppose nothing to the terrors of another world;—you saw no trace of the stage-hero, who troubles himself little about nature; and playing only to produce effect on the galleries, seeks his highest triumph in an ascending scale of noise and fury. Macready was admirable, too, in the last act; in which conscience and fear are equally deadened and exhausted, and rigid apathy has taken the place of both; when the last judgment breaks over the head of the sinner in three rapidly succeeding strokes,—the death of the Queen, the fulfilment of the delusive predictions of the witches, and Macduff's terrific declaration that he is not born of woman.

What had previously tortured Macbeth's spirit—had made him murmer at his condition, or struggle against the goadings of his conscience,—can now only strike him with momentary terror, like a lightning flash. He is weary of himself and of existence; and fighting, as he says in bitter scorn, 'bear-like,' he falls at length, a great criminal—but withal a king and a hero.

Equally masterly was the combat with Macduff, in which inferior actors commonly fail;—nothing hurried, yet all the fire, nay, all the horror of *the end*,—of the final rage and despair.

I shall never forget the ludicrous effect of this scene at the first performance of Spiker's translation at Berlin. Macbeth and his antagonist set upon each other in such a manner, that, without intending it, they got behind the scenes before their dialogue was at an end; whence the words "Hold—enough!" (what went before them being inaudible,) sounded as if Macbeth was run down and had cried, (holding out his sword and deprecating any further fighting,) "Leave off—hold—enough!"

Lady Macbeth, though played by a second-rate actress,—for, alas! since the departure of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil there is no first rate—pleased me better in her feeble delineation of the character, than many would-be-great 'artistes' of our fatherland, whose affected manner is suited to no single character in Shakspeare.

I do not, however, entirely participate in Tieck's well-known view of this character. I would fain go still deeper into it. Scarcely any man understands how the love of a woman sees *every thing* solely as it regards or affects the beloved object; and thence, for a time at least, knows virtue or vice only with relation to him.

Lady Macbeth, represented as a furious Megæra who uses her husband only as an instrument of her own ambition, is wanting in all inward truth, and, still more, in all interest. Such a woman would be incapable of that profound feeling of her own crime and misery so fearfully expressed in the sleeping scene; it is only in the presence of her husband, and in order to give him courage, that she always seems the stronger; that she shows neither fear nor remorse; that she jests at them in him, and seeks to deafen herself to their voice in her own heart.

She is certainly not a gentle, feminine character; but womanly love to her husband is nevertheless the leading motive of her actions.

As the poet reveals to us her secret agonies in the night scene, so likewise does he suffer us to perceive that Macbeth had long ago betrayed to her those ambitious wishes lurking in his breast, which he had scarcely confessed to himself: and thus it is that the witches choose Macbeth as their own,—as worms and moths attack what is already diseased and decaying,—only because they find him ripe for their purpose. She knows then, the inmost desires of his heart; to *satisfy him*, she hurries with passionate vehemence to his aid, and, with all the devoted impetuosity of a woman, far outstrips even his thoughts. The more Macbeth falters and draws back—half acting a part with himself and with her,—the more is her zeal quickened; she represents herself, to herself and to him, more cruel, more hard-hearted than she is; and works herself up by artificial excitements, only that she may inspire him with the courage and determination necessary to accomplish his ends. To him she is ready to sacrifice not only all that stands between Macbeth and his wishes, but *herself*; the peace of her own conscience—nay, all womanly thoughts and feelings towards others; and to call the powers of darkness to aid and strengthen her.

It is only when viewed in this manner that her character appears to me dramatic, or the progress of the piece psychologically true. Viewed in the other light, we find nothing in it but a caricature—a thing impossible to Shakspeare's creative spirit, which always paints possible men, and not unnatural monsters or demons of the fancy.

And thus do they mutually urge each down the precipice; for neither, singly, would have fallen so far;—Macbeth, however, manifestly with greater selfishness; and therefore is his end, like his torment, the more painful.

It is a great advantage to the performance of this piece when the part of Macbeth, and not that of the Lady, falls to the actor of genius. Of that I was strongly convinced to-day. If Lady Macbeth, by superiority of acting, is converted into the principal character, the whole tragedy is contemplated in a false point of view. It is something quite other than the real one, and loses the greatest part of its interest, when we see a ferocious amazon, and a hero under her slipper who suffers himself to be used as a mere tool of her projects. No,—in *him* lies the germ of the sin from the beginning; his wife does but help him: he is by no means a man of originally noble temper, who, seduced by the witches, becomes a monster;—but, as in Romeo and Juliet the passion of love is led from the innocent childishness of its first budding, in a mind too susceptible of its power, through all the stages of delight, to despair and death,—so in Macbeth the subject of the picture is self-seeking ambition fostered by powers of evil, passing from an innocence that was but apparent, and the fame of an honoured hero, to the blood-thirstiness of the tiger, and to the end of a hunted wild beast. Nevertheless, the man in whose soul the poison works is gifted with so many lofty qualities, that we can follow the struggle and the developement with sympathy. What an inconceivable enjoyment would it be to see such a work of genius represented by great actors throughout, where none were a mere subordinate! This however could be accomplished only by spirits, as in Hofmann's ghostly representation of Don Juan.

You will perhaps find much that is incongruous in these views; but recollect that great poets work like Nature herself. To every man they assume the garb and colour of his own mind, and thence admit of various interpretations. They are so rich, that they distribute their gifts among a thousand poor, and yet have abundance in reserve.

Many of the stage arrangements were very praiseworthy. For instance, the two murderers whom Macbeth hires to murder Banquo, are not, as on our stage, ragged ruffians,—by the side of whom the King, in his regal ornaments and the immediate vicinity of his Court, exhibits a ridiculous contrast, and who could never find access to a palace in such a dress; but of decent appearance and behaviour,—villains, but not beggars.

The old Scottish costume is thoroughly handsome, and is probably more true to the times, certainly more picturesque, than with us. The apparition of Banquo, as well as the whole disposition of the table, was infinitely better. In this the Berlin manager made a ludicrous 'bévue.' When the King questions the murderers concerning Banquo's death, one of them answers,

"My lord, his throat is cut."

This was taken so literally, that a most disgusting pasteboard figure appears at table with the throat cut from ear to ear. The ascent and descent of this monster is so near akin to a puppet-show, that, with all the good-will in the world to keep one's countenance, one can hardly manage it. Here the entrance of the ghost is so cleverly concealed by the bustle of the guests taking their seats at several tables, that it is not till the King prepares to sit down that the dreadful form seated in his place, is suddenly visible to him and to the audience. Two bloody wounds deface his pale countenance (of course it is the actor himself who played Banquo), without rendering it ludicrous by nearly severing the head from the body; and when he looks up fixedly at the King from the festive tables, surrounded by the busy tumult of the guests, then nods to him, and slowly sinks into the earth, the illusion is as perfect as the effect is fearful and thrilling.

But, to be just, I must mention one ridiculous thing that occurred here. After the murder of the King, when there is a knocking at the door, Lady Macbeth says to her husband—

"Hark, more knocking!
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers."

Now 'nightgown' does indeed mean dressing-gown; but yet I could scarcely believe my eyes, when Macready entered

in a fashionable flowered chintz dressing-gown, (perhaps the one he usually wears,) loosely thrown over his steel armour, which was seen glittering at every movement of his body, and in this curious costume drew his sword to kill the chamberlains who were sleeping near the King.

I did not observe that this struck any body; indeed the interest was generally so slight, the noise and mischief so incessant, that it is difficult to understand how such distinguished artists can form themselves, with so brutal, indifferent, and ignorant an audience as they have almost always before them. As I told you, the English theatre is not fashionable, and is scarcely ever visited by what is called 'good company.' The only advantage in this state of things is, that actors are not spoiled by that indulgence which is so ruinous to them in Germany.

The Freischütz was performed the same evening—after Macbeth. Weber, like Mozart, must be content to be 'travaillé' by Mr. Bishop, with his abridgments and additions. It is a positive affliction and misery to hear them: and not only the music, but the fable, is robbed of all its character. It is not Agatha's lover, but the successful marksman, who comes to the wolf's glen and sings Caspar's favourite song. The Devil, in long red drapery, dances a regular shawl-dance before he carries off Caspar to hell, which is very pleasingly represented by cascades of fire, scarlet 'coulisses,' and heaps of skeletons.

Here then the comparison with Germany is as much to our advantage as it is the contrary in tragedy. I wish, however, the matter were reversed.

*Dec. 2nd.*

I wrote you word lately, that I was better; since that time I have been almost constantly unwell. One ought never to boast of anything, as the old women say; for, adds Walter Scott, "it is unlucky to announce things which are not yet certain." This indeed I have often experienced. As to my health, it is as unintelligible as all the rest of me.

You doubtless wonder that I remain in London in this thankless season; but I have still friends here—besides, I have settled into this quiet life, which is only interrupted by the noise and clatter of the little troop of 'couturières' in the house; the theatre too has begun to interest me, and the serenity of this seclusion refreshes me after the former tumult. It is indeed so quiet and solitary, that, like the celebrated prisoner in the Bastille, I have formed a 'liaison' with a mouse,—a darling little creature, and doubtless an enchanted 'lady:' when I am at work, she glides timidly out of her hole, looks at me from a distance with her little eyes twinkling like stars, becomes tamer every day; and enticed by bits of cake which I regularly deposit six inches from her residence, in the right corner of my room.—At this moment she is eating one with great grace—and now she frisks about the room quite at her ease. But what do I hear? an incessant loud cry in the street! Mousey has fled in terror to her corner.

"What is the matter?" said I; "what an infernal noise!" "War is proclaimed—a second edition of The Times is cried about the streets." "War, with whom?" 'I don't know.' This is one branch of trade among the poor devils in London: when they can contrive nothing else, they cry some 'great news,' and sell an old paper to the curious for sixpence; you seize it in a hurry, you understand nothing clearly, you look at the date, and laugh at finding you have been taken in.

As is always the case when I live alone, I have unfortunately so completely turned day into night, that I seldom breakfast before four in the afternoon, dine at ten or eleven after the play, and walk or ride in the night. It is generally not only finer but ('mirabile dictu') brighter in the night. The days are so foggy that even if there are lamps and candles you can't see them a yard off; but in the night the gas-lights sparkle like diamonds, and the moon shines as bright as in Italy. As I galloped home last night through the wide and quiet streets, white and coal-black clouds coursed each other swiftly over her face, and afforded a singularly wild and enchanting spectacle. The air was serene and mild; for the late cold has been succeeded by almost spring weather.

Except L—— and the standing dishes at the clubs, I see few persons but Prince P——, who is accused here of great haughtiness and *brusquerie*. They likewise whisper that he is a very Blue Beard to his poor wife, and that he shut her up for six years in a solitary castle in a wood, so that at last, wearied by ill treatment, she was obliged to consent to a separation. What say you, good Julia, to this unhappy fate of your best friend.

How strangely, however, do rumours and calumnies sometimes arise! How little can we foresee the inconceivable heterogeneous consequences of human actions! What quite unexpected rocks peril our course! Nay, in the moral as in the physical world, we often see tares arise where wheat was sown, while beautiful flowers and fragrant herbs spring out of the dunghill.

I have received your long letter, and give you my heartiest thanks for it. Do not be displeased that I so seldom answer in detail, but in some sort pay off the sum of the passages, the neglect of which you reproach me with. Be assured that not a word is lost upon me. Remember that one gives no other answer to the rose for its precious fragrance, than to inhale it with delight. To dissect it would not enhance our pleasure. 'Au reste,' I regret that I have now neither the materials nor the disposition to send you such roses in return. The wall is as bare before me as a white sheet—no kind of 'ombre Chinoise' will appear upon it.

*Woolmers, Dec. 11th.*

Sir G—— O——, formerly English ambassador to Persia, had invited me to his country house, whither I drove this morning.

I arrived late, in darkness and rain, and was obliged to dress instantly to go to a ball at Hatfield, which Lady Salisbury gives on a certain day of the week to the neighbourhood, during the whole time of her residence in the country. The going there is therefore received as a sort of call, and no invitations are sent. Sir G—— took his whole party, among whom was Lord Strangford, the well-known ambassador to Constantinople.

You remember that on my return from my northern excursion I saw Hatfield 'en passant.' I found the interior as imposing and respectable, from its air of antiquity, as the exterior. You enter a hall hung with banners and armour; then climb a singular staircase, with carved figures of apes, dogs, monks, &c., and reach a long and rather narrow gallery, in which the dancing was going on. The walls are of old oak 'boiserie,' with curious old-fashioned silver chandeliers fixed to them. At one end of this gallery is a library, and at the other a splendid room with deep metal ornaments depending from the panels of the ceiling, and an enormously high chimney-piece surmounted by a statue of King James. The 'local' was very beautiful, but the ball dull enough, and the company rather too rural. At two o'clock all was over, and I very glad; for, weary and 'ennuyé,' I longed for rest.

The next morning I delighted myself with a review of the various Persian curiosities which decorated the rooms. I was particularly struck by a splendid manuscript, with miniatures, which excelled all the illuminations of the middle ages in Europe, and were often more correct in drawing. The subject of the book is the history of Tamerlane's family, and is said to have cost two thousand pounds in Persia. It is a present from the Shah. Doors inlaid with precious metals; sofas and carpets of curious velvet, embroidered with gold and silver; above all, a golden dish splendidly enamelled, and many finely-worked 'bijoux,' show that if the Persians are behind us in many things, they surpass us in some.

The weather has cleared a little, and enticed me to a solitary walk. Noble trees, a little river, and a grove, under whose thick shade a remarkably copious spring gushes forth as if from the centre of the earth, are the chief beauties of the park. When I returned, it was two o'clock, the hour of luncheon; after which Sir Gore showed me his Arabian horses, and some of them were quickly saddled for a ride. The groom had little else to do than to jump off and on his horse to open the gates which interrupted our course every minute. This is the case in most English parks, and still more in fields, which makes riding, except on the high roads, somewhat troublesome. In the afternoon we had music. The daughter of the house and Mrs. F—— distinguished themselves as admirable pianistes. The hearers were, however, perfectly unconstrained; they went and came, talked or listened, just as they felt inclined.

When the ladies had retired to dress, Sir Gore and Lord Strangford told us many anecdotes of the East—a theme of which I never tire. Both these gentlemen are great partisans of the Turks, and Lord Strangford spoke of the Sultan as a very enlightened man. He was probably, he said, the first ambassador from any Christian power who had had several private conferences with the Grand Signior. At these a singular etiquette was observed: the Sultan received him in the garden of the Seraglio, in the dress of an officer of his body-guard, and in that character always addressed Lord Strangford with the greatest deference in the third person; Lord Strangford did not venture to let it appear that he recognized him. He declared that the Sultan was better informed about Russia than a great many European politicians, and knew perfectly well what he was undertaking.[72]

After dinner, at which we had some Oriental dishes, and I drank genuine Schiraz for the first time in my life, (no very pleasant wine, by the by, for it tastes of the goat-skins,) we had music again, and 'des petits jeux.' As these latter were not remarkably successful, the whole party went to bed in good time.

*December 12th.*

I have bought a coal-black horse, a thing as wild as a roe, of my host's Arab breed; and to give him a longer trial, we rode over to pay a visit to Lady Cowper, who lives in the neighbourhood. The park and house of Pansanger are well worth seeing, especially the picture-gallery, which contains two of Raphael's early Madonnas; and a singularly fine portrait of Marshal Turenne on horseback, by Rembrandt. Lady Cowper received us in her boudoir, which led immediately into a beautiful garden, even now gay with flowers, on the other side of which are green-houses, and a dairy in the form of a temple.

Pansanger is celebrated for the largest oak in England. It is nineteen feet and a half in circumference six feet from the ground, and is at the same time very straight and lofty, though its branches reach to a great extent on all sides. We have larger oaks than this in Germany.

To reconnoitre the country still more fully, we afterwards made a second visit to Hatfield, which I viewed more accurately.

The whole house, including kitchen and wash-house, is heated by one steam-engine. The Dowager Marchioness, the most active woman in England of her age, did the honours herself, and led us about into every hole and corner. The chapel contains some admirable old painted glass,—buried in Cromwell's time, to which it is indebted for its escape when the frantic iconoclasts destroyed all the church windows. In one of the rooms was a fine portrait of Charles the Twelfth,—that 'Don Quixote en grand,' who, but for Pultawa, would perhaps have become a second Alexander. In the present stables (formerly the house,) Elizabeth lived a captive during the reign of her sister Mary. The Queen ordered a very lofty pointed chimney, surmounted with an iron rod, to be built on a gable opposite to her sister's window, and caused it to be insinuated to her that this rod was destined to receive her head. So the Marchioness told us. The chimney is still standing, and is thickly overgrown with ivy; but Elizabeth, to feast on the delightful contrast in after years, when she could contemplate the threatening pinnacle with more agreeable feelings, built the new palace close to it. The house is poor in works of art, and the park rich only in large avenues of oaks and in rocks; otherwise dreary, and without water, except a nasty green standing pool near the house.

*December 13th.*

In my host's house is a singular picture gallery,—a Persian one, which contains some very curious things. The portraits of the present Shah, and of his son Abbas, are the most interesting. The yellow dress of the former, covered with precious stones of every kind, and his enormous black beard, form a very characteristic picture of this Son of the Sky and of the Sun. *His* son, however excels him in beauty of feature; but he is almost too simply dressed, and the pointed sheepskin cap is not becoming. The late Persian ambassador to England completes the trio. He was a very handsome man, and fell into European manners and customs with such ease, that the English speak of him as a perfect Lovelace. On his return home he proved himself nowise 'discret,' but compromised several English ladies of rank in a shameful manner.

Some large dressed dolls gave a faithful idea of the fair sex in Persia, with long hair painted red or blue, arched and painted eyebrows, large languishing eyes of fire, pretty gauze pantaloons, and gold rings round the ankles.

Lady O—— told us many amusing details of the Harem, which I reserve till we meet, that I may not exhaust all my resources.

Many things in Persia seem to be very agreeable, many the very reverse; among them the scorpions and insects.

These things we are free from in our temperate climates. Let us all therefore be contented in them; a wish which I cordially form for you and me.

Your L——.

## LETTER XXI.

*London, Dec. 16, 1827.*

Dear Julia,

After writing some verses in the W—— album, in which Arabian steeds, Timour's magnificence, Cecil, Elizabeth, and the fair beauties of Teheran, met in agreeable confusion, I took leave of my kind hosts, and returned to London. The same evening L—— took me to a singular exhibition.

In a suburb, a good German mile from my lodging, we entered a sort of barn; dirty, with no other ceiling than the rough roof, through which the moon peeped here and there. In the middle was a boarded place, about twelve feet square, surrounded by a strong wooden breastwork: round this was a gallery filled with the lowest vulgar and with perilous-looking faces of both sexes. A ladder led up to a higher gallery, for the patrician part of the spectators, which was let out at three shillings a seat. There was a strange contrast between the 'local' and a crystal lustre hanging from one of the balks of the roof lighted with thick wax candles: as well as between the 'fashionables' and the populace among whom they were scattered, who—the latter I mean—were continually offering and taking bets of from twenty to fifty pounds. The subject of these was a fine terrier, the illustrious Billy, who pledged himself to the public to kill a hundred rats in ten minutes. As yet the arena was empty, and there was an anxious, fearful pause; while in the lower gallery huge pots of beer circulated from mouth to mouth, and tobacco smoke ascended in dense clouds. At length appeared a strong man, bearing a sack, looking like a sack of potatoes, but in fact containing the hundred live rats. These he set at liberty in one moment by untying the knot, scattered them about the place, and rapidly made his retreat into a corner. At a given signal Billy rushed in, and set about his murderous work with incredible fury. As soon as a rat lay lifeless, Billy's faithful esquire picked him up and put him in the sack; among these some might be only senseless, or perhaps there might be some old practitioners who feigned themselves dead at the first bite. However, be that as it may, Billy won in nine minutes and a quarter, according to all the watches; in which time a hundred dead, or apparently dead, rats were replaced in their old quarters—the sack. This was the first act. In the second, the heroic Billy, (who was greeted with the continual shouts of an enraptured audience,) fought with a badger. Each of the combatants had a second, who held him by the tail. Only one bite or gripe was allowed; then they were separated, and immediately let loose again. Billy had always the best of it, and the poor badger's ears streamed with blood. In this combat, too, Billy was bound to seize the badger fast in a certain number of minutes,—I don't recollect how many. This he accomplished in brilliant style, but retired at last greatly exhausted.

The *amusements* ended with bear-baiting, in which the bear treated some dogs extremely ill, and seemed to suffer little himself. It was evident through the whole, that the managers were too chary of their animals to expose them in earnest; I therefore, as I said, suspected from the beginning some hidden talents for representation—even in the rats.

In a few months, cock fights will be held in the same place. I shall send you a description of them.

*Dec. 21st.*

There are unquestionably three natures in man,—a vegetable one, which is content merely to exist; an animal, which destroys; and an intellectual, which creates. Many are satisfied with the first, most lay claim to the second, and a few to the third. I must confess, alas! that my life here belongs to Class I., at which I am often discontented enough: 'but I can't help it.'

You have heard of the English Roscius. A new little wonder of this kind has appeared, and the maturity of his early talent is really astonishing. Master Burke (so this little fellow is called) acts at the Surrey Theatre. Though only ten years old, he played five or six very different parts, with a humour, apparent familiarity with the stage, 'aplomb,' volubility of utterance, accurate memory, and suppleness and power over his little person, which are perfectly amazing. What struck me most, however, was, that in a little interlude he acted his own natural part,—a boy of ten years old,—with such uncommon truth that the genuine 'naivété' of childhood he represented, could be nothing but the inspiration of genius,—it is impossible it could be the result of reflection in such a child. He began with the part of an Italian music-master, in which he displayed extraordinary mastery of the violin, and that not only in acquired dexterity, but in the good taste of his playing, and a fulness and beauty of tone seldom equalled. You perceived in his whole performance that he was born a musician. Next followed a learned pedant; then a rough captain of a ship; and so on;—every part admirably filled, and the by play, in which so many fail, peculiarly easy, clever, and appropriate. His last character was Napoleon,—the only one in which he failed; and this failure was exactly the thing that put the crown to my admiration. It is characteristic of true genius, that in the meagre, absurd, and foolish, it appears foolish too; and this part was the quintessence of bad taste and stupidity. It is the same in life. Turn Lessing into a courtier for instance, or Napoleon into R—— Lieutenant, and you will see how miserably each will fill his part.

Generally speaking, the important thing is that every man should be in his right place. If he is, some excellence will scarcely ever fail to be developed in him. Thus, for instance, my genius consists in a fancy, so to say, practically applicable; I have nothing to do but to wind it up like a watch, not only to find myself immediately at home in every actual situation, but employing it as a stimulus, to throw myself headlong down any conceivable precipice. If I get hurt in the fall, I can use it again as a restorative, by the unexpected discovery of some wonderful piece of luck or other. Now is this the consequence of an accidental physical organization, or of an acquired power,—acquired perhaps through a hundred preceding generations? Had this spiritual individual whom I call *myself*, any previous existence connected with another form? and does it endure independent, or does it lose itself again in the universal Whole, after the bursting of that bubble which the eternal fermentation of the universe throws up?

Is—as many will have it—the history of the world (or what passes in time), as well as of nature (or what passes in space,) predetermined through its whole course, according to the immutable laws of a guiding will? and does it end like a drama in the victory of good over evil?—or does the free power of the spirit fashion its own future, uncertain in all its incidents, and only subject to the conditions necessary to its existence?—'That is the question!' Meantime, thus much appears to me clear;—that, by the adoption of the former hypothesis,—turn it which way we will,—we are all, more or less, mere finely-constructed puppets: it is only according to the second, that we remain free spirits. I will not deny that there is in me an unconquerable, instinctive feeling, like the deepest consciousness of *self*, which impels me to the latter belief. This may possibly be an inspiration of the devil! Yet he does not lead me so

far astray, as that I do not, with profound humility and gratitude, ascribe this, our mysterious being, to that great incomprehensible Creator, the object of my highest and deepest love. But forasmuch as our origin is god-like, we must live on, independently, in God. Hear what Angelius Silesius, the pious Catholic, says on this subject.

"Soll ich mein letztes End, und ersten Anfang finden,
So muss ich mich in Gott und Gott in Mir ergrunden;
Und werden das, was Er, ich muss ein Schein im Schein,
Ich muss ein Wert im Wort, ein Gott im Gotte seyn."[73]

For this very reason is the doctrine intolerable to me, that man was formerly in a more exalted and perfect state than now; but has gradually degenerated, and must labour up again, through sin and misery, till he reach his pristine perfection. How much more accordant with all the laws of nature,—how much more consistent with the character of an eternal, most high, all-pervading, all-ruling Love and Justice, is it, to imagine that the human race (which I regard as one) advances, from a beginning necessarily imperfect, onward and onward towards perfection, by its own energy; although indeed the germ of that energy be implanted by the love of the Most Highest! The golden age of mankind, says the Duke de St. Simon, very justly, is not behind, but before us. Our age might be called (rather for the will than the power) the mystic age. True mysticism is indeed rare; but it must be confessed that it is a most skilful and profitable invention of the worldly-wise, to throw a cloak of titular mysticism over absurdity itself. Behind this curtain, unhappily, lurk many things,—even that original sin which our modern mystics dwell upon so much.

Some years ago I was in a very intelligent party, though small in number,—consisting only of a lady and two gentlemen. An argument arose concerning original sin. The lady and I declared ourselves against the doctrine,—the two gentlemen, for it, though perhaps, more for the sake of letting off some intellectual fireworks than from conviction. "Yes," said our antagonists at length, "the doctrine of original sin is doubtless true: like the new French Charter, it was the impulse towards knowledge forcing its way. With the gratification of this impulse came evil into the world; which, however, was also necessary to our purification,—to our *own* merit, the only thing truly meritorious." "On this interpretation," replied I, turning to my ally, "we may be content to admit it; for this is only our own meaning in other words,—a schooling—the necessary transition from bad to better, by the help of our own experience and acquired wisdom." "Certainly," added the lady; "only then you ought not to call it *hereditary sin*."[74] "'Gnädige Frau,'" answered one of our antagonists, "we will not quarrel about the name; if you like it better, we will call it *hereditary nobility* for the future."

After all these profound and subtle reflections, I made the discovery to-day that the most frivolous people in the world do actually reflect on their own minds and characters. An Austrian of rank who has been here some time, did me the favour to give me the following counsels of practical philosophy, which I must record literally for the sake of their originality.

"I hold nothing to be more silly," said he, "than to annoy oneself about the future. Look ye,—when I came here it was just summer, and the season was over. Now another man would have been annoyed at having arrived just at such a bad time; but I thought it would pass over, and—just so—you see we're got to November. In the mean time Esterhazy took me into the country, where I enjoyed myself amazingly; and now there is one more month bad, and then 'twill be full again: the balls and the routs will begin,—and what can I wish better? Should not I have been a perfect fool, now, to distress myself without a cause? Am I not right? We must live in the world just like a H——, and never think too much of the future."[75]

I admit, indeed, that this practical gentleman and I are of very different natures; and doubtless many a philosopher by profession must regard my lucubrations with about as much pity as I do the Austrian's. And yet the result is, alas! the same with all: the only uncertainty is, which is the majority. Probably they who think themselves the cleverest.

*Dec. 28th.*

I have received the unpleasant intelligence that the vessel on board which I sent you all the seeds and flowers I had bought, has been wrecked off Heligoland, and but few of the hands saved. Friend L—— has also lost a great part of his effects. This is the only vessel that has been lost in those seas this year, and has doubtless the folly of sailing on a Friday to thank for it. You laugh; but that day has a peculiar quality, and I too have a dread of it; for in the inexplicable embodied picture of the days of the week, which my fancy has involuntarily painted, that is the only one coal-black. Perhaps you'd like to know, now I am upon the subject, the colours of the others. It is a mystical sort of secret. Well then; Sunday is yellow, Monday blue, Tuesday brown, Wednesday and Saturday brick-red, Thursday ash-gray. All these day-persons have also an extraordinary and appropriate spiritual body,—that is, transparent, without any determinate form or size.

But to return to Friday.—The American Secretary of Legation lately told me what follows.

"The superstition that Friday is an unlucky day," said he, "is firmly rooted in the minds of our seamen to this hour. An enlightened merchant in Connecticut conceived the wish, a few years ago, to do his utmost to weaken an impression which has often very inconvenient results. He therefore had a new ship laid on the stocks on a Friday: on a Friday she was launched; he named her Friday; and by his orders she sailed on her first voyage on a Friday. Unhappily for the effect of his well-meant experiment, nothing was ever heard of the vessel or crew from that day to this."

Yesterday I received your letter.

That your jewel, as you affectionately call him, should be not only overlooked by many in the world, but with great satisfaction trodden under-foot, arises naturally enough from this,—that he is polished only on some few sides; and if one of these does not happen to strike the eye of the passer-by, he is 'comme de raison,' regarded as a mere common pebble; and, if it happens that one of his sharp points gives pain, is trodden down as much as possible. He is valued only by here and there a connoisseur, and by the possessor,—who overvalues him.

Your description of the English family in B—— made me laugh; the originals for such portraits are common enough in the world of London. The 'tournure' of the ladies, with few exceptions, is indeed as awkward as what you have seen in B——; but long enjoyed and boundless wealth, old historic names, and stately invincible reserve, give to the aristocratical society of England something imposing—especially to a North-German nobleman, who is so small a

personage. Do not take to heart the little disaster you tell me of. What are these but insignificant clouds, so long as the sun of the mind shines clear in our inward heaven? You should seek more amusement. Go to W——, to H——, to L ——. We ought not to visit people only when we stand in need of them: if we do, they cannot believe that we love and value them, but only that we use them;—and yet could these three but see our hearts, they would learn to know and to love us better, than by words or visits. As to the park, I'm afraid you have murdered venerable age in cold blood, like a cruel tyrant as you are. So then, limes that had seen three centuries fell unwilling martyrs to a clear view. That is certainly in the spirit of the age. Henceforward, however, I give you my instructions only to plant; plant as much as you like, but remove nothing that is there. By-and-by I shall come myself and sever the tares from the wheat.

*Dec. 31st.*

Don Miguel of Portugal is arrived, and I was presented to him this morning. No body was present but the 'corps diplomatique' and a few foreigners. The young Prince is not ill-looking, and indeed resembles Napoleon; but his manner was rather embarrassed. He wore seven stars, and seven great orders over his coat. His complexion is like the olive of his fatherland, and the expression of his countenance rather melancholy than otherwise.

*Jan. 1st, 1828.*

My best wishes and a hearty kiss at the beginning of a new year. Perhaps this is the good year which we have been so long expecting, like the Jews their Messias, in vain. I ushered it in at least very cheerfully. We spent yesterday at Sir L—— M——'s, who had invited five or six very pretty girls, and at midnight we drank a toast to the new year. L—— and I took occasion to introduce the German mode of saluting the ladies, to which, after the prescribed quantity of resistance, they consented.

To-day I ate part of an Hanoverian roe (there are none in England) at Count Münster's country-house. Somebody, by way of Christmas present, fired a blunderbuss into the large window of his sitting-room at the very moment the Countess was distributing her Christmas gifts to her children.[76] The shot had pierced the looking-glasses like pasteboard, in a hundred little holes, without breaking one of them. Fortunately the Christmas presents were placed so far from the window that the shot did not reach the spot. Nobody can guess who was the perpetrator of this horrid act.

Don Miguel's arrival makes London alive. To-night there was a soirée at the Duke of Clarence's, and to-morrow there will be a great ball at Lady K——'s. The Prince seems to be a universal favourite; and now that he is more at home here, has something very calm and gentleman-like in his 'tournure;' though it strikes me that in the back-ground, behind his great affability, lurks more than one 'arrière pensée.' Portuguese etiquette is so rigorous, that our good Marquis P—— is obliged to kneel down every morning when he first sees the Prince.

*Jan. 3rd.*

I pass over yesterday's fête at Prince E——'s to tell you about this evening's pantomime, which Don Miguel honoured with his presence. He was in a more awkward predicament than the late Elector of Hessen Cassel at Berlin, when, at the opening chorus of "Long life to the Amazon Queen," he got up and returned thanks.

The people here, to whom Don Miguel had been represented as a ferocious tyrant, and who saw the formidable monster appear in the shape of a pretty young fellow, have passed from aversion to fondness, and receive the Prince everywhere with enthusiasm. So it happened to-day in the theatre: Don Miguel immediately rose with his Portuguese and English suite, and returned thanks most courteously. Shortly after the curtain drew up, and now arose a fresh violent clapping at the beautiful scenery. Again Don Miguel rose and bowed his thanks: surprised and somewhat perplexed, the audience, however, overlooked the mistake, and greeted him with fresh cheers. But now appeared the favourite buffoon, in the person of a great ourang outang, with all the suppleness of Mazurier. Louder than ever resounded the enthusiastic applause; and again Don Miguel arose and bowed his thanks. This time, however, the compliment was only answered by a hearty laugh; and one of his English attendants, Lord M—— C——, without ceremony seized the Infant by the arm and motioned to him to resume his seat. No doubt, however, Don Miguel and the favourite actor will long remain involuntarily associated in the public mind.

*Jan. 6th.*

We float in a sea of fêtes. Yesterday the beautiful Marchioness gave her's; to-day was the admired Princess L ——'s, which lasted till six o'clock. People are busied from morning till night in amusing the Prince. It is agreeable enough to be this privileged sort of person, whom the highest and the lowest, the wisest and the silliest, are all doing their utmost to please.

In the midst of this 'trouble' I received another letter from you through L——, and rejoiced in the hundred-thousandth assurance of your love, an assurance of which I shall certainly not be tired before the millionth, and shall then exclaim, 'L'appétit vient en mangeant!' Just as little tired, it seems, are people here with these fêtes. While the dark clouds are gathering heavier and heavier around their horizon, our diplomates dance and dine, and meet the threatening storm with jests and laughter; and the great and the elevated are mingled with the vulgar and the common place, as in Shakespeare's faithful mirrors of life.

My own spirits are favourably excited by all this, and my mind is in a healthy and vigorous state. My masculine soul (for I have a feminine one of my own, besides yours, which belongs to me) is just now 'du jour;' and when that is the case, I always feel more free and independent, and less sensitive to external influences. This state of mind is quite the right one for a residence here, for Englishmen are like their flints,—cold, angular, and furnished with cutting edges; but the steel succeeds in striking live sparks out of them, thus producing light by a friendly antagonism.

Generally speaking, I am too indolent, or rather, too little excited by them, to be either willing or able to act as steel to any of the individuals who surround me; but I have, at least, opposed to their pride still greater pride, and thus softened some and repulsed others. Both were just what I wished; for the craniologist said of me very truly, that I was endowed with a strong tendency to creativeness; and such minds can only love those which act with the same elective affinities as themselves; or those which, in a subordinate station, are useful instruments on which to play the

melodies of their own composition. All others are either opposite to, or remote from them.

*Jan. 11th.*

The last party given in honour of Don Miguel took place to-night at the Dutch Ambassador's, to which little incident one might hang all sorts of interesting historical reminiscences. Both Portugal and Holland, though so small in territorial extent, were once great powers. The one took the road of freedom, the other that of slavery, and yet both are become equally insignificant; nor does their internal prosperity and happiness seem very greatly to differ. But I will leave these considerations, and substitute for them a few words in praise of the amiable Ambassadress, whose French vivacity has not yet given place to the melancholy, ponderous follies of English fashion. Her house, too, is one of the few which one may visit in an evening in the Continental fashion, uninvited, and be sure to find *conversation*. When Madame de F—— was living in Tournay before her marriage, my beloved 'chef,' the old Grand Duke of W——, lived in her parents' house for some time during the war of deliverance,[77] and used jestingly to call the charming daughter his favourite aide-de-camp. As I had filled that post, I had to plead a sort of comradeship, an honour I am the less disposed to forego my claim to, as her husband is a very agreeable man, equally distinguished for the goodness of his heart and the soundness of his head.

I ate a German dinner to-day at Count Münster's, who from time to time regales us with a wild Hanoverian. To-day it was a noble boar, with that royal sauce invented by George the Fourth, of which it is written in the Almanac des Gourmands, 'qu'avec une telle sauce on mangérait son père.' Over and above this delicacy, we were treated with a good anecdote by Sir Walter Scott. He said he one day met an Irish beggar in the street, who asked him for six-pence; Sir Walter could not find one, and at last gave him a shilling, saying, with a laugh, "But mind now, you owe me six-pence." "Och, sure enough!" said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you."

Before I went to bed I read over your last letter again. You have entered completely into my view of the character of Macbeth, and the few words you say about it and about the performance of our actors are masterly. It is strange, but true, that acting is every where degenerated. Surely this lies in the selfish, mechanical, unpoetical spirit of our times.

Equally true is your remark on the high society of B——; that the wit, and even the learning, which display themselves so ostentatiously there have nothing of that good-humoured attaching character which is necessary to give to both the true social charm. The warm heart's pulse is wanting in that arid soil;—the people can't help it:—and when they hunt after Fancy, she always appears to them, as she did to Hofmann, in the form of a horrible lay-figure, or of a spectre. Your friend, who does not fare much better, was also, unhappily, born in the sand: but I think the metallic exhalations which issued from the shafts, the flaming breath of the gnomes from beneath, the dark solitude of the pine-forests above, and the whisper of the Dryads from amid their thick branches, surrounded his cradle, and shed over the poor child some foreign and beneficent influences.

The 'parforce' members of the new Parforce hunt[78] made me laugh heartily. They are the best contrast to the volunteers of the Landwehr. I am myself a sincere advocate of the latter, because I love our King from my heart; and to serve him is not only a duty, but a real enjoyment, in my estimation. When I return, therefore, I shall very willingly suffer 'une douce violence,' and accompany the 'parforce' hunt, were it only from respect and attachment to the elegant and amiable Prince who is the leader of it. The field horsemanship, almost forgotten among us, will thus be revived; and England daily teaches me, that habit and amusements connected with danger and hardship have a very favourable effect on the youth of a nation, and consequently on its whole character.

*January 14th.*

I drove into the City this morning with Count B—— and a son of the celebrated Madame Tallien, to see the India House, where there are many remarkable curiosities. Among them is Tippoo Saib's dream-book, in which he daily wrote his dreams and their interpretation with his own hand, and to which he, like Wallenstein, might mainly ascribe his fall. His armour, a part of his golden throne, and an odd sort of barrel-organ are also preserved here. The latter is concealed in the belly of a very well represented metal tiger, of natural colours and size. Under the tiger lies an Englishman in scarlet uniform, whom he is tearing to pieces; and by turning the handle, the cries and moans of a man in the agonies of death, terrifically interspersed with the roaring and growling of the tiger, are imitated with great truth. This is a highly characteristic instrument, and greatly assists our judgment of that formidable foe of the English, who took the stripes of the tiger as his coat of arms, and was wont to say that he would rather live one day as a tiger going out to seek his prey, than a century as a quiet grazing sheep.

Daniel's magnificent work on the celebrated temple of Ellora, hewn in the solid rock, interested me uncommonly. The age of these majestic remains is completely unknown. It is highly curious, and in full conformity with Merkel's hypothesis, that the most ancient civilization of the earth originated with the negro races, that the statue of the deity in the sanctuary of the oldest temple of Buddha, distinctly exhibits the peculiar features and woolly hair of a negro. A large stone from the ruins of Persepolis, entirely covered with the yet-undeciphered arrow-writing; large Chinese paintings; huge Chinese lanterns; a very large plan of the city of Calcutta, and some beautiful Persian illuminated manuscripts, are among the greatest curiosities of this collection. We then visited the warehouses, where you may buy all sorts of Indian goods uncommonly cheap, provided you ship them immediately for the Continent, in which case they pay no duty to the Government. Shawls, which with us would cost at least a hundred louis d'ors, are here to be bought in abundance for forty. The most beautiful I ever saw, and of a fineness and magnificence which would make it a most enviable possession in the eyes of our ladies, was only a hundred and fifty guineas: but shawls are not much worn in England, and are thought little of; so that nearly all these are sent abroad.

*January 16th.*

The new steam-carriage is completed, and goes five miles in half an hour on trial in the Regent's park. But there was something to repair every moment. I was one of the first of the curious who tried it; but found the smell of oiled iron, which makes steam-boats so unpleasant, far more insufferable here. Stranger still is another vehicle to which I yesterday entrusted my person. It is nothing less than a carriage drawn by a kite,—and what's more, a paper kite very like those which children fly. This is the invention of a schoolmaster, who is so skilful in the guidance of his

vehicle, that he can get on very fairly with a half wind, but with a completely fair one and on good road, he goes an English mile in three-quarters of a minute. The sensation is very agreeable, for you glide over the little unevennesses of the road as if carried over them. The inventor proposes to traverse the African deserts in this manner, and with this view has contrived a place behind, in which a poney stands, like a footman, and in case of a calm can be harnessed in! What is to be done for forage, indeed, is not thoroughly clear, but the schoolmaster reckons upon regular trade winds in those regions. As a country diversion, the invention is, at all events, greatly to be recommended; and I therefore send you herewith a 'brochure' announcing it, with explanatory plates, after which you can commission some amateur among your own schoolmasters to make a similar attempt.

I devoted the evening to a pantomime, the strange extravagance of which was sustained by such admirable scenery and machinery, that you could think yourself in fairy-land, without any great effort. Such pretty nonsense is delightful. For instance, an immeasurable rushy bog in the kingdom of the Frogs, the inhabitants of which are most accurately represented by clever actors; and a temple of glow-worms, which in wildness of fancy, and wonderful brilliancy, surpasses any Chinese firework.

*Brighton, Jan. 23rd.*

Fashion is a great tyrant; and however clearly I see this, I suffer myself to be ruled by her as others are. She led me hither a few days ago, to the agreeable Miss J——, the discreet Lady L——, the charming F——, &c. &c.

I am already wearied again with balls and dinners, and have resumed my coquetry with the sea, the only poetical object in this prosaic place. I walked just now, after leaving a 'rout' at the further end of the town, for half an hour on its shore, amid the thundering and foaming of the coming tide. The stars looked down in all their brightness; eternal repose reigned above; and wild tumult and ceaseless agitation below;—heaven and earth in their truest emblems. How beautiful, how beneficent, how fearful, how perturbing, is this universe!—this universe, whose beginning and end we know not; whose extent is illimitable; before whose infinite series, on every side, even Fancy sinks to earth, veiling herself with reverential awe. Ah, my dear Julia! Love alone finds an exit from this labyrinth. Does not Göthe, too, say,

"Glücklich allein ist die Seele die liebt!"

*Jan. 24th.*

We have had a fine day's hunting here. The weather was remarkably clear and sunny, and at least a hundred red coats took the field. Such a sight is certainly full of interest; the many fine horses; the elegantly dressed huntsmen; fifty or sixty beautiful hounds following Reynard over stock and stone; the wild mounted troop behind; the rapid change of wood and hill and valley; the cries and shouts—it is a miniature war.

The country here is very hilly, and at one time the hounds ran up so steep and long a hill, that most of the horses were unable to follow them, and those that did, panted like the bellows of a smithy. But when we had once reached the top, the 'coup d'œil' was glorious; you looked down upon the whole, from the fox to the last straggler, all in full movement, with one glance; and besides that, over a rich valley to the left, which extends to London, and to the right over the sea gleaming like a mirror beneath the bright sun.

The first fox we took; the second reached Malapartus[79] in safety, and thus escaped his pursuers. Almost all these hunts are maintained by subscription. The pack here, for instance, consisted of eighty dogs and three huntsmen, with their nine horses, costs 1,050*l.* a year, which is divided among five-and-twenty subscribers. Any man who has a mind may ride with them. Thus it costs each subscriber not more than forty-two pounds a year. The shares, however, are by no means equally divided. The rich give much, the poor little, according to their means. Some give as much as two hundred a year, some not above ten; and I think this scheme would be a very good one to introduce into Germany, especially for poor men. The most striking thing, however, in the whole business, to German eyes, is the sight of the black-coated parsons, flying over hedge and ditch. I am told they often go to the church, ready booted and spurred, with the hunting-whip in their hands, throw on the surplice, marry, christen, or bury, with all conceivable velocity, jump on their horses at the church-door, and off—tally-ho! They told me of a famous clerical fox-hunter, who always carried a tame fox in his pocket, that if they did not happen to find one, they might be sure of a run. The animal was so well trained that he amused the hounds for a time; and when he was tired of running, took refuge in his inviolable retreat—which was no other than the altar of the parish church. There was a hole broken for him in the church wall, and a comfortable bed made under the steps. This is right English religion.

*Feb. 6th.*

I caught a cold which brought on a violent nervous fever. This has confined me to my bed for a fortnight, and weakened me to an extraordinary degree. It has not been wholly unattended with danger; but my physician assures me that is quite past; therefore do not be alarmed. Strange that, in a complaint so exhausting, one should be so indifferent to the thought of death! It appears to us only like rest and slumber; and I fervently wish myself such a slow and gradual approach of my dissolution from the body, whenever my time comes. As one that delights in observing, I would fain, so to say, see and feel myself die, as far as that is possible; that is, watch my own sensations and thoughts with full possession of my faculties, and thus taste existence up to the very last moment. A sudden death appears to me something vulgar,—animal; a slow one alone, with perfect consciousness of its approach, refined, noble,—human. I hope moreover to die very tranquilly; for although I have never attained to sanctity of life, I have held fast to the Loving and the Good, and have loved mankind, though not perhaps many individual men. Thus, though not yet ripe for heaven, I wish extremely, according to my doctrine of metempsychosis, to become once more an inhabitant of this beloved earth. The planet is beautiful and interesting enough to like to rove about in it in ever-renewed human shape. But if it be ordered otherwise, I am content. From God and his universe we cannot be cut off; and it is not probable that we shall become more foolish or more wicked; but rather, wiser and better.

The sting of death to me would be the thought of your sorrow; and yet perhaps, without the certainty of your love I could not die so happy and resigned:—it is so sweet a feeling in death, that we leave some one behind who will cherish our memory with tenderness, and in and with whom we shall live, so long as his eyes remain open to the

light. Is this selfishness?

As we are talking of dying, I must mention a melancholy incident. Do you remember a Scottish chieftain, of whom I told you during my last visit to Brighton?—a somewhat fantastic, but powerful and original Highlander. In the full pride of manly strength he has ceased to live. He was on board a steamboat with his two daughters, and shortly before landing received such a blow on the head from one of the yards, that he fell into a fit of delirium on the spot, sprang into the sea, and swam to shore, where he soon after expired. This end has a certain kindred tragic character with the history of an ancestor he told me of with such pride, to which he traced the origin of his arms—a bloody hand on a field azure.—This is the tradition:

Two brothers who were engaged in an expedition against some Scottish island had entered into an agreement, that he who should first touch the land with flesh and blood (a Scotch expression) should remain undisputed lord of it. Approaching the shore with all the force with which they could ply their oars, they came to a part where the projecting rocks barred all nearer approach; and both brothers, with their followers, dashed into the sea to swim to the island. As the elder saw that the younger was getting before him, he drew his short sword, laid his left hand on a point of rock, cut it off with one stroke, took it up by the fingers and threw it bleeding, past his brother on the shore: “God is my witness,” cried he, “that my flesh and blood have first touched this land.” And thus was he king of the island, which his descendants ruled for centuries with unlimited sway.

*Feb. 8th.*

The doctor finds me very patient—Good God! I have been taught patience—and to be just, adversity is an admirable school for the spirit. Adversity, however, if we look deep enough, arises only from these faults in us, which are corrected by it; and we may unconditionally affirm, that if men began and persevered in an undeviating course of reasonable and virtuous conduct, they would scarcely know suffering:—but their pleasures must then become so subtle and ethereal, that they would set but little value on any thing earthly. No more dinners,—at which to get indigestions. No more fame,—which they hunt after with such delighted vanity: no more of love’s sweet and perilous risks: no pomp or show for the sake of surpassing others: it would be at last—God forgive me for saying so!—a very humdrum life—a dead calm, under an outward show of perfection. The essence of life, on the contrary, is motion and contrast. It would therefore be the greatest derangement and annoyance if we were all to become perfectly reasonable. But I don’t think the danger very pressing.—You see my illness has not altered me: I should not have told you anything about it, but that this letter must go before I am quite recovered. You may, however, read it with perfect tranquillity of mind, and be assured that I mean to enjoy everything that a benevolent Creator has bestowed upon us, to my very latest breath; whether halfpence, or guineas; houses of cards, or palaces; soap-bubbles, or rank and dignities,—as time and circumstance present them;—and at last even death itself, and whatever here or elsewhere may follow it. The severer virtues just show their beautiful roots. Thus, for instance, I really enjoy my present temperance; I feel an ethereal lightness from it, and am more elevated than usual above all that is animal. Other *égarements* are wholly out of the question; and all this gives me a foretaste of that purer pleasure to come—old age. For in certain things—let us but confess it frankly and freely—the wicked Frenchman is half in the right:—‘que c’est le vice qui nous quitte, et bien rarement nous qui quittons le vice.’

*Feb. 9th.*

I never had a physician who was so kind—to the apothecary;—two doses a day. I live upon nothing else; but, as I am unhappily ill in earnest, I take what is sent me with great resignation. I miss terribly such a nurse as you are; and my dry, hard landlady, who has frequently offered her services very civilly, would be a poor substitute. Meanwhile I read a great deal, and am in very good spirits. If I were disposed to give myself up to melancholy self-tormentings, I could find negative as well as positive grounds for them. Now that I am confined to the house, the weather is uniformly most beautiful: but as I have set the hands of my spiritual watch in a quite other direction, I am on the contrary, very thankful to see the bright sun daily;—very thankful that, spite of his glory and majesty, he disdains not to warm my room from early morning; to greet me all day with friendly beams, which clothe everything in a robe of gold; and in the evening, that he takes the trouble to paint the wildest pictures in the clouds that hang over the sea, deep blue, flaming amber, or purple,—for me, poor invalid! who sit wrapt up at a large window: and at length, when taking leave, shows himself in such splendour, that the remembrance of it long afterwards robs the dusky shades of night of that gloomy impression which they are wont to leave on the spirit of the solitary and the suffering. And thus has everything two sides. There is nothing at which the fool may not fall into despair, or the wise man feel satisfaction and enjoyment.

Feb. 10th.

A letter from you always causes me the greatest delight, as you know; but how much more in my present state! Judge, therefore, with what delight yours was received to-day.* * *

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F—— is very wrong to refuse what was offered to him. It were madness for a shipwrecked man, struggling with the waves and nearly exhausted, to disdain a fishing-boat which presented itself to save him, that he might wait for a three-decker. It is certainly possible that such an one is already coming round that point; and at the moment when the boat has borne him away to some meaner destination, may heave in sight with all her canvass set. But we are not omniscient; we must treat the chances which the concatenation of events offers us, according to probability, not to possibility.

My presents please you, then? Now God bless them! Little pleasures are as good as great ones; and we ought diligently to study the art of creating to ourselves such, far oftener than we do; there is abundance of cheap materials for the purpose: but no superstition must intrude—like that which you express about the scissars. Good Julia, the scissars are not yet invented which can cut our love;—they must be crab-like, and with a backward action cut away all memory of the past. Now I must scold you for another thing. To what end did I send you all that beautiful coloured ‘blotting-paper,’ if you relapse into the horrid fashion of strewing sand on your paper, which is as unknown in England as sanded floors? Several ounces of this ingredient in your correspondence flew in my face

when I opened your letter. Will you, too, throw dust[80] in my eyes, dear Julia? and has Jeremiah brought you a new serious sand-box for the purpose from B——?

I am very industrious, and employ my leisure in putting in order several volumes of my life-atlas. The whole day long I arrange, cut, write, (for you know there's a commentary to every picture)—in short all that a poor sick man can do to pass time. Behold, with your mind's eye, twenty folio volumes of the classic work standing in our library, and ourselves, grown old and bowed, sitting before them, rather doting, but still triumphing in the glorious old times. Young shot-up things are laughing by stealth behind our backs: flying out and in; and when one of them asks "What are the old people about?" another answers, "O! they are sitting poring over their picture-bible, and have no eyes nor ears for anything else." Now this is what I should like to live to see, and it always seems to me as if it must come to this. What lies between, however—that indeed God only knows.

Bellows now cut a great figure in the newspapers. An ass, poisoned by way of experiment, was restored to life by continual blowing into his lungs; and the Houses of Parliament are going to be furnished with pure air during the whole sessions by means of a great pair of bellows. As an infallible remedy against suffocation, nothing more is necessary than to hold the patient by the nose, and blow common atmospheric air into his lungs, with the bellows out of the chimney corner. There will therefore be a greater number of puffed-up people in England now than ever.

*Feb. 12th.*

My illness has hindered me from going to Scotland, for which I had prepared every thing, and received many invitations; and now the expected arrival of W—— and the beginning of the season will keep me in London. To-day for the first time my doctor let me go out: and I took my way to Stranmore Park, which is at no great distance, that I might enjoy fresh air and the pleasure of a romantic walk. I was, however, not permitted to enter the garden, though I sent in my card. We are more liberal, indeed,—but this stern repulsiveness has its advantages:—it gives more value both to the thing itself, and to the permission to see it, when you do obtain it. 'A propos,' this reminds me of your new steward. It is desirable for us to keep him; nevertheless I beg you to behave to him a little as the lady of Stranmore did to me. Don't be too 'empressée' in your kindness; that, if he deserves it, you may leave yourself the power of increasing it. Be kind, but with dignity; always shading off the superior station which you must necessarily maintain with regard to him. Don't try to attach him by indulgence or over-civil behaviour, but by confidence, which does him honour; and also by substantial advantages, which in the end never fail to have their effect upon people, let them say, or even think, as they will. But you must address yourself no less to his ambition: keep it always awake by discreet concessions, by gratitude for proofs of zeal, and no less by gentle reproof whenever you think it necessary; that he may see you have *a judgment*. As an honourable man, he will then not fail to conduct our affairs with the same interest as if they were his own. Lastly, take care not to fatigue him, in his province of supervision, with details: don't attempt to exercise control over him in every trifle, and keep vigilant watch to support his authority over those under him, no less than your own over himself;—in those cases only where you see reason to fear that something important is amiss, do not delay an instant to require a full explanation. In very weighty cases that admit of delay, you will of course consult me. Herewith does Polonius conclude his exhortations.

*Feb. 15th.*

The short flight was premature, for it did not agree with me. The charming weather, too, is become horrible. A snow-storm now flogs the sea under my windows, so that it foams and roars again for rage, and its billows dash over the high pier up to the houses.

In the midst of this thunder I yesterday began to write my memoirs, and finished eight sheets, which I send you herewith.

I have also taken advantage of this time to go through Lesage's historical Atlas again; and I cannot say that during my whole illness I ever felt a moment's ennui. Indeed the perfect repose and passionless calm of such a period refreshes my soul. My body will soon be restored also; and then, as soon as the sky clears a little, I think to return once more to the haunts of men. A——,[81] to whom I sent your letter, desires her best love to you. From her great intimacy with the future Queen, she is treated quite like a 'Princesse du Sang.' She begins to feel her own importance a little; her former shy, timid 'tournure' is altered much to her advantage, and she has learnt to assume a certain air without losing her affability. The sun of fortune and favour changes a human being, as the sun of heaven does a plant which faded in darkness, and now raises its drooping head in his bright beams, and penetrated by the genial warmth opens fragrant blossoms to the light. We, dear Julia, still lie in the cellar, like hyacinth roots; but the gardener can place us in a more favourable soil and brighter sun in the spring—if it please him.

*Feb. 20th.*

I have been out—and behind every thing is become strange wherever I went. My acquaintances were almost all gone, and in the houses and promenades new faces met me. The bare country alone I found in its former state, except that the green fields were manured—with oystershells. Miss ——, a not very young, but rich and 'agreeable' lady, told me that the papers here had spoken of me as lying at the point of death, while the London 'Morning Post' introduced me as dancing at Almack's, which certainly looks rather spectral. This good-natured Miss —— is still full of acknowledgments for a ticket I once got her for Almack's, and played and sang her thanks to me rather more than the weak state of my nerves could bear. I took my leave, but soon fell into the hands of two other Philomels who are also belated here.

As soon as my strength is quite restored I shall return to London, and can now, with a good conscience, and without fear of causing you anxiety, despatch this long letter.

The short meaning of many words is ever the same—the hearty love of

Your L——.

## LETTER XXII.

*London, Feb. 28th, 1828.*

I must go back to mention to you an acquaintance I made at Brighton, which in one point of view is interesting. You have no doubt heard that an ancestor of the Thelluson family made a will, according to which his property was to accumulate for a hundred and fifty years, interest upon interest, and the then existing young Thelluson to come into possession of the whole. In twenty years this term will expire; and I saw the present Mr. Thelluson, a man of forty, who has very little; and his son, a pretty boy of eight, who is probably destined in his twenty-eighth year to be master of twelve millions sterling,—ninety four millions of our money. An act of Parliament has prohibited all such wills for the future; but could not invalidate this, though great efforts were made to do so. So enormous a fortune certainly invests a private man with a very unnatural degree of power. However, I could not help heartily wishing good luck to the little fellow, with his splendid hopes. There is really something grand in having such enormous wealth; for it cannot be denied that money is the representative of most things in the world. What marvellous objects might be attained by such a fortune well applied!

Next to this young Crœsus 'in spe,' I was interested by a man of very original character, Colonel C——, who was here some days. Lady M—— directed my attention to him, and told me as follows: "When I was young, the elegant middle-aged man you see there, was one of the most admired beaux of the metropolis. After he had run through all his fortune, with the exception of a few thousand pounds, chance one day led him before a map of America, and the thought suddenly struck him that he would go there and turn backwoodsman. He examined the map, and fixed on a solitary spot on Lake Erie, sold all his effects the same week, married his servant to a pretty young girl, embarked with them, and arrived in safety at the spot he had chosen in the primeval woods, where he lived for a few days by hunting, and slept under the leafy canopy: with the help of some backwoodsmen he soon built a log-house, which he still inhabits. He acquired a considerable influence over the settlers scattered around him, which he employed in encouraging them to their joint labours, and rendered himself peculiarly agreeable to them by playing the part of cook, and preparing palatable food, instead of the half-raw meat they used to eat. He sees an increasing and attached population spring up around him, is proprietor of a little principality in extent, calculates his income at ten thousand a year, and comes regularly every tenth year, for 'one season,' to England, where he lives, as formerly, with all the 'aisance' of a fashionable man of the world, and then returns to his woods."

My first visit in the metropolis was to Countess M——, who, 'malgré ses quarantes ans,' has added another child to her dozen during my absence. I dined there, and admired a beautiful present of plate from the King, the workmanship of which is finer here than anywhere, so that the cost of the labour is often ten times that of the metal. At dinner the Count told a curious anecdote, characteristic of the administration of justice in this country.

"A man whom I know," said he, "had his pocket-handkerchief stolen in the street. He seized the thief, and, being the stronger, held him fast, though not without receiving several violent blows; and at length gave him into the charge of a police officer who came up. The transaction was perfectly clear, and passed in the presence of many witnesses; and the delinquent, if prosecuted, would have been transported. His wife went to the gentleman, begged for mercy on her knees: the thief himself, who was not an uneducated man, wrote the most moving letters,—and who will wonder that he at length found pity? On the appointed day the prosecutor staid away, and the criminal was accordingly acquitted.

"The gentleman paid dearly enough for his ill-timed compassion. A fortnight after this transaction, he was prosecuted, by the very man who picked his pocket, for an assault, which was proved on the testimony of several witnesses. The defendant replied, that it was certainly true that he had seized the man, but that he had done so only because he had caught him in the act of picking his pocket. But as the criminal had already been acquitted of this, and no man can be twice tried for the same offence, no notice was taken of the justification. In short, it cost the too generous sufferer about a hundred pounds, which he had to pay partly to the man who robbed him, and partly to the Court." The whole company thought this sort of justice monstrous; but an old Englishman defended it with great warmth and pertinacity. "I think," exclaimed he earnestly, "that the incident just related, exactly goes to illustrate the wisdom of our laws in the most striking manner. All laws and judicial authorities are instituted solely for the purpose of preventing crime. This is also the sole end of punishment. The receiver of stolen goods is therefore, in the eye of the law, nearly as guilty as the thief; and he who knowingly tries to rescue a criminal from the grasp of the law, is almost as pernicious to the community as the criminal himself. That man who, perhaps, began his career of crime with the stealing of this pocket-handkerchief, and therefore ought to have been withdrawn from society for penitence and amendment, now, emboldened by success, is probably planning a larger theft,—perhaps a murder. Who ought to bear the blame? This very gentleman,—who has been deservedly punished for his illegal pity. He who thrusts his hand uncalled for and inconsiderately between the wheels of a useful machine, must not wonder if he breaks his fingers."

The English are, it must be confessed, most skilful sophists, whenever their usages are called in question. The most distinguished man among them, however, Brougham, lately made a speech of six hours long, which treated entirely of the defects and abuses of English law. The most stupendous of these seemed to be, that there is now in 'the Court of Chancery' the enormous sum of fifty millions sterling, which has no actual determined owner. A suit in this Court is become proverbial for something interminable; and there is a very diverting caricature, which bears the inscription, 'A Chancery Suit.' At first a young man handsomely dressed, and in high blooming health, fills the hat of a starved skeleton of a lawyer with guineas, by way of retaining fee. A long, long procession of men and things follows; and at last we see the young man as a ragged broken-down beggar, asking alms of the lawyer, now grown fat as a tun, which the latter scornfully refuses. 'Hélas, c'est encore tout comme chez nous,' only in more corpulent proportions.

On many things, however, which appear to foreigners most exasperating, they ought to take care not to form too hasty a judgment, since abuses and even obvious original defects are often only the inevitable shadows of a far greater light;—as, for instance, bribery at elections,—perhaps even the 'rotten boroughs,' and the acknowledged dependence of a considerable portion of the members of parliament on Government, by means of 'patronage,' and so forth. It seems to be quite a question whether any Ministry could stand without these means, apparently so pernicious. It is, however, something gained, that a Government should not have that conceded in theory (as it is in despotic states) which nevertheless, perhaps, they cannot quite dispense with in practice;—as the preacher's life never quite comes up to his doctrine. We must not forget that an approach to perfection is all that can be expected from human things; and therefore reformers ought carefully to keep in mind 'que le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.'

Nevertheless, I think I see many indications that England is advancing towards a reform; and indeed, that it is, from various causes, quite inevitable. Whether it will end advantageously for her, or not, is another question. Perhaps the very necessity is a proof that she has outlived her highest greatness, and is already declining.

In the evening I visited the Adelphi Theatre, where a juggler exhibited his feats of art in a very new manner, under the title of 'Conversazioni.' He stood surrounded by various tables and machines on the stage, and began with a history of his journey in the Diligence: into this he introduced various characters and anecdotes, sang songs, and interspersed his narrative with tricks, or optical deceptions, or phantasmagoria, as appropriate incidents,—a good idea enough, which increases the interest of such exhibitions. His dexterity and certainty as a juggler were moreover as remarkable as his good dramatic acting and his memory. He concluded with playing on the musical glasses; not only in the harmonica style, but waltzes and the like; and even introduced long shakes, which he executed admirably.

*March 9th.*

The season already asserts its prerogative. The streets swarm with elegant equipages; the shops spread forth fresh treasures; all the houses are full, and all prices raised doubly and trebly. Mr. Peel the Minister gave a brilliant soirée this evening to the Duchess of Clarence. His house is decorated with many fine pictures, among which is Rubens' famous 'Chapeau de paille.' Mr. Peel gave fifteen thousand reichsthalers for this picture—a half-length.

I went with Prince E—— yesterday to see the small private collection of a clergyman (Mr. Carr,) which consists of not above thirty pictures, has cost him twenty thousand pounds, and is quite worth it. There are as many master-pieces as pictures,—the only true sort of collection for a private man, who does not use his gallery for instruction in the art, but for enjoyment.

Here is a Garoffolo, of such unearthly transparency and brightness, of so holy and deep a poetry, that you think you behold a picture of Eden, not of this earth; and a large Claude, also of the highest order of beauty, in which the smallness of the means employed are as wonderful as the extraordinary effects produced. In an adjoining room were some beautiful landscapes by Domenichino and Annibal Caracci. The richness of composition, the deepness and freshness of invention, were adorned with such a fantastic charm and such variety of details, that I could have lost myself all day long in these strange regions, with their broad watery mirrors; their islands, groves and pretty huts; their deep blue mountains, and forests of spectral darkness. In a third room you reach the crown of the whole collection, a picture by Leonardo da Vinci, in which he has represented, in the three persons of the Saviour, Peter and John, the Ideal of youth, manhood, and old age; all of a beauty, truth, and perfection, which leaves nothing to desire. It is the only head of Christ, of all I ever saw, which fully satisfies me; it is as strikingly expressive of grandeur and force of mind, as of purity and meekness; while at the same time it unites this speaking expression with perfect ideal beauty. The grouping of the whole, too, is so satisfactory to the eye; the colouring so brilliant and so fresh; the execution, down to the smallest details so masterly,—that one feels a fulness of delight such as few works of art bestow.[82] But nothing remains of the exquisite pleasure of contemplating such a work, save a cold dissection of it by words. I will therefore quit the subject; only I wish to make connoisseurs better acquainted with this choice collection.

There is an exhibition of battles by Generat Lejeune, which he first fought, and then painted. They show great talent and power. In the battle of the Moskwa, the theatrical Murat and his suite form the principal group; he, streaming with feathers, ringlets, fringe, and embroidery,—standing, with his self-satisfied air, under a fire of musketry; he is in the act of giving the order to the French and Saxon cuirassiers for that murderous attack, and the storming of a battery of forty guns, which cost so many their lives, and among them my beloved friend H——. The King is just about to put himself at the head of them. Who could then have predicted that he would so soon be ignominiously beaten by a mob, and shot as a criminal?

Deeply affecting, though too horrible for art, is the figure of an Austrian staff-officer at the battle of Marengo, who has been shot through the belly, so that the bowels are lying on the ground. The unfortunate wretch, to escape from his insufferable torture, has entreated a French 'gens d'arme' to lend him his pistol, which he is putting to his mouth with a look of despair, while the owner of the weapon turns away shuddering.

In another picture is the onslaught of a party of Spanish guerillas on a French detachment. You see a most romantic pass in the mountains of Catalonia, remarkable for four stone oxen, the erection of which is ascribed to Hannibal. At their feet lie two or three skeletons of French cuirassiers, still in full armour. Not a soul escaped this slaughter except General Lejeune himself, and this only by a half-miracle;—three of the guns aimed at him missed, which the Empecinado superstitiously took for a warning, and commanded the men not to fire at him again. You see General Lejeune stripped naked; one murderer has caught him by the hair, another is treading on his body, and the arms of the others are pointed against him; while his servants and a soldier, pierced through and through by pikes and swords, breathe their last at his side.

The battle of the Nile,—where the Mamelukes, in half-frantic flight, spur their noble Arabian horses from a high hill down into the river, whence but a few reach the opposite bank,—has also a very romantic effect.

*March 13th.*

I forgot to tell you that about a fortnight ago the elegant little Brunswick Theatre, scarcely finished, fell in during the rehearsal of a new piece, and destroyed a great many lives. I went to look at the ruins yesterday; the carcasses of two cart-horses, which had been crushed in the street were still lying under the rubbish. It was a fearful sight. Only one single box remained standing; in this, Farren the actor saved himself, by his coolness in not stirring from the spot.—Thence he saw the whole horrible catastrophe,—only too real and unexpected a tragedy.

In the whirl of the season it's all forgotten. Yet this tumultuous life furnishes far less stuff for thought than might be imagined; and what it does furnish, is soon forgotten in the confusion.

A family dinner at the great R——'s, who has been likened to the Sultan, because the one is the Ruler of all Believers, and the other the Believer in all Rulers, occurred as a variety. This man has really something very original about him. He was peculiarly merry to-day; ordered the servant to bring his new Austrian consular uniform, which "his friend M——ch," as he said, had sent him from Vienna; showed it to us, and even suffered himself to be persuaded to try it on before the looking-glass, and to walk about in it. And, as virtuosi when they have once begun never know when to stop, he now sent for other magnificent Court dresses, and changed his toilette several times, as

if he had been on the stage:—and that with such child-like good-nature and naïveté, that I could only compare such a golden hero with Henry the Fourth, found by the foreign ambassadors acting as horse to his little son.

It was, 'au reste,' rather droll to see how this otherwise serious tradesman-like man tried to assume the various bendings and bowings, and the light and gracious air, of a courtier; and, not in the least disconcerted by our laughing, assured us, with as much confidence as joviality, that N—— M—— R——, if he liked, could act any part; and, with the help of five or six glasses of wine extra, could make as good a figure at Court as the best of them.

An acquaintance I made a few days ago had a very different sort of interest for me,—I mean that of General Mina. You have seen several portraits of him, all of which represent him with huge mustachios and wild features, like a ferocious captain of brigands. Think then of my astonishment at seeing, in the hero of Spain, a mild, simple, and singularly modest man, without the slightest trace of what is called a military 'tournure;' on the contrary, like a country schoolmaster or farmer, with an open good natured countenance, and blushing at every compliment paid him, like a girl. When he grew animated with conversation, I, however, remarked a change in his features and a lightning of his dark eye, which betrayed the spirit within.

He is in very good preservation, and has scarcely the air of a man of forty, though his short hair is quite white; but this by no means makes him look old,—it only gives him the appearance of being powdered. He said, in the course of conversation, that he never had that luxuriant bush of hair to boast, which people are so fond of bestowing upon him, and that he had often laughed at the caricatures which he saw of himself in the shop-windows.

There were two other distinguished Spaniards present: Arguelles,—Minister under the Constitutional Government, and the most celebrated popular orator of Spain—a man of most prepossessing appearance and polished manners; and General Valdez, Commandant of Cadiz during the last siege. It was he who took the beloved Ferdinand on board his ship, (he being then senior Admiral of the Fleet) to the French camp. Though as he said, before and during the voyage the King overwhelmed him with caresses, repeatedly expressed his thanks for the treatment he had received in Cadiz, and made great promises for the future, the fate of poor Valdez was already sealed. "The moment the King quitted my ship," continued Valdez, "his behaviour suddenly changed; and as soon as he felt himself secure, he cast a piercing look of triumph and of long suppressed rage at me. *I knew this look*, and instantly took my resolution. Without waiting to deliberate or take leave, I sprang on board my ship, and set sail instantly for Cadiz. I thus probably escaped death: but my exile here, in poverty and wretchedness,—far from my unhappy country,—is, for a man of sixty, accustomed to wealth and greatness, perhaps a greater evil."

I must now take you again to the theatre, and in the company, too, of the celebrated Lord L——, an old acquaintance of mine, who, after his varied and busy career, now preserves himself by daily washing with vinegar; whereas he used formerly to pickle others in a sauce as sour and pungent as that of the former 'Confiseur' of the *Elegante Zeitung*, both in writing and by word of mouth. We talked of past times; and as we reached the door of Drury Lane, he recited some wild but beautiful verses of Moore's.[83]* * *

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They are nearly as follows, in my usual halting verse—translations of the moment.[84]

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No bad motto for Desdemona, which awaited us; though truly the Moor's was a fearful return for such devoted love.

Before I go to the performance itself, let me make a few general remarks.

It is a constantly contested point in Germany, whether Shakspeare should be given in a literal translation, in a free one, or in a still freer paraphrase. I decide for the second; premising that the liberty should be restricted to this,—unfettered scope in the spirit of the German tongue,—even though a play of wit or words should occasionally be lost by the means. But to alter in any considerable degree the course of the play; to omit scenes; to give to Shakspeare words and ideas perfectly foreign to him,—can only deform and mutilate him, even when done by the greatest poet. People say Shakspeare is better to read than to see, and cannot be performed in a literal translation without carrying us back to the infancy of the scenic art; since, as they maintain, theatrical representations in Shakspeare's time were no more than stories in dialogue, with some attempt at costume. I will not go into the question of the accuracy of this assertion; but thus much I know,—that the representation of Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello, on the English stage,—all which pieces are given with slight omissions, and in which things generally supposed the most shocking to taste and probability, even the obligato king's trumpeters, are not wanting,—nevertheless leave a feeling of such full and untroubled satisfaction on my mind, as reading or hearing read (even by Tieck, the best reader I know of,) never had the power to produce in the most distant degree;—nay, still more, I confess that it is only since I have see them *here*, that I have been sensible of all Shakspeare's gigantic proportions in their full amplitude. It is true, that to produce this, a degree of concert on the part of all the actors and an excellence in those who support the chief characters are necessary, which are wholly wanting in Germany;—for Macbeths in Berlin, (as Clauren would say,) and Macbeths in London, are as different sort of people as Shaskpeare himself and his excellent commentator Franz Horn. The first actors here, such as Kean, Kemble, Young, &c., are, as I have elsewhere remarked, men of great cultivation, who have seen the best society, and devoted their lives to the earnest study of their great national poet. They seldom act any other characters than his, and do not mix up a tragic hero with one of Iffland's *Geheimenräthe* (privy councillors,) nor Talbot with Herr von Langsalm, nor appear to-day in Othello, and to-morrow in Wollmarkt.

It strikes one as very singular, that in appearance, and to a great extent in reality, the public before whom these distinguished artists have to present themselves is so rude, ignorant and unmannerly. Yet perhaps this very thing may produce a good effect on them. As the truly virtuous love virtue, so must an English actor love his art,—for its own sake alone,—and trouble himself little about his reception: in the end, he is thus most sure to obtain universal applause. And indeed I must confess that, spite of all this roughness, there is a portion of English audiences which has at bottom sounder taste and sense than the feeble, hyper-refined people of our German metropolitan towns; nay, even among the vulgar crowd there is an invisible church of the initiated, whose existence never suffers the sacred fire in the breast of the actors to be wholly extinguished; it is not very busy in public criticism, but has a mighty effect in society.

Many Germans don't like to be told that other nations excel us in any thing: and truly I perceive the fact with

great regret: but that must not prevent my speaking out my conviction, that, as we have no dramatic poet of Shakspeare's calibre, so we possess no actor capable of making his characters live before our eyes in their full significancy. It was not always so, as it is asserted; and I myself have retained impressions received in my earliest youth from Fleck and Unzelmann, which have never been renewed in Germany. Schröder and Eckhof seem to have stood yet higher; and I remember with singular pleasure the enthusiastic descriptions given me of them by old Archenholz, who had also seen Garrick. He thought Schröder at least Garrick's equal.

That in order to form anything like a correct judgment of foreign actors, we must first in some degree throw ourselves in thought into their nationality;[85] must accustom ourselves to many of their manners and usages, which, like many turns of their language, always affect us as strange, however well we may understand them,—will be admitted by every thinking man. At first, these causes always more or less distract the attention; and I never saw more than one individual who, (if I may use the expression,) had a perfectly cosmopolitan organization,—the perhaps never-equalled, certainly never-surpassed, Miss O'Neil. In her it was only the pure abstract human mind and soul that spoke;—nation, time and external appearance, vanished from the thoughts in an ecstacy which carried all before it.

But back to the present.

We saw Othello, then; in which the combined acting of the three greatest dramatic artists of England afforded me a high intellectual treat, and has elicited this somewhat long 'expectoration;' but caused me to feel most painfully the want of the above-mentioned heroine. Had she been there, I should have witnessed the highest point of all theatrical representation. Kean, Young, and Kemble, compose the ruling triumvirate of the English stage. The first has without doubt the most genius; the second is brilliant and sustained in his acting; the third, though less distinguished in the highest tragedy, uniformly dignified and intelligent. This representation of Othello was the first time of their playing together. It was indeed a rare enjoyment! Othello and Shylock are Kean's greatest parts. It is amazing with what profound knowledge of the human heart he not only portrays the passion of jealousy,—first slumbering, then gradually awaking, and ending in madness; but with what wondrous accuracy he catches the Southern nature of the Moor,—the peculiar characteristics of the race, and never for a moment loses sight of them. In the midst of the high and noble bearing of the hero, something animal occasionally peeps forth that makes us shudder, while on the other hand it gives force to his agonizing torment, and places it bodily before our eyes. The simplicity of his acting at first, the absence of all bragging about his past achievements, and his intense love for the woman of his choice, win the hearts of the spectators as they have won that of Desdemona: the ugly Moor is forgotten in the complete, heroic man; till, amid the torments of lacerating jealousy, that hidden fierce nature slowly reveals itself to our eyes; and at length we think we see before us a raging tiger, rather than a being of like nature with ourselves. I was here confirmed anew in my persuasion, that a great poet, still more than a moderate one, stands in need of a great actor to make him perfectly understood and estimated. In Berlin, for instance, the strangling scene was not only ludicrous, but really indecent. Here, the blood froze in one's veins; and even the boisterous and turbulent English public was for a time speechless, motionless—as if struck by lightning. Nay, I must acknowledge that sometimes during the tragedy, Othello's long torment, which the fiend-like Iago with such devilish calmness doles out to him drop by drop, was so painful, and the terror of what I knew was to follow grew upon me so involuntarily, that I turned away my face as from a scene too horrible to contemplate. Young's Iago is a master-piece, and *his* acting first made this character thoroughly clear to me. It is, perhaps—and here I must recant, at least in this one case, an assertion I made before—Iago is perhaps, contrary to Shakspeare's usual custom, not a character quite founded in nature, but rather a brilliant conception of the poet:—but then with what astonishing consistency is it carried through! He is an incarnate fiend; a being nourished with gall and bitterness, capable neither of love nor joy; who regards evil as his element; the philosophizing on himself, the contemplating and full and clear setting forth of his own atrocities, is his only enjoyment. The tie which binds him to human kind is feeble; it is only revenge for the suspected injury done him by the Moor: and even this seems but a sort of pretext which he makes to himself with the last expiring breath of moral sensibility, and his genuine delight in torture and distress ever the real and leading motive. And yet even this monster is not utterly revolting. His intellectual superiority, his courage, his consistency, and, at the last, his firmness in extremity, never suffer the consummate villain to sink into abject, vulgar degradation. Iago is a hero, compared to Kotzebue's models of virtue. Completely in this sense Young played the character: his manners are gloomy and morose, but noble; no smile passes over his lips, and his jests lose nothing by this dryness: certain of his power, he treats all with calm superiority, but with well-defined 'nuances:' to his wife he is simply rough and domineering; to Roderigo, authoritative and humorous; to Cassio, polite and friendly; to the Moor, reverential and attached, but always serious and dignified. Kemble, on his part, played Cassio as admirably; and perfectly as Shakspeare describes him; "a man, framed to make women false;" young, gay, gallant, of a noble mein, good-natured character, and polished manners.—Desdemona, unhappily, was but moderately represented; and yet the touching contrast of her gentle, patient, womanly devotedness, with the Moor's burning passion, was not utterly lost.

Kean played Othello in the dress of a Moorish King out of the Bible,—in sandals, and a long silk talar, which is manifestly absurd. But one soon forgets his dress in his glorious acting.

Your faithful
L——.

## LETTER XXIII.

*London, March 24th, 1828.*

Beloved Friend,

Among the most aristocratical parties are to be numbered the concerts of one of the most liberal members of the Opposition,—an anomaly often to be found here; where a certain vague general liberalism goes hand-in-hand with the narrowest pride and most arrogant conceit of class; and where the haughtiest man in his own house possesses the reputation of the most liberal in public life.

Very amusing parties are also given by a Duchess, whose brevet is so new that she is reckoned a plebeian by the

exclusives:—such an one took place to-day. On the second floor there was an excellent concert, on the first a ball, and on the ground-floor constant eating.

At the dinner which preceded, the servants waited in white kid gloves, an imitation of another fashionable Duke. This almost disgusted me, for I could not get out of my head the lazaretto, and other disagreeable cutaneous associations.

More rich in intellectual enjoyment was my yesterday's dinner at the Duke of Somerset's, a man of very various accomplishments. At table, a celebrated parliamentary orator told some strange things: among others, he said that he had lately been a member of a Commission for investigating the connexion between the police and the thieves, about which so many complaints have been made. It came out, that a Society existed in London, completely organized with 'bureaux,' 'clerks,' &c., which directed thefts and coining on a large scale, supported those who were taken, and afforded powerful assistance both offensive and defensive, &c. He asserted, that at the head of this association were not only several people in respectable stations, and members of Parliament, but even a well-known Peer of the realm. The proofs were of a kind that left no room for doubt; but to avoid the dreadful scandal, the Ministry had determined to let the matter drop. One sees that in free countries things go forward which we don't so much as dream of.

A lover of natural history afterwards read us a lecture on toads, which, in their sphere, seemed to me as odd sort of people as the foregoing.

*March 27th.*

I am just come back from the Levée, which was very numerously attended. The King was obliged to sit, on account of his gout, but looked very well. The Duke of Wellington returned thanks for his elevation to the Premiership by falling on both knees, whereas it is usual only to kneel on one. His gratitude was probably double, on account of his double quality of Prime Minister and former Commander-in-Chief, as the caricatures represent him,—the left half of his body dressed as a courtier, the right as field-marshal, but laughing on both sides of his face. As, with the exception of the 'Grande entrée,' almost everybody is admitted to these levées if they can but appear in the prescribed dress, there cannot be better sport for the lovers of caricatures. The unaccustomed dress, and no less unwonted splendour of royalty, raise the national awkwardness and embarrassment to their highest pitch. Our charming well drilled court-ladies would often distrust their own eyes.

As soon as I had changed my dress, I rode in the most delightful spring weather in the still solitary Regent's Park, where hundred of almond-trees are in blossom; and visited the ménagérie lately established there, which presents a model worthy of imitation. There is nothing over-done, and at the same time a neatness, which assuredly can be attained nowhere but in England. Here I saw a tiger-cat, a creature which seemed to me a perfect model of beauty and elegance among quadrupeds.

I afterwards went to a grand dinner at the Marquis of Thomond's, an Irish peer, at which I met one of the most conspicuous Tories in England, the Duke of N——. I must confess he has not much the look of a genius; and the whole party was so stiffly English, that I heartily rejoiced at being seated next to Princess P——, whose lively good-natured ultra prattle appeared to me, to-day, as agreeable as if it had been the most intellectual conversation in the world.

I concluded the evening with a ball at the Marquis of Beresford's, in honour of the Marchioness de Louly, sister of Don Miguel, who however seemed not a little bored. She speaks only Portuguese, and therefore could converse with scarcely any body but the host.

The Marshal himself is a striking soldierlike-looking man, against whom party spirit has been very unjustly directed. He is a man of resolute character, as well as of attractive manners, such as many Governments, beside the Portuguese, might employ to advantage; strong as a lion, and prudent as a serpent. He considers Don Miguel's claim to the throne of Portugal as better founded than that of his brother; and maintains, that in judging of persons and events in other countries, we must resort to a totally different standard from that which we employ in our own. He says that Don Miguel's education was so neglected, that in his three-and-twentieth year he could not write; that much therefore could not be expected from such a prince; but that he had some brilliant natural qualities, and that the newspapers were not to be implicitly believed. This latter assertion, at least, I am not inclined to doubt.

*April 7th.*

I thought it a real blessing to-day to dine in the country, quite 'sans gêne' at H—— Lodge, the pretty villa of the Duchess of St. A——. In front of the house, which stands on the slope of a hill, bloomed a splendid star of crocuses and other early flowers, in the midst of the bright green turf, surrounding a marble fountain; while over the tops of the trees the giant city lay dimly seen in the valley, like a 'fata montana' of the New Jerusalem in a gauze mist. The dinner was, as usual, excellent; and after dinner we had a concert in a beautiful green-house filled with flowers and fruits. I sat at table next to a lineal descendant of Charles the Second, a relation of the Duke's,—for about half a dozen English Peers spring from mistresses of the merry monarch, and bear the royal arms quartered with their own, of which they are not a little proud.

It is still very cold, but yet leaves and flowers break forth vigorously,—a sight that would enrapture me at home, but here gives me a heart sickness that is often hardly endurable. Nevertheless I do not choose to sit down again on the old golden seat of thorns, but will rather seek out a smooth and comfortable common stool, on which I may repose in freedom.

*—— Park, April 9th.*

I came here yesterday, and am with a large party at the house of a very 'fashionable' lady. The house is as tastefully and richly adorned as possible, but too stately and too portentous in its beauty to be truly agreeable, at least to me. Besides, there is a certain L—— here, a patent witling, whose every word the extremely good-natured company holds itself bound to admire: people affect great liking for him, from fear of his evil tongue. Such intellectual bullies are my mortal abhorrence; especially when, like this, to a repulsive exterior they unite all the gall and acrimony of satire, without any of its grace. They appear in human society like venomous insects, whom, from some pitiable weakness, we assist in feeding on the blood of others, so that they do not suck our own.

The still life about me speaks more to my heart than the human beings; especially the sweet flowers which are placed in pretty vases and receptacles of all sorts in all the apartments. Among the pictures, I admired a Joseph leading the little Jesus, by Morillo. In the beautiful child lies the germ of the future greatness and god-like nature of the Redeemer: as yet it slumbers dimly, but is wonderfully expressed in the prophetic beaming of the eye. Joseph appears a plain simple man, in the full vigour of middle age, betraying dignity of character though not of station:—the landscape is wild and original, and cherubs' heads peep sweetly forth out of the dark clouds. The picture, the owner told me, cost him two thousand and five hundred pounds.

I was much pleased with a conservatory for palms, built almost entirely of glass,—so transparent that it looks like a house of ice.

The country life here is in some respects too social for my taste. If, for instance, you wish to read, you go into the library, where you are seldom alone:—if you have letters to write, you sit at a great common writing table just as much in public; they are then put into a box with holes, and taken by a servant to the Post. To do all this in your own room is not usual, and therefore surprises and annoys people. Many a foreigner would like to breakfast in his own room; but this he cannot well do, unless he pleads illness. With all the freedom and absence of useless ceremonies and tedious complimenting, there is yet, for a person accustomed to our habits, a considerable degree of constraint, which the continual necessity of speaking in a foreign tongue renders more oppressive.

*London, April 12th.*

I took my leave of —— Park this morning just as an April storm was clearing off, breathed the spring air with delight, and looked with ecstacy at the brilliant green and the bursting buds,—a sight of which I am never weary. Spring indemnifies our northern climes for all the discomfort of their winter; for this awakening of young Nature is accompanied with far less coquetry on her part in the South.

I was invited again to dinner at the Duchess of St. A——'s country-house, where a very agreeable surprise awaited me. I arrived late, and was placed between my hostess, and a tall very simple, but benevolent looking man of middle age, who spoke broad Scotch,—a dialect anything but agreeable; and would probably have struck me for nothing else, had I not soon discovered that I was sitting next to—the Great Unknown. It was not long ere many a sally of dry, poignant wit fell from his lips, and many an anecdote, told in the most unpretending manner, which, without seeming brilliant, was yet striking. His eye, too, glanced, whenever he was animated, with such a clear, good-natured lustre, and that with such an expression of true-hearted kindness and natural feeling, that it was impossible not to conceive a sort of love for him. Towards the end of dinner he and Sir Francis Burdett told ghost-stories, half-terrible, half-humorous, admirably, one against the other. This at last encouraged me to tell your famous key story, which I embelished a little in the 'dénouement.' It had great success; and it would be droll enough if you were to find it in the next romance of the prolific Scotchman.

He afterwards recited a curious old inscription which he had recently discovered in the churchyard of Melrose Abbey. It was as follows:

"The earth goes on the earth, glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth—All this is ours."

When translated, something like this:

"Erd' geht auf Erde glänzend in Gold,
Erd' geht zur Erde früher denn wollt';
Erd' baut auf Erde Schlösser von Stein,
Erd' sagt zur Erde—Alles ist mein!'

True enough; for earth we were, are, and shall be.

A little concert concluded the evening; in which the very pretty daughter of the great bard,—a healthy-looking Highland beauty,—took part; and Miss Stephens sang nothing but Scotch ballads. It was not till late in the night that I reached London and enriched my book of memoranda with a sketch of Sir Walter Scott—very like, for which I am indebted to the kindness of my hostess. As none of the engravings I have seen resemble him, I shall send you a copy with this letter.

*April 27th.*

The 'trouble' of this day was very monotonous; only a dinner at the Spanish ambassador's furnished me with one agreeable recollection. A Spanish girl, full of fire and beauty, sang boleros in such a manner that they awakened a completely new musical sense in me. If I may judge from them, and from a fandango I once saw danced, Spanish society must be very different from ours, and far more 'piquante.'

Yesterday I was invited 'to meet the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex,' declined the honour for the sake of meeting Mademoiselle H—— at our friend B——'s. I had not seen her, and great and small are now at her feet.

She is indeed an enchanting creature, and very dangerous to all who are either new in the world, or who have nothing to think of but their own pleasure. It is impossible to conceive a more unstudied and yet effective inborn coquetry, (if I may use the expression,) so child-like, so engaging, 'et cependent le díable n'y perd rien.'

She seemed to seize my weak side as well as that of every other man, immediately, and talked to me, though without the slightest apparent design, only of what was likely to be appropriate and agreeable to me. The tones of my fatherland, too, fell from her pretty mouth in the stream of conversation, like pearls and diamonds, and the loveliest blue eyes lightened upon them like a spring sun behind a thin veil of clouds.

"To-morrow Kean plays Richard the Third," said she carelessly. "The Duke of D—— has offered me his box;—would you like to accompany me?" That such an in invitation will supersede all others, follows of course.

*April 28th.*

Never did I see or hear less of a play than this evening, and yet I must confess never did one appear to me shorter. Spite of the presence of a ‘gouvernante,’ and a visit from Mr. Kemble between the acts, there was scarcely a pause in our conversation, which so many reminiscences of home rendered doubly interesting.

This agreeable ‘excitement,’ too, lasted, on my side, during the ball which followed at the fashionable Lady Tankerville’s; for I felt less ‘ennuyé’ than usual at these heartless wooden parties. Forgive me if I write only these few words, for Helios is leaving his bed, and I must go to mine.

*April 29th.*

Everything here is in colossal dimensions, even the workshop of my tailor, which is like a manufactory. You go to ask about the fate of a coat you have ordered; you find yourself surrounded by hundreds of bales of cloth; and as many workmen;—a secretary appears with great formality; and politely asks the day on which it was ordered. As soon as you have told him, he makes a sign for two folios to be brought, in which he pores for a short time. “Sir,” is at last the answer, “to-morrow at twenty minutes past eleven the ‘frac’ will be so far advanced that you can try it on in the dressing-room.” There are several of these rooms, decorated with large looking-glasses and ‘Psyches,’ continually occupied by fitters, where the wealthy tailor in person makes a dozen alterations without ever betraying the least impatience or ill-humour.

As soon as justice was done to the ‘frac,’ I continued my walk, and came to a butcher’s shop; where not only are the most beautiful garlands, pyramids, and other fanciful forms constructed of raw meat, and elegant vessels filled with ice give out the most delightful coolness, but a play-bill hangs behind every leg of mutton, and the favourite newspapers lie on the polished tables.

A few houses further on, a dealer in sea-monsters competes with him, and sits, like King Fish in the fairy tale, between the marble and the fountain. He would however find it difficult to rival his celebrated colleague Crockford, who understands how to catch something better than common fish.

This person is a man of genius, who has raised himself from the estate of a poor fishmonger, to that of the scourge, and at the same time the favourite, of the rich and fashionable world. He is a gambler, who has won millions,[86] and with them has built a gaming palace on the plan of the ‘salons’ at Paris, but with a truly Asiatic splendour almost surpassing that of royalty. Everything is in the now revived taste of the time of Louis the Fourteenth; decorated with tasteless excrescences, excess of gilding, confused mixture of stucco painting, &c.,—a turn of fashion very consistent in a country where the nobility grows more and more like that of the time of Louis the Fourteenth.

Crockford’s cook is the celebrated Ude, practically and theoretically the best in Europe. The table and attendance are in the highest perfection, combined with ‘un jeu d’enfer,’ at which twenty thousand pounds and more has often been lost in one evening, by one man. The company forms a club; admission is very difficult to obtain; and although games at hazard are illegal in England, most of the Ministers are members, and the Duke of Wellington, the Premier, one of the managers of this gaming club.

*May 2nd.*

Yesterday, the wedding day of the Duchess of St. A—-, was celebrated by a very pleasant rural fête at her villa. In the middle of the bowling-green was a Maypole decorated with garlands and ribands, and gaily-dressed peasants in the old English costume danced around it. The company wandered about in the house and garden as they liked; many shot with bows and arrows; others danced under tents, swung, or played all sorts of games, or wandered in the shade of thick shrubberies; till at five o’clock a few blasts of a trumpet announced a splendid breakfast, at which all the delicacies and costly viands that luxury could furnish, were served in the greatest profusion.

Many servants were dressed in fancy dresses as gardeners; and garlands of fresh flowers were hung upon all the bushes, which produced an indescribably rich effect. The day, too, was so singularly fine that I was able, for the first time, to see London quite clear from fog, and only slightly obscured by smoke.

As night drew on, the effect of the garlands of flowers was renewed by many-coloured lamps, tastefully distributed amid the trees, or half hidden among the thick shrubs. It was past midnight when breakfast ended.

There was a concert, and then a ball, at which the lovely German waltzer outshone all her rivals,—and with the most unpretending air, as if she did not perceive one of her conquests. Perhaps there never was a woman who had the art of appearing more innocent and childlike; and certainly this captivating sort of coquetry is the greatest charm, though not, perhaps, the greatest merit, of women.

*May 8th.*

For a week past two or three concerts have resounded in my ears every evening, or, as they here more properly say, every night. They are all on a sudden become a perfect rage, from the highest and most exclusive down to the herd of ‘nobodies.’ Mesdames Pasta, Caradori, Sontag, Brambilla, Messrs. Zuchelli, Pellegrini, and Curioni, sing for ever and ever the same airs and duets; which, however, people seem never tired of hearing. They often sing—doubtless tired themselves of the eternal monotony—very negligently, but that makes no difference whatever. The ears that hear them are seldom very musically organized, and are only awakened by ‘fashion;’ and those who are in the centre of the crowd certainly can often hardly distinguish whether the Bassist or the Prima Donna is singing, but must fall into extacies like the rest, notwithstanding. For the performers, this ‘furore’ is profitable enough. Sontag, for instance, in every party in which she is heard at all, receives forty pounds, sometimes a hundred; and occasionally she attends two or three in an evening. Pasta, whose singing is, to my taste, sweeter, grander, more tragic, rivals her; the others, though their merit is considerable, are in a subordinate rank.

Besides these, Moschelles, Pixis, the two Bohrers, ‘enfin’ a herd of virtuosi, are here, all flocking to English gold, like moths around a candle. Not that they burn themselves; on the contrary, the women, at least, kindle fresh flames, right and left, which are sometimes even more profitable than their art.

The concerts at Prince Leopold’s are generally the most agreeable, and the insufferable squeezing is somewhat avoided in his large rooms. This Prince is less popular than he deserves; for the English can’t forgive him for being a foreigner.

*May 9th.*

Riding with M——, we accidentally came through a charming country to Strawberry Hill,—the house built by Horace Walpole, which he mentions so often in his letters, and which has been wholly unaltered and little inhabited since his death. It is the first attempt at modern Gothic in England—quite in the ‘clinquant’ taste of that time; the stone-work imitated in wood, and a great deal more that glitters without being gold. There are, however, many real treasures of art and curiosities. Among them is a magnificent prayer-book set with jewels, filled with drawings by Raphael and his pupils; Cardinal Wolsey’s hat; a very expressive portrait of Madame du Deffant, Walpole’s blind and witty friend; and a picture of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in a Turkish dress.

As every thing is to be found in England, I met with an Englishman of rank, to-day, who has endeavoured to introduce German habits, German domestic arrangements, and a German tone of society into his house. This is Earl S——, who lived in our fatherland for a long time in rather narrow circumstances, and suddenly came into a very large fortune. The only thing in the English taste was the crimson liveries of his people, with canary-coloured inexpressibles and *stockings*;—all the rest was German; even the hour of dining was an approach to ours. The length of the dinner was in the highest degree wearisome to me; I sat upon thorns, especially as I was expected elsewhere.

In spite of my ill-humour, however, I could not help laughing at the *Wienerisch* (Vienna dialect) of my Austrian neighbour.

*May 16th.*

I have been spending some days in the country at the Epsom races. The scene was very lively; all the roads full of swiftly-rolling equipages; and a large green hill in the middle of the plain, around which the races are held, so thickly covered with a thousand unharnessed carriages, and a motley crowd of horsemen and foot-passengers, that I never saw a more picturesque popular festival.—Now set this picture in the frame of a pretty cultivated landscape, with a sky full of dark clouds, much rain, and rare but hot gleams of sunshine.

I returned yesterday, that I might not miss a party at the King’s to-day, to which I was invited—an event here looked upon as an extraordinary ‘bonne fortune.’—You must not associate any idea of Court with it: but it is certain that the Ideal of a fashionable house cannot be more completely realized. Every comfort and every elegance of a private gentleman is united in the most tasteful and substantial manner with royal magnificence; and the monarch himself is, as is well known, prouder of nothing than of the title of “the first gentleman in England.”

*May 30th.*

Though the everlasting whirl leaves little leisure, (and once drawn into the vortex it is not easy to extricate one’s-self, even though one may find no pleasure in it,) I yet find a moment, from time to time, for more quiet and more durable enjoyment.

In one such, I lately visited a most interesting collection of pictures;—all portraits of persons eminent in English history. It was remarkable how frequently most of them corresponded in features and expression with the picture history has left us of them. The celebrated Lord Burleigh had moreover a striking resemblance to the great State Chancellor (*Staats Kanzler*) of Prussia, though he is greatly disguised by his head-dress, which is like an old wife’s cap. James the First was divertingly true to his character; as was also his ambassador, the eccentric knight who so delightfully declares in his memoirs, that wherever he went, he charmed both men and women; and that his nature was like that of no other man, for that both he and all descended from him sent forth an atmosphere of the most agreeable natural fragrance.

I then went to another collection, consisting of modern paintings in water-colours, in which branch of art the English have certainly attained to a singular perfection. One is astonished at the glow and depth of colouring they produce. The Scotch landscapes were remarkably fine: there was a Sunset in the Highlands which rivalled Claude in truth; and a twilight on Loch Lomond, a poem full of romantic beauty. I had still time for a long ride, in the course of which, committing myself as usual to the guidance of chance, I came upon a most enchanting park, such as only the climate of England can produce. The gardens lay, in all their indescribable glow of beauty, in a narrow and fertile green valley full of high trees, under which three silver springs gushed forth, and flowing away in meandering brooks, took their course in all directions amid impervious thickets of blooming rhododendrons and azaleas.

My delight in such scenes is ever saddened by the regret that you cannot behold them with me: your fine and accurate taste would draw from them a thousand ideas of new and lovelier creations; either by the skilful grouping of colours, or by graceful forms, or by the distribution of light, the effect of which may be so greatly enhanced by judicious thinning or massing of the foliage.

The pleasant remembrance of this morning must diffuse itself over the rest of the day, which was filled by a dinner at Lady P——’s, distinguished for her love of good cheer; two balls at residences of British and foreign diplomacy; and a concert at Lord Grosvenor’s. This was given, it is true, in a gallery of fine pictures; but on such an occasion they hardly give one more pleasure than any other hangings.

*June 6th.*

One of the most interesting houses to me is that of a noble Scot, the Earl of W——, a lineal descendant of Macduff. In his armoury is a branch of a tree said to be of Birnam Wood; probably a relic of the same quality as most others. Blessed is he who can believe in them! The family is most accomplished, and the Scotch mind is more nearly akin to the German than the English is. The amiable daughters taught me a new manner of preserving faithful and lasting portraits of feathered favourites:—the feathers are pulled off, and pasted on card-board or varnished wood, together with the legs and beak; this produces a bas-relief of great truth, and not exposed to destruction.

Charles the Tenth spent some time in Scotland, at Lord W——’s and left him an old maitre d’hotel, who, drolly enough, is called Bonneau, like him of the Pucelle; and is one of that nearly extinct domestic race of ‘hommes de confiance’ who are now never seen but on the stage, and hardly there. As such, and having been twenty-five years ‘en fonction,’ he is allowed occasionally to put in a word,—quite contrary to English manners, which do not permit servants to make the slightest approach to their masters, except in the way of their service. I have really found few things more amusing than this old Frenchman’s stories about Court and society; his world, in fact, terminated with

those times of which we can now scarcely form an idea. That the singular old man is only a ‘a maitre d’hotel’ detracts nothing from the interest; for he has seen more of the great world, and observed it better, than many of higher rank.

When I paid my visit to Lady W—— this morning, she had just received a great cargo of curiosities from one of her sons, who is travelling in South America. Among them was a lion-monkey, with a tail and mane like those of the king of beasts, on a body not larger than that of a rat. Instead of the disagreeable smell of most of his tribe, this little fellow exhales musk and cinnamon; and, like the knight I lately mentioned, perfumed the room like a pastile. A very complete collection of serpents, and another of butterflies, exhibited colours such as are only painted by the rising and setting sun.

I dined at Lady F——’s, where a curious incident occurred. Her husband was formerly Governor of the Isle of France, where a black-woman sold her a fortune-telling book, which, as she asserted, had belonged to the Empress Josephine before her departure for France, and in which she had read her future greatness and subsequent fall. Lady F—— produced it at tea, and invited the company to interrogate Destiny according to the prescribed method.—Now listen to the answers it gave, which are really remarkable. Madame de Rothschild was the first: she asked, whether her wishes would be fulfilled? She received for answer, “Weary not Fate with wishes; one who has received so much ought to be satisfied.”

Mr. Spring Rice, a distinguished member of Parliament, and one of the most zealous champions of Catholic emancipation, (a subject in which everybody here takes a strong interest, either for or against,) next asked if this Bill would pass the Upper House, in which it was to be finally debated on the morrow?—I must interrupt my narrative to tell you that it is well known that it will not pass, but it is as universally believed that next session the desired object must be attained. “You will have no success this time,” was the laconic reply. A young American lady was now urged to inquire whether she would soon be married. The answer was, “Not in this hemisphere.” Next came my turn, and I asked whether what now so strongly agitated my heart were for my happiness. “Let the inclination drop,” replied the magic book, “for you will find it is neither real nor permanent.” The company who of course had no guess at my real meaning in this question, made themselves very merry about the answer I had received, and insisted upon my proposing another. I therefore asked, “Will Fortune be more favourable to me in more serious projects?” “Seek,” was the reply, “and you will find; persevere, and you will obtain.”

Without seeking, I found this evening something very agreeable; for I was presented by the Duchess of Clarence to her mother, the Duchess of Meiningen; a most amiable woman, of true German character; whom neither years nor rank have been able to rob of her ‘naïf’ natural manners,—perhaps the surest proof of a pure and lovely mind. This worthy mother of an honoured daughter must be a welcome guest to the English, who are much attached to their future Queen, and accordingly they pay her the greatest attentions. Pity, that high as well as low are generally too deficient in grace of manners, or felicity of address, to be able to act the drama of society on such occasions, so as to render the whole a pleasing or elegant spectacle! a drawing-room and a presentation at Court here are as ludicrous as the levée of a Bürgermeister of the ancient Free Imperial cities of our fatherland; and all the pride and pomp of aristocracy disappears in the childish ‘embarras’ of these ‘ladies,’ loaded,—not adorned,—with diamonds and fine clothes. In ‘negligé,’ and when they move at ease in their own houses and their accustomed circle, young Englishwomen often appear to great advantage: in ‘parure’ and large parties, scarcely ever; for an uncontrollable timidity, destructive of all grace, so paralyses even their intellectual powers, that a rational conversation with them would certainly be a most difficult matter to obtain.

Of all the women of Europe, I therefore hold them to be the most agreeable and ‘comfortable’ wives; and at the same time the most incapable of presenting themselves with grace, address, or presence of mind; and the least fitted to embellish society. In this judgment the praise manifestly far outweighs the censure.

*June 16th.*

To-day I was present at an interesting breakfast, given by the Pigeon Club. This title by no means implies that the members are gentle and harmless as doves:[87]—on the contrary, they are the wildest young fellows in England, and the poor pigeons have nothing to do with the matter but to be shot at. The arena was a large grass-plat surrounded by a wall. On one side was a row of tents; in the largest of which a table was spread with viands, from one o’clock till six, and furnished with a constant supply of iced moselle and champagne. About a hundred members and some guests were present; and they shot, ate and drank, by turns. The pigeons were placed in a row, eight at a time. Cords are fastened to the doors of their houses, which meet at the shooting-stand; when one is pulled it opens the door, and the pigeon flies out. The man who shot last pulls for his successor,—but standing behind him, so that the latter cannot see which cord he pulls, and is therefore uncertain which of the eight pigeons will fly out: if the pigeon falls within the wall after his fire, it is reckoned his; if not, it does not count. Every man has a double-barrelled gun, and may use both barrels.

The two most famous shots in England, are Captain de Roos and Mr Osbaldistone. They shot for a wager of a thousand pounds which is not yet decided. Neither missed once; and Captain de Roos’s birds never fell twelve paces from the spot, and scarcely fluttered, but dropped like stones almost the moment he fired. Never did I see such admirable shooting. A pretty little spaniel belonging to the Club fetched every pigeon, and performed his duty like a machine, without either delay, neglect or hurry. At last the whole party shot for a golden vase of two hundred pounds value, (the annual prize of the Club,) which was won by Captain de Roos.

I did not get away from this jolly breakfast till seven o’clock, when I went to a little theatre, as yet unknown to me, called Sadler’s Wells, which is a good three-quarters of a mile (German) from my dwelling. I went in a hackney coach. When I wanted to go home, towards one o’clock, I could find no coach in this out-of-the-way place, and all the houses were shut. This was the more disagreeable, as I had really not the least idea in what part of the town I was.

After wandering about the streets in vain for half an hour in search of a coach, I resigned myself to the idea of finding my way home on foot, with the aid of a watchman, when a stage coach came by which was going my way, and with which I happily regained my Penates about two o’clock.—The peculiarity of this theatre is that it contains real water, in which element the actors splash and dabble about by the hour together, like ducks or water rats: ‘au reste,’ nothing can surpass the nonsense of the melodrame, nor the horror of the singing by which it was accompanied.

*June 20th.*

I have been to another fancy ball, which has left only a melancholy impression on my mind. I remarked a pale man wrapped in a plain black domino, on whose countenance indescribable traces of the bitterest mental suffering were imprinted. It was not long before I asked L—— about him, and he told me as follows:

"This truly pitiable man might serve as the hero of a fearful romance. If it can be said of any one that he was born to misfortune, that is the man. Early in life he lost his large property by the fraudulent bankruptcy of a friend. A hundred times since has Fortune approached him, but only to mock him with hopes which were invariably dashed from him at the decisive moment: in almost every case it was some insignificant trifle—the delay of a letter—some easy mistake—some indisposition, slight in itself but disastrous in its consequences, that wrecked everything; apparently, always by his own fault, and yet, in fact, a tissue woven by mocking, malignant spirits.

"For a long time past he has made no more attempts to alter his condition; he seeks no improvement of his lot, persuaded beforehand, by long and cruel experience, that nothing *can* ever succeed *with him*. I have known him from youth up. Though guileless and unoffending as a child, the world in general deems him malignant; though one of the most upright of men, false and intriguing; he is shunned and dreaded, though never did a heart beat more warmly for the weal of others. The girl he adored committed suicide in consequence of his suspected infidelity. He found himself, by a series of unheard-of circumstances, accused of the murder of his brother, near whom he was found bleeding, having risked his life in his defence:—he was saved from an ignominious death only by the King's pardon; and it was not till some time afterwards that the proofs of his innocence came to light. Lastly, a woman with whom he was betrayed into marriage by an infamous and long protracted system of deceit, ran away with another man, and artfully contrived that, in the eyes of the world, the greater portion of the blame should rest with him.—All confidence in himself thus utterly crushed and blighted, every hope in destiny or in men annihilated, he lives among them like an unsympathizing, unconnected ghost,—a heart-rending example that there are beings who (as far as this life is concerned) seem to be sold to the Devil before their birth; for when the curse of destiny has once scathed a man, it not only raises up to him enemies at every step, but robs him of the confidence and, in time, of the hearts of his friends; till at length the unhappy one, crushed, rejected, and trodden under foot on every side, lays down his weary, wounded head, and dies; while his last sigh appears to the pitiless crowd an assumption and an intolerable discord. Wo to the unlucky! Threefold wo to them. For to them there is neither virtue, nor wisdom, nor skill, nor joy! There is but one good for them; and that is—death."

*June 25th.*

There is certainly something pleasant in having so many invitations at your disposal every day; and, if you are not pleased in one place, in being able immediately to seek out company that suits you better. Here and there, too, one finds something new, piquant, and interesting. Yesterday, at Prince L——'s, for instance, I met with a second Ninon de l'Enclos. Certainly nobody would take Lady A——, to be more than forty, and yet I was assured she is near eighty. Nothing in her appears forced or unnatural, but every thing youthful; figure, dress, air, vivacity of manners, grace and elasticity of limb, as far as this is discernible at a party,—all about her is perfectly young, and scarcely a wrinkle in her face. She has never made herself anxious, and has lived a very gay life from her youth up: she ran away from her husband twice, on which account she quitted England for a long time, and spent her large fortune in Paris. Altogether she is a very 'amiable' person, more French than English in her deportment, and quite 'du grand monde.' The science of the toilet she has studied profoundly, and has made some important discoveries in it. From all I could see of the results, I should be very glad to impart them to you and my other fair friends.

Next day the Duke of S—— gave a 'déjeuné champêtre' at his villa, at which invention was racked for something new in an entertainment of the kind. His whole house was hung with beautiful 'hautelisse' and gay Chinese hangings;—a multitude of sofas, easy chairs, 'chaises longues,' mirrors, &c., in all parts of the garden as well as of the rooms; besides a little encampment of tents of white and rose-coloured muslin, which had a beautiful effect, set in the emerald-green of the grounds.

In the evening, followed, as usual, an illumination, consisting chiefly of single lamps, half-hidden in tree and bush, like so many ruddy fruits or bright-glow worms, enticing the loving or the lonely. Those who preferred noisy to quiet pleasures also found their heart's desire. Here, a large part of the company was dancing in a wide tent, the way to which lay under a bowery archway of roses, brilliantly illuminated;—there, resounded a delightful concert, executed by the best performers from the Italian Opera. Italian weather, too, happily shone on this fête from beginning to end; any little mischievous spirit of air might have totally ruined it.

I have now so disposed my affairs that I shall be able to quit England in a month at furthest, to make a longer tour in Wales, and more especially in Ireland; which latter country, according to all I hear of it, excites my interest much more than even Scotland. Yet I am sorry that illness first, and the distractions of the metropolis afterwards, have robbed me of the sight of that country. It is an omission I must enter in my book of sins, which, alas! contains so many under the same head—Indolence—that terrible foe of man! Certainly that French Marshal in Louis the fourteenth's time,—a time so unfavourable to 'parvenus,' answered rightly, when he was asked, how it was possible that he could have raised himself to the highest dignities of his profession from the condition of a common soldier, "Only by this means," said he; "I never deferred till to-morrow what I could do to-day."

Almost under the same head may be classed Indecision, that other hereditary foe of the species, which another celebrated Marshal, Suvaroff, hated so much, that, with the usual exaggerations of his character, he instantly withdrew all favour from a man who replied to any question he asked him, "I don't know."

'Non mi ricordo' does better; and according to my principles I apply this to all the above-named sins, when once they are committed. We ought daily to repeat to ourselves, The past is dead, the future only lives. May it smile upon us, dearest Julia!

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Cobham Hall, June 30th.*

Beloved Friend,

After I had sent away my letter to you, and made an excursion into the country with some ladies, I drove to a party at the Duke of Clarence's, where there was, this time, such a genuine English squeeze, that I and several others could by no means get in; and went away, after waiting half an hour, 're infectâ,' to console ourselves at another ball. The mass in the first room was so jammed together that several men put on their hats, that they might have their arms more at liberty for active service. Ladies, covered with jewels were regularly 'milled,' and fell, or rather stood, fainting: cries, groans, curses, and sighs, were the only sounds to be heard. Some only laughed; and, inhuman as it was, I must accuse myself of having been among these latter; for really it was too droll to hear this called *society*. To say truth, I never saw any thing equal to it before.

Early the next morning I rode to Cobham Hall, to spend a few days there on occasion of Lord D——'s birthday, which was celebrated to-day in a rural and unpretending manner. Excepting myself, there was no one but the family, which was increased by the presence of the elder son and his beautiful and charming wife, who usually reside in Ireland. All was ordered for domestic enjoyment. We dined early, in order that we might be present at a supper in the open air, which Lord D—— gave to all his labourers, about a hundred in number. It was managed with the greatest decorum. We sat next to the iron fence in the pleasure-ground, and the tables for the people were placed on the new-mown grass. First, about fifty young girls, from the Lancasterian school which Lady D—— has established in the park, were regaled with tea and cakes. They were all dressed alike, and very prettily too; they were children of from six to fourteen. After them came the labourers, and seated themselves at a long table plentifully furnished with enormous dishes of roast beef, vegetables, and pudding. Each brought his own knife and fork and earthen pot. The servants of the house set on the dinner, did the honours, and poured out the beer from great watering-pots. The village musicians played all the while, and were really better than ours; they were also better dressed. On the other hand the labourers did not look so well or so neat as our Wends in their Sunday clothes. No one was invited except those who constantly worked for Lord D——. The health of every member of the family was drunk with nine times nine; on which our old coachman Child, (now in Lord D——'s service,) who is a kind of English improvisatore, got upon the middle of the table, and delivered a most comical speech in verse, in which I was introduced, and truly with this wish,—

To have always plenty of gold,
And never to become old;

the double impossibility of which sounded rather ironical.

During all this time, and till it was dark, the little girls danced and skipped about incessantly, with great gravity, on the grass, without any sort of plan or connectedness, like puppets,—whether the music played or not. Our party in the pleasure ground was at length attacked by the dancing mania; and I myself constrained to break my vow, for I could not possibly refuse to dance with such a partner as lady D——.

*July 4th.*

I have not been so happy and amused for a long time as here. In the morning I make excursions in the beautiful country, or drive in lady D——'s little one horse phæton about the fields and park, without road or path; and in the evening I, like the rest, take only just so much part in the conversation as I like. Yesterday after dinner we all sat (nine persons) at least a couple of hours together in the library, reading,—each, of course I mean, in his own book,—without one single word being spoken. At which peripatetic silence we at last, all by common consent, laughed. We thought of the Englishman at Paris, who maintained 'que parler c'étoit gâter la conversation.' After visiting the Lancasterian school I mentioned,—where one person teaches sixty girls, some of whom come from the remotest parts of Lord D——'s estate, many miles, daily—I rode to Rochester to see the fine ruin of the old castle. What has not been destroyed by violence stands like a rock, from the time of William the Conqueror. The remains of the eating-hall, with its colossal pillars united by richly ornamented Saxon arches, are singularly fine. The stone ornaments were all carved in Normandy, and sent hither by water. I mounted the highest point of the ruin, whence I had a noble view of the union of the Thames and the Medway, the towns of Rochester and Chatham, with the dockyards of the latter, and a richly cultivated country.

At dinner our company received an addition,—Mr and Mrs P——, Mr M——, and a nephew of Lord D——'s. Mrs P—— told a good anecdote of Kemble the actor. On a professional tour in the provinces, he acted in a piece in which a camel is introduced. He told the 'décorateur' that, as he had just seen, there was a camel actually in the town, and that he had better therefore go and look at it, that he might make his artificial one as like it as possible. The man seemed extremely annoyed, and replied, he was sorry gentlemen in London thought people in the country were so ignorant; for his part, he flattered himself that, without going to look at any thing, he should produce a more natural camel this evening than any that was walking about the streets.

The following day we rode out, and this time in company with the ladies, after which we went on the water in Lord D——'s elegant yacht. I was to drive the party down to the Thames, four-in-hand, in which I have had so little practice of late years, that at a crossway the leaders, in spite of my efforts, ran their heads against a stage-coach driving across us:—this occasioned a scream in both the carriages, which greatly incensed old Child, who looks upon me as his pupil.

Thus, like the great Corsican, in one day I lost all my renown in the high art of guiding the reins—from the throne, ycleped ruling,—from the box, driving. I was therefore obliged to abdicate the latter, since the ladies maintained that my possession of this exalted seat was attended with too much danger to them. This mortified me so sorely, that when we got on board the yacht I climbed up the shrouds, and seated myself at the mast-head, where, fanned by a mild zephyr, I admired at my ease the ever-changing prospect, and philosophized on my downfall.

*July 5th.*

After I had vigorously assisted in hewing out some new prospects in the thicket, (at which we all lent a hand,) and planned a road through the park which is to be so far honoured as to bear my name, I took a cordial leave of this most estimable family, (who might serve as a pattern to the nobility of any country,) and returned to London, provided with many letters of introduction for Ireland.

As before I depart I mean to send you all sorts of things, with my horses, carriage and birds, (of the latter you will receive a complete cargo of the rarest sorts), I have had enough to do to-day to complete my purchases. In the course of this occupation I fell upon an exhibition of machinery and manufactures, among which are many interesting things; as, for instance, a machine which draws of itself, (if I may say so,) all the objects visible within its horizon, in perspective: a piano-forte which, besides serving the usual purpose, plays (extra) a hundred pieces by itself, which you may accompany with extemporary `fantasie' on the keys: a very compendious domestic telegraph, which spares the servants half their labour, and us nearly all their burdensome presence: a washing machine, which requires only one woman to wash a great quantity of linen: a most elegant churn, with which you can make butter on your breakfast table in two minutes; and other novelties of the like kind.

From hence I drove to the greatest nursery garden in the neighbourhood of London, which I had long wished to see. The multifold wants of such a number of rich people raise private undertakings to a magnitude and extent in England which they reach nowhere else. On such a scale I found a collection of green-houses in this garden. In many were small leaden tubes, carried along the edges of the glass roof,—three or four on each side: the tubes are perforated with very small holes: by only turning a cock, a stream of water is carried through them; and in one moment the whole house is filled with a thick shower, just like natural rain. This makes the labour of watering almost unnecessary, has a much more powerful and uniform effect, and only requires some aid where the leaves are too large and thick to allow the rain to penetrate.

Without going into the details of the innumerable sorts of pines, roses, &c., I must only remark, that in the department of esculent vegetables, there were four hundred and thirty-five sorts of salad, two hundred and sixty-one of peas, and two hundred and forty of potatoes,—and all other articles of garden commerce in the same proportion.

On my way back I met the Tyrolers, who had been making holiday, and asked my old acquaintance (the girl) how she was pleased with her stay here. She declared with enthusiasm that her Saint must have brought her here; for that they had made 7000*l.* sterling in a few months, which they had earned—hard money—only with singing their dozen songs.

Prince Esterhazy has made this *Gejodle*[88] the fashion here, and fashion in England is every thing. Sontag and Pasta, with their wonderful talents, have chiefly this to thank for their success—they were the fashion; for Weber, who did not understand the art of making himself fashionable, gained, as is well known, almost nothing;—the two Bohrers, Kiesewetter, and other men of real genius, were not more fortunate.

While I am talking of fashion, it seems a suitable occasion, before I quit England, to enter a little more at large on the subject of the structure and tone of English society, which is certainly rather more striking to a stranger in this admired land, than fog, steam-engines, or stage-coaches. It is not necessary to remark here, that in such general descriptions only the most prominent and reigning peculiarities are taken into consideration, and that, in the censure which is passed on the whole, the hundred honourable exceptions which exhibit the praiseworthy contrast in such full perfection, are left wholly out of the account.

England is now—viewed, certainly, with relation to a totally different universal spirit of the age—in a similar state to that of France thirty years before the revolution. And it will fall out with her as with her great rival, if she does not avert the storm by radical but continuous reform. Nearly-allied fundamental evils are present here, as there. On the one side, the undue preponderance, misused power, inflexible stony arrogance, and heartless frivolity of the great; on the other, selfishness and rapacity are grown into the national character of the mass of the people. Religion no longer dwells in the heart and spirit, but is become a dead form; notwithstanding the most unenlightened *spirit* of Catholicism,—with fewer ceremonies, indeed, but combined with like intolerance, and a similar hierarchy; and which besides the bigotry and the pride of Rome, has this over and above, that it possesses an enormous share of the property of the country.[89]

Like causes have also given an analogous tone and direction to what is pre-eminently called, Society. Experience will confirm this to every man who has access to what is called high life in England; and it will be highly interesting to him to observe how different a growth and aspect the same plant has assumed in France and England, in consequence of the original difference of the soil; for in France it grew rather out of chivalry and poetry, combined with the dominant vanity of the nation, with levity of character, and a real delight in social existence:—in England, out of a brutal feudal tyranny, the commercial prosperity of later years, an ill-humour and moroseness innate in the nation, and a cold stony self-love.

People on the continent generally form to themselves a more or less republican picture of English society. In the public life of the nation this is certainly very observable,—as also in their domestic habits, in which selfishness is strangely prevalent. Grown-up children and parents soon become almost strangers; and what we call domestic life[90] is therefore applicable only to husband, wife, and little children living in immediate dependence on their father; as soon as they grow up, a republican coldness and estrangement take place between them and their parents. An English poet maintains, that the love of a grandfather to his grandchildren arises from this—that in his grown-up sons he sees only greedy and hostile heirs,—in his grandchildren, the future enemies of his enemies. The very *thought* could never have arisen but in an English brain!

In the relations and tone of society, on the other hand, from the highest step to the very lowest, not a trace of any element of republicanism is to be found. Here, everything is in the highest degree ultra-aristocratic—it is caste-like. The present so-called great world would probably have taken a different form and character if a Court, in the continental sense of the word, had given tone and direction in the highest instance.

Such a one, however, does not here exist. The Kings of England live like private men; most of the high officers about the Court are little more than nominal, and are seldom assembled except on occasions of great ceremony. Now, as somewhere in society a focus must be organized, from which the highest light and the highest authority in all matters connected with society must emanate, the rich aristocracy seemed here called to assume this station.

It was, however, spite of all its wealth and puissance, not yet qualified to maintain such a station unquestioned. The English nobility, haughty as it is, can scarcely measure itself against the French in antiquity and purity of blood (if any value is to be attached to such things), and in no degree against the higher German nobility, which is for the most part intact.[91] It dazzles only by the old historic names so wisely retained, which appear through the whole of English history like standing masks; though new families, often of very mean and even discreditable extraction, (such

as descendants of mistresses, and the like), are continually concealed behind them. The English aristocracy has indeed the most solid advantages over those of all other countries—from its real wealth, and yet more from the share in the legislative power allotted to it by the Constitution: *but as it is not upon these grounds that it chooses to assert or to justify its supremacy, but precisely upon its assumed noble blood and higher extraction*, the pretension must, unquestionably, appear to the rest of the world doubly ludicrous. The members of the aristocracy probably had an instinctive feeling of this; and thus, by a tacit convention—not nobility, not wealth, but an entirely new power was placed upon the throne, as supreme and absolute sovereign—Fashion: a goddess who in England alone, reigns in person, (if I may so express myself), with despotic and inexorable sway,—though always represented to mortal eyes by a few clever usurpers of either sex.

The spirit of *caste*, which, emanating from this source, descends through all stages of society in greater or less force, has received here a power, consistency and full development, wholly unexampled in any other country. The having visited on an intimate footing in a lower class is sufficient to ensure you an extremely cold reception in the very next step of the ladder; and no Brahmin can shrink with more horror from all contact with a Paria, than an 'Exclusive' from intercourse with a 'Nobody.'—Every class of society, as well as every field, in England is separated from every other by a hedge of thorns. Each has its own manners and turns of expression,—its 'cant' language, as it is called, and, above all, a supreme and absolute contempt for all below it. Of course every reflecting person sees at a glance, that a society so constituted must necessarily become eminently provincial (*kleinstädtisch*, i. e. *small-townish*) in its several coteries; and this strikingly distinguishes it from the large and cosmopolitan society of Paris.

Now, although the aristocracy, as I have remarked, does not stand *as such* on the pinnacle of this strange edifice, it yet exercises great influence over it. It is indeed difficult to become fashionable without being of good descent; but it by no means follows, that a man is so in virtue of being well born—still less of being rich. It sounds ludicrous to say, (but yet it is true), that the present King for instance, is a very fashionable man; that his father was not in the least degree so, and that none of his brothers have any pretension to fashion;—which unquestionably is highly to their honour:—for no man who has any personal claims to distinction, would be frivolous enough long to have either the power or the will to maintain himself in that category. On the other hand, it would be a doubtful and critical matter to affirm decidedly what are the qualities which secure the highest places in that exalted sphere. You see alternately the most heterogeneous qualities occupy a post in it; and political motives, in a country like this, cannot be entirely without influence: yet I believe that caprice and luck, and, above all, women, here, as in the rest of the world, do more than anything else.

On the whole, fashionable Englishmen, however unable they may be to lay aside their native heaviness and pedantry, certainly betray the most intense desire to rival the dissolute frivolity and 'jactance' of the old Court of France in their fullest extent; while in exactly the same proportion the French now seek to exchange this character for old English earnestness, and daily advance towards higher and more dignified purposes and views of existence.

A London Exclusive of the present day is in truth nothing more than a bad, flat, dull impression of a 'roué' of the Regency and a courtier of Louis the Fifteenth: both have, in common, selfishness, levity, boundless vanity, and an utter want of heart; both think they can set themselves above everything by means of contempt, derision and insolence; both creep in the dust before one idol alone—the Frenchman of the last age, before his King—the Englishman of this, before any acknowledged ruler in the empire of fashion. But what a contrast if we look further! In France, the absence of all morality and honesty was at least in some degree atoned for by the most refined courtesy; the poverty of soul, by wit and agreeableness; the impertinence of considering themselves as something better than other people, rendered bearable by finished elegance and politeness of manners; and egotistical vanity in some measure justified, or at least excused, by the brilliancy of an imposing Court, a high-bred air and address, the perfect art of polished intercourse, winning 'aisance,' and a conversation captivating by its wit and lightness.—What of all this has the English 'dandy' to offer?

His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners, as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation; nay, to contrive even his civilities so, that they are as near as may be to affronts:—this indeed is the style of deportment which confers upon him the greatest celebrity. Instead of a noble, high-bred ease,—to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum: to invert the relation in which our sex stands to women, so that they appear the attacking, and he the passive or defensive party;—to treat his best friends, if they cease to have the stamp and authority of fashion, as if he did not know them,—"to cut them," as the technical phrase goes; to delight in the ineffably 'fade' jargon, and the affectation of his 'set;' and always to know what is 'the thing:'—these are pretty nearly the accomplishments which form a young 'lion' of the world of fashion. If he has, moreover, a remarkably pretty mistress, and if it has also happened to him to induce some foolish woman to sacrifice herself on the altar of fashion, and to desert husband and children for him, his reputation reaches its highest 'nimbus.' If, added to this, he spends a great deal of money, if he is young, and if his name is in the 'Peerage,' he can hardly fail to play a transient part; at any rate he possesses in full measure all the ingredients that go to make a Richelieu of our days. That his conversation consists only of the most trivial local jests and scandal, which he whispers into the ear of a woman in a large party, without deigning to remark that there is anybody in the room but himself and the happy object of his delicate attentions; that with men he can talk only of gambling or of sporting; that, except a few fashionable phrases which the shallowest head can the most easily retain, he is deplorably ignorant; that his awkward 'tournure' goes not beyond the 'nonchalance' of a plough-boy, who stretches himself at his length on the ale-house settle; and that his grace is very like that of a bear which has been taught to dance,—all this does not rob his crown of a single jewel.

Worse still is it, that, notwithstanding the high-bred rudeness of his exterior, the moral condition of his inward man must, to be fashionable, stand far lower. That cheating is prevalent in the various kinds of play which are here the order of the day, and that when long successfully practised it gives a sort of 'relief,' is notorious: but it is still more striking, that no attempt is made to conceal that 'crasse' selfishness which lies at the bottom of such transactions,—nay, that it is openly avowed as the only rational principle of action, and 'good-nature' is laughed at and despised as the 'comble' of vulgarity. This is the case in no other country: in all others, people are ashamed of such modes of thinking, even if they are wretched enough to hold them. "We are a selfish people," said a favourite leader of fashion, "I confess; and I do believe that what in other countries is called 'amor patriæ' is amongst us nothing but a huge conglomeration of love of ourselves: *but I am glad of it; I like selfishness*; there's good sense in it;"—and he added, not satirically, but quite in earnest, "Good-nature is quite 'mauvais ton' in London; and really it is a bad style to take up, and will never do."

It is true that if you choose to analyze and hunt down every feeling with the greatest subtlety, you may discover a sort of selfishness at the very bottom of everything; but in all other nations a noble shame throws a veil over it; as there are instincts very natural and innocent, which are yet concealed even by the most uncivilized.

Here, however, people are so little ashamed of the most 'crasse' self-love, that an Englishman of rank once instructed me that a good 'fox-hunter' must let nothing stop him, or distract his attention when following the fox; and if his own father should be thrown in leaping a ditch, and lie there, should, he said, 'if he couldn't help it,' leap his horse over him, and trouble himself no more about him till the end of the chase.[92]

With all this, our pattern 'dandy' has not the least independence, even in his bad qualities: he is the trembling slave of fashion, even in the extremest trifles; and the obsequious, servile satellite of the fortunate individuals who are higher than himself. Were virtue and modesty suddenly to become the fashion, nobody would be more exemplary,—difficult as would be the task to accomplish.

Destitute of all originality, and without a thought he can properly call his own, he may be compared to a clay figure, which, for a while, deceives one with all the properties of a human being, but returns into its native mud as soon as you discover that it has not a soul.

Whoever reads the best of the recent English novels—those by the author of Pelham—may be able to abstract from them a tolerably just idea of English fashionable society; provided (N.B.) he does not forget to deduct qualities which national self-love has claimed, though quite erroneously:—namely, grace for its 'roués,'—seductive manners and amusing conversation for its 'dandies.' I mixed for a while with those who dwell on the very pinnacle of this fool's world of fashion; with those who inhabit its middle regions, and with those who have pitched their tents at its foot, whence they turn longing, lingering looks at the unattainable summit; but rarely did I ever find a vestige of that attractive art of social life, that perfect equipoise of all the social talents, which diffuses a feeling of complacency over all within its sphere;—as far removed from stiffness and prudery as from rudeness and license, which speaks with equal charm to the heart and the head, and continually excites, while it never wearies; an art of which the French so long remained the sole masters and models.

Instead of this, I saw in the fashionable world only too frequently, and with few exceptions, a profound vulgarity of thought; an immorality little veiled or adorned; the most undisguised arrogance; and the coarsest neglect of all kindly feelings and attentions haughtily assumed, for the sake of shining in a false and despicable 'refinement,' even more inane and intolerable to a healthy mind, than the awkward and ludicrous stiffness of the most declared Nobodies. It has been said that vice and poverty are the most revolting combination:—since I have been in England, vice and boorish rudeness seem to me to form a still more disgusting union. * * *

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Passing over some of the most remarkable English rulers of fashion, I must mention one foreign potentate, who has placed herself on the same throne with the highest.

The haughty and masculine spirit of this lady, which, when she chooses, she knows how to conceal under the most engaging affability, combined with all the diplomatic craftiness of her station, have enabled her to set her foot on the neck of English supremacy; but she has not been able to give to the court that surrounds her and bows blindly to all her decrees, either her wit and tact, or her high-born air, or that repulsive politeness *to all*, which is the 'ne plus ultra' of the manner which it is the main object of an Exclusive's life to attain. The distance in these respects between her and her associates in sovereignty is almost burlesque; yet they rule side by side in Olympus. But even the immortal gods have to encounter opposition; and thus we find a gigantic antagonist in the monarch of the nether world. * * *

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At his house are to be seen many of the 'Dii minores gentium,' such as actresses turned into duchesses and countesses, &c. who are not admitted into the circle 'par excellence.' * * *

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A high degree of influence is also possessed by a foreign ambassador; and without doubt he would possess the very highest, if the best tone, kind-hearted amiability, high rank, the finest taste, and (notwithstanding an assumed English 'tournure') a perfect absence of that heaviness and pedantry, of which English fashionables can never divest themselves, constituted the sole claims to pre-eminence. But it is precisely because he is too far removed from the English, both by that native amiability which continually gains an involuntary conquest over his 'Anglo manie,' and by his German cordiality, that he excites their envy rather than their admiration; and though 'recherche' by most, because he is the fashion, remains a strange meteor in their system, whom they attack where they can, and whom, at all events, they cannot take to their hearts as they do their own Jupiter Ammon, nor acknowledge in him 'autorité sans replique' with that blind submission they pay to their Autocratess. Perhaps the wife of the ambassador might easily have played the part of that lady, whom she excels in beauty as well as in youth; and for a time the chances stood equal between them; but she was too heedless, too natural and good-tempered to obtain a definitive conquest. However high therefore be her place in the fashionable world, her rival has unquestionably achieved the highest. Nobody who knows the causes will think the loser the less amiable.

Among the other female rulers of the first category, I must mention one or two whom no one may omit who seeks entrance into the sanctuary. At the very top, is a no longer young but still lovely Countess; one of the very few Englishwoman of whom it can be said, that she possesses a perfect, and truly distinguished 'tournure.' With her natural gifts she would, in any other country, have been thoroughly amiable and delightful; but here none can escape the deadening impress of that spirit of caste, so utterly blighted to all that is lovely and loving in the human heart. * * *

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In the age of innocence of the English world of fashion, when the natives as yet were fain to copy continental manners, and had not attained to that independence which now asserts its claim to serve as model to other countries, a Dandy governed by means of his coat; and the celebrated Brummel tyrannized over town and country, by this simple instrument, during long years of glory. But this is no longer the case: the sublime Exclusive, on the contrary, affects a certain inattention to his dress, which is almost always alike; and is quite above running after or inventing new fashions: his dress is at most distinguished only for exquisite neatness and delicacy of texture. Far other qualities are now necessary to constitute a man of fashion. He must, as formerly in France, have the reputation

of a heartless seducer, and be a *dangerous* man. But as, with all the good-will in the world, it is not so easy for men of graceless manners and invincible awkwardness to rival the brilliant charm and captivating address of the Frenchman of the 'Vieille Cour,' it is necessary, like Tartuffe, to play the soft and insidious hypocrite; with the subdued voice which is now the fashion, and false words, to make a way in the dark to unprincipled acts; such as false play, or the 'gulling' of a novice in every species of sport, in which so many young Englishmen find despair and suicide, where they sought recreation and excitement;—where these arts are not applicable, to seek, by all sorts of intrigue, to destroy the fortune and reputation of those who stand in their way, or, at the least, to rob them of all influence in exclusive society.

He who is intimately acquainted with England's dark side, will not accuse me of exaggeration in this description. * * *

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Let a man's moral and intellectual qualities be what they may, if he is the fashion, he can say or do nothing that will not be received with admiration and applause. His words are oracles; his wit *must be* exquisite, since he has received his patent for it from fashionable society; and where Fashion speaks, the free Englishman is a slave. Besides, the vulgar feel that in all matters of art, talent or taste, they are no very competent judges; they therefore think it safer blindly to applaud a 'bon mot' when they see it has made their superiors laugh; or to repeat an opinion which has proceeded from privileged lips:—just as the public were in the third heavens with ecstasy for a whole winter at a party of Tyrolese ballad-singers, and rained down money, which the green butcher-family pocketed with a laugh. * * *

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The far-famed Almack's, and the unrivalled puissance of the Lady-Patronesses, I have already described to you. I must add two signal acts of their power.

In a fit of pretty ill-humour these high and mighty Ladies ordered that no person who came after midnight should be admitted. Soon after, the Duke of Wellington came from the House of Lords a few minutes too late, and thought he should be certain to find an exception in his favour. 'Point du tout'—the hero of Waterloo could not carry this fortress, and was obliged to retreat.

Another time the Lady-Patronesses issued a decree, that only gentlemen who were bow-legged should be permitted to appear in loose pantaloons: all others were ordered to wear breeches;—in England, where the very name is forbidden, certainly a bold decree.

The dread of the new tribunal of inquisition was so great, that at first even this edict was obeyed. But a reaction followed. A great number of gentlemen appeared at the door in the prohibited pantaloons, and demanded admittance on the plea of crooked legs, of which they declared themselves guilty; and, in case they were not believed, invited the Lady-Patronesses to convince themselves of the fact by personal inspection. From that time the Ladies have winked at this offending portion of male attire.

*July 10th.*

To-morrow I hope to be able to take my way to wider and freer regions; and it will be some time before I resume the pent-up life of a city.

Lord Byron somewhere says of himself, that his soul never enjoyed its full activity but in solitude. This truth is applicable to lesser people, for it is just so with me. In wearisome society I am but half conscious of a soul: and I am oppressed by the horrible thought—Now, if possible, you must be 'amiable.' On the other hand, I am, as you know, least alone when alone; for then do I the least miss your society, my best of friends!

However distant you may be, my spirit hovers around your waking and your dreaming hours; and over sea and mountain my heart feels the affectionate pulse of yours.

L——.

## LETTER XXV.

*Cheltenham, July 12, 1828.*

My Dear Julia,

I left London at two o'clock in the morning, very ill and out of spirits; in harmony with the weather, which was perfectly 'à l'Anglaise.' It blew a hurricane, and rained water-spouts. About eight o'clock, however, the sky cleared. I had been lulled into a gentle slumber by the rapid and easy roll of the carriage; all nature shone with an emerald brightness, and a delicious fragrance poured in at the open windows from every field and flower; and your care-worn, melancholy friend was again, in a few moments, the light-hearted child rejoicing in the beautiful world, and in its mighty and merciful Creator. Travelling in England is, indeed, most delightful. Could I but witness your pleasure in it! Could I but feel my own doubled by your participation! It rained occasionally through the day, but I was little incommoded by this in a close carriage, and found the air mild and balmy. The former part of the country through which our road lay, teemed with all the luxuriant vegetation of the most beautiful park; the next presented boundless corn fields without hedges, which is a rarity in England; and the last nearly resembled the rich plains of Lombardy. I passed many large parks, which, however, weather being uncertain, and time limited, I left unvisited. It is not easy, after my long park and garden chase through half England, to find any thing new of this kind. In Cirencester I visited a beautiful Gothic church of great antiquity, with windows of coloured glass in pretty good preservation, and curious grotesque carvings. It is a grievous pity that the Gothic churches in England, without exception, are defaced by tasteless modern grave-stones and monuments.

Late in the evening I reached Cheltenham, an extremely pretty watering-place, of an elegance nowhere to be found on the continent. Even the splendid gas-lights and the new villa-looking houses, each surrounded by its little flower-garden, put the mind into a cheerful and agreeable tone. I arrived, too, just in the hour when the contest between the light of day and the artificial illumination produces a peculiar and, to me, pleasing effect. As I entered the inn, which, I might almost call magnificent, and ascended the snow-white stone staircase, ornamented with a gilt

bronze railing, and trod on fresh and brilliant carpets, lighted by two servants to my room, I gave myself up, ‘con amore,’ to the feeling of ‘comfort’ which can be found in perfection nowhere but in England. In this point of view, it is a country completely made for a misanthrope like myself;—since all that is unconnected with social life, all that a man can procure *with money*, is excellent and perfect in its kind; and he may enjoy it isolated, without any other human being troubling himself about him.

A larger mass of varied and manifold enjoyments may certainly be found in England than it is possible to procure with us. Not in vain have wise institutions long prevailed here. What especially soothes and gladdens the philanthropist is the spectacle of the superior comfort and more elevated condition in the scale of existence, universally prevailing. What with us are called luxuries, are here looked upon as necessaries, and are diffused over all classes. Hence arise, even in the smallest and most ordinary details, an endeavour after elegance, an elaborate finish and neatness; in a word, a successful combination of the beautiful with the useful, which is entirely unknown to our lower classes.

The distress, in truth, consisted in this; that the people, instead of having three or four meals a day, with tea, cold meat, bread and butter, beef-steaks or roast meat, were now obliged to content themselves with two, consisting only of meat and potatoes. It was, however, just harvesttime, and the want of labourers in the field so great, that the farmers gave almost any wages. Nevertheless, I was assured that the mechanics would rather destroy all the machinery and actually starve, than bring themselves to take a sickle in their hands, or bind a sheaf: so intractable and obstinate are the English common people rendered by their universal comfort, and the certainty of obtaining employment if they vigorously seek it. From what I have now told you, you may imagine what deductions you ought to make from newspaper articles.

*July 13th.*

This morning I visited some of the public walks, which fell short of my expectations; and drank the waters, which have some resemblance to those of Carlsbad. I found them very heating. The doctors here say, as ours do, that they must be drunk early in the morning, or they lose a great part of their efficacy. The joke is, however, that here, *early* begins exactly where it ends with us, namely, at ten o’clock.

The weather is unfortunately not favourable: cold and stormy, after a continuance of heat pretty long for England. For travelling, however, it is not bad; at least I find myself in far better spirits than in London, and am in great delight at the anticipation of the beautiful scenery of Wales, towards which I am now bending my course.

I entreat you to be with me, at least in thought, and let our spirits journey together over sea and land, look down from the summits of mountains and enjoy the sweet repose of valleys; for I doubt not that spirits, in forms as infinitely various as infinity itself is boundless, rejoice, throughout all worlds, in the beauty of God’s magnificent creation.

I will first lead you to the seven sources of the Thames, which arises two or three miles from Cheltenham. I set out on this excursion in ‘a Fly’ (a kind of small landau, drawn by one horse), on the top of which I sat, that I might enjoy the beautiful prospect from the highest station.

After a long ascent, you come to some solitary grassy hills; on the top of these, under the shade of two or three alders, is a little group of plashy springs, which trickle away, forming, as far as the eye can follow them, an insignificant brook. Such is the modest infancy of the proud Thames. I felt a tide of poetry come over my mind, as I thought, how, but a few hours ago, and but a few miles hence, I had seen these same waters covered with a thousand vessels; how this glorious stream, in its short course, bears on its bosom more ships, more treasures, and more human beings, than any of its colossal brethren; how the capital of the world lies on its banks, and by her omnipotent commerce may be almost said to rule the four quarters of the globe. With reverential admiration I looked down on the gushing drops, and compared them, one while with Napoleon, who, obscurely born in Ajaccio, in a few years made all the thrones of the earth tremble;—then with the avalanche, which, loosened from its bed under the foot of a sparrow, in five minutes buries a village;—then with Rothschild, whose father sold ribands, and without whose assistance no power in Europe is now able to carry on war.

My driver, who was at the same time an accredited Cheltenham cicerone, took me from this spot to a high hill called Lackington Hill, from which there is a celebrated view, with the appendage of a pleasant inn for the accommodation of visitors. Hidden under a bower of roses[93] my eye commanded an extent of seventy English miles;—a rich plain studded with towns and villages, among which the cathedral of Gloucester is the most striking and stately object. Behind it rose two ridges, the Malvern Hills and above them the Welsh mountains. Beautiful as was all around me, the distant blue mountains, bathed in air, awoke in me only an intense longing after home. How gladly should I have flown to your side with the aid of Fortunatus’s cap!

Up to this time black clouds had chased each other across the heavens; just as I turned away from the prospect the sun provokingly broke forth: it lighted me through a beautiful beech-wood to the charming seat of Mr. Todd, who has built a smiling village in the midst of the leafy shade, consisting of straw-roofed cottages and pretty moss houses. In the centre of a green level turf stands a noble lime-tree, surrounded by three tiers of benches for as many generations. Not far distant, on the withered trunk of a tree, is a sun-dial, and on the edge of the hill overlooking the valley, a rural seat, sheltered by a little arched roof covered with heather, and its sides tastefully interwoven with roots. On holidays it is often covered with evergreens and flowers, and lighted at evening with gay lamps. In the neighbouring park, which has many distinguishing beauties, are the ruins of a Roman villa: they were accidentally discovered about eight years ago by the sudden sinking-in of a tree. Some baths are still in good preservation, as are also two tessellated floors; they are however of rather coarse workmanship, and bear no comparison with those discovered at Pompeii. The walls are in part covered with red and blue stucco, two inches thick, and the brick pipes for conveying heat are of a quality and durability now unequalled. About three quarters of a mile further on, the Roman road is distinctly to be traced, and a portion of it is indeed in actual use: it is to be distinguished from the English road chiefly by its running, like a north-German ‘Chaussée,’ in a perfectly straight line. It is to be hoped, however, that the taste of the Romans was too good to allow them to enclose their roads between two endless rows of Lombardy poplars, and thus inflict a twofold torture of monotony on the unfortunate traveller. How different from an English road, which winds around the hills in soft and graceful sweeps, avoiding deep valleys or reverend trees, instead of following the one inveterate idea of a straight line, at a sixfold cost, through thick and thin, over hill and valley.

On my return to Cheltenham, I passed through a large village, where I visited for the first time what is here called a tea-garden. The ingenuity with which a small space is made to contain a hundred little niches, benches, and picturesque, nay, often romantic seats, is quite extraordinary, and forms a curious contrast with the phlegm of the gaily dressed multitude who rather garnish than animate the scene.

As it was rather early when I reached the town, I took advantage of the beautiful evening to visit more of the mineral waters, and I found that in the morning I had stumbled on the least important. These establishments are extremely splendid, ornamented with marble decorations, and still more with flowers, green-houses and pretty plantations. As soon as a thing is the fashion in England it becomes the subject of enormous speculation. This is to such a degree the case here, that the value of an acre of land in the neighbourhood of the town has risen within fifteen years from forty to a thousand guineas. The gardens and grounds which are destined to be places of public resort and amusement, are here, and I think rightly, laid out in a totally different style from the gardens and parks of private gentlemen. Broad and shady walks, and distinct open spaces, are rather to be aimed at, than picturesque views, or a large and landscape-like whole. Their manner of planting shady walks pleases me. A strip of ground about five feet wide, on each side of the way, is dug and thickly planted with a mixture of various trees and shrubs. The most flourishing trees are afterwards left to grow, and the others are kept down by the shears as irregular underwood. Between this and the top of the high trees the prospect is as it were set in a beautiful frame; the whole is fuller and more luxuriant; and wherever the country is uninteresting, it may be shut out by merely suffering the underwood to grow.

*Worcester, July 14th.*

Yesterday, ‘entre la poire et le fromage,’ I received the twice-declined visit of the master of the ceremonies,—the gentleman who does the honour of the baths, and exercises a considerable authority over the company of an English watering-place, in virtue of which he welcomes strangers with most anti-English officiousness and pomposity, and manifests great care and zeal for their entertainment. An Englishman invested with such a character has *mauvais jeu*, and vividly recalls the ass in the fable, who tried to imitate the caresses of the lapdog. I could not get rid of my visitor till he had swallowed some bottles of claret with me, and devoured all the dessert the house afforded. At length he took his leave, first extorting from me a promise that I would honour the ball of the following evening with my presence. However, I had so little inclination for company and new acquaintances, that I made ‘faux bond,’ and left Cheltenham early in the morning.

The country continued most lovely, the near ground full of soft meadows and deep green clumps of trees; the horizon bounded by the mountains, which at every mile grew in magnitude and distinctness of outline. At almost every stage I passed a considerable town, which was never without its towering Gothic church. The situation of Tewksbury struck me as peculiarly delightful. Nothing can be more tranquil, more pastoral; and yet all these blooming plains were bloody battle-fields in the times of the countless civil wars of England, whence they retain the names, now so inappropriate, of Bloody Field, Field of Bones, &c.

Worcester, where I am now writing, the chief city of the county, has nothing remarkable except its magnificent cathedral; the windows contain but small remains of ancient painted glass: to these, new has been added, which is very little inferior either in softness or brilliancy to the old. In the middle of the nave King John is buried: his effigy in stone reposes on the tomb; the oldest monument of an English king which Great Britain contains. The tomb was opened some years ago, when the skeleton was found in good preservation, and in precisely the same dress as that represented in the statue: as soon as it came in contact with the air, the materials of which it was composed crumbled into dust; the sword was entirely consumed by rust, and only its handle remained.

Another very interesting monument is that of a Templar, of the year 1220, with this Norman inscription: “Ici gist syr guilleaume de harcourt fys robert de harcourt, et de Isabel de camvile.” The figure of the knight (whose costume, by-the-by, is totally different from that of Count Brühl’s Templar at Berlin[94]) is an admirable piece of sculpture, and reposes with an ease and ‘abandon’ which would do no discredit to antique art: his dress consists of boots or stockings (whichever you choose to call them) of mail, and golden spurs; the knee is naked; above the knee is again covered with mail, which so completely encloses the whole body, and even the head, that only the face is visible. Over this shirt of mail is a long red mantle, falling in folds below the calf; and over this a black baldrick, from which hangs a sword in a red scabbard: the left arm supports a narrow pointed shield bearing the family arms, and not the cross of the Temple. This is found only on the tomb. The whole figure is, as you perceive, painted; and the colours are from time to time renewed.

As the greatest of all curiosities, strangers are shown Prince Arthur’s tomb, the intricate stone tracery of which is really like the most exquisite carvings in wood or ivory. On one side of the chapel are fine rows of small figures, one above another. The order is as follows: on the lowest row the abbesses; above them bishops; above them kings; then saints; and at the top of all, angels. ‘Quant à moi, qui ne suis encore ni saint, ni ange, souffrez que je vous quitte pour mon diner.’

*Llangollen, July 15th.*

If I had the honour to be the wandering Jew (who of course must have money *ad libitum*), I should most certainly spend the greatest part of my immortality on the high road, and specially in England. ‘’Tis so delightful’ for a man of my opinions and character. In the first place, no human being troubles or constrains me. Wherever I pay well, I am the first person (always an agreeable feeling for the lordly sons of men), and meet with none but smiling faces and obliging people, full of zeal to serve me. Continued motion, without fatigue, keeps the body in health; and the rapidly succeeding changes in beautiful, free nature have the same strengthening influence on the mind. I must confess that I am partly of Dr. Johnson’s opinion:—he maintained that the greatest human felicity was to drive rapidly over an English road in a good postchaise, with a pretty woman by one’s side.

It is one of the most agreeable sensations in the world to me to roll along in a comfortable carriage, and to stretch myself out at my ease while my eye feasts on the ever-changing pictures, like those of a magic lantern. As they pass, they awaken fancies serious and gay, tragic and comic; and I find an intense pleasure in filling up the sketches thus presented to my eye. What strange fantastic shapes often start up with the rapidity of lightning, and flit before my mind like figures in the clouds! Then if my fancy droops her wings, I read and sleep in my carriage. I

am little troubled with my baggage, which from long practice is so well arranged that I can get at every thing I want in a moment, without tormenting my servants. Sometimes, when the weather is fine and the country beautiful, I walk for miles together: in short, I can desire no more perfect freedom than I enjoy here. Lastly, it is no slight pleasure that I can close the day by devoting a tranquil hour to conversing with the friend of my heart on all that has passed before me.

But to return to my narrative.—I travelled all night, after witnessing an extraordinary sport of nature in the clouds. From the top of a hill I saw what appeared to me a gigantic range of black mountains, and at its foot a boundless lake: it was long before I could persuade myself that it was only an illusion, created by mist and cloud. The sky above was of an uniform light grey; upon it lay a coal-black mass of clouds thrown together in the form of the wildest mountains, the upper edge of which shaped itself into a bold and abrupt outline, while the lower was transsected by a horizontal line of mist. This wore the appearance of a boundless extent of silvery water; and, as the green foreground of sunny wooded plains which lay beneath my feet was immediately bounded by it, the illusion was indeed complete. As I descended the hill, step by step, the magic picture faded from before my eyes.

The most beautiful reality, however, awaited me this morning in Wales. The vision of clouds seemed to have been the harbinger of the magnificence of the vale of Llangollen,—a spot which, in my opinion, far surpasses all the beauties of the Rhine-land, and has, moreover, a character quite its own, from the unusual form of the peaked tops and rugged declivities of its mountains. The Dee, a rapid stream, winds through the green valley in a thousand fantastic bendings overhung with thick underwood. On each side, high mountains rise abruptly from the plain, and are crowned with antique ruins, modern country-houses, manufactories, whose towering chimneys send out columns of thick smoke, or with grotesque groups of upright rocks. The vegetation is every where rich, and hill and vale are filled with lofty trees, whose varied hues add so infinitely to the beauty and picturesque effect of a landscape. In the midst of this luxuriant nature, arises, with a grandeur heightened by contrast, a single long, black, bare range of mountains, clothed only with thick, dark heather, and from time to time skirting the high road. This magnificent road, which from London to Holyhead, a distance of two hundred miles,[95] is as even as a ‘parquet,’ here runs along the side of the left range of mountains, at about their middle elevation and following all their windings; so that in riding along at a brisk trot or gallop, the traveller is presented at every minute with a completely new prospect; and without changing his position, overlooks the valley now before him, now behind, now at his side. On one side is an aqueduct of twenty-five slender arches, a work which would have done honour to Rome. Through this a second river is led over the valley and across the Dee, at an elevation of a hundred and twenty feet above the bed of the natural stream. A few miles further on, the little town of Llangollen offers a delightful resting-place, and is deservedly much resorted to.

There is a beautiful view from the churchyard near the inn: here I climbed upon a tomb, and stood for half an hour enjoying with deep and grateful delight the beauties so richly spread before me. Immediately below me bloomed a terraced garden, filled with vine, honey-suckle, rose, and a hundred gay flowers, which descended to the very edge of the foaming stream. On the right hand, my eye followed the crisped waves in their restless murmuring course through the overhanging thicket; before me rose two lines of wood, divided by a strip of meadow-land filled with grazing cattle; and high above all, rose the bare conical peak of a mountain crowned by the ruins of the old Welsh castle Dinas Bran, or the Crow’s Fortress. On the left, the stone houses of the town lie scattered along the valley; the river forms a considerable waterfall near the picturesque bridge, while three colossal rocks rise immediately behind it like giant guards, and shut out all the more distant wonders of this enchanting region.

Permit me now to turn to some less refined and romantic, but not less real, enjoyments of sense—to my own room; where my appetite, enormously sharpened by the mountain air, was most agreeably invited by the aspect of the smoking coffee, fresh guinea-fowls’ eggs, deep yellow mountain butter, thick cream, ‘toasted muffins’ (a delicate sort of cake eaten hot with butter), and lastly, two red spotted trout just caught; all placed on a snow-white table-cloth of Irish damask;—a breakfast which Walter Scott’s heroes in ‘the highlands’ might have been thankful to receive at the hands of that great painter of human necessities. ‘Je dévore déjà un œuf.’—Adieu.

*Bangor.—Evening.*

The rain, which with short intervals accompanied me from London, remained constant to me to-day; but the weather seems now inclined to change for the better. I have all sorts of things to tell you, and a very interesting day to recount. Before I left Llangollen I recollected the two celebrated ladies who have inhabited this valley for more than half a century, and of whom I had heard once as a child, and again recently in London. You have doubtless heard your father talk of them,—‘si non voilà leur historie.’ Fifty-six years ago, two young, pretty and fashionable ladies, Lady Eleanor Butler, and the daughter of the late Lord Ponsonby, took it in their heads to hate men, to love only each other, and to live from that hour in some remote hermitage. The resolution was immediately executed; and from that time neither lady has ever passed a night out of their cottage. On the other hand, no one who is presentable travels in Wales unprovided with an introduction to them. It is affirmed that the ‘scandal’ of the great world interests them as much as when they lived in it; and that their curiosity to know what passes has preserved all its freshness. I had compliments to deliver to them from several ladies, but I had neglected to furnish myself with a letter. I therefore sent my card, determined if they declined my visit, as I was led to fear, to storm the cottage. Here, as elsewhere, however, in England, a title easily opened the door, and I immediately received a gracious invitation to a second breakfast. Passing along a charming road, through a trim and pretty pleasure-ground, in a quarter of an hour I reached a small but tasteful Gothic cottage, situated directly opposite to Dinas Bran, various glimpses of which were visible through openings cut in the trees. I alighted, and was received at the door by the two ladies. Fortunately I was already prepared by hearsay for their peculiarities; I might otherwise have found it difficult to repress some expression of astonishment. Imagine two ladies, the eldest of whom, Lady Eleanor, a short robust woman, begins to feel her years a little, being now eighty-three; the other, a tall and imposing person, esteems herself still youthful, being only seventy-four. Both wore their still abundant hair combed straight back and powdered, a man’s round hat, a man’s cravat and waistcoat, but in the place of ‘inexpressibles,’[96] a short petticoat and boots: the whole covered by a coat of blue cloth, of a cut quite peculiar,—a sort of middle term between a man’s coat and a lady’s riding-habit. Over this, Lady Eleanor wore, first, the grand cordon of the order of St. Louis across her shoulder; secondly, the same order around her neck; thirdly, the small cross of the same in her button-hole, and, ‘pour comble de gloire,’ a golden lily of nearly the natural size, as a star,—all, as she said, presents of the Bourbon

family. So far the whole effect was somewhat ludicrous. But now, you must imagine both ladies with that agreeable ‘aisance,’ that air of the world of the ‘ancien regime,’ courteous and entertaining, without the slightest affectation; speaking French as well as any Englishwoman of my acquaintance; and, above all, with that essentially polite, unconstrained, and simply cheerful manner of the good society of that day, which, in our serious hard-working age of business, appears to be going to utter decay. I was really affected with a melancholy sort of pleasure in contemplating it in the persons of the amiable old ladies, who are among the last of its living representatives; nor could I witness without lively sympathy the uninterrupted, natural and affectionate attention with which the younger treated her somewhat infirmer friend, and anticipated all her wants. The charm of such actions lies chiefly in the manner in which they are performed,—in things which appear small and insignificant, but which are never lost upon a susceptible heart.

I began by saying that I esteemed myself fortunate in being permitted to deliver to the fair recluses the compliments with which I was charged by my grandfather, who had had the honour of visiting them fifty years ago. Their beauty indeed they had lost, but not their memory: they remembered the C—— C—— very well, immediately produced an old memorial of him, and only expressed their wonder that so young a man was dead already. Not only the venerable ladies, but their house, was full of interest; indeed it contained some real treasures. There is scarcely a remarkable person of the last half century who has not sent them a portrait or some curiosity or antique as a token of remembrance. The collection of these, a well furnished library, a delightful situation, an equable, tranquil life, and perfect friendship and union,—these have been their possessions; and if we may judge by their robust old age and their cheerful temper, they have not chosen amiss.

I had made my visit to them in a tremendous rain, which continued undiminished as I proceeded on my journey past the ruins of an abbey, and then by the palace of Owen Glendower, a personage whom you must remember from my Shaksperian readings at M——. The variety of the scenery is extraordinary; sometimes you are hemmed in by a chaotic heap of mountains, of every form; in a few minutes you have so extensive a view before you that you could almost believe yourself in a level country; the scene shifts again, and you are in a road enclosed and overshadowed by wood. Further on, the stream turns a peaceful mill, and immediately after rushes foaming over masses of rock, and forms a magnificent waterfall.

But the vale of Llangollen is only the proem to the true epopea, the high mountain district. After quitting the waterfall and riding for about half an hour through a nearly level country, all at once, a little beyond the inn at Cernioge Maur, you enter the holy of holies. Huge black rocks form a sublime amphitheatre, and their jagged and rent peaks seem to float in the clouds. Below, at a depth of eight hundred feet of perpendicular rock, the mountain torrent forces its difficult way, leaping headlong from chasm to chasm. Before me lay mountains rising one above another in endless perspective. I was so enchanted that I exclaimed aloud with delight. And in the midst of such scenery, it is impossible to say enough in praise of the road, which, avoiding every great inequality of surface, allows the traveller to enjoy at his ease all the ‘belles horreurs’ of this mountain region. Wherever it is not protected by the rocks, it is fenced by low walls; at equal distances are niches neatly walled in, in which are deposited the stones for mending the roads: this has a much better effect than the open heaps by the sides of our roads.

The mountain region of Wales has a very peculiar character, which it is difficult to compare with any other. Its height is about that of the Riesengebirg, but it is infinitely grander in form, richer in striking and picturesque grouped peaks. The vegetation is more varied in plants, though there is less wood, and it contains rivers and lakes, in which the Riesengebirg is quite deficient. On the other hand, it wants the majestic impervious forests of the abode of Rübezahl;[97] and in some places cultivation has already occupied the middle ground in a manner which would harmonize better with the beautiful than with the sublime. The road from Capel Cerig to within a few miles of Bangor is, however, wild and rugged as can be desired; and broad masses of red and yellow heath flowers, ferns and other plants which do not bloom in our severe climate, clothe the rocks and replace the trees which do not flourish at such an elevation. But the most striking variety of the picture is produced by the strange, wild and colossal forms of the mountains themselves; some of them are much more like clouds than solid masses. The peak of Trivaen is surmounted by such extraordinary basaltic pillars, that travellers can hardly be persuaded they are not men: they are only mountain spirits, keeping the everlasting station to which Merlin condemned them.

I was struck with the good taste which had rendered all the houses along the high-road so perfectly in keeping with the scenery: they are built of rough stone of a reddish colour, roofed with slate, in a heavy, simple style of architecture, and enclosed by iron gates, the gratings of which are so disposed as to represent the intersecting rays of two suns. The post-boy pointed out to me the remains of a Druidical castle, into which, as my guide-book informed me, Caractacus retired after his defeat at Caer Caredoc. The Welsh language sounds like the cawing of rooks. Almost all their names begin with C, pronounced with a guttural explosion which no foreign organs can imitate. The ruin is converted into two or three inhabited huts, nor are the boundaries of the original building even distinguishable.

A more remarkable object is a rock a little further on, in the form of a bishop with crozier and mitre, as if he had just started from the caverns of the mountain to preach Christianity to the heathen. Whence comes it that when Nature plays these sportive tricks, the effect is almost always sublime; when Art seeks to imitate them, it is invariably ludicrous?

A minor ‘tormento’ in this region is the multitude of children, who start up and vanish like gnomes: they pursue the carriage, begging with inconceivable pertinacity. Wearied by their importunity, I had made a positive determination not to give anything to any-body; a single deviation from which rule insures your never being rid of them for a moment. However, one little girl vanquished all my resolutions by her perseverance: she ran at least a German mile, up hill and down dale, at a brisk trot, sometimes gaining upon me a little by a foot-path, but never losing sight of me for a minute. She ran by the side of the carriage, uttering the same incessant tone of plaintive lamentation, like the cry of a sea-mew, which at length became so intolerable to me that I surrendered, and purchased my deliverance from my untireable pursuer at the price of a shilling. The ill-boding tone had however taken such possession of my ear, that I could not get rid of it for the whole day.

*August 16th.*

I have slept admirably, and am now sitting at the window of an inn on the sea-shore, and enjoying the sight of the ships cutting the transparent waters in every direction. On the landward rises a castle built of black marble, surrounded by ancient oaks.

As I am very comfortably housed, I shall make this inn my head-quarters, and begin my excursions by this castle. I found here, very unexpectedly, an amusing countryman. You know the clever A——, who is so thin, and yet exhibits such magnificent calves, so elegantly dressed, and yet so frugal, so good-natured, and yet so sarcastic, so English, and yet so German. Well, this same A—— ate a second breakfast with me, without any visible diminution of appetite from the former one; and in return, regaled me with the most diverting conversation. He came from S——, concerning which he told me as follows.

JEST AND EARNEST.

You know, my dear friend, that in Vienna, every man who can eat a roast fowl, and (N.B.) pay for it, receives the title of *Euer Gnaden* (Your Grace.) In S——,[98] on the other hand, every man who has a whole coat is called, *in dubio*, *Herr Rath* (Counsellor;) or still better, *Herr Geheimer Rath* (Privy Counsellor.) They do not trouble themselves with the distinctions between an actual and a nominal *Rath*, a half, (that is a pensioned,) or a whole, (that is a full-payed,) and a payless *Rath*, a titular nullity. The attributes and functions of this mysterious Counsellorship are wonderfully various. In the first place comes the invalid statesman in the *Residenz*, who, from respect for his declining years, and as a reward for living over half a century, has been invested with the yellow griffin; or a provincial chief president, more remarkable for his prepossessions in his own behalf, than for his public labours, whom his services on occasion of the visit of some foreign sovereign have raised to honours and to orders. Here we find the vigorous prop of the finances, or that 'rara avis,' a man of influence near the throne, yet as full of modesty as of merit: there a vegetating *Excellenz*, who knows no other occupation than that of going from house to house dishing up antiquated jokes and *jeux de mots*, which for half a century have enjoyed the uninterrupted privilege of delighting 'la crême de la bonnie société' in the capital. Next we see it in the person of one who is equally delightful as man and as poet, and who has never trodden any but the straight forward path. A little further we recognize it in the form of a less brilliant but more comprehensive genius, which, although consecrated to Themis, has an acute eye for the glories of the theatrical, as well as the celestial stars. This Proteus then transforms itself into a *Cameralist*, celebrated for his breed of sheep and his political economy, who manures his fields;—then into a physician, who performs a similar good office on the churchyard. It is also to be found in the invincible *Landwehr*; nay even the post,[99] the lottery, &c., cannot exist without it. The court-philosopher, and court-theologian, all shake hands as *Geheime Räthe*; for so they are, have been, or shall be hereafter: in short, no nation under the sun is more richly provided with counsel, and truly of the most privy kind; for such is the modesty of these countless counsellors, that many of them keep their talents buried in the most profound secrecy.

It is, however, a real pleasure to see with what unconstrained and touching 'bonhommie' they bandy titles and compliments, every one exalting the other, and awaiting in return a grateful reciprocity of good offices.

The various adjuncts and applications of the poor word *geboren* (born) must doubtless for ever remain a mystical enigma to all foreigners who endeavour to acquire the German language. Without plunging deeper into this labyrinth, I will only mention for their information, that with us the meanest beggar will no longer condescend to be merely *geboren*; that *Edelgeboren*[100] (nobly born) begins to be a sensible affront to the lower order of official persons; and *Wohlgeboren* (well born) no less so to the higher, but not noble functionaries. For my part, I am very careful to write to my tailor, "*Hochwohlgeborner Herr*" (High-well-born Sir.) He was moreover a very distinguished man, a descendant of our old friend Robinson Crusoe, who has attained to historic importance by the daring and inimitable cut of uniforms: he was therefore deserving, at the least, of an order of merit.[101]

That no restraint may be imposed on this arbitrary distribution and assumption of titles, matters are so favourably arranged, that with all this avidity for rank, there exists no real and fixed order of rank, either determined by the court, or by birth, or grounded on opinion and custom, so general and rooted in the nation as to have nearly the force of law. Sometimes it is birth, oftener place; sometimes merit, sometimes favour, sometimes irresistible impudence which seizes precedence wherever accident or circumstances offer it. This gives occasion to many strange anomalies, which an old nobleman like myself, a Baron von Tunderdendronk, "qui ne sauroit compter le nombre de ses ânes," as general P—— said, cannot understand. Complaints, affronts, and anxieties are therefore endless in society. There is only a certain lively and excellent old lady, who has the sole and proper art of maintaining the first place almost everywhere, and under all circumstances. She unites great talents with remarkable bodily strength and bravery; and by means of these mingled advantages, sometimes by wit, sometimes by unimaginable rudeness; sometimes, when nothing else will do, by a hearty push, she takes and maintains precedency at court and on all gala occasions. I know from good authority that Countess Kackelack, at one of our courts (for you know we have many,) felt herself slighted and aggrieved by a certain court party, and by the advice of her friend the Starost von Pückling addressed a petition directly to our upright and equitable ruler, praying that her place might be officially determined. It was allotted immediately after that of the Princess Bona, who (for once, on account of the services of her late husband,) is in possession of the first. The Grand-Marshal (*Grosswürdenträger*, Grand-dignity-bearer) Prince Weise, brought her the order, and added, "But, my dear Countess, you must yield precedence to Baroness Stolz, for with your slender person what can you do against her? A single blow from her elbow lames you for ever. Do therefore let her go first; for you know even the police is afraid of her since the famous challenge she put forth some years ago."

Everything must yield to force; and this shows how difficult it is to secure precedence to mere merit without universal and declared rules:—merit is so relative. If a minister or a general is a great man,—who can deny that the best of cooks, the loveliest of opera-dancers, has great merit? merit which, as history teaches us, monarchs and states have recognized and honoured.

In England, where antiquity of title gives precedence (be it remarked, by-the-bye, the safest and best adapted to a monarchy,[102]) the great Field Marshal and Prime Minister Wellington must yield precedence to the little Duke of St. Albans, (who is known, indeed, but not very illustrious,) because the latter is an older Duke; that is to say, the services of his progenitress Nell Gwynn, an actress and mistress of Charles II., are of more ancient date than those of the Duke of Wellington, and consequently entitle her descendants to all the rights of precedence over the great general.

In our capital it is otherwise. We are generally too well accustomed to bad eating to estimate very highly the merits of a good cook, and are of late universally become so virtuous that nobody has a mistress. As to rewarding merit, that is a thing which does not often come under contemplation.[103]

What really and mainly gives rank and consideration here, is *to be a servant* of the state or of the court, 'n'importe lequel et comment.' "Beati possidentes." The good old German proverb applies here, "When God gives a place, he gives brains to fill it." The Bureaucracy has taken the place of the Aristocracy, and will perhaps soon become equally hereditary. Even now the Government itself cannot dismiss any of its 'employées' without regular trial and judgment: every man regards his place as his most stable property, and it is not to be wondered at that place-holders laud this state of things to the skies. Strange, that nevertheless all states which have a free constitution,—all in which it is a recognized principle that the nation, and not any privileged class—not even that of its official servants—is the main object,—follow a totally opposite system.[104]

The middle classes are, in another way, happy in their disregarded state: they enjoy their competence 'con amore,' and, as the salt of life, they indulge themselves now and then with a lawsuit, for which the ministers of justice afford them every possible facility. The merchant, whether Christian or præ-Christian, finds his account in this, and, if he knows how to come at it, useful patronage. Indeed to have a great deal of money is almost as good as to be a *wirklicher Geheimerath* (actual privy counsellor):[105] and rich bankers, who keep a good house, are reckoned among the privileged classes, and not unfrequently for these high deserts elevated to nobility.

In this manner, all manage to get something; the unfortunate nobles, especially those of ancient date, are the only people with whom it goes hard. Without money, without any land of which he has the free disposal, his titles affording an example of infinite multiplication, and his hereditary estates of infinite division, without any share in the legislation, long stripped of his ancient endowments and benefices,[106] unnecessarily and unfairly annoyed by the authorities, his ill-supported claims often bringing upon him not only ridicule and contempt, but hostility and persecution, the nobleman has, *as member of a Corporation*, lost all dignity and importance in the eyes of the people, and he retains scarcely any other distinction than that of serving as the only stuff out of which to make chamberlains and lords in waiting, in the respective courts of the capital;—doubtless always a most enviable lot.

This last truth is duly known to many; and a great deal of talent has been displayed thereupon by a celebrated authoress, who was some time ago engaged in a sort of amicable rivalry with her husband on the field of romance,—a contest which used to produce two or three works of that nature, consisting of as many volumes each, every Leipsig fair, to the great joy of the public. The most extraordinary part of the story is, that the works of the husband were characterized by the overflowing tenderness of a female pen; those of the wife, on the contrary, by a somewhat unwieldy quantity of masculine knowledge, a lead which even the alchemical hand of an amiable and accomplished prince could not turn to gold. The works of both, especially the former, have outlived their vogue; and the graceful and child-like simplicity of the Northern heroes, who tilted at each other with tenderness, looked on their slain friend with clear blue eyes, and imprinted upon his lips the kiss of peace; nay, even their wondrous steeds, who galloped over precipitous crags and swam after their lords through seas, have been forced, spite of all their marvellous gifts, to give way to Walter Scott's unbreeched Highlanders.

The poetical young lords of the chamber, and the learned tea-parties of the noble lady, had long before been deserted as somewhat insipid. In such a tea-party did Ahasuerus, (as we read in the memoirs of the Devil,) after his long and restless wanderings, first find repose, and sink into a refreshing sleep. Since that time, the thick volumes of the distinguished authoress have dwindled to small tales,—pretty ephemera,—which live but a day indeed, but are well requited by the honour of circulating exclusively in courts and antechambers, among princes, ladies in waiting, and maids of honour, lords of the chamber, equerries and grooms of the chambers (for nothing within the precinct of a court is to be treated lightly). Haunted rooms were lately introduced, but the ghosts were so dull and *fades*, so like white-washed boards, 'avec un bel air de famille,' that the utmost they could do was to make one *think* of a cold shudder, never to excite one. The most piquant of all these stories was unquestionably that which 'persiffloit' the society of the capital, in which poor Viola played a very suspicious part, and a fashionable lady was introduced, who sold her for a large sum to an illustrious person. This story was justly called moral: for it excited in every person of good feeling, who read it, detestation of calumny and of hasty condemnations. The ill-natured, however, were delighted with it for other reasons; and so in one way or other it was not without value. It might fairly be called a master-piece when compared with the "Tales of the middle ages," full of virtue and distress, of Christianity and indecency, of Italianism and Germanism, which the necessities of journal and almanack literature call into existence by myriads, and of which we may say with Schiller, "When people are gorged with vice, set virtue on the table."[107] These do not reach either the one or the other; but, from the beginning to the end, one suffers the moral 'pendant' of a so-called medical cure by nausea. After enduring all sorts of allusions, the whole thing burns in the pan, and so far from being fit to bring to table, the unfortunate reader is for a long time disgusted with all food whatsoever.[108]

But to return to the learned and amiable lady, of whom we were just speaking. At the time I was in those regions, a strange swarm of insects sported in the wintry sun of her courtly and literary celebrity, ycelped in the great world a coterie, which, I believe, establishes it as a principle (who has not principles now-a-days?), that nobles have really and truly a different sort of blood in their veins from that of other men; and that if a common tree can be ennobled at all, it can be only by the process of grafting; for instance, by the insertion of some illegitimate scion of a noble stock. They teach that this nobility should remain, before all things, pure and distinct; it must dishonour itself neither by trade nor by any speculations of public utility, which latter offence has lately been denounced as the cause of the decay of the nobility of the land by a certain Frau von Tonne in a very voluminous work. To dabble a little in authorship and artistship is lawful (even for money, nay for burghers' money,) seeing that artists[109] occupy a sort of middle region between the noble and the *bourgeois*. A constitutional high nobility and a representative government are by no means to the taste of this party; from the very natural reason that under any such terrible system, men, the date of whose nobility is known to nobody but themselves, and whose encumbered estates are split up into portions of microscopic invisibility, would be condemned to the horror of being compelled to take their seat in the Chamber of Commons (where else?). Who can blame them, therefore, under circumstances, for preferring the chambers of princes, especially if they can lord it there? Which Heaven forfend! It is to be hoped they will remain merely titular, and not actual *privy* counsellors and *lords* of the bedchamber.

*Evening.*

I could bear no longer to sit still in my room, while the castle opposite to my windows tempted me forth. As soon therefore as A—— had taken his departure, I procured a mountain pony and rode out in high spirits. This remarkable

edifice was built by the proprietor of the slate quarries, situated about three miles distant, which bring him a yearly income of 40,000*l.* He has laid out a part in the most delightful situation on the sea-shore; and has pursued the strange but admirably executed idea of erecting every building within its enclosure in the old Saxon style of architecture. The English falsely ascribe the introduction of this style to the Anglo-Saxons: it arose in the time of the emperors of Saxon line; and it is quite certain that none of the numerous Saxon remains are to be traced to an earlier date. The high wall, which surrounds the park in a circuit of at least a German mile, has a very singular appearance; pointed masses of slate three or four feet high, and of irregular shape, are built upright into the top of the wall. At every entrance a fortress-like gate with a portcullis frowns on the intruder,—no inapt symbol, by-the-bye, of the illiberality of the present race of Englishmen, who shut their parks and gardens more closely than we do our sitting-rooms. The favoured visitor must then cross a drawbridge before he passes the gate-way of the imposing castle. The black marble of the island of Anglesea, rudely hewn, harmonizes admirably with the majestic character of the surrounding scenery. The pure Saxon style is preserved in the minutest details, even in the servants' rooms and meanest parts of the building. In the eating-hall I found an imitation of the castle of William the Conqueror, at Rochester, which I formerly described to you. What could then be accomplished only by a mighty monarch, is now executed, as a plaything,—only with increased size, magnificence and expense,—by a simple country-gentleman, whose father very likely sold cheeses. So do times change!

The ground-plan of the building, which the architect had the politeness to show me, gave occasion to certain domestic details, which I am glad to be able to communicate to you; because nearly all large English country-houses are constructed on the same plan; and because in this, as in many other things, the nice perception of the useful and commodious, the exquisite adaptation of means to ends, which distinguish the English, are conspicuous. The servants never wait in the ante-room,—here called the hall,—which, like the overture of an opera, is designed to express the character of the whole: it is generally decorated with statues or pictures, and, like the elegant staircase and the various apartments, is appropriated to the use of the family and guests, who have the good taste rather to wait on themselves than to have an attendant spirit always at their heels. The servants live in a large room in a remote part of the house, generally on the ground-floor, where all, male and female, eat together, and where the bells of the whole house are placed. They are suspended in a row on the wall, numbered so that it is immediately seen in what room any one has rung: a sort of pendulum[110] is attached to each, which continues to vibrate for ten minutes after the sound has ceased to remind the sluggish of their duty. The females of the establishment have also a large common room, in which, when they have nothing else to do, they sew, knit, and spin: close to this is a closet for washing the glass and china which comes within their province. Each of them, as well as of the men-servants, has her separate bed-chamber in the highest story. Only the 'housekeeper' and the 'butler' have distinct apartments below. Immediately adjoining that of the housekeeper, is a room where coffee is made, and the store-room containing every thing requisite for breakfast, which important meal, in England, belongs especially to her department. On the other side of the building is the washing establishment, with a small court-yard attached; it consists of three rooms, the first for washing, the second for ironing, the third, which is considerably loftier, and heated by steam, for drying the linen in bad weather. Near the butler's room is his pantry, a spacious fire-proof room, with closets on every side for the reception of the plate which he cleans here, and the glass and china used at dinner, which must be delivered back into his custody as soon as it is washed by the women. All these arrangements are executed with the greatest punctuality. A locked staircase leads from the pantry into the beer and wine cellar, which is likewise under the butler's jurisdiction.

I followed a very romantic road, which led me through the park, and then along the bank of a beautifully wooded mountain stream, and in about an hour arrived at the slate quarry, which lies in the midst of the mountains, six miles from the castle. From what I have already told you, you may imagine what a vast work this is. Five or six high terraces of great extent rise one above another on the side of the mountain; along these swarm men, machines, trains of a hundred wagons attached together and rolling rapidly along the iron railways, cranes drawing up heavy loads, water courses, &c. It took me a considerable time to give even a hasty glance at this busy and complicated scene. In order to reach a remote part of the works, where they were then blasting rocks with gunpowder,—a process which I had a great desire to see,—I was obliged to lie down in one of the little iron wagons which serve for the conveyance of the slate, and are drawn by means of a windlass through a gallery hewn in the solid rock, only four feet in height, four hundred paces in length, and pitch dark. It is a most disagreeable sensation to be dragged through this narrow passage at full speed, and in Egyptian darkness, after having had ample opportunity of seeing at the entrance the thousand abrupt jagged projections by which one is surrounded. Few strangers make the experiment, spite of the tranquillizing assurances of the guide who rides before. It is impossible to get rid of the idea that if one came in contact with any of these salient points, one would, in all probability, make one's egress without a head. After passing through this gallery, I had to walk along a path at the edge of the precipice, only two feet wide, and without any railing or defence; then to pass through a second low cavern, when I reached the fearfully magnificent scene of operations.

It was like a subterranean world! Above the blasted walls of slate, smooth as a mirror, and several hundred feet high, scarcely enough of the blue heaven was visible to enable me to distinguish mid-day from twilight. The earth on which we stood was likewise blasted rock; just in the middle was a deep cleft six or eight feet wide. Some children of the workmen were amusing themselves in leaping across this chasm, for the sake of earning a few pence. The perpendicular sides were hung with men, who looked like dark birds, striking the rock with their long picks, and throwing down masses of slate which fell with a sharp and clattering sound. But on a sudden the whole mountain seemed to totter, loud cries of warning re-echoed from various points,—the mine was sprung. A large mass of rock loosened itself slowly and majestically from above, fell down with a mighty plunge, and while dust and splinters darkened the air like smoke, the thunder rang around in wild echoes. These operations, which are of almost daily necessity in one part or other of the quarry, are so dangerous, that, according to the statement of the overseer himself, they calculate on an average of one hundred and fifty men wounded, and seven or eight killed in a year. An hospital, exclusively devoted to the workmen on this property, receives the wounded; and on my way I had met, without being aware of it, the body of one who had fallen the day before yesterday; 'car c'est comme un champ de bataille.' The people who escorted it were so smartly dressed and so decorated with flowers, that I at first took the procession for a wedding, and was shocked when, in answer to my inquiry for the bridegroom, one of the attendants pointed in silence to the coffin which followed at some distance. The overseer assured me that half these accidents were owing to the indifference of the men, who are too careless to remove in time and to a sufficient distance,

though at every explosion they have full warning given them. The slate invariably splits in sharp-edged flakes, so that an inconsiderable piece thrown to a great distance, is often sufficient to cut a man's hand, leg, or even head, clean off. On one occasion, this last, as I was assured, actually happened.

As we ourselves were not far enough from the 'foyer,' I instantly obeyed the signal, and turned on the left through the infernal gallery, to inspect the more peaceful operations: these are extremely varied and interesting. Paper cannot be cut more neatly and rapidly than slates are here; and no deal board can split more easily and delicately than the blocks which the workmen with one single stroke of the mallet divide into slices, from three to four feet in breadth, as thin as the thinnest pasteboard. The rough blocks come from the region I have just described, down Parisian 'montagnes russes' to the stone-hewer; and, as in those, the downward impetus of the loaded wagons sends them up again when empty. The iron railways are not here, as they commonly are, concave, but convex, and the wagon wheels correspond.

*July 17th.*

The day has passed in rest, writing, and reading; so that it affords few materials. But before I go to bed I must indulge the delightful habit of chatting with you. I was just thinking of home, and our honoured friend L——, who is now travelling, and has sent me a whole volume of his former lucubrations. Shall I send you a specimen? Listen then.

"REFLECTIONS OF A PIOUS SOUL OF SANDOMIR, OR SANDOMICH.[111]

"1. *On occasion of the quantity of Schnapps drunk at my expense by the Saxon postillions.*

"How much better is our country in all respects than any other! Really one witnesses strange things! For instance, it is certainly an extraordinary circumstance,—and yet after repeated experience I cannot doubt it,—that when the horses here are tired and lazy, (which, alas! is too often the case,) the postilion has only to drink Schnapps, to render them brisk and active. The wisdom of Nature and her hidden powers are unfathomable! The above-mentioned phenomenon may perhaps be elucidated by the well-known fact, that wine begins to ferment in the cask when the vine blossoms.[112] At the last stage before Torgau, my companion Count S——, Lieutenant of the Guards, from Potsdam, upon whom the light of Grace hath not yet broken, and who consequently is unduly moved by worldly things, was so angry with the postilion that he shook his stick at him, and called him a Saxon dog. 'O Lord! no, sir,' answered the fellow stupidly; 'there you're mistaken—we have been Prussian dogs these ten years and more.' This is a plain proof that the people here are entirely destitute of that high civilization which prevails among us.

"2. *After my signal deliverance on the 6th of July, 1827.*

"For four weeks I have not been able to write! With thankfulness and deep inward feeling I now take up my pen for the first time, to set forth the wonderful dispensation I have experienced. As I was travelling to M—— last month, I was overturned directly before the door of the tollhouse, and broke my right arm. My first exclamation—I confess it to my shame—was a shocking curse: but my second, thanks, fervent thanks to the Creator that I had broken my arm and not my neck. In such events we clearly perceive the 'unfathomable ways' and the protecting arm of Providence, which is ever at hand to help us at the moment of need. Did not my life hang upon a hair? and was it not the Lord's pleasure herein to give me an impressive proof that it depends on him alone to close my eyes for ever, or still to preserve my young life, which perhaps (for what is impossible to him?) is reserved for great and weighty things? Yes, ye philosophers, with heartfelt joy and triumph do I feel it, Faith alone makes us happy.

"3. *On occasion of my being nearly drowned in the Elbe, near Torgau.*

"Certain it is that we ought not to venture into the water till we can swim, as a Grecian sage hath very justly remarked. I was so imprudent as to bathe yesterday without having acquired this art, for I ever kept myself far aloof from all revolutionary gymnastics and exercises of that sort, and being seized with a cramp in the calf of my leg, and consequently somewhat frightened, I should perhaps now be among the dead, had it not been for a man whom Heaven led in this direction, *exactly at this time*, for my preservation. Can I be blind at such repeated proofs of special interposition in my favour? The whole Elbe is, nevertheless, become rather disagreeable to me. I strive with this as a blameable feeling, since we ought to recollect how useful this river is to many of our fellow-creatures.[113] The remark has I believe been made before, but it nevertheless is not the less worthy of attention—that wherever we find a large city, we almost invariably find a great river by the side of it;—but so wisely, so graciously has a kind Providence arranged all things for our good, though we men acknowledge it but too seldom! Yes, Nature, like a good mother, has taken care for all. To the bee she gave her sting, to the beaver his tail, to the lion his strength, to the ass patience; but to man his lofty understanding, and—on subjects which this, with our deceitful reason, cannot reach—divine revelations. O how thankful do I always feel when I think rightly on this! I, who moreover have so much more cause than numbers of my brethren to be thankful for the manifold bodily and mental advantages I enjoy. May I never forget them!—Amen.

"4. *On occasion of my being forced to pay Abraham the Jew my twice prolonged bill, with 'alterum tantum.'*

"I have been sorely disquieted by the doubt, whether the Jews are really to remain to the end of the world; and, in spite of the curse which lies upon them, scattered and oppressed as they are on earth, to continue for ever to cheat us so astonishingly as they do.

"Yet is not this very doubt a sin? since we are assured in many holy books that this will certainly be the case. Besides, the conversion of these misguided wretches is now proceeding from our country, whence the greatest light formerly went forth. But alas! here a new fearful doubt besets me: Will all the inhabitants of the earth ever *be called* Christians? It is indeed so declared: but in the course of my learned studies I lately met with a calculation which, to my horror, showed me that out of eight hundred millions of souls on the earth, only two hundred millions are called by the true name. Let us hope, however, that the worthy and admirable Bible Societies will do their part, and not weary. The English cannot be truly in earnest in this matter, seeing that as yet they have hardly made a convert in India. It is probable that they, as usual, have only political ends in view.[114] I read lately, that a Hindoo audaciously answered a missionary who was trying to convert him, 'I shall not suffer myself to be converted to Christianity by you, till you consent to be converted to the religion of Brama by me. I believe in the truth of my religion, as you believe in the truth of yours; and what is right for one, is fair for the other. Some fables and abuses may perhaps have crept into both, but they are of the same family.' What dreadful views! I myself, who,—I say it without vain-glory,—persuaded an old Jew, whose trade had fallen off, to be baptized, (for which I still allow him a pension,) sought also to contribute my mite by the spiritual change of a *real* Indian, who after many wonderful adventures had

been driven into our hyperborean regions, where the Herrnhuters had long, though vainly, laboured at his conversion. He heard me very patiently; and, to say the truth, I was so carried away by the momentous nature of the circumstance, that I wondered at my own eloquence. But what was the result? he smiled at me, took my gift, shook his head like a Chinese idol, and left me without an answer.

"P. S. I have just heard, to my inexpressible horror, that the Jew I converted is dead: and being seized on his death-bed by pangs of conscience (would any body think it possible?) turned Jew again.

"5. *On returning from Madame R——'s funeral.*

"A most remarkable incident occurred here a few days ago. About ten years since a pretty and, what is far more important, a pious young woman served in a confectioner's shop. Although exposed by her sweet occupation to many temptations, (for all young men who frequent confectioners' shops have not my morals,) she would listen to no one, and found all her pleasure in godliness. She never missed a prayer-meeting at President S——'s, or at any other house where she could gain admittance; and above all, went to church at least once every Sunday. One Sunday, however, (it was St. Martin's day if I mistake not,) she forgot her duty and staid at home, busied with worldly attire. Then did the Tempter draw near in the form of a young man, to whom she had long been secretly attached. It seems probable that on that fatal day he made great advances in her favour, since they were shortly after married. At first they lived very happily, and had several children. By degrees she exhibited a sensible falling off in piety, in consequence of the cares and distractions of married life. The unhappy woman appeared greatly attached to her duties as wife and mother, and henceforth preferred them to the comfort of prayer-meetings and pious readings. But the consequences of her carnal-mindedness soon appeared: her husband was assailed by numerous and, as I am assured, otherwise undeserved misfortunes; some of her children died; the whole family fell into poverty; and the husband, at length, into the deepest melancholy. Last Sunday, exactly on the tenth anniversary of that fatal Sunday on which the misguided girl did *not* go to church, her husband in a paroxysm of madness horribly murdered himself and his wife.—Here may be seen that the divine wrath if slow, is so much the more sure. I refrain from all severe animadversions:—but he who is not rendered serious by this warning, who does not see how sinful and dangerous it is to neglect, even for once, regular attendance at church, is truly an object of my pity. He can be made wise only by his own suffering; and well is it for him if he become so in time!

"6. *On my last disappointment at D——.*

"I am very unfortunate in love,—a circumstance which it is difficult to understand; but it is nevertheless true that another of my best laid plans has miscarried!

"For a long time I had loved Miss M—— with all the fire of my impetuous character. I did not venture to declare it; but my eyes, which I fixed upon her for hours with languishing tenderness, spoke too plainly not to be understood. Nevertheless, I had never been able to win aught but a scornful smile from my adored fair; when an important epoch, viz. her eighteenth birthday, arrived. I determined now to lay storm to her heart by some distinguished act of gallantry—which I could do with the greater propriety, and without any stings of conscience, since I never entertain any but the most virtuous designs. I now meditated long what to choose;—roses, and all sorts of botanical presents, as fruit and the like, are so common-place;—dress would not do, for that would have looked like an insinuation that I thought her vain;—still less could I offer her any thing costly, which would have appeared an indirect accusation of a mercenary spirit: I dared not choose a pious hymn-book, or other godly work, lest I should sinfully profane what is holy by using it with an earthly aim;—no, it must be something tender, and containing a delicate allusion to our situation. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning in a dark night, the thought occurred to me that the season of new herrings was at hand. The word electrified me, and, with the wonted rapidity of my conceptions, I instantly saw the meaning which lay hidden. I immediately sent an estafette to Berlin, where, as is well known, every thing new is to be had, in order, if possible, to get the above-mentioned creatures of the Lord before the annual advertisement of them appeared in the two blotting-paper journals of that city. Every thing succeeded according to my wishes:—ere many days had elapsed, a couple lay before me. I had them laid upon some leaves of artificial 'forget-me-not,' instead of parsley, and once more reflected upon all that their mute language (I mean the herrings') could convey.

"It would perhaps appear too far-fetched were I to urge how *herring* resembles *hymen*; these words having clearly an etymological relation, since both begin with a great H,[115] and a little *n* occurs in both. But there was one circumstance which spoke plainer, viz. that they were a *couple*—the principal point of view from which they were to be regarded. The blue colour, which reminds us of heaven, signified our mutual gentleness and meekness; and the strong salt wherewith they were salted, the acuteness of our understandings, and our attic wit. The unfading leaves cried aloud, 'Forget me not!' and at the same time clearly alluded to that never-fading delight we should find in each other! But in my opinion the crown of the whole was the pretty play of words which is in the name itself—*herring*—*here-ring*. It was impossible for me to declare my love and my honourable intentions more plainly, and at the same time more delicately, (in every sense of the word, for new herrings are a great delicacy in Prussia and Saxony.) To make all doubly sure, however, I laid on them a beautiful rose, painted and cut out of Chinese rice-paper, in the leaves of which I concealed with a trembling hand the first effort of my youthful muse, in which I expressed all these tender and delicate ideas.

"Who could believe that all would be in vain! The mother answered me in plain prose, briefly and carelessly, that her daughter was very sorry that she had always had an idiosyncratical antipathy to herrings; so strong indeed, that she had not been able to sit out the last play of the celebrated Wilibald Alexis, having accidentally heard that his real name was Herring. She therefore sent me back my fish and the accompanying poetry, with many thanks for my good intentions.

"Happily, godliness consoles a spirit truly possessed by it for every thing; but I was obliged to read the Bible two hours before I recovered my accustomed patience and composure. I read for my edification the history of Jonas; and although the whale which swallowed him was so very large, it continually disappeared in my fancy before the luckless herrings.

"In my anger (which alas! I have not yet completely conquered) I must now censure some things in the two blotting-paper periodicals above mentioned. They ought not only to strive after a more correct orthography in their advertisements, but to pay some attention to the sense. In a collection of natural curiosities made by a Berlin friend of mine, I find two of the above-named newspapers, containing the two following notices of deaths inserted by the same unfortunate father; and an old advertisement of a concert.

1. 'This day the Lord, on his journey through Tettow, took to himself my youngest son Fritz, with his teeth.'

2. (A month later). ‘This day the Lord again took to himself my daughter Agnes to eternal blessedness.’

3. ‘On Monday a concert will be given at the theatre. The receipts are to serve as the basis of a fund destined for the support of our countrymen who fell in defence of their country.’

“Now I ask anybody whether this is not making death ludicrous,—certainly a grievous sin, even when done unintentionally.”

So far friend L——.

But the night grows pale—already the morning dawns. I must say, therefore, like Moore, it is day—therefore good night. I send you this long letter, which an acquaintance takes to London to-morrow morning, through our embassy; and with it a hearty kiss, which I hope the P—— custom-house will suffer to pass undisputed.

Your faithful L——

## LETTER XXVI.

*Caernarvon, July 19th, 1828.*

My Beloved Friend,

I am now returned, dog-tired, from ascending Snowdon, the highest mountain in England, Scotland, and Wales, which indeed is not saying much. Excuse me till morning, when I will give you a faithful relation of my ‘fata’. Meantime, good night.

*July 20th.*

As soon as I had committed the packet for you to Mr. S——, with the strongest injunctions to care, I left Bangor as quickly as four post-horses could convey me. On the way I visited some iron-foundries, which, however, I shall spare you, as I observed nothing new in them. I was rather unwell when I arrived at the inn at Caernarvon, where a most beautiful girl with long black hair, the daughter of the absent host, did the honours with great grace and sweetness. The following morning at nine o’clock I set out in tolerable weather on a ‘char-à-banc,’ drawn by two horses of the country. My driver was a little boy who did not understand a word of English. He drove like mad, ‘en train de chasse,’ over the narrow cross-roads of this rocky country. All my shouts and expostulations were vain, or seemed to be interpreted by him in the very contrary sense from what I intended; so that we went nine miles from the lake of Llanberis in less than half an hour, over stock and stone: I do not understand how the horses and carriages bore it. By the fishermen’s huts which lie scattered along the shore, I found a gentler mode of conveyance, a pretty little boat, in which I embarked with two robust mountaineers. Snowdon now lay before us, but unfortunately had, as the country-people say, put on his night-cap, while the lower mountains around shone in the brightest sunshine. It is not more than about four thousand feet high, but has a very imposing aspect, in consequence of its immediate rise from the shore of the lake, whereas most other mountains of the same class spring from a base of considerable elevation. From the point where we embarked, to the little inn at the foot of Snowdon, the lake is three miles over; and as the wind was very high, our voyage was rough and tedious. The water of the lake is black as ink; the mountains bare and strewed with rock, and only varied by occasional small green glens: here and there are a few stunted trees, but the general aspect is wild and desert. Not far from the small church of Llanberis is the so-called Holy Well, inhabited by a solitary trout of enormous size, who has for centuries been exhibited to strangers. Frequently, however, he will not be tempted from his hiding-place; and the country-people think it an unlucky omen if he appears immediately. As I am an enemy of all oracles, I did not visit it. My companions also told me a history of a wondrous amazon of gigantic strength, who long led a wild masculine sort of life here: and described to me certain enormous bees, which the Welsh admire and venerate so much that they think them natives of Paradise. Excellent salmon are caught here: the manner of catching them is strange; they are hunted by small dogs trained to the sport, who drag them out of the mud into which they occasionally creep.

As soon as I arrived at the inn I secured a ‘poney’ (a small mountain horse), and a guide, and hastened to set out, in hope that the threatening clouds would break about noon. Unfortunately, the very contrary happened; it grew darker and darker, and before I had climbed half an hour, followed by my guide leading the poney, one uniform mantle enshrouded hill and valley; and a heavy rain, against which my umbrella did not long protect me, beat upon us. We at length took refuge in the ruins of an old castle; and after I had laboriously climbed a decayed winding staircase I reached the remains of a balcony, where I found shelter under a dense mass of ivy. Everything around me wore an air of profound gloom; the crumbling walls, the wind which moaned plaintively through their fissures, the monotonous dropping of the rain, and the disagreeable termination of my hopes conspired to throw me into a melancholy frame of mind. I thought with a sigh, how nothing,—not even the smallest trifle,—falls out as I wish it;—how all that I undertake looks ill-timed and eccentric as soon as *I* undertake it; so that everywhere, as here, what others accomplish in light and sunshine, I must toil through in storm and rain. Impatiently I left the old walls, and once more climbed the mountain. The weather was, however, now so terrible, and the increasing storm so dangerous even, that we were once more compelled to seek shelter in a miserable ruinous hut. The inside was filled with smoke, in the midst of which sat an old woman spinning in silence, while some half-naked children lay on the ground, gnawing dry crusts of bread. The whole family seemed hardly conscious of my entrance; at least they made no pause or change in their occupations. For a moment the children stared stupidly and incuriously at me, and then fell again into the apathy of wretchedness. I seated myself on the round table, the only piece of furniture in the house, and once more gave audience to my thoughts, which were not the most exhilarating. Meanwhile, as the storm raged more furiously, my guide earnestly advised me to turn back. This would doubtless have been the most reasonable course, particularly as we had not yet ascended a third way up the mountain. But as I had long resolved to drink your health, dear Julia, on the summit of Snowdon, in champagne, and had brought a bottle with me from Caernarvon for that express purpose, it seemed to me of ill omen to give it up. With the cheerfulness which a firm determination and fixed purpose, whether in great things or small, never fails to impart, I said, laughing, to my guide, “If it were to rain stones instead of water, I would not turn back till I had been at the top of Snowdon.” I made the poor old woman a little present, which she received with apathy. The road was become extremely difficult; it lay over loose and smooth stones washed by the rain, or over very slippery turf. I admired how my active sturdy little beast, shod as he was

with smooth English shoes, could step so securely forward on such a road.

Meanwhile it soon became so piercingly cold, that, drenched as I was by the rain, I could keep my seat no longer. I am so out of practice in climbing, that I was sometimes nearly overpowered by weariness; but as the Knight in the Romance of old Spiess was cheered by the sound of the bells of the twelve sleeping virgins, so I was continually exhorted to perseverance by the "*ma—ma*" of the mountain sheep, who were feeding in hundreds on the thin herbage around me. I thought of our pet lamb at home, and stepped vigorously onward, till at the end of an hour I had recovered from my fatigue, and felt fresher than at setting out. I was not compensated for my sufferings by the view, for, shrouded as I was in clouds, I could hardly see twenty paces before me. In this mysterious 'clair obscur' I reached the wished-for summit, the way to which lies over a narrow irregular wall of rocks. A pile of stones, in the centre of which is a wooden pillar, marks the highest point.

I thought I met my *wraith*, as a young man emerged from the mist who precisely resembled me, that is to say what I was when I wandered over the Swiss Alps sixteen years ago. He had, like myself, a light knapsack on his back, a sturdy staff in his hand, and a substantial dress, which may be called the classical costume of mountain travellers, contrasting as strongly with my London boots, stiff cravat, and tight frock-coat, as the youthful freshness of his face with the yellow, city hue of mine. He looked like the young son of Nature; I like the 'ci-devant jeune homme.' He had ascended the mountain from the other side, and, without stopping, asked me eagerly how far it was to the inn and what sort of road it was. As soon as I had given him the information he desired, he bounded away over the rocks, singing carelessly, and soon disappeared from my sight. I scratched my name near a thousand others on a block of stone, took out the drinking-horn which my host had lent me, and ordered the guide to draw the cork out of my bottle of Champagne. It must have contained an unusual portion of fixed air, for the cork flew higher than the top of the pillar by which we stood; and you may therefore, without imitating Münchausen, assert, that when I drank your health on the 17th of July, 1828, the cork of the Champagne bottle flew four thousand feet above the level of the sea. I filled the horn, to the foaming brim, and shouted with stentor voice into the dim obscure, 'Long life to Julia!' with nine times nine (in the English style). Three times I emptied the cup; and thirsty and exhausted as I was, never did I relish Champagne more. After my libation was completed, the prayers I sent up were not words, but profound emotions; the most fervent among which was the wish, that it might be Heaven's will to grant happiness on earth to you, and then 'if possible,' to me;—and see, a pretty lamb sprang forth from the cloudy veil, and the mist opened and rolled away, and before us lay the earth suddenly gilded by a momentary gleam of sunshine. But in a minute the curtain fell again,—an emblem of my destiny: the beautiful and the desirable—the *gilded* earth—appear now and then like delusive meteors before me: as soon as I seek to grasp them, they vanish like dreams.

As there was no hope that the weather would become permanently clear in these elevated regions, we resolved to return. I found myself so strengthened that I not only felt no trace of weariness, but experienced a feeling unknown for years, in which walking and running, so far from being irksome, are in themselves a source of elastic enjoyment. I sprang, therefore, like my youthful *double*, so rapidly over the rocks and down the wet rushy slopes, that in a few minutes I accomplished a portion of the way which it had taken me an hour and a half to ascend. I emerged at length from the interminable cloud; and if the prospect were less magnificent than from the summit, it still afforded me great delight. It was still about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, which lay in boundless extent before me. The Island of Anglesea reposed on its bosom; and in the mountain-gorges, which intersected each other in every direction, I counted above twenty small lakes; some dark, some so brightly illumined by the sun that the eye could scarcely bear to rest on their mirror-like surface. Meanwhile the guide had overtaken me; but as I could now perfectly distinguish the 'terrain,' the evening was beautiful, and I felt no fatigue, I let him and his clever little horse return home by the straight road, and determined to take my solitary way across the most striking points, 'et bien m'en,' for since I was in Switzerland I remember no more delicious walk.—I followed a defile along the wild pass of Llanberis, celebrated in the wars between the English and the Welsh, and where the latter, under their great prince Llewellyn, often contemplated the destruction of their foreign invaders, perhaps from the very spot where I then stood.

The jagged walls of rock which in many places sank perpendicularly to the pass, are a good exercise for heads subject to giddiness. I gradually ascended many considerable peaks of the same kind, and found only an enjoyment the more in the slight shudder which my perilous station excited. "L'émotion du danger plait à l'homme," says Madame de Staël. My solitude was not complete. The mountain sheep which I have already mentioned, much smaller than the ordinary breeds, wild and agile as the chamois, often bounded before me like roes, and in their flight leaped down crags and precipices where it would not have been easy for any one to follow them. The wool of these sheep is as remarkable for coarseness, as their flesh for tenderness and delicacy. The London 'gourmands' set a high value upon it, and maintain that a man who has not eaten roast mutton from Snowdon has no conception of the *ideal* in that kind.

I came almost into collision with a large bird of prey, which hovering slowly with out-spread wings, had fixed his eyes so intently on something beneath, and had so little calculated on making my acquaintance in this impracticable path, that I could almost have seized him with my hands before he perceived me. He darted away with the velocity of an arrow, but did not for a moment lose sight of the object of his eager pursuit; and I saw him for a long time like a point, poised in the blue ether, till the sun sunk behind the surrounding mountain.

I now endeavoured to reach the hut at which I had before stopped, in as straight a line as possible. Not far from it a girl was milking her cow, which afforded me a refreshing draught. Here too I found my guide, and thankfully availed myself of his services during the rest of my way, wrapt in my cloak and resting most luxuriously on my sure-footed 'poney.' After returning to my inn and changing my clothes, I set out afresh and embarked on the lake, now splendidly burnished with the glow of evening. The air was become mild and soft; fish leaped sportively from the water, and herons wheeled their graceful flight around the sedgy shores; while here and there a fire gleamed upon the mountains, and the heavy thunder of blasted rocks resounded from the distant quarries.

Long had the moon's sickle stood aloft in the deep blue heavens, when the dark-locked Hebe welcomed me back to Caernarvon.

*July 21st.*

I was still somewhat fatigued by my yesterday's expedition, and contented myself with a walk to the celebrated castle built by Edward I. the conqueror of Wales, and destroyed by Cromwell. It is one of the most magnificent ruins

in England. The only thing to regret is, that it stands so near the town, and not in solitary grandeur amid the mountains. The outer walls, although in ruins, still form an unbroken line, enclosing nearly three acres of ground. The interior space, overgrown with grass and filled with rubbish and with thistles, is nearly eight hundred paces long. It is surrounded by seven slender but strong towers, of different forms and sizes. One of them may still be ascended, and I climbed by a crumbling staircase of a hundred and forty steps to its platform, whence I enjoyed a magnificent view over sea, mountains, and town. On descending, my guide showed me the remains of a vaulted chamber, in which, according to tradition, Edward II., the first prince of Wales, was born. The Welsh, in consequence of the oppression of English governors in the earlier times of partial and momentary conquest, had declared to the king that they would obey none but a prince of their own nation. Edward therefore sent for his wife Eleanor in the depth of winter that she might lie-in in Caernarvon castle. She bore a prince: upon which the king summoned the nobles and chiefs of the land, and asked them solemnly whether they would submit to the rule of a prince who was born in Wales, and could not speak a word of English. On their giving a joyful and surprised assent, he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming in broken Welsh, *Eich dyn!* i. e. “This is your man!” which has been corrupted into the present motto of the English arms, *Ich Dien*.

Over the great gate still stands the statue of Edward, with a crown on his head and a drawn dagger in his right hand, as if after six centuries he were still guarding the crumbling walls of his castle. He might justly have broken out into indignant complaint at the desecration I witnessed. In the midst of these majestic ruins, a camel and some monkeys in red jackets were performing their antics, while a ragged multitude stood shouting and laughing around, unconscious of the wretched contrast which they formed with these solemn remains of past ages.

The tower in which the prince was born is called the Eagle Tower; not from that circumstance, but from four colossal eagles which crowned its pinnacles, one of which is still remaining. It is believed to be Roman, for Caernarvon stands on the site of the ancient Segontium, which.... But I am wandering too far, and am in the high road to fall into the tone of a tour-writer by profession, who thinks himself privileged to *bore* if he does not instruct, although his information is generally the result of a weary search through road-books and local descriptions. ‘Je n’ai pas cette prétension, vous le savez, je laisse errer ma plume,’ heedless whither it leads me.

The Marquis of Anglesea has lately established a sea-bath here, which is supplied by a steam-engine, and very elegantly fitted up. I availed myself of it on my way back from the castle, and observed in the entertaining-room a billiard-table of metal set in stone. It is impossible to desire one more accurate;—whether the steam-engine performed the office of marking, I forgot to ask. This is by no means impossible, in a country in which somebody has gravely proposed to establish steam-waiters in coffee-houses, and in which affairs would go on much the same if a forty-horsepower steam-engine sat upon the throne.

Dear Julia, a traveller must be allowed to speak often and much of weather and of eating. The Novels of the Illustrious, erst Unknown, or the Illustrious Unknown, derive no inconsiderable part of their attractions from the masterly pictures of this kind they contain. Whose mouth does not water when he sees Dalgetty, the soldier of fortune, display at the table a prowess even greater than in the fight? I am really not in joke when I assure you that when I have lost my appetite, I often read an hour or two in the works of the Great Unknown, and find it completely restored. To-day I wanted no stimulus of this or any kind. It was sufficient to see the most excellent fresh fish and the far-famed ‘mountain mutton’ smoking on the table, to induce me to fall on them with ravenous hunger; for a sea-bath and the ascent of Snowdon have a yet greater influence on the stomach than Walter Scott. My dark-locked maiden, who, as I was the only guest in the house, waited on me herself, was at length impatient of my reiterated attacks on the mutton; and said somewhat sullenly that I did nothing but eat, except when I was rambling about. She was of a much more ethereal nature, and in the short time I had been here, had read through half my portable Novel library. Every time I saw her she presented me with a newly devoured volume, and begged so earnestly for another, that I must have had a hard heart to refuse her.

*July 22.*

A large packet has been sent after me to-day from Bangor. I vainly searched it for tidings from you; but could not refrain from laughing heartily over a letter from L——, who writes to me in despair at the scrape he is in. He tells me that he suffered his “Reflections” (the beginning of which I sent you,) to be printed in fragments, and a certain party which feels itself too sore not to be over-sensitive ‘y a entendu malice.’ They have inserted a furious article against him in the Lamb’s Journal; and poor L——, who knows the people he has to deal with, is afraid that he will certainly be rejected at his examination. As this philippic is not long, and is very characteristic of our times, and as I have a holiday to-day, I shall transcribe it with some abridgments.

“*On the* REFLECTIONS *of a pious Soul of Sandomir: A discourse by Herr von Frommel, Adjutant of his Highness the Prince of ——. Pronounced in the Nobility’s pious Conventicle for both sexes, at A——, No. 33, Zion Street, May 4th, 1828*. (*Reprinted separately, from the Collection, for true Christians.*)

“High and high-well born, pious brethren and sisters! Truly is it said there be many wolves in sheep’s clothing! The author of these reflections is doubtless the wearer of such a sheepskin. It is not difficult to discover that under the mask of godliness, and of a simplicity approaching to silliness, are heard the hissings of that same mischievous serpent who seduced our pious mother Eve, who has since incessantly vented his venom upon our holy Religion, and still labours to overthrow the throne and the altar. But we, my brethren, will not resemble our, alas! too credulous Mother, but will exterminate the satellites of the Devil wherever we find them, with fire and sword.

“Yes, my friends, *you* know and are certain that the Devil is, and lives—not as the unbelieving herd say, *in us*, as the demon of anger, of vanity, of hatred, of sin;—no, bodily he roams over the earth, like a roaring lion, with goat’s horns and a long tail and pestilential stench, wherever he chooses to show himself. He who does not *thus* believe on the Devil, has no true religion. But wherefore do I urge this? *We* are no reasoners—no worldly-wise: here are none but simple lambs, one flock under one shepherd.

“A warning is, however, necessary; and therefore I now give the alarm. We have as yet seen only fragments of these poisonous ‘Reflections,’ and know not how far the author means to go;—but they are aimed at us; of that there is no doubt; and, God be praised! we find already enough fully to justify our denouncing him as an Atheist. Is it not obvious that he jests at Providence and its omnipotence? We hope, we pray, therefore, confidently and earnestly,

that Omnipotence will speedily avenge itself, and give this presumptuous soul a foretaste of what awaits him in the everlasting flames. And may the all-merciful God do this promptly and fearfully, that no innocent lamb of our flock may be led astray by that unclean one. Certainly, my friends, a fiend, a vampire, an atheist wrote these words. Nothing is sacred to him. He attacks not alone the Creator, but even the Redeemer of the world.

"Oh my brethren and sisters! horrible—we may reckon upon it assuredly—horrible will be the lot of such an one at the last day! when the dead shall arise in the body, and his carnal ear shall hear again, only to listen to the thunders of the trumpets which announce to him his eternal damnation. *There* will be no pity! There will be weeping and gnashing of teeth! And let us follow that example, and be inexorable towards him, as will be that eternal condemnation.

"We could scarcely have believed that after all our Christian labours in our so truly—I say it with pride—Christian city, in which everything is done to destroy the poison of toleration and of mad confidence in our own judgment, men could be found amongst us, who would dare, unrestrained by all authority, to go their own way in search of truth;—these free-thinkers and heathens spring up only because the constituted authorities (even our otherwise so active Censorship at their head) are far too indulgent towards the greatest of all crimes, unbelief. It would perhaps have been expedient and beneficial to introduce a moderate Inquisition, together with the new prayer book, for the defence of true believers, those genuine Christians, those sole predestined favourites of God, who believe whatever their King and their Church order, without hesitation or examination. Only such can have any real value for Church or State. Away then with all others! Be they damned for ever! like all the unbaptized children of Jews and Heathens. Oh could we but for ever expunge from our annals that disgraceful period in which a philosopher (and not merely an ideological but a practical philosopher) sat on a German throne,—and, my Christian brethren, would you believe it? received the name of the Great! The mildest that we, converted to the grace of godliness with tears of blood, can now say of him is, the Lord be merciful to his poor soul! Long however must the pious and their sacred legion struggle, before the seed which this *great* (!!!) man sowed will be wholly trodden down; before the last trace of that miserable Reason which he fostered will be entirely eradicated. Nevertheless, despair not, my Christian brethren; to such holy zeal as ours nothing is impossible, and this world's rewards await you in various forms here, from those exalted sources from which we daily draw; and hereafter yet greater glories in the Palace of the Lord. Only beware of reasoning, in every shape: believe—not upon your own inquiry—but as it is prescribed to you; and above all, beware of Toleration! Love your Redeemer not only above all, but solely and alone. But he who is not for him is against him, and upon such have no mercy. Persecute them without intermission. And if this cannot be done openly, undermine him with calumnies, with secret detraction; yea, shun not the rankest lies, provided you can disseminate them with security to yourselves; for remember that the end sanctifies all means. Ah, were we but in such a frame of mind as never to wax cool in our zeal! It is only because we are luke-warm, that these philosophers have dared to preach that virtue of heathens, toleration. We have seen to what it brought us when the delirious raving about freedom seized the mob, and universal anarchy threatened to overthrow the throne, the church, our old nobility, and everything venerable. Therefore away with every thought of mischievous tolerance towards those who think otherwise! Christ indeed has said, "Bless those who curse you:" and further, "If any man strike you on one cheek, offer him the other also." But upon this subject I have my own thoughts. Passages of this sort ought certainly to be differently understood: for how could they be reconciled with the indispensable laws of our station? Does not the honour of our rank, and of our uniform, command us instantly and without hesitation, to strike again a man who should dare to lay hands upon us? Yes, I know not whether even I, the favourite of my prince, should dare to show myself at court or in the highest places, after publicly receiving a slap on the face. It is therefore highly probable that our Saviour intended these words to be taken with one limitation,—that is, *for the common people*, in whom it is unquestionably meritorious when struck on one cheek, instead of giving way to wrath and bitterness, to offer the other. Let it be remembered also, that when Christ became man, he sought out not only a noble but a royal race. And who knows whether the disciples were really of such mean extraction as they are represented, and not perhaps men of old Jewish families of high descent? the matter is wrapt in so much historical darkness. And doth not Christ say, "My coming is not to bring peace, but rather the sword?" These two passages would seem to contradict each other, if we did not understand that patience is enjoined to one class and warfare to the other. For is not that the primitive destination of the nobility?—formerly with the sword, now with the pen and the word. For this cause, my brethren and sisters, strive against the unbelieving. Gird on the sword of the times, and strive for the Lord with the Bible and Jacob Böhmen, with the Chamberlain's Key and the Field Marshal's Baton, with the Prayer-book and the Surplice. Believe me, my dear friends, soon shall we earn the fruits of our holy zeal; soon shall we begin to stand on the brazen floor.

"People yield more and more to our secret influence and strong union: the powerful support which we give to all our fellow-labourers when their labours in the vineyard deserve it; the many favours from exalted sources, of which we are the sharers; above all, the inexorable piety we are known to possess, hold even the most daring within bounds, and lay the timid in shoals at our feet.

"But whenever an Antichrist dares to attack us, (and whoever dares to do so is one,) I exhort you again,—watch, strive, destroy, and rest not till your victim is fallen. It is all for Charity's sake, the last effort for a poor erring mortal, to force him, if possible, to acknowledge Christ.—Amen.

"It will perhaps be agreeable to this noble congregation in Christ, and moving to their hearts, if I hereby communicate to them, that we have been so happy in the course of the present month as to bring seven and a half condemned souls to the true faith, which has cost us not more than a hundred reichsthalers. As we are obliged to keep a worldly account of these matters, we have agreed to reckon children under twelve years of age as half souls. And may Heaven in like manner bless our further pious efforts, and the disinterested zeal with which the unconverted are drawn to the lap of Jesus.—Amen."

I had read thus far when the little Eliza appeared with my breakfast, and with an arch good-nature bid me good morning "after my long sleep." She had just been to church, had all the consciousness of being well-dressed, and was waiting upon a foreigner; three things which greatly incline women to be tender-hearted. She accordingly seemed almost embarrassed when I inquired about my departure early the following morning; but was soon consoled when I promised to leave her my travelling library, and to bring her a fresh assortment of books in a week.

After dinner I went, under her guidance, to visit the walks around the town. One of these is most romantically placed on a large rock. We saw from hence to Snowdon, in almost transparent clearness, undimmed by a single

cloud; and I could not restrain some feelings of vexation at having so exactly missed the right day.

After this pastoral walk, ‘tender mutton’ closed a day of which I am sorry to have nothing more interesting to record.

But I now recollect a somewhat singular incident which my host told me to-day. On the night of the 5th of August, 1820, the boat which crossed a ferry at this place was lost, and out of twenty-six persons only one man was saved. Exactly thirty-seven years before, the same disaster occurred, and out of sixty-nine persons only one survived. What renders the coincidence the more perfect is, that on both occasions the name of the sole survivor was Hugh Williams.

*Bangor, July 22d.*

Bangor is also a bathing place; that is, every body may jump into the sea who likes it. The artificial arrangements for the purpose are reduced to the private tub-establishment of one old woman, who lives in a wretched hovel on the shore; and if an order is given an hour before, heats the sea-water in pots and kettles on her hearth, and proceeds ‘sans façon,’ to undress and afterwards to rub down and dress again any stranger who may come unprovided with a servant. I entered her hut accidentally, and after I had taken a bath of this sort, ‘pour la rarité du fait,’ I hired a boat to take me across the arm of the sea which divides Wales from the island of Anglesea. Here is another castle built by Edward I., and destroyed by Cromwell; it was originally even of greater extent than that at Caernarvon, and covered five acres of ground; but the ruins are less picturesque, in consequence of its having lost all its towers. To see it thoroughly one must walk along the narrow and lofty walls, which are wholly unprotected. The boy who keeps the keys ran along like a squirrel; but the barber of the town, who offered his services as guide when I landed, left me in the lurch at the first step. The ruin stands in the park of a Mr. Bulkley: with singular bad taste he has made a tennis-court within its enclosure. His house commands a very celebrated view. It is, however, far surpassed by one I met with about a mile and a half further on, from a simple and elegant cottage called Craig y Don. This is a true gem,—one of those blessed spots which leave nothing to wish. It lies between thickly wooded rocks close to the sea: not too large, but adorned like a boudoir, surrounded by the greenest turf, and by the blended beauty of flowers of all colours; the whole house, with its thatched roof and verandah tapestried with China roses and blue convolvuluses, forms a picture which, enclosed as it is between wood and rock, formed the most indescribably beautiful contrast with the sublime scenery around it. Labyrinthine footpaths wind in all directions through the cool and shady thicket, subdividing into many and exquisite fragments the rich treasures of landscape beauty afforded by the situation. Beneath and in front lies the deep blue sea, whose surf beats against the sharp pointed rocks upon which I stood; while further away on its smooth mirror a hundred fishing-boats and other vessels glided to and fro. Among them I descried the cutter of the proprietor of Craig y Don lying at anchor, and two steam-boats, one of which, far in the distance, left a long line of smoke; the other, close to shore, sent up a slender column of white vapour. On the right, a deep bay stretches into the land, studded with little islands of every character and form; some clothed with brushwood, others bare and almost polished by the waves; some covered with little huts, others crowned with upright tower-like rocks. On turning again toward the strait, and following its gradual contraction, my eye rested with amazement on that stupendous chain-bridge which closes the prospect: that giant work which is justly called the eighth wonder of the world, and which, bidding defiance to nature, has united two portions of land which she had severed by the ocean. I shall have an opportunity hereafter of describing it more nearly; from this point it looks as if spiders had woven it in the air.

After I had satisfied myself with gazing at this romantic specimen of human power and skill, I turned to one of the greatest and most varied works of nature;—the entire range of the Welsh mountains, which rises immediately from the water, distinct and near enough clearly to distinguish woods, villages and valleys, and stretches along an extent of ten miles. The mountains grouped themselves in every variety of light and shadow; some were wrapped in clouds, some gleamed brightly in the sun, others stretched their blue heads even above the clouds; and villages, towns, white churches, handsome country-houses and castles, were visible in their gorges, while shifting gleams of light played on the green slopes at their foot. The eye, wearied with a variety, turns to the north, which is on my left. Here nothing distracts the gaze: the wide ocean alone blends with the sky. For a short time you follow the retreating shore of Anglesea at your side, on which large nut-trees and oaks droop their pliant boughs into the sea, and then you are alone with air and water; or at most you fancy you descry the sails of a distant vessel, or shape fantastic pictures in the clouds.

After an hour of intense enjoyment, I rode at the full speed of a pony, which I hired in Anglesea, to the great bridge. The best point of view is from the beach, near some fishing huts about a hundred paces from the bridge. The more thoroughly and minutely I viewed it, the greater was my astonishment. I thought I beheld in a dream a filagree work suspended by fairies in the air. In short, the fancy cannot exhaust itself in comparisons; and as a stage-coach with four horses drove rapidly over the arch a hundred feet high and six hundred wide, half concealed by the intertexture of the chains on which the bridge is suspended, I thought I saw larks fluttering in a net. The men who were seated in various parts of the chain-work, giving it its first coat of paint, were like captive insects. Those who know the castle at Berlin will be able to form some idea of the enormous dimensions of this bridge, when they hear that it would stand perfectly well under the centre arch: and yet the chains hold the latter so firmly, that even driving at the quickest rate or with the heaviest burden, which is by no means forbidden, does not excite the smallest perceptible vibration. The bridge is divided at the top into three roads, one for going, another for returning, and a third for foot-passengers. The planks rest on an iron grating, so that they are easily removed when out of repair, and no danger is to be apprehended when they break. Every three years the whole iron work receives a fresh coat of paint, to prevent rust. The name of the architect, who has earned a high and lasting reputation, is Telford. ‘Sur ce, n’ayant plus rien à dire,’ I close my epistle, and wish you, my dear Julia, all the happiness and blessings you deserve, ‘et c’est beaucoup dire.’

Ever your most faithful
L——.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Bangor, July 23, 1828.*

Chere et bonne,

One little defect in this otherwise so beautiful landscape is caused by the ebb and flow. During a considerable part of the day a large portion of the channel of the Menai (as this strait is called) is dry, and exhibits only a tract of sand and mud. Probably the indescribably persecuting swarms of flies which infest this place, pouring forth in thousands in search of prey, attacking man and beast, and pursuing their victims with relentless pertinacity, may be ascribed to the same cause. In vain do you put your horse to his full speed: the swarm, congregated into a ball like the Macedonian phalanx, accompany your flight, and disperse themselves over their prey the moment you stop; nor will anything but their complete destruction deliver you from them. Even a house does not always afford secure refuge. I have found in some of my expeditions that when once they have seized upon a victim, they will wait patiently at the door till he comes out again. The only way is to seek out some place through which a strong current of wind passes. This they cannot resist. The cows which graze on the hilly shores are quite aware of this fact, and are always to be seen standing perfectly still, ruminating, in such spots. I watched one to-day for a long time, as she stood on a solitary point of rock, her outline thrown out sharply on the sky behind; motionless, but for the slight working of her jaw, or the occassional sweep of her tail against her sides. How well, thought I, might an ingenious mechanic frame a colossal image of this animal, and provide it with the simple mechanical apparatus necessary to imitate that slight motion,—and what an acquisition were this for a German-English garden at home! for instance at Cassel, opposite to the Hercules, or at Wörlitz, where she might be set to graze on the burning mountain. This meritorious conception you must try to put in execution.

Do you remember Clementi Brentano? When the amiable and kind-hearted grandson of Count L—— was showing him the view from his hunting-seat over a flat but beautifully wooded country, the Count joined them, and asked Brentano rather absurdly, “what great improvement he could suggest?” Brentano fell into a profound meditation, and after some time replied, looking earnestly at the attentive and expecting Count, “What think you, Count, of making some hills of boards and painting them blue?” Improvements in this taste, though perhaps not quite so absurd and palpable, are still daily perpetrated in our beloved fatherland, in spite even of the Berlin Horticultural Society.

Dearest Julia, will you drive with me to Plâs Newydd, Lord Anglesea’s park in Anglesea? The horses of fancy are soon harnessed.

We repass the giant bridge, follow the high-road to Ireland for a short time, and soon see from afar the summit of the pillar which a grateful country has raised to General Paget, then Lord Uxbridge, and now Marquis of Anglesea, in memory of the leg which he left on the field of Waterloo. About a mile and a half further on, we arrive at the gate of Plâs Newydd. The most remarkable things here are the cromlechs, whose precise destination is unknown; they are generally believed to be druidical burial places. They are huge stones, commonly three or four in number, forming a sort of rude gateway. Some are of such enormous size that it is inexplicable how they could be brought to such elevated situations without the most mechanical aid. It is, however, difficult to say what is possible to human strength, excited by unfettered will or by religious fanaticism. I remember reading that a captain of a ship coasting along the shore of Japan, saw two junks of the largest size, that is, nearly as big as frigates, carried by thousands of men across a chain of hills.

The cromlechs of Anglesea, which are not of the largest class, have probably suggested the thought of building a druidical cottage in an appropriate spot, commanding a beautiful view of Snowdon. It is, however, a strange heterogeneous chaos of ancient and modern things. In the small dark rooms light is very prettily introduced, by means of looking-glass doors, which answer the double purpose of reflecting the most beautiful bits of the landscape like framed pictures. In the window stood a large sort of show-box, a camera-obscura, and a kaleidescope of a new kind—not filled like the old one, but exhibiting under countless changes any object beheld through it. Flowers especially produce a most extraordinary effect, by the constantly varying brilliancy of their colours. If you wish for one I will send it you from London: it costs eight guineas. The house and grounds contain nothing remarkable, and are seldom inhabited by the proprietor, whose principal residence is in England.

*July 23rd.*

To-day I received, with great delight, a long letter from you * * *

* * * I am very glad that you are not offended at L——’s jest, and that you do not, like Herr von Frömmel,[116] consider him an impious wretch. You must see, in the first place, that he aims his wit only at the servile credulity of those men who convert the Unutterable, the Being of all Beings,—who is ever present to us in a deep and dim consciousness, but whom we can never comprehend,—into a strange compound of tyrant, pedagogue, and attendant spirit: who think themselves constantly guided by him in leading-strings, and regard all they see and hear, or whatever happens to them, as an interposition of God, and regarding their own littleness alone. If, for instance, they fall into the water, or if they win a prize in the lottery, they see the finger of God incontestably in that incident; if they escape any danger, they pour out the most vehement thanks to God, as if some strange power had sent the danger, and God, like a careful and prompt guardian, had flown to their succour and deliverance. They might reflect, that whence the deliverance comes, thence comes also the danger; whence the pleasure, the pain; whence life, death. The whole is one scheme of existence, bestowed and governed not according to momentary caprice, but to immutable laws. Such petty views as those he satirizes, bring down the idea of Omnipotence to our own mutability and frailty. Our thanks, be they even speechless, are due to Eternal Love, for all that is; and perhaps no prayer offered by man can be more worthy of the Deity, than that mute and rapturous feeling of gratitude. But it is childish to be ever ascribing to the intervention of Omnipotence common-place and *external* individual occurrences; such as lucky and unlucky accidents, riches, poverty, death, and the like, which are subjected to the laws of nature; or (according to the measure of our powers) to our own control. Such an intervention on the behalf of our beloved selves, would be no less strange and ill-adapted, with a view to our instruction and improvement, than experience proves it to be useless.

His satire is also directed against Christians—who are no Christians—and are neither so-called Atheists (almost always a senseless denomination), nor yet genuine sincere fanatics; but that odious race of modern pietists, who are either feeble creatures with irritable nerves, or hypocrites of the most impious sort, and further removed from the

elevated purity of Christ than the Dalai Lama. These are the true Pharisees and dealers in the temple, whom Christ would cast out were he now on earth. These are they who, were he now to appear, under a new and obscure name, would be the first to cry out, 'Crucify him!'[117]

In the main I confess I agree with L——; though, with regard to the subject of the 'Reflections,' every opinion can be but hypothetical, and in truth, what relates to another state of existence must, of necessity, be totally different from all that we have the capacity of understanding in this. Had we been able to know it, or had it been designed that we should do so, the Author of our nature would have rendered it as clear, as obvious to us, as it is that we feel, or think, or exist. What is needful, is revealed to us *inwardly*; and this has been declared from all time, in words more or less plain and significant, by the great spirits whom He has sent on earth.

That the human race is not destined to stand still like a machine devoid of will, or to revolve in one perpetual circle,—but, on the contrary, continually to advance, till it has ended its cycle of existence, and attained the highest perfection of which it is capable, I never for an instant doubt. But my hypothesis is this;—that our earth, like a vessel loosened from her moorings, is left, under the protection and coercion of the immutable laws of nature, to the management of her own crew. We ourselves, thenceforth, are the framers of our own destiny, (insofar as it depends on human operation, and not on those immutable laws,) and of our own history, whether great or small, by our own moral strength or weakness.

It is not, in my opinion, necessary to suppose the extraordinary and special interposition of any power who causes a hard winter in Russia for the special overthrow of Napoleon;—Napoleon rather is overthrown by the vicious principle which guides him; and which, in the long run, must inevitably wreck him upon some such external and immediate cause or other. The physical incident happens, *with reference to him*, only accidentally; with reference to itself, doubtless, in that necessary series of laws to which it is subject, although these laws are unknown to us.

On the same grounds, Providence will generally favour the virtuous, the industrious, the frugal, the prudent, and grant many or most of their desires; while the foolish and the wicked, who set themselves in opposition and hostility to the world, are not ordinarily so successful or so happy. If a man lets his hand lie in the ice, it is probable that Providence will ordain it to be frozen; or if he holds it in the fire, to be burnt. Those who go to sea, Providence will sometimes permit to be drowned; those, on the other hand, who never quit dry ground, Providence will hardly suffer to perish in the sea.

It is therefore justly said, "Help yourself, and Heaven will help you." The truth is, that God *has* helped us from the beginning: the work of the master is completed; and, as far as it was intended to be so, perfect: it requires, therefore, no further extraordinary aids and corrections from above; its further development and improvement in this world is placed in our own hands. We may be good or bad, wise or foolish, not always perhaps in the degree which we, as *individuals*, might choose, were our wills perfectly free, but so far as the state of the human race immediately preceding us has formed us to decide.

Virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, are indeed words which receive their meaning solely from human society, and apart from that would have no signification. The ideas of the good and the wicked are excited solely by the effect of our actions upon others; for a man who never saw a fellow-man can act neither well nor ill,—nay, can scarcely feel or think, well or ill: he possesses, indeed, all the requisite capacities which form the groundwork of his higher moral and intellectual nature; but it is only by means of creatures of a like nature, that these capacities can be brought into activity; as fire can only exist, or become sensible, when combustible materials are present. The ideas of prudent and imprudent arise indeed earlier, and with reference to the individual alone; for a single man in conflict with inanimate nature may either injure himself foolishly, or employ the materials given him with prudence and skill; and may have a full perception of these qualities or modes of action in himself. To be good, therefore, in every point of view, means nothing but to love other men, and to submit to the laws and rules imposed by society: to be wicked, to rebel against those laws, to disregard the weal of others, and in our conduct to have only our own momentary gratification in view. To be prudent, on the other hand, is only to have the power of perceiving and securing our own advantage by the best and aptest means: to be imprudent, to neglect these means, or to form a false estimate concerning them.

It is evident also that good and prudent—wicked and imprudent—are in the highest sense nearly synonymous: for a man who is good, will, in the common order of events, please his fellow-men, consequently will be beloved by them, and consequently will be found to be prudent,—that is, to have secured his own greatest happiness and advantage: while the bad man, engaged in an interminable conflict, must at length have the worst, and consequently suffer loss and injury.

But when once the moral sense has received its last development and highest culture, the virtuous man, though insulated, frames laws to himself, which he follows, unheeding of advantage, danger, or the opinion of others. The bases of these laws will, however, always be what I have described;—consideration of the well-being of his fellow-men, and of the duty thence deduced, which follows as a consequence of the way he has traced out to himself. But when this point is reached, the inward consciousness of having fulfilled this duty, gives the moral man purer and higher satisfaction than the possession of all earthly enjoyments could confer upon him. It is therefore permanently, and in both views of the subject, true, that it is the highest prudence to be virtuous, the greatest folly to be wicked.

But here, indeed, from the busy and complicated nature of human life, arise many and varied shades and distinctions. It is very easy, even with great prudence, where the earthly and external is concerned, to seize upon appearance instead of reality. It is possible for one man to deceive others, and to make them believe that he does them good, that he deserves their respect and their thanks, when he only uses them as instruments of his own advantage, and does them the bitterest injury. Folly too often produces the opposite effect, and imputes to others wicked designs and bad motives, where the very contrary have place. Hence arises the maxim,—painful indeed! but too firmly based on universal experience,—that in worldly connections and affairs, folly and imprudence are productive of more certain disadvantage to the individual than vice and wickedness. The external consequences of the latter may be kept off, perhaps entirely prevented, by prudence; but nothing can ward off the consequences of folly, which is perpetually working against itself.

The want, and the existence, of positive religions are mainly attributable to the general persuasion of this truth, and of the consequent insufficiency of penal laws of human institution. Hence arises the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, awarded by an All-seeing Power, against whose eye the precautions of prudence are vain, and from whom the imprudent expects pity and compensation: for truly he who has combined prudence and virtue needs no further recompense,—he finds it rich and overflowing in himself. Who would not, without a moment's hesitation,

give everything in the world to enjoy the blessedness of being perfectly good? A time may perhaps come, when all church and state religions may be buried and forgotten; but Poetry and Love, whose flower is true religion, whose fruit Virtue, must forever rule the human heart in their holy Tri-unity,—the adoration of God as the source of all existence, the admiration of nature as his high work, and love to men as our brethren. And this is the true doctrine of Christ,—by none more purely, touchingly, simple, and deeply expressed, although its forms and premises are adapted to the times in which he lived. And therefore is he become the seed from which the fruit of after-times shall arise; the true Mediator, whose doctrine, as we must hope, will, in time, become Christianity in deed and in truth, and not in words alone. * * *

[Here occurs a chasm in the letters, which begin again on the 28th.]

*Capel Cerig, July 28th, late in the evening.*

As the weather cleared up, and the friends whom I expected did not arrive, I hastened to take advantage of the first ray of sun to penetrate deeper amid the mountains; and set off about seven in the evening, in an Irish car drawn by one horse, for Capel Cerig. I left my servant, and took only a light travelling-bag containing a little linen and a change of clothes.—This carriage consists of an open box, standing on two wheels, resting on four horizontal springs, and containing two opposite benches, on which four persons can commodiously sit. You ascend from behind, as the door is between the wheels;—the whole is very light and convenient. The moment was unusually propitious;—nearly a week of rain had so swollen all the waterfalls, brooks, and rivers, that they appeared in their fullest beauty; trees and grass were clothed in their softest green, and the air was transparent and pure as crystal. I admired the rich masses of gay mountain flowers and heaths which grew luxuriantly in the clefts of the rocks, and regretted that I did not know enough of botany to enjoy them with more than my eye. I soon reached that sterner region in which flowers are rarely seen, and trees never.

I alighted at the waterfall of Idwal to visit a little lake, which might serve as the entrance to Hades.

The dreary and wild aspect of the deep mountain enclosure is really awful. I had read that it was possible to reach Capel Cerig from hence, going in a straight line over Trivaen (the mountain with basaltic columns, of which I have spoken) and the surrounding rocks. The passage was represented as very difficult, but surpassingly beautiful. At this moment I saw a shepherd descending from the mountain, and I felt the strongest inclination to attempt the expedition with the guide which chance thus so opportunely threw in my way. I got the postilion to act as interpreter of my wishes. The man thought it was too late, and that the descent on the other side by night would be hazardous. On my pressing him further, he said, however, that there would be a moon, and that if I could follow him at a brisk rate, he thought we might manage to cross the mountain in two hours,—but that there were some very awkward places to pass. I had tried my strength too well on Snowdon to shrink from the enterprise; I therefore closed the bargain, only taking the precaution to order the driver to wait for me an hour, lest any unforeseen difficulties should cause me to return, and then to drive back to Capel Cerig.

The path along which we had to climb was from the outset very steep, and lay over a boggy soil between enormous detached masses of rock strewed in wild disorder. It might be about half past seven o’clock:—there was no trace of any beaten path; Trivaen reared its grotesque peak like an embattled wall before us, nor was it easy to discover how we were to cross it. The mountain sheep here rendered us good service; they climbed before us, and showed the often uncertain guide the most practicable places. After a quarter of an hour of very wearisome climbing, with many a giddy glance into the chasms beneath, to which, however, the eye became gradually familiarized, we came to a little swampy ‘plateau’ through which we were obliged to wade knee-deep in a bog. Here we had a beautiful view of the sea, the Isle of Man, and Ireland dimly appearing in the distance.

Immediately above the bog a completely different sort of ground awaited us; a wall of perpendicular and compact sharp and ragged rocks, over which we scrambled on hands and feet. The sun had already sunk behind a high mountain sideward of us, and reddened the whole wild scenery around, as well as the wall on which we hung, with a dark and fiery glow—one of the strangest effects of sunlight I ever beheld. It was like a theatrical representation of Hell. Our way now lay across a swollen mountain-stream, over which a fallen block of stone had formed a natural bridge; and then over bare rocks wholly unmixed with earth, till at length we reached the high crest which had so long stood right before us, and at which I expected an end of all our difficulties. I was therefore not a little disappointed when I saw another defile before me, which we must first descend and then climb up the opposite side, for no human foot could have found a sure hold on the semicircular edge of the crest, across which lay a shorter road.

We had now entirely lost sight of the sea; our view lay landward, where the mountain region of Wales lay before us in its whole breadth; peak above peak, solitary, silent, and mighty. The sterile valley beneath us was filled with giant stones hurled about in wild disorder; and truly the game which was here played, with rocks for balls, must have been a spectacle for Gods. While I stood lost in contemplation of this chaos, I heard a shrill reiterated cry close to me, and looking up saw two majestic eagles soaring over our heads with outstretched wings—a rarity in these mountains. Welcome faithful birds[118] of my house, exclaimed I,—here, where there are only hard rocks, but no false hearts; are you come to carry me, like the Roc bird, into some valley of diamonds? or do you bring me tidings from my far distant home? The noble creatures seemed as if they answered me by their cries; but unfortunately I am not skilled in the language of birds: and they left me, wheeling higher, till they disappeared among the columns of Trivaen. I look upon the repeated attentions paid me by birds of prey as a good omen. It was extremely inconvenient that I could no more speak with my guide than with the eagles, for he understood not a word of English. We could therefore only converse by signs. After we had for some time descended with comparative ease, he pointed to a place to which we must now turn our steps:—we had arrived at the ‘bad passage.’ This consisted of a perfectly perpendicular wall, certainly not less than six hundred feet in depth; and above it a scarcely less steep ascent of earth, washed over by the rain, and strewed with small loose stones. Across this we were to make our way—a distance of fifteen hundred paces. Formerly, I should have regarded this undertaking as impracticable; but being urged by necessity, after the first few steps I found it quite easy.

It certainly looked most terrific, but the numerous stones and the moist soft earth afforded a firmer footing than might have been expected: indeed these things, even in an unexaggerated description, always sound more perilous than they are. It is very true that one false step would cause inevitable destruction; but this is exactly what one takes good care not to set: so a man must be drowned in the water, if he leaves off swimming. Any body who can walk, and

has a steady head, may perform such exploits without the slightest danger. Twilight now began to close in; the mountains became dim and indistinct; under us lay, like steaming cauldrons, the misty lakes of Capel Cerig and Beddgelert. We had reached the highest point, and hastened as much as possible to reach the former lake. We waded through another bog, and scrambled down over rocks, till we came to the part of our way which looked the least difficult, but was in fact the most fatiguing;—a firm and smooth hill covered with turf, very steep, and with a substratum of rock which in many parts presented itself at the surface in broad smooth shelves. Down this declivity we rather slid than walked; and the effort was at length followed by such pain in the knees, that both the guide and I fell several times, though without sustaining any hurt. The lofty mountains around us had hitherto concealed the moon, which now arose large and bloody-red above their wavy line. We soon lost her again. Near our journey's end she once more rose upon us, golden, clear, and small, mirrored in the still waters of the lake, on whose shores the inn stood. The last part of the way lay along a level high-road, and offered such a contrast to what had preceded it, that I felt as if I could have walked along it sleeping. It was as if my steps were not the result of any act of the will, but rather of some mechanical power; like children's toys, which when wound up run round and round the table without stopping. We completed our expedition in an hour and three quarters; and proud of my achievement, I entered Capel Cerig, where my host would hardly believe we had accomplished the distance by night in so short a time.—I had lived such an indolent, effeminate life for some years, that I fancied myself grown almost old; but to-day's experience proved, to my great joy, that I want nothing but stimulus and opportunity, to recover all the freshness and vigour of my bodily and mental powers;—danger and difficulty had always been my most kindred element when fate threw them in my way.

My driver had not yet returned with the carriage, and I was obliged to equip myself in the clothes of my portly host, in which I now doubtless cut a very extraordinary figure; while my own are drying at the kitchen-fire; and I am alternately occupied in writing to you, and in drinking tea.

To-morrow morning I shall leave my pillow at four o'clock,—guess in search of what;—the rock of the enchanter Merlin, where he prophesied to king Vortigern the history of coming times, and where his wondrous treasures, the golden throne and diamond sword, still lie buried in its hidden caves. Here is a new and most safe object of speculation to the mining companies of London and Elberfield.

*Beddgelert, July 29th, early.*

Admire Merlin's vale with me, dearest Julia. It is indeed enchanting; but its rocks—Dinas Emrys, I shall long remember. But let me begin at the beginning. I went to bed at one, rose again punctually at four, and in ten minutes was ready to start: for as soon as you bid adieu to servants and luxuries, everything goes at an easier and quicker pace. The fine weather had given place to the usual mists of these mountains; and I was glad to avail myself of my mountain walking-stick of yesterday in its other capacity of umbrella, as well as of that venerable cloak, the honoured relic of my warlike services against France, which I was once forced to throw out of a balloon, together with all other ballast, to avoid ending my aerial excursion in the water.

At first the road was dull and uninteresting enough, till we came to the foot of Snowdon, which reared its uncovered head majestically above the clouds, by which we were encircled and bedewed. Its aspect is peculiarly grand and sublime from this point. It rises in nearly perpendicular height from the vale of Gwynant, which commences here. This richly watered valley unites the most luxuriant vegetation with the sublimest views. The loftiest mountains of Wales are grouped around it in manifold forms and colours. The river which flows through it forms, in its course, two lakes, not broad but deep, the valley being narrow throughout, a circumstance which greatly contributes to enhance the colossal air of the mountains which enclose it. In the richest part of it a merchant of Chester has a park, which he justly calls Elysium.

On a high and thickly wooded ridge, out of whose deep verdure rocks which rival each other in wildness of form break forth, overlooking the mountain river which flows through a beautiful stretch of meadows, stands the unpretending and lovely villa. Below lies the lake, behind which stands Merlin's solitary rock, apparently closing the valley, which here makes an abrupt turn.

Dinas Emrys is doubly impressed on my memory: first, for its romantic beauty; secondly, because on it I literally hung between life and death. Although not above four or five hundred feet high, it is considered accessible only on one side. I had taken a little boy with me as guide, but when we reached the spot he seemed to know very little about the matter. The way which he took through an oak copse appeared to me from the first suspicious, from its uncommon steepness; but he tranquillized my fears in broken English, and I could do nothing but follow the little fellow, (who sprang before me like a chamois,) as well as I could. Merlin appeared to frown upon us: a violent wind had arisen, and the sun, which had shone upon us for a moment, imbedded himself behind black clouds; while the long wet grass which hung over the blocks of stone made climbing very dangerous. This did not much impede the barefooted little boy, but was a serious obstacle to my limbs, somewhat stiff from my yesterday's exploits. The higher we went, the steeper the rocks became; often we were obliged to swing ourselves up by the help of the shrubs which grew out of the clefts, avoiding as well as we could to look behind us. At length I observed that the boy himself was quite irresolute, and creeping on his belly looked anxiously around. We now wriggled right and left through some clefts, and suddenly found ourselves standing on the peak of a smooth and lofty wall, with scarcely room to set our feet, and above us a similar wall, out of which grew some tufts of grass. The summit of this appeared to overtop the whole.

The prospect was not encouraging: the child began to cry, and I considered not without some uneasy feelings what was to be done. Willingly, I confess, should I have climbed down again, and left Merlin's rock to witches and gnomes, if I had thought it possible to descend without dizziness, or indeed to find the way by which we had ascended. Before us there lay no chance of escape but by scaling the wall as we best might. The boy, as the lightest and most practised, went first; I followed him step by step, holding by the slight support of tufts of grass, clinging with hand and foot in every little cleft; and thus hanging between heaven and earth we reached the giddy summit in safety. I was quite exhausted. A more daring climber may laugh at me; but I honestly confess to you, that when a tuft of grass or root seemed unsteady, and threatened to give way before I had raised myself up by it, I felt what terror is. As I lay now panting with fatigue and fright on the turf, I saw a large black lizard couched just opposite to me, who appeared to look at me with scornful, malicious eyes, as if he were the enchanter himself in disguise. I was however glad to see him, and in high good humour at having got out of the scrape so cheaply; though I thought fit to threaten

the little imp, who like a mischievous gnome had enticed me into such perils, with all sorts of terrible punishments, if he did not make out the right way back. In his absence I examined the remains of the area, as it is here called,—the ruined walls, where

> "Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
> The changes long to come auspiciously he told."

I grubbed among the stones, I crept into the fallen caverns—but from me, as from others, the treasures remained hidden;—the moment has not yet arrived. As a compensation, the boy reappeared jumping gaily along, and boasting of the beauty of the way, which he had at length found.

If it was not quite so smooth and easy as that of sin, it was at least not like the last, inaccessible. Merlin's displeasure, however, pursued us in the shape of torrents of rain, which obliged me again to send my clothes to the kitchen fire, at which I am reposing.

The inn, completely shaded by high trees, is most delightful. Just before my window is a fresh-mown meadow, behind which a huge mountain rears itself, covered from top to bottom with deep purple heather, glowing like the morning sky, in spite of the sheets of rain and of the clouded heavens. While my dinner was preparing, (for I dine like Suwarroff at eight o'clock in the morning), a harper, the humble relic of Welsh bards, played on his curious and primitive instrument. He is blind, and so is his dog, who stands behind him on his hind legs, waiting with unwearied patience, till one bestows a piece of money on his master, and of bread on himself. *Beddgelert* means "Gelert's grave," *bed* and *grave* being poetically expressed in Welsh by the same word. Gelert was no other than a greyhound, whose history is, however, so touching, that as soon as my 'déjeuné dinatoire' is removed, I will tell it you.

*Caernarvon, July 30th.*

I had kept the harper playing during the whole time of dinner at Beddgelert, and had amused myself, like a child, with his dog, with whom it had become so much a second nature to stand on two legs, that he would have been a better representative of man than Plato's plucked fowl. The perfect ease of his attitude, together with his serious countenance, had something so whimsical, that one had only to imagine him in a petticoat, with a snuff-box in his paw, to take him for a blind old lady.

In the same proportion as this dog resembles the heroic Gelert, do the modern Welsh seem to resemble their ancestors. Without the energy or activity of the English, still less animated by the fire of the Irish, they vegetate, poor and obscure, between both. They have, however, retained the simplicity of mountaineers, and they are neither so rude and boorish, nor do they cheat so impudently, as the Swiss. 'Point d'argent, point de Suisse' is not yet applicable here. On the contrary, living is so cheap that bankrupt Englishmen often retire hither: I am assured that a man may have good board and lodging, the use of a poney, and leave to shoot, for fifty guineas a year.

The environs of Beddgelert are the last continuation of the magnificent valley which I have described to you. It was now alive with a hundred waterfalls, which dashed foaming and white as milk from every chasm and gorge. About a mile and a half in the rear of the village the rocks stand so near together that there is scarce room for road and river to run side by side. Here rises the Devil's bridge, and closes the valley, or rather the defile. You now again approach the sea, and the country assumes a gayer character. In two hours I reached the great resort of tourists, Tan y Bwlch, whose chief attraction is a beautiful park extending over two rocky mountains overgrown with lofty wood, between which gushes a mountain stream forming numerous cascades. The walks are admirably cut, leading, through the best chosen gradations and changes, to the various points of view; from which you catch now an island in the sea, now a precipice, with a foaming waterfall, now a distant peak, or solitary group of rock under the night of primeval oaks.

I wandered for above an hour along these walks; but was greatly surprised to see them in so neglected a state, that in most places I had to wade through the deep grass, and to toil through the rank and overgrown vegetation. Even the house seemed in decay. I afterwards learned that the proprietor had lost his fortune at play in London.

As I feared I should spend too much time here, I gave up my visit to Festiniog and its celebrated waterfall, hired an airy 'Sociable' (a sort of light four-seated 'calêche' without a roof) from my host, and set out for Tremadoc, distant about ten miles. I was richly rewarded, although the road is the very worst I have yet met with in Great Britain; for some miles it runs *in* the sea, that is to say, through a part of it which Mr. Maddox, a rich land owner here, has cut off by a monstrous dam; he has thus redeemed from the ocean a tract of fertile land equal in extent to a *rittergut* (a knight's fee). From this dam, twenty feet high and two miles long, you command the most magnificent views: the drained land forms a nearly regular semicircle, whose walls appear to be formed by the whole amphitheatre of the mountains. Here the art of man has drawn aside the veil from the bottom of the deep; and instead of the ship, the plough now tracks the broad expanse. But on the left, the ocean still hides all the secrets of "the fathomless profound" under his liquid mountains. The line of coast is terminated at no great distance by a bold headland, on which the ruins of Harlech Castle, with its five mouldering towers, overhang the waves. In front, at the end of the dam, a quiet cheerful valley opens before you, cradled amid lofty mountains, with a small but busy harbour, near which Tremadoc seems to grow out of the rock.

In spite of all this, you, my Julia, would hardly bring yourself to ride across this dam, which is indeed better fitted for foot-passengers. It is, as I have already said, twenty feet high, and consists of rude, angular, and jagged blocks of stone, heaped on one another. The road at the top is only four ells wide, without any thing like a railing. On one side the breakers dash furiously against it; and if your horses shyed at them, you would infallibly be thrown on the points of rocks which bristle like pikes on the other. The mountain horses alone can cross such a road with safety, as they seem to estimate the danger and to be familiar with it: nevertheless a carriage is seldom seen here. Wagons of stone cross the dam on a railroad, which makes it still worse for all other vehicles. Tremadoc itself stands on land formerly redeemed by a similar process. The resemblance which this land, reclaimed some centuries since, has to the sandy banks of northern Germany, which were gained from the sea perhaps a thousand years ago, is very striking: the little town itself and its inhabitants—as if like soil produced like character of people—as completely resembled the melancholy villages of that country. It is dreary, neglected, and dirty; the men ill-clad; the inn not better than a Silesian one, nor less filthy; and, that nothing might be wanting, the post-horses out at field, so that I had to wait an hour and a half for them. When they appeared, their condition, the wretched state of their tackle, and

the dress of the postilion, were all perfectly true to their model. This applies only to the part redeemed from the sea: as soon as you have gone four or five miles further, and reached the surrounding heights, the country changes to the fruitful and the beautiful. It had, indeed, lost its wild and gigantic character; but after so long a stay among the rocks, this change refreshed me, especially as the most brilliant and lovely evening shone over the landscape.

The sun gleamed so brightly on the emerald meadows, woody hills lay so peacefully as if at rest around the crystal stream, and scattered cottages hung so temptingly on their shady sides, that I felt as if I could have staid there forever. I had dismounted from the carriage; and throwing myself on the soft moss under a large nut-tree, I gave myself up with delight to my dreams. The evening light glittered like sparks through the thick-leaved branches, and a hundred gay insects sported in its ruddy light; while the gentle wind sighed in its topmost boughs, in melodies which are understood and felt by the initiated.

The carriage arrived. Once more I cast a longing glance on the dark blue sea; once more I drank in the fragrance of the mountain flowers, and the horses bore the loiterer quickly to the plains.

From this point the romantic wholly ceases; I rode along a well-tilled country till the towers of Caernarvon castle rose in the twilight above the trees.—Here I intend to rest some days, having performed seventy-four English miles to-day, partly on foot, between four in the morning and ten at night.

*August 1st.*

This morning I received letters from you, which make me melancholy.—Yes, indeed, you are right; it was a hard destiny which troubled the calmest and cheerfullest happiness, the most perfect mutual understanding, and tore asunder the best suited minds (both too in the full enjoyment of their respective tastes and pursuits), as a storm troubles and tears up the peaceful sea. At one time, indeed, this was well-nigh destruction to both; condemning the one to restless wandering, the other to comfortless solitude; both to grief, anxiety, and vain longings. But was not this storm necessary for the dwellers on the deep? would not, perhaps, the stagnant and motionless air have been yet more destructive to them? Let us not therefore give way to excessive grief: let us never regret the past, which is always vain; let us only stretch forward to what is better, and even in the worst exigencies let us be true to ourselves. How often are the evils created by our own imaginations the hardest to bear! What burning pains are caused by wounded vanity! what agonizing shame by notions of false honour! I am not much the better for perceiving this, and am often tempted to wish for Falstaff's philosophy. Nature has however endowed me with one precious gift, which I would most gladly share with you. In every situation, I promptly, and as it were by instinct, discover the good side of things and enjoy it, be it what it may, with a freshness of feeling, a childlike Christmas-day delight in trifles, which I am convinced will never grow old in me.

And in what situation does not the good, in the long run, outweigh the evil?—this persuasion is the ground-work of my piety. The gifts of God are infinite; and we might almost say we are inexcusable if we are not happy. How often indeed we have it in our power to be so, every one may see, who looks back at his past life;—he cannot escape the conviction that he might easily have turned almost every evil to good. As I have long ago and often said to you, We are the makers of our own destiny. It is true, however, that ourselves we have *not* made, and therein lies a wide unknown Past, concerning which we perplex our spirits in vain: our speculations can lead to no practical end. Let every one only do his utmost to be of good courage, and to regard the outward things of this world, without exception, as of light moment,—for the things of this world are really light and unimportant, in good as in evil. There is no better weapon against unhappiness; only we must not on that account cross our hands, and do nothing.

Your womanish fault, my dear Julia, is, in evil times to abandon yourself to Heaven and its assistance, as 'Deus ex machinâ,' with a feeble and helpless sort of piety. For if this assistance fails us, our ruin is then certain and inevitable.

Both, pious hope and energetic action, consist perfectly well together, and indeed mutually aid each other. No man can doubt that the former greatly lightens the latter: for if that sort of piety which is common in the world,—that confident expectation of earthly and peculiar protection from above, that supplication for good and against evil,—is merely a self-delusion, still it is a beneficent one, and perhaps grounded in our very nature, subject as we are to so many illusions, which, when they take fast hold on our minds, become to us individual truth. It appears that our nature has the power of creating to itself a factitious reality, as a sort of auxiliary support, where reality itself is unattainable. Thus a pious confidence in special interpositions, though but a form of superstition, gives courage. A man who goes into battle with a talisman which he believes renders him invulnerable, will see bullets rain around him with indifference. But still more powerful and exalting is the enthusiasm excited by ideas which place us above the external world; thus religious fanatics have frequently been seen animated by a spirit which enabled them to brave the most horrible bodily tortures with truly miraculous power:—thus do the afflicted and oppressed create to themselves blissful hopes of a future state of felicity, which indemnify them even here. All these are effects of the potent instinct of self-preservation in its widest sense,—which brings the abovenamed power of our nature into operation wherever it is needed. Hence, lastly, in feeble characters, those death-bed conversions, useless indeed in themselves, but tranquillizing.

Every being must pay his tribute to this want in one form or other: every one creates to himself his earthly god; and thus is the descent of God to us under human attributes ever repeated.

The conception of the all-loving Father is certainly the noblest and most beautiful of these images, nor can the human imagination rise higher. And it must be conceded, that the mere idea of the Highest Principle of all things, exalted, sublimated, and I might almost say, evaporated, to the Incomprehensible, the Unutterable, no longer warms the human heart, conscious of its own weakness, with the same fervent emotion.

It often appears to me that all which is fashioned by nature or by man, may be reduced to two primary elements, Love and Fear, which might be called the Divine and the Earthly principles. All thoughts, feelings, passions and actions arise from these: either from one, or from a mixture of the two. Love is the divine cause of all things;—Fear seems to be their earthly preserver. The words, 'Ye shall love God and fear him,' must be so interpreted, or they have no meaning; for absolute and unmixed love *cannot* fear, because it is the absence of all self-regarding thoughts and feelings; and indeed, if it truly inspired us, would make us one with God and the universe; and we *have* moments in which we feel this.

When I use this notion as a standard or measure by which to try all human actions, I find it constantly

confirmed. Love fertilizes,—fear preserves and destroys. In all nature, too, I see the principle of self-preservation or fear, (it is one and the same,) in what we call, according to our system of morals, crime or wickedness; that is, founded on the annihilation of another's individuality. One race lives by the destruction of another; life is fed by death, to all eternity of reproduction and reappearance, which, precisely by this kind of unity, continues in perpetual change.

It is also worthy of note, that this fear, although so indispensably necessary to all of us for our earthly support and preservation, is even here so little esteemed by our diviner part, that scarcely any possible crime is covered with such deep contempt as cowardice.

On the other hand, nothing so effectually conquers fear, as a great and lofty idea springing from the dominion of love. A man inspired by such a feeling, even hurries along others with him; and whole nations devote themselves under its influence, although nothing earthly can remain pure from all admixture of the baser principle. Fear has reference to the future in time and space: Love, to the present, eternally; and knows neither time nor space. Love is endless and blessed—Fear dies an eternal death.

*K—— Park, August 2nd.*

On my return to Bangor, I made acquaintance with the possessor of —— Castle, (the black Saxon castle which I described to you,) a man to whom I am strongly attracted by our common building mania.

It is now seven years since the castle was begun, in which time 20,000*l.* have been spent upon it; and it will probably take four years more to complete it. During all this time, this wealthy man lives with his family in a humble hired cottage in the neighbourhood, with a small establishment; he feasts once a week on the sight of his fairy castle, which, after the long continuance of such simple habits, he will probably never bring himself to inhabit. It appeared to give him great pleasure to show and explain everything to me; and I experienced no less from his enthusiasm, which was agreeable and becoming in a man otherwise cold.

In compliance with an invitation which I had received in London, and which had since been pressingly renewed, I came hither yesterday morning. My road lay at first through fertile fields, between the lake and the foot of the mountains; sometimes crossed by a sudden defile or glen, and by rapid brooks hurrying to the sea. On Penman Mawr, the road, which is blasted in the rock, contracts into a narrow and fearful pass, the left side of which overhangs the sea at a perpendicular height of five hundred feet. A most necessary parapet wall guards carriages. I sat on the imperial, a place which I frequently take in fine weather, and enjoyed the wide sea-view in full freedom: the wind meanwhile sighed and whistled in every variety of tone, and I with difficulty kept my cloak about me. In an hour I reached Conway, whose site is most beautiful. Here stands the largest of those strong castles which Edward built, and Cromwell demolished. It is likewise the most remarkable for the picturesque beauty both of its position and structure.

The outer walls, though ruinous, are still standing, with all their towers, to the number, it is said, of fifty-two. The whole town, a strange, but not unpicturesque mixture of old and new, is contained within the enclosure of these walls. A chain-bridge, with pillars in the form of Gothic towers, has lately been thrown over the river Conway, on whose banks the castle stands: it increases the grandeur and strangeness of the scene. The surrounding country is magnificent: woody hills rise opposite to the ruins, and behind them appears a yet higher range. Numerous country-houses adorn the sides of the hills; among others a most lovely villa, which is for sale, and bears the seducing name of 'Contentment.'

In the castle, the imposing remains of the banqueting-hall, with its two enormous fire-places are still visible, as is also the king's chamber. In the queen's closet there is an altar of beautiful workmanship, in tolerably good preservation, and a splendid oriel window. The town also contains very remarkable old buildings, with strange fantastic devices in wood. One of these houses was built, as a tombstone in the church testifies, in the fourteenth century, by a man named Hooke, the forty-first son of his father—a rare instance in Christendom. A large child in swaddling-clothes, carried by a stork, was carved in oak, and occurred in various parts of the building.

Conway is a laudable place in a gastronomic point of view: it abounds with a fish, the firm yet tender flesh of which is delicious. Its name is Place,[119] as who should say, Place for me, who am the worthiest! And truly I shall always be glad to give him the place of honour at my table.

I quitted Conway early, driving across the chain-bridge, which serves as a most noble 'point d'appui' to the ruined castle. The monstrous chains lose themselves so romantically in the solid rock-like towers, that one would scarcely be reminded of their newness, if there were not unluckily a tollhouse on the other side, built exactly in the form of a diminutive castle, and looking like a harlequin apeing the other.

The nearer you approach to St. Asaph, the softer the character of the country becomes. In a semicircular bay, which the eye can scarcely traverse, the tranquil sea washes fruitful fields and meadows, richly studded with towns and villages. All the country gentlemen seem lovers of the Gothic style of architecture. The taste is carried so far, that even an inn by the road-side was provided with portcullis, loopholes and battlements, though there was no garrison to defend it, except geese and hens. Don Quixote might have been excused here; and the host would not do amiss to hang out the knight of the sorrowful countenance, with couched lance and brazen helmet, as his sign. At some distance I saw what appeared to be a ridge of hills crowned with a Gothic castle:—it had such a striking aspect that I was duped into dismounting and climbing the toilsome ascent. It was at once ridiculous and vexatious to find that the kernel of the jest was only a small and insignificant house, and that which had attracted me were mere walls, which, built on the summits and declivities of the mountain, represented towers, roofs, and large battlements, half hidden in wood; but served, in fact, only to enclose a kitchen and fruit garden. A lucky dog, a shopkeeper, who had suddenly become rich, had built this harmless fortress, as I was told, in two years—a perfect satire on the ruling taste.

Towards evening I arrived at the house of my worthy Colonel, a true Englishman, in the best sense of the word. He and his amiable family received me in the friendliest manner. Country gentlemen of his class, who are in easy circumstances (with us they would be thought rich,) and fill a respectable station in society; who are not eager and anxious pursuers of fashion in London, but seek to win the affection of their neighbours and tenants; whose hospitality is not mere ostentation; whose manners are neither 'exclusive' nor outlandish; but who find their dignity in a domestic life polished by education and adorned by affluence, and in the observance of the strictest integrity;—

such form the most truly respectable class of Englishmen. In the great world of London, indeed, they play an obscure part; but on the wide stage of humanity, one of the most noble and elevated that can be allotted to man. Unfortunately, however, the predominance and the arrogance of the English aristocracy is so great, and that of fashion yet so much more absolute and tyrannous, that such families, if my tribute of praise and admiration were ever to fall under their eye, would probably feel less flattered by it, than they would be if I enumerated them among the leaders of 'ton.'

To what a pitch this weakness reaches, even amongst the worthiest people in this country, is not to be believed without actual observation and experience;—without seeing all classes of society affected by it in a most ludicrous manner.—But I have written you enough on this subject from the 'foyer' of European Aristocracy, and will not therefore repeat myself. It is, moreover, high time to close this letter, otherwise I fear my correspondence will be too long even for you; for though the heart is never weary, the head puts in other claims.

But I know how much I may trust to your indulgence in this point.

Your ever truly devoted L.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*K—— Park, August 4th, 1828.*

My Dearest Friend,

I am in most agreeable quarters. The manner of living is 'comfortable' the society cordial, 'la chere excellente,' and the freedom, as it is every where in the country, perfect. Yesterday I took a very agreeable ride of some twenty miles on an untireable horse of my host's;—for distances disappear before the excellence of the horses and of the roads:—I must tell you all I saw.

I rode first to the small town of St. Asaph to look at the cathedral, which is adorned with a beautiful window of modern painted glass. Many coats of arms were extremely well executed, and the artist had the good sense to avoid the common error of endeavouring to represent objects not suited to his art, which requires masses of colour and no delicate and floating shades. To obtain a more perfect knowledge of the country, I ascended the tower. At a distance of about twelve miles I espied a church-like building on the summit of a high mountain, and asked the clerk what it was. He replied, in broken English, that it was 'the king's tabernacle,' and that whoever would pass seven years without washing himself, cutting his nails, or shaving his beard, would be allowed to live there; and at the expiration of the seventh year he would have a right to go to London, where the king must give him a pension and make him a 'gentleman.' The man believed this wild story implicitly, and swore to its truth; 'Voilà ce que c'est que la foi.'

I inquired afterwards the true state of the affair, and heard the origin of this history; namely, that the building was erected by the province, or 'county,' to commemorate the jubilee of the last king's reign, and had stood empty ever since: but that a wag had advertised a considerable reward in the newspapers, to any man who would fulfil the above-named conditions. The common people had mixed up this strange ordeal with the 'tabernacle' of King George III.

I descended the towers, and now you may see me galloping at the foot of some gentle slopes, till I reach a rocky isolated hill, on which stands Denbigh Castle. The side of the hill is covered with the ruinous houses and huts of the miserable little town, and you climb through its narrow lanes to the top. A gentleman, who afterwards declared himself to be the surgeon of the town, very kindly showed me the way, and did the honours of the ruins with great politeness. Here is a sort of casino most romantically situated within the walls, and a very pretty flower-garden, commanding a beautiful view. The rest of this vast edifice offers only a neglected labyrinth of walls, standing amid the rank luxuriance of grass and thistles. Every third year, notwithstanding, a great national festival is held on this spot;—the meeting of Welsh bards, who, like the old German Minnesingers, repair hither to a trial of skill. The victor wins a golden cup; and a chorus of a hundred harps resounds to his fame amid these ruins. The meeting will take place in three months, when the Duke of Sussex is expected to be present.

Following a ravine, I now entered a most lovely valley. Deep wood overshadowed me; rocks stretched out their mossy heads, like old acquaintances—from the branches; the wild torrent foamed, leaping and dancing amid the flowers; and the golden-green of the meadows here and there gleamed through the shade. I wandered for some hours in this place, and then climbed the heights by a weary foot-path, to discover where I was. I stood immediately above the bay and the broad tranquil sea, which appeared to be nearer to the gentle descent in front than it really was. After some effort, I espied among the groups of trees on the plain the house of K—— park, and trotting briskly onward, reached it in time to dress for dinner.

*August 5th.*

I walked this morning, while all the rest of the family were still in bed, with the charming little Fanny, the youngest daughter of the house who is not yet 'out.'[120] She took me round the park and garden, and showed me her 'dairy' and 'aviary.'

I told you once before, that the dairy is one of the principal decorations of an English park, and stands by itself, quite away from the cow-house. It is generally an elegant pavilion, adorned with fountains, marble walls, and rare and beautiful porcelain; and its vessels, large and small, filled with the most exquisite milk and its products, in all their varieties. There can be no better place of refreshment after a walk. It is of course surrounded by a flower-garden, which the English love to attach to all their buildings. In this, the mineral rivalled the vegetable kingdom in brilliancy and beauty of colour. The proprietor has a share in the principal copper mines in Anglesea, and little mountains of ore, glittering with red, blue, and green, formed a gorgeous bed for rare and curious plants.

The aviary, which elsewhere is filled with gold pheasants and other foreign birds, was here more usefully tenanted; and was exclusively devoted to cocks and hens, geese, ducks, peacocks, and pigeons. It was however, from its extraordinary cleanliness and nice adaptation, a very pretty and agreeable sight. German housewives, listen and wonder! Twice a-day are the yards, which are provided with the most beautiful receptacles of water,—the separate houses, pigeon-holes, &c.,—twice a-day are they cleaned: the straw nests of the hens were so pretty; the perches on

which the fowls roost, so smooth and clean; the water in the stone basins, which served as duck-ponds, so clear; the barley and the boiled rice (equal to Parisian 'riz au lait') so tempting—that one thought one's self in the Paradise of fowls. They enjoyed, too, the freedom of Paradise: here were no clipped wings; and a little grove of high trees, close by their house, formed their pleasure-ground. Most of them were still poised in air, waving to and fro on the topmost boughs, when we arrived: but scarcely did they espy the rosy little Fanny tripping towards them, with dainties in her apron, like a beneficent fairy, than they flew down in a tumultuous cloud, and ran to her feet, pecking and fluttering. I felt a sort of pastoral sensibility come over me, and turned homewards, to get rid of my fit of romance before breakfast. But now the children's gardens were to be visited, and a sort of summer house, and heaven knows what;—in short, we were too late, and got a scolding. Miss Fanny exclaimed, with true English pathos,—

"We do but row,
And we are steer'd by fate;"

in the words of our proverb, *Der Mensch denkt Gott lenkt*. Yes, indeed, thought I, the little philosopher is right: things always turn out differently from what one intends, even in such small events as these.

After dinner I mounted my horse again. I sought the most untracked ways in the wildest mountain country on the land side, frequently fording the rapid stream, and revelling in the most beautiful and striking scenery. Here and there I met a country girl working in the fields. They are strikingly pretty in the singular costume which sets off their fine persons to the greatest advantage. They are moreover shy as roes, and chaste as vestals. Every thing shows the mountain character; my horse among the rest:—unwearied as a machine of steel, he gallops over the stones, up hill and down; leaps with undisturbed composure over the gates which continually intercept my way across the fields, and tires me long before he feels the least fatigue himself. This, to me, is the true pleasure of riding; I love to traverse mile after mile of country which I had never seen before, where I know not whither I am going, and must find out my way back as I can.

To-day I came upon a park, in which wooden statues painted white contrasted strangely with the sublimity of nature. No human being was visible; only hundreds of rabbits put their heads out of the holes in the side of the hill, or coursed rapidly across the road. All sorts of strange and curious devices marked the proprietor as an original. The only thing that pleased me was a dark fir grove, surrounded by a belt of bright crimson mallows. I at length reached the top, a bare hill, and went out as I had come in, through a gate, which fell to of itself. The same solitude reigned throughout, and the enchanted castle was soon far behind me.

*Bangor, August 8th.*

I was to stay some weeks at K—— park: but you know my restlessness; uniformity, even of the good, soon wearies me. I therefore took leave of my kind friends,—made a visit of some hours, instead of days, to another country-gentleman who had invited me,—saw a sun-set from the ruins of Conway Castle,—ate a plaice, and returned to my head-quarters, which I now leave for ever. I am unfortunately not very well, my chest seems somewhat the worse for my late fatigues, and frequently gives me great pain; 'mais n'importe.'

*Craig y Don, August 9th, early.*

Do you recollect this name? It is the beautiful villa which I described to you. I have since become acquainted with its amiable possesor, whose friendly invitation to spend my last night in Wales with him I could not resist. The pain in my chest prevented my taking more than short walks in the garden, with the son of my host; and the attempt to climb a hill in the neighbourhood made me so ill that I was obliged to amuse myself after dinner with reading the newspaper. In this vast desert I met with only one thing which I think worth quoting to you. The article treated of the speech from the throne, in which were the words "The Speaker is commanded to congratulate the people on their universal prosperity." This, says the writer, is too insolent, openly to make a jest of the miseries of the people. It is indeed a settled point, that truth is never to be expected in a speech from the throne; and if ever a king were mad enough to speak the real truth on such an occasion, he must begin his speech, "My knaves and dupes," instead of the wonted exordium "My Lords and Gentlemen."

My host is a member of the yacht club, and a passionate lover of the sea. Our dinner would have contented the most rigid Catholic in lent: it consisted entirely of fish, admirably dressed in various ways. An oyster bank under his windows contributed its inhabitants for our dessert; the cows grazing before the house also afforded many delicacies; and the hot-houses adjoining the dining-room, delicious fruits.

Does it not do one good to think that perhaps not less than a hundred thousand persons in England are in the enjoyment of such an existence as this; of such substantial and comfortable luxury in their peaceful homes! free monarchs in the bosoms of their families, where they live in the security of their inviolable rights of property! Happy men! they are never annoyed with the oppressive missives of uncivil functionaries, who want to rule everything even in their drawing-rooms and bed-chambers, and think they have rendered the state an important service when they have put the unhappy subject to an expense of many thousand dollars in a year for unnecessary postage;—who are not contented to be placed *above* the governed, but must place themselves *against* them; thus uniting in their own persons party and judge. Happy men! free from assaults on their purses,—from personal indignities,—from the insolence of officials, eager to show their power by useless and frivolous vexations,—from the avidity of insatiable blood-suckers!—unrestrained masters of their own property, and only subject to those laws which themselves have contributed to make! When we reflect on this, we must confess that England, though not a perfect country, is a most fortunate one. We ought not, therefore, to be much offended at Englishmen if, feeling strongly the contrast between their own country and most others, they can never, whatever be their courtesy and kindness, get over the distance which separates them from foreigners. Their feeling of self-respect, which is perfectly just, is so powerful, that they involuntarily look upon us as an inferior race. Just as we, for example, in spite of all our German heartiness, should find it difficult to fraternize with a Sandwich Islander. In some centuries we shall perhaps change places; but at present, unhappily, we are a long way from that.[121]

*Holyhead, August 9th,—Evening.*

I have had a bad night, a high fever, bad weather, and rough roads. The latter misery I incurred by choosing to

visit the celebrated ‘Paris mines’ in the Isle of Anglesea. This island is the complete reverse of Wales; almost entirely flat—no trees, not even a thicket or hedge—only field after field. The copper-mines on the coast are, however, interesting. My arrival having been announced by Colonel H——, I was received with firing of cannon, which resounded wildly from the caves beneath. I collected several beautiful specimens of the splendid and many-coloured ore: the lumps are broken small, thrown into heaps, and set on fire like alum ore, and these heaps left to burn for nine months: the smoke is in part caught, and forms sulphur. It is curious to the uninitiated, that during this nine months’ burning, which expels all the sulphur by the force of the chemical affinity created by the fire, the pure copper, which had before been distributed over the whole mass, is concentrated, and forms a little compact lump in the middle, like a kernel in a nut-shell. After the burning, the copper, like alum again, is washed; and the water used for the purpose is caught in little pools: the deposit in these, contains from twenty-five to forty per cent of copper; and the remaining water is still so strongly impregnated, that an iron key held in it, in a few seconds assumes a brilliant copper colour.

The ore is then repeatedly smelted, and at last refined; after which it is formed into square blocks, of a hundred pounds weight, for sale; or pressed by mills into sheets for sheathing vessels. A singular circumstance is observable at the founding, which is a pretty sight. The whole mass flows into a sand-bed or matrix, divided into eight or ten compartments, like an eating-trough for several animals: the divisions do not quite reach the height of the exterior edge; so that the liquid copper, which flows in at one end, as soon as the plug is drawn out must fill the first compartment before it reaches the second, and so on. Now the strange thing is, that all the pure copper which was contained in the furnace remains in this first compartment,—the others are filled with slag, which is only used for making roads. The reason is this;—the copper ore contains a portion of iron, which is magnetically affected: this holds the copper together, and forces it to flow out first. Now as they know pretty accurately, by experience, what proportion of pure copper any given mass of ore will contain, the size of these compartments is regulated so as exactly to contain it. The manager, a clever man, who spoke half Welsh half English, told me that he had first invented this manner of founding, which spared much trouble, and that he had taken out a patent for it. The advantages which arise from it are obvious; since without these divisions or compartments, the copper, even if it flowed out first, must afterwards have spread itself over the whole mass. The Russians, who in matters of trade and manufacture suffer nothing to pass neglected, soon sent a traveller hither to make himself master of the process. It was not in the slighest degree concealed from him;—indeed it is but justice to say that the masters of all commercial and manufacturing establishments in England are generally very liberal.

While I was yet standing by the furnace, an officer made his appearance, and in the name of the brother of Colonel H——, who is likewise a colonel, and commands a Hussar regiment in this neighbourhood, invited me to dine and spend the night. I was, however, too tired and unwell to venture on the exploit of a mess-dinner in England; where, in the provinces at least, the wine is dealt out in right old English measure. I wished too to sail by the packet of to-night; and therefore gratefully declined the invitation, and took the road to Holyhead, where I arrived at ten o’clock.

My usual ill luck at sea did not permit me to sail,—the night was so rough that the packet went off without passengers. I staid behind, not very unwillingly, to take another day’s rest in a comfortable inn.

*August 10th.*

Ill and languid as I am, an excursion to the newly built light-house, four miles from hence, has given me extraordinary pleasure. Although the Island of Anglesea appears very flat, its picturesque craggy rocks rise on the western shore to a very considerable height above the sea. On one of these rocks, which stands out to sea, abrupt and isolated, is placed the light-house. This indescribably wild cliff is not only perpendicular—the summit actually projects several hundred feet beyond the line of the base; so that it appears rather as if blasted by powder, than the work of nature. Treading on a thick carpet of yellow dwarf broom and crimson heath, you reach the edge of the precipice: you then descend four or five hundred steps, roughly hewn in the rock, till you come to a little bridge suspended on ropes; across this, holding by its net-work sides, you swing, as it were, over the chasm which separates this rock from the main land. Thousands of sea-mews wheeled around us, uttering their ceaseless melancholy wail to the storm. The young ones were just fledged, and the parent birds took advantage of the rough weather to exercise them. Nothing could be more graceful and interesting than these flying lessons. The young were easily distinguished by their gray colour and their yet unsteady flight; while the old ones hung poised sometimes for the space of a minute without moving a wing, as if upborne motionless by the storm. The young ones often rested in the crevices of the rocks, but were soon driven out to fresh exertions by their inexorable parents.

The light-house is exactly like that which I have described to you at Flamborough Head, on the eastern coast of England, only without the revolving lights. The neatness of the oil-vessels, and the wonderful brightness of the mirror-like reflectors were here, as there, most admirable. I remarked an ingenious sort of rough-weather window, which may be opened in the hardest gale, without trouble or danger of breaking; and a vertical stone staircase, like a saw, which saves much room. But I cannot make you understand either without a drawing.

*Dublin, Aug. 11th.*

A more unprosperous voyage it is hardly possible to have. I was ten hours tossed about, sick to death. The heat, the disgusting smell of the steam-boiler, the universal sickness,—it was a frightful night—a picture of human misery, worthy of Carl of Carlsberg. In a longer voyage one gets hardened, and many new sources of pleasure compensate for privations; but short voyages, which show only the dark side of the picture, are my greatest aversion. Thank God it’s over, and I once more feel firm ground under me; though I sometimes think Ireland rocks a little.

*Evening.*

This country has more resemblance to Germany than to England. That universal and almost over-refined industry and culture disappears here, and with it, alas! English neatness. The houses and streets have a dirty air, although Dublin is adorned with many magnificent palaces and broad straight streets. The lower classes are in rags; those somewhat higher want the English elegance; while the variety of brilliant uniforms, which are never seen in the streets of London, still more strongly remind one of the continent. The environs of the city have no longer the

accustomed freshness; the soil is more neglected, the grass and trees scantier. The grand features of the landscape, however, the bay, the distant mountains of Wicklow, the Hill of Howth, the amphitheatrical mass of houses, the quays, the harbour, are beautiful. Such, at least, is the first impression.

I find myself, in the best inn in the city, less comfortable than in the little town of Bangor. The house is large, but seems silent and deserted; while I remember that there, only during my dinner, I saw fifteen carriages arrive, all of which were necessarily sent away from the door. The influx of strangers is so great along the high-roads of England, that waiters in the inns are not hired, but on the contrary, sometimes pay as much as 300*l.* a year for their places. They make a handsome profit, nevertheless, from the fees they receive. In Ireland, we return to the continental custom.

As soon as I had a little refreshed myself I took a walk through the city; in the course of which I passed two rather tasteless monuments. The one represents William of Orange on horseback, in Roman costume. Both man and horse are deformed: the horse has a bit in his mouth, and head-gear on, but no appearance of reins, though the king's hand is stretched out exactly as if he were holding them. Does this mean that William wanted no rein to ride John Bull?

The other monument is a colossal statue of Nelson, standing on a high pillar, and dressed in a modern uniform. Behind him hangs a cable, which looks more like a pack-thread. The attitude is devoid of dignity, and the figure is too high to be distinctly seen.

I afterwards came to a large round building, towards which the people crowded, keeping watch on the outside. On inquiry, I learned that the yearly exhibition of fruits and flowers was held here. They were just taking away the former as I entered; notwithstanding which, I saw many fine specimens. In the midst of the flowers, which formed a sort of temple, there was an enclosed space railed round for the fruits, which twelve judges ate with great gravity and apparent satisfaction. They must have been a long time in coming to a decision; for rinds of melons, pears and apples, fragments of pines, stones of plums, apricots and peaches, lay in mountains on the table beneath; and although the flowers were all gradually removed by the proprietors, I did not see that any of the fruits found their way out of this temple of Pomona.

*August 12th.*

As I knew not what else to do (for all the 'notables' who inhabit the town were in the country,) I visited a number of 'show places.' First the Castle, where the vice-King resides, and whose miserable state-apartments with coarsely boarded floors do not offer anything very attractive.—A modern Gothic chapel, the exterior of which is a deceptive imitation of antiquity, is more worth seeing: the interior is decorated with splendid painted glass from Italy, of the fifteenth century, and richly ornamented with modern carvings in wood, of truly antique beauty. The whole chapel is heated by pipes of hot air; and a passage, warmed in the same manner and carpeted, connects it with the Lord Lieutenant's apartments.

In the extensive and beautiful buildings belonging to the University a student acted as my cicerone. These young men, when within the precincts of the college, are obliged to wear, over their usual clothes, a black mantle, and a strange high cap with tassels three-quarters of an ell long, which gives them a rather grotesque appearance. This dress is as rigorously adhered to, as at one time a pig-tail and powder were by Saxon staff-officers.

The young man took me into the Museum; showed me the burning-glass with which Archimedes set fire to the Roman fleet! Ossian's harp;[122] a stuffed Indian chieftain with tomahawk and spear; and some fragments of pillars from the Giant's Causeway, which could not be more accurately formed by the hand of man, and which ring like English glass. 'Je vous fais grace du reste.'

In the great hall in which the examinations are held, (the student told me this with a slight shudder,) stands a Spanish organ, built for the grand Armada.—Much more interesting are the portraits of Swift and Burke: both physiognomies express the known qualities of the men. The one has an expression as acute and sarcastic as it is native and original: the other, full of intellect and power, somewhat blunt, but yet benevolent and honest, announces the thundering orator who contended sincerely and without reserve for his opinion, but never glossed over his own interest with affected enthusiasm for others.

After visiting the Courts of Justice, the Custom-house, and other magnificent buildings, I was going home, when I was tempted by the advertisement of a 'Peristrephic Panorama' of the battle of Navarino. This is a very amusing sight; and gives so clear an idea of that 'untoward event,' that one may console one's self for not having been there. You enter a small theatre,—the curtain draws up, and behind it is discovered the pictures which represent, in a grand whole, the series of the several incidents of the fight. The canvas does not hang straight down, but is stretched in a convex semicircle, and moved off slowly upon rollers, so that the pictures are changed almost imperceptibly, and without any break between scene and scene. A man describes aloud the objects represented; and the distant thunder of cannon, military music, and the noise of the battle, increase the illusion. By means of panoramic painting, and a slight undulation of that part which represents the waves and the ships, the imitation almost reaches reality.

The first scene represents the bay of Navarino with the whole Turkish fleet in order of battle. At the opposite extremity of the bay is seen Old Navarino and its fortress perched on a high rock; on the side of it the village of Pylos, and in the foreground the city of Navarino with Ibrahim's camp, where groups of fine horses, and beautiful Greek prisoners surrounded by their captors, attract the eye. In the distance, just at the extremity of the horizon, the allied fleets are faintly descried. This picture slowly disappears, and is succeeded by the open sea,—the entrance to the bay of Navarino then gradually succeeds. You distinguish the armed men on the rocks, and at length see the allied fleet forcing the passage. By some optical deception everything appears of its natural size; and the spectator seems to be placed in the Turkish position in the bay, and to see the admiral's ship, the Asia, bearing down upon him with all sails set. You see Admiral Codrington on the deck in conversation with the captain. The other vessels follow in extending lines, and with swelling sails, as if ready for the attack;—a glorious sight! Next follow the separate engagements of the several ships, the explosion of a fireship, and the sinking of some Turkish frigates. Lastly, the engagement between the Asia and the Egyptian admiral's ship on the one side, and the Turkish on the other, both of which, as you know, sank after an obstinate defence of many hours.

The battle is succeeded by some views of Constantinople, which give a very lively idea of Asiatic scenes and habits.

In the evening I visited the theatre; a very pretty house, with a somewhat less rough and obstreporous audience than those of London. The actors were not bad, though none of them rose above mediocrity. Numerous uniforms were intermingled among the ladies in the lower tier of boxes, which seemed to be elegantly filled. The higher classes, however, as I am told, seldom visit the theatre here, any more than in London.

*August 13th.*

Having seen enough of the city, I have begun my rides in the neighbourhood, which is much more beautiful than its appearance at my first approach, on the least favourable side, led me to expect. A road commanding charming views,—first of the bay, which is intersected by a mole five miles in length, and bounded at either extremity by the two light-houses of Dublin and Howth, rising like columns in the distance; then of the mountains of Wicklow, some clothed with wood, some rising like sugar-loaves high above the others; and lastly, along an avenue of noble elms by the side of a canal,—brought me to the Phœnix Park, the Prater of Dublin, which in no respect yields to that of Vienna, whether we regard its expanse of beautiful turf for riding, long avenues for driving, or shady walks. A large but ill-proportioned obelisk is erected here to the Duke of Wellington. I found the park rather empty, but the streets through which I returned full of movement and bustle. The dirt, the poverty, and the ragged clothing of the common people often exceed all belief. Nevertheless they seem always good-natured, and sometimes have fits of merriment in the open streets which border on madness;—whiskey is generally at the bottom of this. I saw a half-naked lad dance the national dance in the market-place so long, and with such violent exertion, that at last he fell down senseless amid the cheers of the spectators, totally exhausted, like a Mohammedan dervise.

The streets are crowded with beggar-boys, who buzz around one like flies, incessantly offering their services. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, you may trust implicitly to their honesty; and wretched, lean, and famished as they appear, you see no traces of melancholy on their open, good-natured countenances. They are the best-bred and most contented beggar-boys in the world. Such a little fellow will run by your horse’s side for hours, hold it when you alight, go on any errand you like; and is not only contented with the few pence you give him, but full of gratitude, which he expresses with Irish hyperbole. The Irishman appears generally more patient than his neighbours, but somewhat degraded by long slavery.

I was witness among other things to this:—A young man had pasted up a wrong play-bill: the manager of the theatre came up and hit him a slap on the face, and otherwise ill-treated him, without his making any resistance; an Englishman would have made instant reprisals.

I passed the evening in the family circle of an old acquaintance, a brother of the Lord-lieutenant, who was just come to town for a few days. We talked over old times, as we had been much together in London. He has a remarkable talent for imitating the late Kemble, whom he resembles in person. I thought I saw Coriolanus and Zanga again.

*August 14th.*

Another friend, of yet older date, Mr. W——ts, to whom I had once an opportunity of rendering some service in Vienna, paid me a visit this morning, and offered me his country-house as a residence.—He had scarcely quitted me, when I was told that Lady B——, an Irish ‘peeress,’ and one of the most beautiful women in the country, whose acquaintance I had cultivated during the last season in the metropolis, was in her carriage below, and wished to speak to me. As I was still in the most absolute ‘negligée,’ I told the waiter, (a perfect ‘Jocrisse,’ whose ‘Irish blunders’ daily amuse me,) that I was not dressed, as he saw, but that I would be ready immediately. He announced the state of my toilet; but added, ‘de son chef,’ that “my Lady had better come up.” Imagine my astonishment when he came back and told me that Lady B—— had laughed very much, and had bid him say that she would willingly wait, but that to pay gentlemen morning visits in their chambers was not the custom in Ireland.

In this answer appeared the cordial, frank, and good-natured character of the true Irish woman, which I had already learned to love and admire. A prudish Englishwoman would have driven away in high displeasure, and perhaps have ruined the reputation of a young man for such a ‘qui pro quo’ as this: for in English society people do not only stumble at things which in other countries produce quite a contrary effect; but the ‘it is said’ in the mouth of an influential person is a two-edged sword. ‘He has a bad character’{*} is sufficient to shut a hundred doors against a stranger. An Englishman is much less guided by his own observation than is generally imagined: he always attaches himself to some party, with whose eyes he sees.

> {*} *Character*, in England, means (most *characteristically*, in a country where *appearance* has more weight than in any other,) not the result or sum of a man’s moral and intellectual qualities, but his *reputation*, what is said of him.—Editor.]

In the afternoon I went to dine at my friend’s villa. The road was very agreeable. It began with the Phœnix Park, and followed the course of the Liffey, the river which flows through Dublin, where its beautiful quays, stone and iron bridges, add so much to the embellishment of the town. Here it has a rural and romantic character, bordered with the broad leaves of the tussilago, and enclosed by soft hills and verdant thickets. I asked a beggar whom I met, how far it was to W—— park, and whether the road continued equally beautiful all the way. ‘Long life to your honour!’ exclaimed he, with Irish patriotism, ‘only keep right on, and you never saw anything more beautiful in this world!’

The entrance to W—— park is indeed the most delightful in its kind that can be imagined. Scenery, by nature most beautiful, is improved by art to the highest degree of its capability; and without destroying its free and wild character, a variety and richness of vegetation is produced which enchant the eye. Gay shrubs and wild flowers, the softest turf, and giant trees festooned with creeping plants, fill the narrow glen through which the path winds by the side of the clear dancing brook; falling in little cataracts, it flows on, sometimes hidden in the thicket, sometimes resting like liquid silver in an emerald cup, or rushing under overhanging arches of rock, which nature seems to have hung there as triumphal arches for the beneficent naïad of the valley to pass through. As soon as you leave the glen, the enchantment suddenly ceases: the rest in no respect answers your high-raised expectations. Scanty grass, stunted trees, and thick stagnant water, surround a small Gothic castle, which looks like a poor scene in a play. In it, however, you find some interesting objects:—among others, some good pictures; and the best and most cordial host that one can desire. I must also mention a curious ‘pavillon rustique’ which is built in a suitable spot in the ‘pleasure

ground.’ It is hexagonal, three sides solid, and fashioned of pieces of rough branches of trees very prettily arranged in various patterns; the other three consist of two windows and a door. The floor is covered with a mosaic of little pebbles from the brook, the ceiling with shells, and the roof is thatched with wheat straw on which the full ears are left.

*August 15th.*

Although my chest continues to give me pain, and my doctor sometimes makes solemn faces, I go on with my expeditions, which afford me great pleasure.

I had already fixed a longing eye on one of three hills, four or five miles from the city, on the summit of which stand three distinct upright masses of rock, from which it takes its name, ‘The Three Rocks.’ The view from it must needs be beautiful. I got up, therefore, earlier than usual, that I might reach the top in good time. I asked repeatedly in the villages through which I passed, which was the best way, but could never get a distinct answer. At length I was assured by the inhabitants of a house at the foot of the hill, that I could not ride up, and must dismount. This in the present state of my chest was not practicable; but as I have long learned what people’s impossibilities are, I took the path they showed me, on horseback, without hesitation. I could safely trust my little compact mare, for the Irish horses climb over rocks or walls like cats. For sometime I followed a tolerably beaten foot-path, and when this ceased, the dry bed of a mountain stream, along which I rode without much difficulty for about two miles. I now found myself on a large and naked ‘plateau,’ and saw the three rocks, like witches’ stones, rearing their heads before me. The intervening space, however, seemed an impassable bog. I tried it very cautiously, and found a shingly bottom at about eight or ten inches under the boggy soil. This continued all the way; till after some time I reached firm ground, and stood upon the highest point. The wished-for prospect lay before me: Ireland, like a map; Dublin, like a smoking lime-kiln in the green plain, (for the coal-smoke did not allow me to distinguish one single building;) the bay with its light-houses; the boldly marked headland of Howth; and on the other side, the mountains of Wicklow, stretching away to the horizon, lay beneath me bathed in sunlight, and rewarded me for all my fatigue.

But the scene was yet further animated by a sweet-looking young woman, whom I discovered in this wild solitude, busied in the humble employment of straw-platting. The natural grace of the Irish peasant-women, who are often truly beautiful, is as surprising as their dress, or rather their want of dress; for though it was very cold on these hills, the whole clothing of the young woman before me consisted of a large very coarse straw hat, and *literally* two or three rags of the coarsest sackcloth suspended under the breast by a piece of cord, and more than half disclosing her handsome person. Her conversation was cheerful, sportive and witty; perfectly unembarrassed, and in a certain sense free; but you would fall into a great error if you inferred from that, any levity or looseness of conduct.

The women of this class in Ireland are, almost universally, extremely chaste, and still more disinterested. If one of them ever strays from the path of virtue, she is very rarely seduced by those considerations of gain, which are so degrading, and, in such matters, so unnatural.

After I had descended the mountain on the other side, leading my horse, who scrambled after me as well as he could, I reached the high-road, and came upon an open park gate, (for in this also Ireland resembles the continent, where every proprietor, from the king to the humble country-gentleman, enhances his own enjoyment by sharing it with the public,) and rode in. I soon gave up the enterprise, however, on seeing two gigantic capuchins with gown and cross cut out of painted boards, standing in a cross-way, and each of them holding a book on which was written —“To the Pheasantry,” “To the Abbey.” Such bad taste is rare here.

In the street I met a London ‘dandy,’ who called out to me, (for I did not recognize him,) laughed heartily at our meeting ‘in such a horrid place,’ ran on for some time in a satirical vein on Dublin society, and at last concluded by informing me, that through the influence of his family, he had just obtained a place here, which, indeed, brought him in 2000*l.* a year, and gave him nothing to do, but which compelled him ‘pro forma’ to pass a part of every year in this ‘shocking’ abode. With such, and even much richer sinecures, are the younger sons of the English aristocracy provided in countless numbers, and in all parts of the empire. I think, however, that even here, the pitcher will not always go to the well without breaking; though I must confess that these defects in the English government, compared with the arbitrary power exercised in other states, are but spots on the sun.

I of course entirely except Ireland, which appears to experience, in almost every instance, a step-mother’s care; which contributes largely to the power and splendour of the English nobility, without receiving back the smallest portion of those advantages of which England receives so much.

*August 18th.*

Your letters are still so melancholy, dear Julia * * *

* * * * * * *

You see, then, that it is not events themselves, so much as your own view of them, which years have tinged with a more gloomy colour. But alas! this is the most irremediable of all evils! We are not what we were; and the one eternal and universal error remains—that we think we can help ourselves by an exertion of strength, when the strength is no longer there:—as soon can we be or look young again! I too begin to feel traces of this—but only there, where the world lays its fetters around me; when alone with God and nature, the gloomiest horizon has no power to darken my inner sun.

I accompanied Lady B——, of whom I have already spoken, to breakfast to-day at the country-house of a much admired young lady. The master of the house excused himself on the plea of headache, and I was therefore left to take a long walk in the grounds with the two ladies alone. On our arrival at the gate which was to lead us to one of the most beautiful parts of the wood, it was locked—no key to be found; and according to the report of the old gardener, the lady’s maid had gone in, and taken it away with her. A servant was ordered to jump over the wall, and to seek the offender: he came back, however, without any tidings of her. I now got a ladder, and helped my laughing companions to climb over the wall; they professed great awkwardness, but acquitted themselves most gracefully. After walking a quarter of an hour we met the unfortunate lady’s maid, and—as she thought herself safe—not alone: it may be imagined in what company. A mute domestic scene followed: and as I am too good natured to laugh, it really grieved me that my ladder had been the cause of such distress. I declined staying to dinner, and hastened back to town to call on Lady M——, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who had already sent me a polite invitation

which I had not been able to accept. I was very eager to make the acquaintance of a woman whom I rate so highly as an authoress. I found her, however, very different from what I had pictured her to myself. She is a little, frivolous, lively woman, apparently between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes. She has no idea of 'mauvaise honte' or embarrassment; her manners are not the most refined, and affect the 'aisance' and levity of the fashionable world, which, however, do not sit calmly or naturally upon her. She has the English weakness,—that of talking incessantly of fashionable acquaintances, and trying to pass for very 'recherché' to a degree quite unworthy of a woman of such distinguished talents; and she is not at all aware how she thus underrates herself.

She is not difficult to know, for with more vivacity than good taste, she instantly professes perfect openness, and especially sets forth on every occasion her liberalism and her infidelity; the latter of the somewhat obsolete school of Helvetius and Condillac. In her writings she is far more guarded and dignified than in her conversation. The satire of the latter is, however, not less biting and dexterous than that of her pen, and just as little remarkable for a conscientious regard to truth. You may think that with all these elements two hours flew rapidly away. I had enthusiasm enough to be able to utter some 'à propos' which pleased her, and she treated me with marked attention: first, because I happened to have a distinguished title; and secondly, because she had seen my name as dancing at Almacks, and as present at several 'fêtes' of the great leaders of Ton—a circumstance which appeared so important in her eyes, that she repeatedly recurred to it.

*August 20th.*

Yesterday evening I was engaged to a 'soirée' at Lord C——'s, the head of a new family, but one of the oldest 'wits' of Dublin. I was invited to accompany his friend lady M——, but was prevented by a tragi-comical incident. I had ridden out to visit Mr L—— at his country-seat (a trouble which between ourselves neither he nor his family deserved), and it was late when I set out on my return. To save time, I took my way across the country, 'à la Seidlitz.' For some miles all went on capitally, till just at twilight I came to a very wide ditch, the opposite bank of which was considerably lower than the one on which I stood, and surrounded a broad meadow. I leaped into this enclosure; but on trying to get out on the other side, my horse refused, and all my efforts to bring him to obedience were vain. I alighted to lead him, mounted again to try to leap him at another place,—tried fair means and foul; all equally in vain: till at length he made an awkward attempt at a leap, fell with me into the muddy water, and with some difficulty scrambled back again to the inner and lower bank. All hope of getting out of the enchanted spot in which I was caught as in a mouse-trap, was now lost:—it was become quite dark, I was wet through, and extremely heated; and was at last obliged to come to the determination of leaving my horse, getting over the fatal ditch, 'tant bien que mal,' on foot, and seeking help and shelter where I could. The moon came kindly from behind the clouds, and aided me with her welcome light. After a most toilsome walk of half an hour over ploughed land and through high wet grass, I reached a miserable hut, in which every body was already asleep. I walked in, (for the houses here are never fastened;) a couple of pigs grunted under my feet, and near them lay the master of the house. With some difficulty I made him understand my request, which I enforced by jingling some silver close to his ear. This universal language awakened him more effectually than my invocations; he sprang up, called a comrade, and went out to my 'Didone abbandonata.' Irishmen are never at a loss for expedients; they found a broken and deserted wooden bridge near at hand, laid it across the ditch, and I at length found myself on the high road with my liberated steed. I reached home so late, and in such a plight, that I desired nothing but rest, and was sorry to hear that lady M—— had been to fetch me, and had driven away in great vexation an hour ago.

The next morning I went to make my excuses. She pardoned me graciously, but assured me that I had lost a *great deal*, for that all the rank and fashion of the town were there. I assured her with great sincerity that I regretted nothing but the loss of her society, but that I hoped to be indemnified for that as soon as I had made my 'sentimental journey' to the county of Wicklow, for which my German romantic soul ardently thirsted, and which I intended to commence the following morning on horseback. The conversation became very gay,—for she likes that; and at last ended so petulantly, that she exclaimed, 'Finissez!' when you come back I shall receive you just like an elder sister: to which I answered, laughing, 'That I cannot agree to;—je craindrais le sort d'Abufar.' Addressed to Lady M—— this was certainly rather a 'fade' joke.

The continuation of my adventures you will receive from the midst of rocks and mountains. Adieu! may heaven send you serenity and peace, and may every word of my letters whisper to you 'true love till death.'

Your L——.

## LETTER XXIX.

*August 22nd, 1828.*

Beloved Julia,

About noon I quitted Dublin entirely alone, comfortably established on my good steed. I left my carriage and people in the town, and sent a little travelling bag, containing my most necessary effects, before me by the stage-coach. Unfortunately, however, this was changed by mistake; and though I waited for it a whole day and night in Bray, only twenty miles from Dublin, it did not overtake me; rather than go back or wait longer, I bought a Scotch cloak and some linen in Bray, and entered on my tour quite after the fashion of a student. I supped with a young parson of good family, who made me laugh heartily at his orthodoxy in matters of religion, interspersed with talk which was by no means remarkable for severe decorum or virtue. But such is the piety of Englishmen,—it is to them at once a party matter and an affair of good manners; and as in politics they follow their party implicitly, through thick and thin, reasonable and unreasonable, because it *is* their party;—as they submit to a custom for ever because it *is* a custom; so they regard their religion, (without the least tincture of poetry,) in exactly the same point of view: they go to church on Sundays, just as regularly as they dress every day for dinner; and regard a man who neglects church, just in the same light as one who eats fish with a knife.[123]

Accompanied by the young divine, who was travelling the same way for some distance, I left Bray at five o'clock in the morning. In a most lovely country we passed Kilruddery, a newly built seat of the Earl of Meath, in the style of

the houses of Elizabeth's time;—in this case the masses are not sufficiently large to produce a good effect. The park is not very extensive, but long and narrow; the gardens, in the old French taste, are very celebrated; but, probably owing to our unpretending appearance, we were most discourteously denied admittance. In England this is common enough, but rare in Ireland, and gave no very favourable impression of the philanthropy of the possessor. My companion, who is an adherent of 'la grace efficace,'—that is to say, who is firmly persuaded that God, from all eternity, predestined his favourites for heaven, and others who pleased him less for hell,—made no doubt; in his wrath, that the Lord of Kilruddery belonged to the latter category. "It is a disgrace to an Irishman!" exclaimed he, angrily; and I had some difficulty in making him understand the duty of tolerance.

A second park, Bellevue, the property of a worthy old gentleman, readily opened its gates to us. Here is a summer-house which seems to hang in the air, and overlooks the 'Glen of the Downs,' a deep valley, behind which two extinct volcanoes rear their conical heads. The summer-house had just been prettily covered with purple heather. A less happy thought was a stuffed tiger, lying as if alive in the anteroom.

My travelling chaplain here quitted me, and I rode alone to the vale of Durwan, where, in a narrow romantic pass, stands a rock eighty or a hundred feet high, shaped in the rude outline of the human figure. The country people, who relate many wondrous stories about it, call it the Giant. Not far from it are the ruins of a castle, so entirely overgrown with ivy, that you must approach very near to distinguish it from the surrounding trees. At the end of the valley the path winds over meadows to a considerable height, which command a most exquisite view. I looked across the sea, and saw, almost with a feeling of home sickness, the Welsh mountains in the blue distance.

After having refreshed myself with bread and milk in a little country inn, I took my way to the 'Devil's Glen,' which merits the name it bears. The wild scene opens with a Gothic castle, whose blackened walls rise above the surrounding wood: you then plunge into a glen whose sides gradually rise higher and higher, and are more and more contracted, while the moaning breeze rustles louder through the dark thicket, and the torrent roars more fearfully. I rode on with difficulty over the slippery earth, incessantly annoyed by the overhanging boughs, and suddenly found the path terminated by a magnificent cascade, which plunges headlong over lofty crags, and disappears foaming in the bottom. If not the devil himself, it is at least Kühleborn.

Most agreeable is the change from this awful glen to the lovely sylvan valley of Rosanna, where I ate my mid-day repast under the shade of high ash-trees. I found two regular English tourists, armed with *hortus siccus* and hammers. They had resided here for some weeks, during which time they had had the clean table-cloth removed from the dirty table, and remained sitting an hour at dessert, with exactly the same punctuality as in a London coffee-house, though they had miserable sloe-juice instead of claret, and roasted apples instead of ripe fruit.

At seven o'clock I mounted my horse again, galloped ten miles along the main road, and just before sunset reached the exquisitely beautiful Avondale. In this paradise every possible charm is united. A wood which appears of measureless extent, two noble rivers, rocks of every variety of picturesque form, the greenest meadows, the most varied and luxuriant shrubberies and thickets; in short, scenery changing at every step, yet never diminishing in beauty. The last time I traversed the valley it was moonlight, and I should have found my way with difficulty but for a young man who was returning from shooting; with true Irish kindness and courtesy he accompanied me at least three miles on foot, far beyond the most intricate parts. The night was extremely clear and mild, the sky as blue as by day, and the moon lustrous as a gem. Though I lost something in extent of view, I gained perhaps more by the magic light which was diffused through the atmosphere; by the darker and more fantastic 'contours' of the rocks,—the thought-pregnant stillness,—and the sweetly-awful loneliness of night.

At ten o'clock I reached the end of my day's journey, Avoca Inn; where I found very tolerable accommodation, kind and hearty attendance, and moderate charges. I met another English tourist in the eating-room:—but this was a high spirited and interesting young man, who fully sympathized in my rapture at the enchanting country, and with whom I talked away a very pleasant hour at tea, before I sat down to write to you. But now good night, for mountain travelling demands early rising.

*Roundwood, August 23rd.*

Yesterday I rode eight German miles,—to-day nine; and my chest is not at all the worse. Pleasure is an excellent restorative; and I have seen so many varied objects, that these few days appear to me like so many weeks.

I had slept well, though the broken windows of my chamber were only repaired with pillows. My humble lodging was succeeded by a better breakfast, and my horse was excellently taken care of. I ride like the Arabs, either at a gallop or a foot pace: this fatigues one the least, and gets over the most ground. My first excursion was to the celebrated 'Meeting of the Waters,' where the two rivers Avon-beg and Avon-more unite their streams. They have chosen the most picturesque spot in which to celebrate their nuptial feast.

On a rock on this side stands Castle Howard, with its numerous towers and battlements, which, unluckily, were but just finished, and on a near approach lost all their imposing effect. I found the castle still buried in sleep; and a servant in his shirt showed me the pictures, among which is a splendid portrait of Mary Stuart. This must be a speaking likeness; it is clearly of her time; and the attractive, truly French face, with the delicate nose, the captivating mouth, the languishing fire of the eyes; and that indescribable, inimitable expression which, without making any direct advance, yet somehow inspires courage, and though not devoid of womanly dignity, yet at the first glance bespeaks confidence and intimacy,—all convince one that thus the woman must have looked, whom scarcely any man could approach nearly, however severed by inequality of rank, without soon assuming the character of a lover. Her hands are exquisite; and in her dress, although of the 'barroque' style of that age, there reigns such harmony, that one is instantly convinced she was not less skilled in the arts of the toilet than her countrywomen of the present day.

An excellent road leads from this place through the 'entire vale' to the park of Bally-Arthur. The peculiar characteristic of this valley is, that the hills on either side are clothed with such impenetrable beech-woods that there is no visible interval between the masses, and it really looks as if you could ride on the tops of the trees. I here quitted the road, and followed a footpath in the thicket, which led me to a very beautiful view; at the termination of the long glen, the towers of Arklow appeared as if set in a frame. About a mile and a half further on, the path suddenly ends in a ha-ha, over which my horse utterly refused to leap. As the wall was on my side, and the turf below very soft, I hit upon a new expedient: I tied my handkerchief over the eyes of the refractory beast, and pushed him down backwards over the wall. He was very little frightened, and not at all hurt by the fall as I had expected, and

grazed peaceably blindfold till I rejoined him. This manœuvre saved me at least five miles.

The new park in which I now found myself,—for all this part of the country is a continued pleasure-ground,—belonged to Shelton Abbey, a modern piece of Gothicry, intended to represent an old abbey. The possessors had been absent for years; and a negro who was at work in the garden, showed me the rooms, in which are some very interesting pictures. The hero of one is the great-grandfather of the possessor; the scene in Italy, and the costume, as well as the manners represented, most strange and even revolting. The civil negro led me across the fields and through a pretty deep ford in the river, (whose ice-cold waters did not seem to alarm him), to the town of Arklow, whence I returned along the high road to dinner at Avoca Inn. In the course of my ride I ascended another hill, from which I looked down into three distinct valleys, the contrasted character of which afforded a most singular view. Scarcely had I seated myself at table (at Avoca), when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man, whom I had never seen, was shown in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which, to my no small astonishment, I recognized as my own; containing, besides other important papers which I always carry about me, all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, Lord knows how, dropped it out of my breast-pocket in the summer-house; and had, therefore, no small reason to congratulate myself on so honourable and obliging a finder. In England I should hardly have had the good fortune to see my pocket-book again, even if a ‘gentleman’ had found it; he would probably have let it lie in peace,—or kept it.

I must here take occasion to explain to you what this far-famed epithet ‘gentleman’ means, since the signification affixed to it is inimitably characteristic of the English.

‘A gentleman’ is neither a man of noble birth, nor a man of noble sentiments (*weder ein Edelmann noch ein edler Mann*—neither a Nobleman nor a noble man;) but, in strictness,[124] a man of independent means, and perfect knowledge of the usages of good society. He who serves or works for the public in any way, (the higher functionaries of the state, and here and there a poet or artist of the first category only excepted,) is no ‘gentleman,’ or at best only a half a one. I was greatly astonished at hearing a certain well-known personage, with whom all lovers of horses, native and foreign, are well acquainted; who is rich, who is on a footing of intimacy with many Dukes and Lords, and enjoys great consideration, but who presides at a weekly auction of horses (thereby doing useful service to the public)—say of himself, “I can’t imagine how the Duke of B—— could commission me to carry a challenge to Count M ——; he ought to have employed a gentleman,—those things are not in my way.”

A really poor man, who is not in a situation to contract debts, can on no terms be a ‘gentleman.’ On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a good education, so long as he preserves his ‘character’[125] (reputation) dexterously, passes for a ‘perfect gentleman.’ In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer ‘nuances.’ A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or courtesy towards women, instead of treating them in a familiar, confident, and ‘nonchalant’ manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was ‘no gentleman:’ but should the luckless man ask twice for soup at dinner, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight,—he may be a prince and a ‘millionaire,’ but he is no gentleman.

But let us back from Babylon’s tyrannous jargon to the freedom of the hills. The country through which I now rode was strikingly like the flat part of Switzerland, gradually rising till I found myself opposite to the highest mountains of Wicklow, whose heads were shrouded in clouds. The valley of Glenmalure has a character of desolate sublimity, which harmonized perfectly with the weather. In the midst stands a deserted and already decaying barrack, which looks like a haunted castle;—neither tree nor bush is to be seen, and the sides of the mountains are covered with loose stones. The valley has only subterranean inhabitants, and their life produces death. Here are great lead-works, whose unwholesome exhalations are traced on the pallid faces of the workmen. I dressed myself in a black slop, and was driven into one of the entrances,—a gloomy and terrific journey. The passages were cold as ice; pitch-darkness reigned in them, and a cutting wind loaded with a death-like smell blew in our faces. Minute drops fell with a hollow sound from the low roof, which bent us nearly double; and the jolting of the car, which a man dragged slowly over the rugged bottom, completed the picture of horrors.

The delicate state of my chest did not permit me to remain long here, and I gave up all further researches, glad ‘once more to see the rosy light.’

I had now to ride over a new and magnificent military road (for the government has the watchfulness of a bad conscience about Ireland,) over one of the mountains which enclose the valley. The view from the heights was extensive and beautiful, and yet of a very different character from any I had yet seen: it was much improved by a most favourable light thrown by the sun from beneath a line of black clouds. No effect of light gives such clearness and brilliancy to distant objects as this. The rays lay in broad stripes like a glory on the intersecting lines of hills; and the two ‘Sugar Loaves’ stood overtopping all, in deep blue against this clear horizon. The way down the mountain is so serpentine that I could gallop along it with ease. It was nevertheless quite evening before I reached the last valley which I had yet to see in this day’s tour—the Valley of the Seven Churches. Here stood, above a thousand years ago, ‘sic fabula docet,’ a large city with seven churches, which the Danes destroyed. A handsome gateway still remains almost entire, though the key-stone is wanting. Time has repaired this loss by a thick ivy branch, which holds together the whole arch. Seven distinct ruins are, according to the popular belief, the remains of those holy structures which gave its name to the valley. Only one of them indisputably bears this character, and is remarkable from one of the highest of those strange mysterious towers, without doors or windows, which are found near many ruins of religious houses in Ireland. At the further end of the valley, sunk in the deepest hollow and most sacred repose, sleep two dark lakes, celebrated for the adventures of Saint Kevin. The rocks around them are uncommonly steep, and in many places formed like stairs. In one is a narrow and deep cleft, exactly as if cut by a mighty blow. The legend tells that the young giant Fian MacCumhal, being thought by his comrades yet too weak to serve in the war they were then waging, cleft the rock with his sword, and so put an end to their doubts. Further still, in a rock overhanging the lake, you descry a black hole in the cave,—Saint Kevin’s cell.

Here the saint sought refuge from the persecuting love of the king’s beautiful daughter Cathelin, and lived for a long time in solitude on roots and herbs. In a fatal hour the wandering fair-one discovered the fugitive, and surprised him in the dead of night on his mossy couch. With sweet kisses she awakened the ungallant saint; who seeing his danger, took the desperate resolution of pushing Cathelin over the precipice into the lake, where she lost life and love in its dark waters.

But the man of God felt some touch of human pity, and commanded that no other life should ever be lost in these waters,—a charm which, as my guide testified, is in full force to this day. This ‘cicerone’ was a pretty, and as

usual half-naked, boy of about eleven; his dress was a specimen of an Irish toilette, worthy of mention. He wore the coat of a grown man, which besides many diaphanous places, was deficient in a sleeve and a half, and one flap, while the other streamed after him like the tail of a comet. Neckcloth, waistcoat, and shirt were dismissed, as wholly superfluous: to make amends, the remains of a pair of red plush breeches made a most magnificent appearance, though in somewhat strong contrast with the naked legs beneath. To see this figure scramble over the rocks like a squirrel, singing all the while bits of “Tommy”[126] Moore and Walter Scott, was certainly characteristic. As he led me to the cave, at a point where the passage was rather slippery, he cried, “Oh you can come on very well; I brought Sir Walter Scott here, and he climbed over the worst places, though he had a lame foot.” He could talk of nothing else; and recited rapidly four lines which Scott or Moore, I forget which, had composed in the cavern. These people are so exactly suited to the wild and ruin-clad country, that without them it would lose much of its romantic interest.

In order to reach a tolerable inn at night, I had to ride ten miles over an interminable moor, the usual haunt of all sorts of spirits, though only now and then a solitary Will-o’-the-wisp flitted by me.

When I reached the village, both the inns were filled with ‘tourists;’ and it was with the greatest difficulty that I procured a little sort of ante-room, in which I was to sleep on straw. The tea, butter, toast and eggs were, however, excellent, and hunger seasoned my repast. I cannot describe to you how delightful this life is to me. Amidst all its privations, I feel myself a hundred times more ‘à mon aise,’ than encumbered and annoyed with a thousand unnecessary conveniences. I am as free as the bird in the air, and that is one of the highest enjoyments.

And now, honour to whom honour is due. Few men would sit down with religious regularity every evening, after such fatigues, to write you a faithful report of all the events of the day. If it does but give you pleasure, I am rewarded a thousandfold.

*Bray, August 24th.*

Gall maintained, as you may remember, when he examined my skull in Paris, that I have a very prominent organ of veneration. Nevertheless many have regarded me as a vile heretic; but he was right;—that is, if religion consists in love, and in a sincere striving after truth. In such a joyful, pious frame of mind did I greet the fresh morning with prayer and praise, and the inward brightness broke through the gloomy damp mist which surrounded me; for the weather was extremely bad. The road too was desert and melancholy;—but, patience! the evening brought back sunshine and beauty.

For the present I saw nothing around me, as far as my eye could reach, but barren heath and moor; a stormy wind blew across it in gusts; and drove before it the rack, which, when I came within its reach, wetted me like a heavy rain. Short and feeble gleams of sun gave momentary hope, till about noon the clouds parted; and exactly as I reached the summit of the mountain above the magnificent valley and lake of Luggelaw, the sun gilded all the country beneath me, though the tops of the hills were yet shrouded in mist.

This valley belongs to a wealthy proprietor, who has converted it into a delightful park. It is singularly laid out, and I will try to give you an idea of it. The valley forms a nearly regular long oval basin. The lake occupies the immediate fore-ground to the mountain’s foot; the middle-ground is meadow-land, studded with groups of trees, and watered by a meandering stream; and in its centre, backed by a solitary rock, is an elegant ‘shooting lodge.’ The mountains surrounding the valley are very high and steep, and rise on every side, in a bare and unbroken line from the perfectly level plain. On the left are naked rocks of imposing aspect, only here and there overgrown with heath-plants; the three other sides are clothed with thick and varied vegetation, whose foliage hangs into the very lake. At the spot where the mountain streams flow through bright green herbage into the lake, it forms a broad waterfall. It is indeed a lovely spot of earth, lonely and secluded; the wood full of game, the lake full of fish, and nature full of poetry. As the shooting season has not yet begun, the proprietor was absent; and the wife of the steward, a still pretty woman, though rather ‘passée,’ with handsome white hands, and manners above her station, at my request prepared my breakfast; while her lively little son conducted me about the valley. A beautiful greyhound, who bounded over the ground as lightly as a leaf borne by the wind, and enjoyed his freedom in the wildest gambols, accompanied us. We climbed, not without pain to my chest, ‘car je ne vaux plus rien à pied,’ to a rocky table-land, four hundred feet high, which overlooks the whole valley. Opposite is a strange sport of nature,—a monstrous face regularly formed in stone, looking gloomily and angrily on the lake below. The eye-brows and beard were distinctly marked by moss heath, and the prominent cheeks and deep sunk eyes perfectly formed by the clefts in the rock. The mouth is open;—when you remove further off it closes, but without altering the other features. It is really a high prerogative to possess such a living image of a mountain spirit. He looks, however, as I said, angrily on the lake, and seems to call aloud with open mouth, “Ye human creatures, leave my valley, my fish, my game, my rocks, and woods in peace! Leave them, or I will bury you, ye pigmies, under my ruins!” But it is in vain! the voice of spirits is become powerless since man’s own spirit awoke. Rübezahl’s countenance is turned to stone, and his voice dies away in the gusty breeze, which irreverently sports with his bushy eyebrows, and curls the waves of the lake as if in scorn against him.

An interval of ten miles of uninteresting country lay between this walk and my arrival at the gate of the park of P——, one of the most extensive and beautiful in Ireland. But it was Sunday, the lord of the domain a saint,—and of course the gate locked. On this day, according to his view of the matter, a pious man must on no account leave his house except to enclose himself within the gloomy walls of a damp church: on no account rejoice himself in God’s own wondrous and magnificent temple. This was a sin to which Lord P—— would by no means afford encouragement, and at his recent departure had therefore prohibited the opening of his gate. Instructed by the adventure which you may recollect befell me in England, I made no attempt at winning a passage by means of a gift, but pursued my way along a wall, over which from time to time I cast a longing and stolen glance at the magnificent waterfall and the enchanting scene. Thou beneficent God! thought I, in what different ways art thou worshipped! One man roasts his neighbour to thy honour; another fashions thee as Apis: some represent thee more partial and unjust than the devil himself; others think they offer thee the most acceptable service when they deface thy loveliest gifts, or deprive themselves and others of the enjoyment of them. Oh! Lord P——, you will not read these lines; but it were good for you if you could, and if you would lay them to heart! Full many a poor man, who sweats through the whole week that he may pay you your rent, would feel his heart expand with joy on a Sunday in your beautiful park, and would bless the goodness of that God who has not left him wholly destitute; who has spread out before his eyes the glory and the beauty of creation. And this joy would be reflected back upon yourself;—but perhaps, you are not

even present? Perhaps you send your pious commands from afar? You are, perhaps, like so many of your colleagues, one of those ‘absentees’ who by the hands of ravenous and merciless agents strip the people of their last rag, rob them of their last potatoe,[127] to enrich the charlatans of London, Paris, or Italy. Then, indeed, if that be the case, your religion can hardly go beyond superstitious veneration for the Sunday, and for the ceremonies of your priests.

From hence to Bray the cultivation is luxuriant; the country is filled with houses and gardens of the opulent citizens: the road lies at the foot of the Great Sugar Loaf, whose hoary naked cone is barren of all vegetation. I saw some travellers who had just ascended it, and looked like moving chess-men; I envied them the magnificent view, for the day was brilliant and the atmosphere perfectly clear. Towards evening I lay myself down in a lonely spot, among the field-flowers by the side of a brook, and gave myself up to a dreamy and grateful delight in this beautiful world; leaving, like a knight-errant, my faithful steed to graze by my side. I thought of you and of past times; I called on the living to appear, and the dead to arise, and looked into my past life as into a mirror—now with a melancholy, then with a cheerful smile: for through all the follies and vanities of this world, through errors and faults, there still ran one pure silver thread strong enough to endure;—feelings of childlike love, and a high capacity for enjoyments which God’s goodness renders attainable by all.

I returned to Bray in good time, and found my travelling-bag arrived; it contained many things which, after long privation, were not to be despised: among others, it afforded me the most interesting of companions, Lord Byron. I have now two portraits of him before me, drawings which have been given me, and which I have had bound in the Giaour and Don Juan. Like Napoleon, while yet aspiring, he is thin, wild and melancholy; when he had reached the summit, he is fat and smiling. But in both these otherwise so different countenances is seen that scornful, haughty spirit, deeply shaken by fate, more deeply sensitive by nature, which animated these features.

I can never refrain from laughing at the English, who pass such pitiful cockney judgments on this their second poet (for after Shakspeare the palm is surely his,) because he ridiculed their pedantry, because he could not adapt himself to the manners and usages of their little nook, nor share in their cold superstition; because their insipidity was sickening to him, and because he denounced their arrogance and hypocrisy. Many of them cross themselves (inwardly) when they mention him; and even the women, though their cheeks glow with enthusiasm when they read him, in public take part vehemently against their secret favourite.

It was worthy of grateful Germany, worthy of our Patriarch, to erect a lasting German arch of triumph, to a man who belongs to Europe, opposite to that monument of infamy which the English have laboured to build.

Could I but bid you a ‘farewell’ as immortal as his,—it should be no last, I hope no long farewell, but as tender and as touching. Think of me thus.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XXX.

*Dublin, Aug. 29th, 1828.*

Dear and kind one,

I have passed the last few days in bed with fever and pain. I am but now sufficiently recovered to answer your letter. What you send me from B—— is indeed very flattering to me, though the enthusiasm which my little labours excite in him is the growth of his own poetical soul alone, which paints what *ought to be*, and believes that *it is*. Do not wish for my return before it is possible; and trust me, that where a man is *not* he is commonly desired; as soon as he is there, he is thought, by many, in the way.

I rode out again to-day for the first time to see the fair at Donnybrook, near Dublin, which is a kind of popular festival. Nothing indeed can be more national! The poverty, the dirt, and the wild tumult were as great as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight, which forced me to turn my head quickly away to remain master of my disgust. Heat and dust, crowd and stench, (‘il faut le dire,’) made it impossible to stay long; but these do not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents, all ragged like the people, and adorned with tawdry rags instead of flags; many contented themselves with a cross on a hoop; one had hoisted a dead and half putrid cat as a sign! The lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages of planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled about, drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted and fought. The women rode about, sitting two and three upon an ass, pushed their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. The most ridiculous group was one which I should have thought indigenous only to Rio de la Plata: two beggars were seated on a horse, who by his wretched plight seemed to supplicate for them; they had no saddle, and a piece of twine served as reins.

As I left the fair, a pair of lovers, excessively drunk, took the same road. It was a rich treat to watch their behaviour. Both were horribly ugly, but treated each other with the greatest tenderness, and the most delicate attention. The lover especially displayed a sort of chivalrous politeness. Nothing could be more gallant, and at the same time more respectful, than his repeated efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, although he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour and her delighted smiles, I could also perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably; and that her answers, notwithstanding her ‘exalté’ state, were given with a coquetry and an air of affectionate intimacy which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman.

My reverence for truth compels me to add that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived: they were more like French people, though their gaiety was mingled with more humour, and more genuine good-nature; both of which are national traits of the Irish, and are always doubled by Potheen (the best sort of whisky illicitly distilled.)

Don’t reproach me for the vulgarity of the pictures I send you: they are more akin to nature than the painted dolls of our ‘salons.’

*Bray, August 30th.*

I am returned hither on purpose to see the park of Powerscourt, from which Sunday lately debarred me. It would not be easy for Nature to unite greater capabilities than she has lavished here with bounteous hand; and her gifts have been skilfully turned to account.

You enter by the Dargle, a very deep and narrow glen, thickly wooded with high trees. In the bottom gushes a full and rapid stream. The road ascends on the right side, and the eye travels down the green depths, out of which it catches here and there a gleam of the water, or a bold group of rocks. Three large mountains rise above the glen, and, though at some distance, seem quite close, as their base is hidden: they were tinged this evening with a deep rosy red, by a sun worthy of Italy, and contrasted beautifully with the bright green of the oaks.

Further on, the path suddenly opens on a rocky cliff, called 'The Lover's Leap' where the glen diverges into several valleys, formed by chains of lesser hills, but terminated at some distance by the highest mountains of the neighbourhood. In the midst of this landscape appears the house, situated on a gentle slope on the edge of a wood, and surrounded by beautiful flower-gardens. From hence to the great waterfall, a distance of five miles, the road leads through ever varying scenes, which are more like those of beautiful nature than of a park. At length you reach a wood, and the rush of the distant waterfall meets your ear before you catch sight of it. It is inconsiderable, except after rain, but then it is magnificent. The lofty rocks are thickly covered on either side with shrubs, the cascade dashes through their varied foliage, and falling into a basin, flows away through a beautiful meadow. Around this are venerable oaks, under which a house, suited to the character of the place, has been built. Here, refreshments are to be obtained, and it is the usual resort of the many parties of pleasure who come hither. Green footpaths lead still further into the wild mountain country; but as it was already dark, I was obliged to return. On my way hither, I had gone over the greater distances in a gallop; and to avoid unnecessary delay, had taken up the ragged boy who acted as guide, behind me, regardless of the wonderment of the passers by, who knew not what to make of so extraordinary a cavalcade. At night I was obliged to ride slowly along the stony road, till the moon rose, orange-coloured, behind the mountains, and half shrouded herself in evening mists. I reached the inn at Bray, tired and hungry, at eleven o'clock.

*August 31st.*

I found this country inn so pleasant that I resolved to prolong my stay over to day—Sunday. Living at inns affords one a good opportunity of observing the middle classes. Every man here shows himself as he is, and seems to feel himself alone. I have already told you that English travellers of this class (I include all the inhabitants of the three kingdoms who have English manners and habits) usually pass their time, when not out of doors, in a common room called the coffee-room. In the evening this coffee-room is lighted with lamps; candles are carried, if called for, to the gentlemen who sit at the separate little tables. It has often surprised me that in a country in which luxury and refinement on all the wants of life are so universal, even in the best provincial inns (and often in London) tallow candles are commonly used. Wax candles are an unwonted luxury; and if you ask for them, you are treated with redoubled civility, but your bills are also doubled throughout.

It is very diverting to observe the perfect uniformity with which all behave, as if machines out of one workshop. This is particularly observable in their eating: though placed at separate tables, and no individual taking the slightest notice of any other, they all seem to have exactly the same usages, exactly the same gastronomic tastes. Nobody eats soup, which, unless bespoken beforehand, is not to be had. (This is the reason, by-the-bye, for which my old Saxon servant left me. He declared that he could not exist any longer in such a state of barbarism—without soup!) A large joint of roast meat is commonly carried from one to another, and each cuts off what he likes. This is accompanied by potatoes or other vegetables, boiled in water; and a 'plat de ménage' filled with sauces is placed on every table; beer is poured out, and there, in a common way, ends the dinner. Only the luxurious eat fish before meat.

But now follows the second stage:—the tablecloth is removed; clean plate, and knife and fork laid; wine and a wine-glass, and a few miserable apples or pears, with stony ship-biscuits, are brought: and now the diner seems to begin to enjoy tranquillity and comfort. His countenance assumes an expression of satisfaction; apparently sunk in profound meditation, leaning back in his chair, and looking fixedly straight before him, he suffers a sip of wine to glide down his throat from time to time, only breaking the death-like silence by now and then laboriously craunching his rocky biscuits.

When the wine is finished, follows stage the third,—that of digestion. All motion now ceases; his appetite being satisfied, he falls into a sort of magnetic sleep, only distinguishable from the natural by the open eyes. After this has lasted for half an hour or an hour, all at once it ceases; he cries out, as if under the influence of some sudden possession, 'Waiter, my slippers;' and seizing a candle, walks off gravely to his chamber to meet his slippers and repose.

This farce acted by five or six men at once has often amused me more than a puppet-show; and I must add, that with the exception of the incident of the slippers, pretty nearly the same scene is represented in the first clubs of the metropolis. I scarcely ever saw an Englishman read at dinner; I am not sure that they don't think it an act of indecorum—perhaps of impiety—like singing or dancing on a Sunday for instance. Perhaps, however, it is only a rule of diatetics converted by time into a law, which no vivacity of temper can break through.

Englishmen who do not belong to the aristocracy, and are not very rich, usually travel without a servant by the mail or stage-coach, which deposits them at the inn. The man who waits on strangers to the coach, cleans their boots, &c. has the universal appellation 'Boots.' It is, accordingly, 'Boots' who brings your slippers, helps you to pull off your boots, and then departs, first asking at what time you will have, not as in Germany, your coffee, but your hot water to shave. He appears with it punctually at the appointed hour, and brings your clothes cleanly brushed. The traveller then hastens to dress himself and return to his beloved coffee-room, where the ingredients of breakfast are richly spread upon his table. To this meal he seems to bring more animation than to any other, and indeed I think more appetite; for the number of cups of tea, the masses of bread and butter, eggs and cold meat, which he devours, awaken silent envy in the breast, or rather in the stomach, of the less capable foreigner. He is now not only permitted, but enjoined (by *custom*, his gospel) to read. At every cup of tea he unfolds a newspaper of the size of a table-cloth. Not a single speech, crim. con., murder or other catastrophe invented by the 'accident maker' in London, escapes him.

Like one who would rather die of a surfeit than leave any thing uneaten which he had paid for, the systematic Englishman thinks that having called for a newspaper he ought not to leave a letter of it unread. By this means his

breakfast lasts several hours, and the sixth or seventh cup is drunk cold. I have seen this glorious meal protracted so long that it blended with dinner; and you will hardly believe me when I assure you, that a light supper followed at midnight without the company quitting the table.

On this occasion several were assembled; and I must remark, generally, that when that is the case, a very different scene is exhibited. The wine, instead of producing the lethargic reverie I have described, makes them rather too talkative. Something of the kind occurred to-day. Five or six travellers were very jovial, and having carried this a little too far, a violent quarrel arose among them, which, after long continued noise and confusion, ended, strangely enough, in their all falling foul of the waiter and pushing him out at the door. Upon this the host was forced to come in, and to beg pardon for the poor fellow, who was perfectly innocent. Not one of the men who were eating at their solitary tables took the slightest notice of this affray, but stared straight before them just as indifferently as if nothing were going on.

Soon, however, one of them who had begun his dinner very late gave us a new scene. He was dissatisfied with the mutton they had brought him, and desired the waiter to tell the cook she was a d—— b——. On receiving this communication, the Irishwoman lost all respect for the author of so sensible an insult; tore herself out of the arms of her companions who vainly attempted to hold her at the dining-room door, darted with doubled fists on the offender, and overwhelmed him with such a torrent of truly national epithets, that he turned pale and left the field, roaring “my slippers” as loud again as usual, and without further attempt at resistance hastily retreated to his chamber in the third story; for, as you know, the bedrooms here are always under the roof, ‘comme au Columbier.’

When the late Grand Duke of W—— was in England, he was seized with the desire to travel alone and incognito by the ‘stage,’ as a means of becoming more intimately acquainted with English life. It amused him much: the next morning, however, he was not a little surprised, when the ‘boots’ brought him his clothes, at his saying, “I hope your Royal Highness slept well last night.” He thought, however, he might have misunderstood, and taking no notice of the thing, continued his journey on the outside. The next morning, the same title. He now inquired into the matter, and found that a card with his name and rank was stitched to the inside of his cloak, and had destroyed his ‘incognito.’ What struck him the most doubtless was, that people troubled themselves so little whether a German sovereign prince sat on the top of the stage-coach or not. The common people in England care little about rank,—about foreign rank nothing. It is only the middle classes that are servile: they are delighted to talk to a foreign nobleman because they cannot get at their own haughty aristocracy. The English nobleman, even the least of the Lords, in the bottom of his heart thinks himself a greater man than the king of France.

This mode of travelling, to a man who has any thing in view beside mere change of place, or who does not feel himself flattered by the increased reverence of innkeepers and waiters, is certainly preferable to the usual manner of making the grand tour. The diminution of comfort and convenience is counterbalanced by so much that is instructive and agreeable, that one gains a hundredfold by the change.

*Dublin, September 1st.*

I returned, this time, by way of Kingston, along a rough but very romantic road, close to the sea. A crowd of beggars stood on the road. They were not, however, deficient in industry and activity, for an old woman among them was busily gathering up some white sand which had fallen from a cart. How I wished to open the treasures of our Sand-Golconda to this poor creature! As I could not, I made her happy with a few pence, of which I always carry a cargo in my coat-pocket to throw out like corn among fowls; for here every body begs.

Kingston is a little town, consisting chiefly of the country houses of the opulent people of Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant sometimes resides here. Since the king’s visit a harbour has been made, at which the men are still at work. The shallowness of Dublin Bay renders this very desirable; but its principal end now is to give work to the lower classes. The many ingenious inventions which are here applied, the four rail-roads running side by side, on which one horse can draw enormous loads, the chain windlasses by which huge masses are brought to hand and walled into the dam, and other things of the like kind, are uncommonly interesting and instructive. Several large ships are lying in the unfinished harbour, in which they already find deep water and safe anchorage. Among them I was struck by the appearance of a black hulk, which lay like a solitary ghost; it contained, as I was told, the convicts ordered for transportation to Botany Bay; the transport ship which was to convey them had already arrived. This is no very severe punishment (deducting sea-sickness), and converts two-thirds of these criminals into useful citizens. Every government might (according to its local resources) create a Botany Bay; but it will be long ere the principle of vengeance is banished from our systems of law or of religion.

A monument has been erected at the entrance of the harbour, in honour of the King’s memorable visit (memorable, that is, for its disappointing all hopes and expectations). It is designed and executed with the sort of taste which seems to lie like a curse on all the public buildings of Great Britain: it is a small, ridiculous stump of an obelisk, perched on the corner of a natural rock; it stands on four balls, and looks precisely as if the first blast of wind would roll it into the sea. One cannot suppress the wish that this may happen;—the sooner the better. The royal crown is stuck at the top like a lid on a mustard-pot, and the whole, contrasted with the noble dimensions of the harbour and surrounding buildings, is so small and ‘mesquin’ that it might be taken for the whim of a private man, but certainly never for a national monument. Perhaps the architect was a ‘mauvais plaisant,’ and meant it satirically:—as an epigram it is deserving of praise.

The road from hence to Dublin is very fine, and covered with riders and carriages. I wondered not to find it watered, which makes the roads near London so agreeable. Probably it is only done when the Lord Lieutenant is here. The dust to-day was almost insufferable, and all the trees covered as if with chalk.

I returned to Dublin just at the moment of a meeting of the ‘Catholic Association,’ and alighted at the door of their house: unfortunately, however, neither Shiel nor O’Connell was present, so that there was no great attraction. Heat and bad smells, (‘car l’humanité Catholique pûe autant qu’une autre,) drove me out in a few minutes.

In the evening I was better amused by the performances of some other charlatans,—a company of English horse-riders who are here. Mr. Adams, in his way indisputably ‘le premier des hommes,’ was leader of the ‘Academy,’ which deserved its name better than some others I could mention.

It was pleasant to see about twenty elegantly dressed young men, all moving with nearly equal grace and dexterity—often bewildering the eye by the artful confusion, the variety, difficulty and extreme rapidity of their

movements, forming a wild dissonance or chaos, and then resolving this into the most graceful harmony. Still more delightful were two inimitable clowns, whose limbs were perfectly at their disposal. The one was excellently supported by his piebald ass, which shamed the noblest horses in the precision with which he executed his feats; and the other on an instrument of his own invention, produced a sort of music so truly mad, that even the mere tones excited resistless laughter.

The performance was closed by a 'pas de deux' of the two clowns, danced on their hands and feet; the latter cutting capers in the air, while the former supported the weight of their bodies. Here the human form seemed obliterated; and the scene, frightful as a tale of Hoffman's, appeared to the bewildered spectator like the dance of two mad polypi.

[Here some leaves of the correspondence are wanting.]

## LETTER XXXI.

*B——m, in the West of Ireland, Sept. 5, 1828.*

Dear Julia,

You make me laugh by your gratitude for my diligence in writing. Are you not aware that I can have no greater enjoyment? I have hardly written a word before I feel myself at home, and new comfort and courage are infused into my heart.

Do you remember the young parson at Bray? Though he converted the God of Mercy into the greatest of all tyrants, he himself is a very good-hearted fellow 'qui n'y entend pas malice.' He gave me such a hearty invitation to accompany him to his father's house in Connaught,—who, as he assured me, was no less hospitable than rich,—that I consented, 'et m'y voilà!' This wild part of Ireland, seldom visited by natives, never by foreigners, has such a bad name, that there is a proverb—'Go to hell and Connaught!' It was therefore a matter worthy of deliberation; but what deters others often attracts me;—such situations too I have often found the richest in amusement. The present promises me this in abundance, at least so far as novelty and strangeness go.

Yesterday evening after dinner we left the metropolis in my carriage. We had just a hundred-and-one miles to go. In England this is soon accomplished; here things are very differently managed, and it took us four-and-twenty hours.

The scenery is strikingly like the Wendish districts of Lower Lusatia, whither my unlucky stars once drove me; except that there are thick woods, while here, with the exception of a few arid furs, they appear only to *have been*. Boundless plains are covered with bog and turf; the oakwood, thousands of years old, which is found sometimes at a great depth, fetches a high price for decorative furniture; snuff-boxes and ladies' ornaments are likewise made of it. The other part of the soil is sandy or wet: the dry lands are meagre and barren; but on the other hand the bog cultivation, which is admirably understood, is very successful. The bog is first levelled, the projecting part being cut into squares of turf, and the soil then burnt and sown with corn. All the bogs appear to be remarkably deep: the principal crops are buckwheat, potatoes, and oats. The cabins of the inhabitants are beyond description wretched, and the appearance of all the flat country extremely poor, till you approach my friend's estate, where Nature becomes more smiling; and blue hills, the scene of many a wondrous tale, peep above the horizon.

My host, Captain W——, is one of the 'Notables' of his county, but his house is not better than that of a German nobleman of moderate estate. English elegance and English luxury are not to be thought of; wax lights are unknown; port and sherry, but above all 'whiskey-punch,' are the only beverages: the coffee is detestable; but the food excellent, nutritious, and plentiful. The house is not over-clean; the small establishment very respectable from length of service, zeal and attachment, but of a somewhat unwashed and boorish appearance.

From my chamber windows I penetrate into all the mysteries of the domestic economy, which is too modest to spread out the dunghills as chief 'point de vûe,' as in North Germany. The rain (for alas! it does rain) runs merrily through my windows, and falls in romantic cascades from the window-sill to the floor, where an old carpet thirstily drinks the stream. The furniture is rather tottering; but I have tables enough (a great matter to me with my multitude of things,) and the bed seems at least large and hard enough. In my chimney burns, or rather smoulders, capital turf, which not only gives heat, but covers everything with fine ashes, like an eruption of Vesuvius. All this does not sound brilliant;—but how largely are these trifles outweighed by the patriarchal hospitality, the cheerful, easy, unaffected kindness of the family. It is as if my visit were a distinguished favour, for which all seem to feel indebted to me as for some real service.

*Sept. 5th.*

I like my host very much; he is seventy-two years old, and still hale and vigorous as a man of fifty. He must have been very handsome, and has given the world twelve sons and seven daughters,—all by the same wife, who is still living, though just now too unwell for me to see her. Some of the sons and daughters have been long married, and the old man sees his grandsons of twelve at play with his youngest daughter of fourteen. The greater part of the family is now here, which makes the abode rather a noisy one; this is increased by the musical talents of the daughters, who daily perform on an instrument horribly out of tune,—a circumstance which seems not to annoy them in the slightest degree.[128] The men generally talk about horses and dogs, and are somewhat uninstructed. To-day a country squire in the neighbourhood searched long and patiently in a map of Europe for the United States:—at last his brother-in-law gave him the fortunate suggestion of trying his luck on the map of the world. The occasion of the search was, that the old gentleman wanted to show me Halifax and B—— town, which latter takes its name from him. He laid the first stone of both during the American war, in which he commanded seven hundred men, and loves to recal those days of his youth and importance. The scrupulous and chivalrous courtesy of his manners, the constant and ready sacrifice of his own convenience to others, are proofs of the education of times long passed, and marks his age more surely than his appearance does.

Our amusements for some days to come are arranged as follows.—In the morning we go to church; the day after to the town of Galway, to see some horse-races, in which the poor animals not only run a German mile, but in the course of it have to leap several walls! They are ridden by gentlemen. In the evening is a ball, at which I am

promised a sight of all the beauty of the neighbourhood.

To tell you the truth, touched as I am by the kindness shown me in this house, I rather dread a long stay: I should, however, vex these excellent, cordial people if I showed it; 'Je m'exécute donc de bonne grace.'

*Sept. 7th.*

The manners here are so old-fashioned that the master of the house every day drinks to my health, and we have no napkins at table, for which pocket-handkerchiefs or the corners of the table-cloth are obliged to serve as deputies.

We passed four hours this morning in the church of the neighbouring town of Tuam, and saw four clergymen ordained by the archbishop.

The English Protestant service differs much from ours: it is a strange mixture of Catholic ceremony and Protestant simplicity. Pictures on the walls are not suffered,—on the windows they are. The dress of the priests, even of the archbishops, consists only of a white surplice. On the other hand, the seat of the latter, built like a throne, covered with purple velvet and adorned with an archbishop's crown, stands ostentatiously opposite to the chancel. The sermon is read, and lasts very long. The most wearisome part, however, both before and after it, is the endless repetition of antiquated and contradictory prayers, the burthen to which is occasionally re-echoed in singing from the choir. These form a perfect course of English history. Henry the Eighth's ecclesiastical revolution, Elizabeth's policy, and Cromwell's puritanical exaggerations, meet and shake hands; while certain favourite phrases are repeated every minute, many of which are more characteristic of cringing slaves prostrate in the dust before an eastern tyrant, than of Christian freedom and dignity.

The text was chosen, strangely enough, from the story of the passage of the evil spirits into the herd of swine; and after this had been discussed for an hour, the four priests were ordained.

The old archbishop, who enjoys a high reputation for strict orthodoxy, has a very dignified air, and a fine sonorous voice; but the deportment of the young divines displeased me exceedingly; it was disgustingly hypocritical. They continually wiped their eyes with their pocket-handkerchiefs, held them before their faces as if in the deepest emotion, answered with a broken voice;—in short, Herrnhuters could not have acted it better: 'La grace n'y étoit pas;'—of no kind.

One of the oddest customs is, that every body during the short prayer at coming and going, turns himself to the wall, or into a corner, as if he were doing something not fit to be seen.

I must frankly confess it,—I do not understand how a reflecting man can be edified by such a service. And yet how beautiful, how elevating might the service of God be, if while we dismissed all ridiculous and unmeaning ceremonies, we did not require an abstract worship, from which sense were utterly excluded,—an impossibility for creatures of sense! Why should we not devote all our best powers to the honour of him who gave them? Why not employ every art in its highest perfection, in order to consecrate to God the noblest, the finest works that the human faculties can produce?

I can imagine a congregation, whose piety is equally removed from mean servility and from arrogant conceit; who meet to praise the infinite greatness and love of the Universal Father, and the wonders of his creation—not to bring within the walls consecrated to him the hatred of bigotry and intolerance;—whose creed demands from each man only that degree of belief which his own inward revelation makes possible to him. Before my fancy no longer float separate churches for Jews, and for fifty sorts of Christians; but true temples of God and Man, whose gates at all times stand open to every human being, who when oppressed by the Earthly, seeks to have the Holy and the Heavenly within him, animated and sustained by all the aids and appliances of sense or spirit; or who longs to pour out the overflowings of his heart, when filled with happiness and gratitude.

*Galway, Sept. 8th.*

We arrived very late on the 'race-course,' and saw little of this day's sport. The sight of the people was however extremely curious and interesting to me. In many points of view this nation is really semi-barbarous. The universal want of decent clothing among the lower classes, even on festivals like the present; their utter inability to resist ardent spirits, so long as they have a penny in their pockets; the sudden and continual wild quarrels and national pitched battles with the shillelah (a murderous sort of stick which every man keeps hidden under his rags), in which hundreds take part in a minute, and do not resist till several are left dead or wounded on the field; the frightful war-whoop which they set up on these occasions; the revenge for an affront or injury, which is cherished and inherited by whole villages:—on the other hand, the light-hearted carelessness which never thinks of the coming day; the heart-felt merriment, forgetful of all want and suffering; the kind hospitality which ungrudgingly shares their last morsel; the unreserved cordiality with the stranger, who makes any advances to them; the natural fluency and eloquence which they have ever at command;—all are characteristics of a half-civilized people.

Hundreds of drunken men accompanied our carriages as we drove from the race-course to the town, and more than ten times, fights arose among them. The confluence of guests was so great that we with difficulty found a miserable lodging:—our dinner was however good and very abundant.

Galway was chiefly built by the Spaniards. Some descendants of the ancient families still exist, as do several very curious houses of that period. It struck me as characteristic, that in a town of forty thousand inhabitants there was not a single bookseller's shop or circulating library to be found. The suburbs and all the villages through which we passed on our way, were of a kind which I should vainly attempt to liken to any thing ever seen before:—pigsties are palaces in comparison; and I often saw numerous groups of children (for the prolificness of the Irish people seems to keep pace with their wretchedness), naked as they came into the world, roll and paddle about with the ducks in the filthy kennels, with the greatest delight.

*Athenrye, Sept. 10th: Morning.*

I write to you this morning from the house of one of the sweetest women I ever saw in my life: an African too,—and as she tells me, by birth a Mademoiselle H——. 'Que dites vous de cela?' But more of her hereafter. You must now accompany me to the 'race-course,' and see the running and leaping from the beginning. It is a remarkable sight of its kind, and exactly suited to a half-savage nation. I confess that it far exceeded my expectations, and kept me in a

state of intense anxiety; only one must leave pity and humanity at home, as you will see from what follows.—The race-course is an elongated circle. On the left side is the starting post; opposite to it, on the right, is the goal. Between them, at the opposite points of the circumference, are built walls of stone without mortar, five feet high and two broad. The course, two English miles in length, is run over once and a half. You see then, from my description, that the first wall must be leaped twice, the second only once in each heat. Many horses run, but none is declared winner till he has beaten the others in two heats; so that this is often repeated three, four, or even five times, if a different horse comes in a-head each time. To-day they ran four times; so that the winner, in a space of less than two hours, reckoning the intervals, ran twelve English miles at full speed and leaped the high wall twelve times!—a fatigue which it is difficult to conceive how any horse can stand. Six gentlemen in elegant jockey dresses of coloured silk jackets and caps, leather breeches and top-boots, rode the 'race.' I had an excellent hunter belonging to the son of my host, and could, therefore, by crossing the course, keep up perfectly well, and be present at every leap.

It is impossible not to have a favourite on such occasions. Mine, and indeed that of the public, was an extremely beautiful dark bay, called Gamecock, ridden by a gentleman in yellow,—a handsome young man of good family, and a most admirable rider.

After him the horse which pleased me the most was a dark brown mare called Rosina, ridden by a cousin of Captain B——; a bad rider, in sky blue. The third in goodness, in my opinion, Killarney, was a strong, but not very handsome horse, ridden by a young man who showed more power of endurance than perfect horsemanship: his dress was crimson. The fourth gentleman, perhaps the most skilful, though not the strongest of the riders, rode a brown horse, not remarkable in its appearance, and was dressed in brown. The other two deserve no mention, as they were 'hors du jeu' from the beginning: they both fell at the first leap; the one sustained a severe injury on the head, the other came off with a slight contusion, but was disabled from riding again. Gamecock, who darted off with such fury that his rider could hardly hold him in, and flew, rather than leapt, over the walls, with incredible bounds, won the first heat with ease. Immediately after him came Rosina without her rider, whom she had thrown, and took the remaining leaps of her own accord with great grace. Gamecock was now so decidedly the favourite that the bets were five to one upon him: but the result was far different from these expectations, and very tragical. After this noble animal had distanced the other two in two successive heats, and had achieved the two first leaps in the most brilliant manner, he set his foot, in the third, on a loose stone which one of the less skilful horses had pushed down as he fell, and which *it was not permitted to remove out of the course*. He fell backward upon his rider with such violence that both lay motionless, when the other riders came up, took not the slightest notice of them, and accomplished the leap. After a few seconds Gamecock got up, but his rider did not recover his senses. A surgeon present soon pronounced his state to be hopeless; both his breast-bone and skull were fractured. His old father, who stood by when the accident happened, fell senseless on the ground, and his sister threw herself with heart-rending cries on the yet palpitating though unconscious body. But the general sympathy was very slight. After the poor young man had been repeatedly bled, so that he lay on the turf weltering in his blood, he was taken away, and the race began again at the appointed time as if nothing had happened.

The brown rider had been the first in the preceding heat, and hoped to win the last and decisive one. It was what the English call 'a hard race.' Both horses and men did their part admirably, they ran and leaped almost in rank. Killarney at last won only by a quarter of a head:—it was necessary therefore to run again. This last contest was of course the most interesting, since one of the two running must of necessity win everything. There was a great deal of betting, which at first was even. Twice did the victory appear decided, and yet at last terminated on the contrary side. At the first leap the horses were together; before they reached the second it was evident that the brown was exhausted, and Killarney gained so much upon him that he reached the second wall more than a hundred paces before him. But here, contrary to all expectations, he refused to leap, and the rider had lost all power over him. Before he could be brought to obey, the brown came up,—made his leap well; and now putting out all his strength, was so much a-head that he seemed sure of winning. Bets were now ten to one. But the last wall was yet to cross, and this was fatal to him. The tired animal, who had exhausted his last remaining strength in fast running, tried the leap willingly enough indeed, but had no longer power to effect it; and half breaking down the wall, he rolled bleeding over and over, burying his rider under him so that it was impossible for him to rise. Killarney's rider had in the mean time brought his refractory horse into subjection, achieved the two remaining leaps amid the cheers of the multitude, and then rode at a foot pace, perfectly at his ease and without a rival, to the goal. He was so exhausted, however, that he could scarcely speak.

In the intervals between the preceeding heats I was introduced to many ladies and gentlemen, all of whom most hospitably invited me to their houses. I however preferred following my young host, who promised to show me the fairest of the fair, if I would give myself up to his guidance, and not object to riding ten miles in the dark. On the way he told me that this lady was called Mrs ——, and was the daughter of the late Dutch governor of ——, that she had had a complaint in the lungs, and was now staying in the solitary village of Athenrye, on account of the salubrity of its air.

We did not arrive till ten; and surprised her in her little cottage (for the place is miserable) at tea.

I wish I could describe this sweet and lovely being to you in such a manner as to place her visibly before you; certain that you, like me, would love her at the first glance. But I feel that here all description falls short:—all about her is heart and soul, and that is not to be described;—she was dressed in black, with the greatest simplicity, her dress up to the neck, but fitting closely to her beautiful form. Her person is slender and extremely youthful, full of gentle grace, and yet not without animation and fire in her movements. Her complexion is of a pure and clear brown, and has the soft polish of marble. More beautiful and brilliant black eyes, or teeth of more dazzling whiteness, I never beheld. Her mouth too, with the angelic, childlike character of her smile, is enchanting.

Her refined unaffected good-breeding, the sportive graces of her gay and witty conversation, were of that rare sort which are innate, and must therefore please, whether in Paris or in Pekin, in town or country. The greatest experience of society could not give more ease or address, and no girl of fifteen could blush more sweetly, or jest more joyously. And yet her life had been the most simple and uniform, and her youth was rather the unfading spring of the soul than that of the body; for she was mother of four children, near thirty, and but just recovered from an attack on the lungs which had threatened to prove fatal. But the fire of all her movements, the lightning-flashes of her conversation, had all the freshness and all the power of youth, imparting a resistless charm to the gentleness of her nature. One felt that this was the child of a warmer and kindlier sun, of a more luxuriant soil, than are to be

found in our misty climes. And indeed she felt the most melancholy longings after her native land, and a painful expression passed over all her lovely features as she said, she should never more breathe that balmy air charged with sweet odours. I was too much absorbed in looking at her to think of food, had she not, with all the kind activity of a good housewife, made preparations for entertaining us as well as she could in her little cabin. A table was set in the room in which we sat; so that our frugal meal caused no interruption to the conversation, and it was long after midnight ere we separated.

It was not till I was in bed that I learned that, finding it impossible to get us beds in a place consisting of only a few cabins, this kind-hearted and unceremonious woman had quitted her own for me, and gone to sleep with her eldest daughter.

Concerning her family, whose name was necessarily so striking to me, Mrs —— herself could tell me but little. She had married Mr ——, then a captain in the British army, in her twelfth year: immediately afterwards she lost her father, and embarked with her husband for Ireland, which she has never left. She had heard, indeed that she had relations in Germany, but never corresponded with them. Three years ago she received a business letter from a cousin in A——, announcing that her father's brother had died and had left her heir to his whole property. The indifference of this African child of nature went so far, that she had not only up to the present time left this letter unanswered, but, as she told me, had never been able to decypher the whole of it, as it was written in Dutch, and she had almost entirely forgotten the language. "I don't know the man," added she innocently, "and the money affairs I left to my husband."

This bathing-place, Athenrye, is also one of the curiosities of Ireland. From what I have already said, you will conclude that no Polish village can have a more wretched aspect. The cluster of cabins is on a bare hill rising out of the bog, without tree or bush, without an inn, without any convenience, inhabited only by ragged beggars, and by the few invalids who bring with them everything they want, and must send for even the most trifling article of food to Galway, a distance of twelve miles. Once it was otherwise; and it saddens one to see at the further extremity of this wretched village the proud ruins of better times. Here stood a rich abbey, now overgrown with ivy: the arches which once protected the sanctuary lie in fragments amid the unsheltered altars and tombstones. Further on is a castle, with walls ten feet thick, in which King John held his court of justice when he came over to Ireland.

I visited these ruins with a most numerous company: I do not exaggerate when I say that at least two hundred half-naked beings, two-thirds of whom were children, had collected round my carriage at a very early hour in the morning, doing nothing: they now thronged round me, all begging, and shouting, "Long life to your honour!" Every individual among them stuck faithfully by me, leaping over stones and brambles. The strangest compliment now and then resounded from the midst of the crowd: at last some called out, "Long life to the King!" On my return I threw two or three handfuls of copper among them; and in a minute half of them, old and young, lay prostrate in the sand, while the others ran with all speed into a whiskey-shop, fighting furiously all the way.

Such is Ireland! Neglected or oppressed by the government, debased by the stupid intolerance of the English priesthood, and marked by poverty and the poison of whiskey, for the abode of naked beggars!—I have already mentioned that even among the educated classes of this province, the ignorance appears, with our notions of education, perfectly unequalled: I will only give you one or two examples. To-day something was said about magnetism, and no one present had ever heard the slightest mention of it. Nay, in B——m, in a company of twenty persons, nobody knew that such places as Carlsbad and Prague existed. The information that they were situated in Bohemia did not mend the matter:—Bohemia was not less unknown; and in short, everything out of Great Britain and Paris was a country in the moon.[129] "And where do you come from?" asked one. "From Brobdignag," said I in jest. "O! is that on the sea? Have they whiskey there?" asked another. The son of my host, whom I have repeatedly mentioned, asked me one day very seriously as we met some asses, whether there were any such animals in my country? "Ah! but too many," replied I.

*B——m, Sept. 12th.*

Yesterday we returned home, tearing ourselves away from the lovely African, who however had promised soon to follow us. To-day I took advantage of a leisure day to ride to Castle Hackett, a solitary hill in the neighbourhood, believed by the people to be a favourite resort of the fairies, or 'good people' as they call them. No nation is more poetical, or more richly endowed with fancy. An old man who has the care of the woods of Castle Hackett, and has the reputation of knowing more than other men about the 'good people,' told us these circumstances connected with the death of his son, in the style of a romance.

"I knew it," said he, "four days before—I knew he would die; for as I was going home that evening about twilight, I saw them scouring in a wild chase over the plain: their red dresses fluttered in the wind; and the lakes turned to ice as they came near, and walls and trees bowed themselves to the earth before them; and they rode over the tops of the thicket as if it were over the green grass. In front rode the queen, on a white stag-like horse; and by her I saw, with a shudder, my son, whom she smiled upon and caressed; while he, with a fevered eye, looked wistfully at her, till all were past Castle Hackett. Then I knew it was all over with him;—that same day he took to his bed;—on the third I carried him to the grave. There was not a handsomer or a better lad in Connemara, and it was for that the queen chose him."

The old man seemed so firmly and unaffectedly convinced of the truth of his story, that it would only have offended him to express the least doubt of it. He replied to our inquiries for further details with great readiness, and I promise myself the pleasure of giving you the most accurate description of the dress of the fairy queen for your next masked ball. At the foot of this hill is a pretty country-seat; and the hill itself is covered to its summit with young and thriving plantations. On the top is a sort of artificial ruin, made of loose stones piled together,—laborious and almost dangerous to climb. The view from it is, however, worth the exertion. On two sides the eye wanders over the almost immeasurable plain; on the other two lies Lough Corrib, a lake thirty miles in length, behind which are the mountains of Clare; and in still remoter distance the romantic ridge of Connemara. The lake just at its middle bends inland like a river, and its waters gradually lose themselves between the lofty mountains, which seem to form a gateway for their entrance. Just at this point the sun set; and Nature, who often rewards my love for her, displayed one of her most wondrous spectacles. Black clouds hung over the mountains, and the whole heavens were overcast. Only just at the point where the sun looked out from beneath the dusky veil, issued a stream of light which filled the whole ravine with a sort of unearthly splendour. The lake glittered beneath it like molten brass; while the mountains

had a transparent, steel-blue lustre, like the gleam of diamonds. Single streaks of rose-coloured cloud passed slowly across this illumined picture over the mountains; while on both sides of the opened heavens, distant rain fell in torrents, and formed a curtain which shut out every glimpse of the remaining world. Such is the magnificence which Nature has reserved for herself alone, and which even Claude's pencil could never imitate.

On our way home my young friend discoursed largely on the perfections of Mrs L——. Among other things, he said, "Never with all her vivacity did I see, even for an instant, the least trace of impatience or ill-humour about her; never had a woman a sweeter temper." This word is, like 'gentle,' untranslatable. Only the nation which invented 'comfort' was capable of conceiving 'good temper,' for 'good temper' is to the moral what 'comfort' is to the physical man. It is the most contented, the most *comfortable* state of the soul: the greatest happiness both for those who possess it, and for those who feel its influence. Perhaps it is found in perfection in woman alone; for it is rather a passive than an active quality: and yet we must by no means confound it with mere apathy, which is either tedious, or exasperates one's anger and contempt; whereas 'good temper' soothes and tranquillizes all who approach it. It is a truly kind, loving and cheerful principle; mild and balmy as a cloudless Mayday. With 'gentleness' in his own character, 'comfort' in his house, and 'good temper' in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete. 'Good temper,' in the highest sense, is doubtless one of the rarest qualities;—the consequence of an absolute harmony, or equilibrium of the moral powers,—the most perfect *health of the soul*. Great and striking single qualities cannot therefore be combined with it; for wherever one quality is predominant, the equilibrium is destroyed. It is possible to be most captivating, to inspire passionate love, admiration or esteem, without 'good temper;'—to be *perfectly* and lastingly amiable without it, it is impossible. The contemplation of harmony in all things has a salutary effect on the mind; often unconscious of the cause, the soul is gladdened and refreshed by it, whatever be the sense through which it is communicated. A person therefore who is gifted with 'good temper,' affords us continual enjoyment, without ever awakening our envy, or exciting any vehement emotion. We gain strength from his tranquillity, courage from his cheerfulness, comfort from his resignation; we feel our anger vanish before his loving patience, and are finally the better and the happier for listening to the spiritual music of his harmony.

How many words, you will say, to describe one! And yet, dear Julia, I have very imperfectly expressed what 'good temper' is.

*September 13th.*

The beautiful view of yesterday evening enticed me to take a nearer survey of what I had beheld at a distance. My obliging friend speedily fitted out an equipage for this purpose, a little 'char à banc,' which was drawn by two horses 'tandem' (one horse before another). We determined to visit Lake Corrib, Cong and its caverns, and to return in the night. After four hours smart trotting, and some little accidents to our frail tackle, we reached Cong, at a distance of twenty miles, where we ate a breakfast we had brought with us, of lobster prepared after the Irish fashion.[130] Knives and forks were not to be had, so that we adopted the Chinese mode of eating. We then set out to the caverns, accompanied as usual by a half-naked *cortège*.

Every one of them was on the watch to do us some service: if I stooped to pick up a stone, ten or a dozen scrambled for it, and then asked for money; if there was a gate to open, twenty rushed to it, and expected a like reward. After I had given away all my small money, came one who affirmed that he had shown me some trifle or other. I unwillingly refused him, and told him my purse was empty. "Oh," said he, "a gentleman's purse can never be empty!"—no bad answer; for under the form of a compliment lurks a sort of reproach. "You look too much like a 'gentleman' not to have money, but if you are so ungenerous as not to give any, you are not a true gentleman; and, if you really have none, still less are you one." The crowd felt this, and laughed till I bought my deliverance from him.

But to return to the 'Pigeon-hole.' It lies in the middle of a field, bare, and treeless, which, although flat, is covered with masses of limestone of a peculiar form, between which the scanty soil is with difficulty cultivated. These pieces of rock are as smooth as if polished by art, and look like stones regularly piled and half prepared for some colossal building. In this rocky plain, at about half a mile from Lough Corrib, is the entrance of the cave, like a broad dark well, in which thirty or forty steps, roughly hewn in the rock, lead down to the stream, which here flows subterraneously, making its way through long and romantic arches, till at length it rises into day, and turns a mill. It then buries itself a second time in the earth, and at length appears again as a broad, deep, and crystal river, and thus flows on till it falls into the lake.

Not far from the cave before which we were now standing lives a 'Donna del Lago' who pays the lord of the soil four pounds a-year for the privilege of showing the 'Pigeon-hole' to strangers. She was admirably fitted for the porteress of such an entrance to the nether world, and indeed the whole scene could not be better 'in character,' as the English say. We had descended the steps in the dark, and heard the rush of invisible waters, when the gigantic, haggard old woman, with a scarlet cloak loosely thrown around her, long streaming white hair, and a firebrand in each hand, came down—the living original of Meg Merrilies. It was a wild scene! Her flickering torches threw fitful gleams on the rolling water, and the lofty vaulted roof bristling with stalactites; and now and then brought out the pale and squalid figures behind her with a broad red glare. She took some bundles of straw, and with words which sounded like an incantation, lighted them and threw them blazing into the stream. As they floated rapidly away, they disclosed new grottoes, more grotesque forms, and at length, after a hundred windings, disappeared in the distance like small tapers. We followed them, scrambling over the slippery stones as far as we could, and discovered here and there a trout in the ice-cold water. They have this peculiarity, that whatever bait may be offered them, no attempt to catch one has ever succeeded. The people of course think them enchanted.

On emerging from the darkness to the spot where daylight breaks faintly, as down a shaft, you see the ivy and creeping plants hang around the rocks in the most picturesque festoons and garlands. Here flocks of wild pigeons roost, whence the cave has its name. The popular superstition permits no sportsmen to molest them in this spot, so that they are fearless as in a dove-cote.

We quitted this gloomy region, where all is close and oppressive, and wandered down to the broad sea-like lake, where all seems to lose itself in boundless space. This majestic body of water fills a basin of twelve German miles long, and at its widest point, three broad. It contains just as many islands as the year days; at least so the natives assert,—I did not count them. It is bounded on two sides by the high mountains of Connemara; on the others its waters are nearly level with the plain: the approach to it opposite to the mountains was, therefore, more beautiful than the return. The navigation of this lake is very dangerous from its numerous rocks and islands, and the sudden

squalls which often arise upon it. We saw in a newspaper a short time ago, that a boat, having on board a butcher and his sheep, had gone down, and man and beast perished. We had a very calm, though not a bright day. When we landed, my companion went before to give some orders; while as the sun was setting, I visited the ruins of an abbey, which contained some striking remains of architectural and sculptural beauty.

Ireland is studded with ruins of old castles and monasteries more thickly than any country in Europe, though they do not present such enormous masses as those in England. These *old* ruins (for unfortunately even here are many new ones) are constantly used by the people as places of burial,—a poetical idea, peculiar, I believe, to this nation. As there are none of those tasteless modern monuments which deform English churches, and the grave is marked only by a mound of earth, or at most a flat stone, the touching picture of human frailty is enhanced, not impaired, by this custom. The impression is, however, sometimes heightened into horror by the little heed paid by those who dig the graves to the earlier buried, whose skeletons are thrown out without ceremony as soon as there is a want of room. The ruins are consequently filled with heaps of skulls and bones thrown confusedly together, and sometimes placed in pyramids or other forms by children at play. I climbed over a heap of mingled stones and bones, and crawled up into a ruinous chamber of the first story, where I feasted myself on the strange romantic picture. On my left the wall had fallen in, and opened to the eye the beautiful landscape which surrounds the lake, with its bright-green foreground, the mountains in the distance, and on one side the house and the high trees in the park of the Macnamaras, who reside here. Before me was a window in good preservation, surrounded with carvings like 'point d'Alençon;' above it hung large bunches of deep purple blackberries pendant from their luxuriant branches, which crept in one continuous mass along the open wall. On the right, where the wall of the chamber remained perfect, was a low niche, which no doubt formerly contained a saint, but was now occupied by a skull; the empty eye-sockets were directed exactly towards the beautiful landscape spread before it, as if its brilliancy and freshness had power to gladden even death itself. Following the same direction, I discovered a grated window just above the ground, which I had till then overlooked: it gave light to a spacious cellar, in which I descried a vast heap of bones, all arranged in the way I have mentioned, in various forms. The sunny landscape above, the dark charnel-house below, in which childhood sported with death,—it was a glance at once into life and the grave,—the joys of the one, and the unsympathizing calm of the other; while the rays of the setting sun threw a cheering glow over the living and dead, like messengers from a fairer world.

Our return in a dark night, with incessant rain, was fatiguing and unpleasant; we broke several springs of our carriage, and had all sorts of calamities to endure. We arrived at B—— after midnight, and to my real dismay found the good old Captain and the whole family still up, and waiting supper for us. The prodigal attentions and the infinite kindness of these excellent people daily put me to shame, and I continually admire to see that their cordial hospitality is not deformed by the slightest trace of ostentation.

That my letter may not be too large, and cost too much postage, (for I have to pay some pounds sterling to the English post-office for my voluminous packets,) I close it before I leave B——m. You will know me safe and well up to this point, and in the care of people whose hearts are like your own, however inferior to you they may be in mind and cultivation.—Heaven bless and preserve you.

Your most faithful L.——.

## LETTER XXXII.

*B——m Sept 14th, 1828.*

Beloved Friend,

Your sermon is excellent; your reasons are unanswerable;—but I happen to believe the contrary; and belief is, as you know, a thing which not only removes mountains, but often builds up such as it is impossible to see over. No conversion can consequently be effectual, be the subject what it may, till the opposite belief has already begun to totter. Till that point is reached, though you speak with the wisdom of Plato, and act with the purity of Jesus, every man will retain his belief, on which reason and good sense have ordinarily little influence. He who wishes to produce any sudden change in the minds of men before they are already disposed to it, will either be confined as a madman, or stoned and crucified as a martyr. History teaches us this in every page. What is applicable universally, is also applicable individually,—and now, 'parlez-moi raison si vous l'osez.'—But, seriously speaking, a man who has the misfortune to be born with a too independent spirit, and who cares little for common opinion, merely because it is common, should remain unchanged all his life. The consequences of such a turn of mind, and the hostilities it excites, becomes painful, and at length dangerous, only when he grows weak and ceases to be self-sustained; when instead of despising, as before, the opinions of others, he begins to fear them. The multitude are quick to perceive the change, and instantly begin a steady and vigorous pursuit of the game which flees before them, and which, so long as it stood at bay and looked them boldly in the face, they dared not openly attack. For getting on in the world, there is no better maxim than this, 'Bouche riante, et front d'airain, et vous passez par tout.' We Germans are almost always too earnest as well as too timid, and are capable of only momentary struggles against these defects, which, like all such attempts, generally overshoot the mark. This makes us so fond of retirement and of converse with our own fancy,—our best and faithfullest companion;—we are sovereign lords of the regions of air, as Madame de Staël says. The world, as it is, does not please us, and we are just as little fitted to please the world. Retirement, and with it freedom, are therefore what we love best.

We have had a strange accomplishment of a prophecy.—Miss Kitty, one of my host's daughters, and a very nice girl, had her fortune told yesterday by gipseys. I was by, and heard the woman say to her, among many common-place predictions, "Be upon your guard; for a shot will be fired in at your window, and your stay in B—— will not be long after that." We thought the prediction rather serious, and communicated it to the family on our return, but were only laughed at. The next morning early, we were all alarmed by the firing of two shots; Miss Kitty rushed down stairs half dressed, and nearly fainting from terror; and every one in the house ran to see what was the matter. We found that two of Kitty's younger brothers, who had been on a visit to Mrs. M——, had returned quite unexpectedly to fetch their sister, had played the silly trick of firing their fowling-pieces up at her window, and had done it so awkwardly that they had broken it. They were soundly rated, and then drove off with Miss Kitty; so that everything happened precisely as the old woman,—Heaven only knows how!—had seen in the lines of her hand.

*September 15th.*

I was a little hypochondriacal and dull yesterday, but to-day I am better in health, and consequently full of philanthropical sentiments,—virtuous, 'faute d'occasion de pêcher,' and merry, because I can laugh at myself 'faute de trouver quelque chose de plus ridicule.'

Meanwhile the scene here has altered. The fair African is arrived, and we immediately set out, ten in number, on a ride; in the course of which the old Captain showed us his bog cultivation and his draining with all the ardour of a young man. He was as much enchanted by a field of potatoes as I by my fair companion. Pointing to a good crop, he cried out with enthusiasm, "Is not that a magnificent sight?" it certainly never came into his head that we could be thinking of other things, and that we assented only out of civility. I found some peasants for my plan of colonization; they were all eager to go, but unfortunately had not a penny in the world in furtherance of such a scheme. One runs no risk in promising them that they will find everything better than they have here, where a man must subsist from half an acre of land; and if he be ever so willing to seek work abroad, cannot find it. Those of them who are best off live in dwellings which our peasants would think too bad for their cows or horses. I visited one of these cabins and found the walls built of rude blocks of stone, with moss stuffed into the interstices, and a roof covered partly with straw, partly with turf. The floor consisted of the bare earth; there was no ceiling, and the roof admitted the light in many places. Chimneys seem to be esteemed a useless luxury. The smoke ascended from the open hearth, and found its way through the holes, which served as windows. A lower shed on the right was the bed-room of the whole family; a similar one on the left, the habitation of the pig and the cow. The house stood in the middle of a field, without garden, and utterly bare, and this they all called an *excellent* house.

When we got home our pretty visitor's hands were nearly frozen, even at this season. They were perfectly white and insensible, and were rubbed a quarter of an hour before the blood and life returned to them. 'C'est le sang Africain.' She is in perfect comfort only when seated close to a glowing turf fire, which would scorch any body else; then she recovers her child-like freedom and sportiveness, which sometimes carries even me away with it.

*September 17th.*

To-day Mr L—— came to visit us. How strangely are the good things of this world distributed! * * *

He is a furious Orangeman: it was to be expected that such a character as his would range itself on the side of injustice, and delight in party rage. But on what principles! As this is a specimen of the height to which the spirit of party has reached, and the shamelessness with which it dares to avow itself, I will give you the quintessence of his conversation.

"I have served my king for nearly thirty years in almost every part of the world, and want rest. Nevertheless, it is my most ardent wish, which I daily pray God to grant, that I may live to see a 'good sound rebellion' in Ireland. If I were called out to serve again, or if I were to lay down my life the very day it broke out, I should make the sacrifice willingly, could I but be sure that the blood of five millions of Catholics would flow at the same time with my own. Rebellion!—that's the point at which I want to see them, at which I wait for them, and to which they must be led on, that we may make an end of them at once; for there can be no peace in Ireland till the whole race is exterminated, and nothing but an open rebellion, and an English army to put it down, can effect this!"—Would it not be right to confine such a wicked madman for life, dear Julia, and give his sweet wife to some one more worthy of her? The youthful and uncorrupted hearts of the sons of my host were roused as much as my own: they manfully combatted these diabolical principles; but this exasperated the maniac Orangeman still more, till at length all were silent. Several had early dropped off from table to escape from such revolting conversation.

*September 18th.*

Mr L——'s visit fortunately lasted only a few days, and we are once more alone. We took advantage of our recovered freedom to make an excursion of twenty miles to Mount B——, the beautiful residence of a nobleman, and did not get back till late at night. The park at Mount B—— affords a perfect study for the judicious distribution of masses of water, to which it is so difficult to give the character of grandeur and simplicity that ought always to belong to them. It is necessary to study the forms of nature for the details; but the principal thing is never to suffer an expanse of water to be completely overlooked, or seen in its whole extent. It should break on the eye gradually, and if possible lose itself at several points at the same time, in order to give full play to the fancy,—the true art in all landscape gardening. The lord of the demesne, who is rich, possesses a numerous collection of pictures, some of which are excellent. There is a winter landscape of Ruysdaal's, the only one of its kind which I remember to have seen by that master. The character of the cold foggy air, and the crisp frozen snow, are so perfectly given, that I almost shivered before it; I felt at least that the flickering blaze in the fire-place beneath had a double charm. A fine and undoubted Rubens, the 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' is chiefly remarkable for a strange singularity. St Peter has a scarlet wig, and yet the general expression of the picture is not injured. It has the effect of a glory, and seems to shed light around. I should think it was a trial of skill, perhaps undertaken by the painter in consequence of some jest, 'pour prouver la difficulté vaincue.' A very laborious landscape on wood, by an unknown hand, was formerly in the private collection of Charles I., whose cipher and name, with the crown above, are branded on the back. The gem of the collection appeared to me a picture of Rembrandt's, supposed to be the portrait of an Asiatic Jew; it is, at any rate, the ideal of one. The reality of the eyes and their blighting look is almost terrific; the dark and sinister, yet sublime expression of the whole is increased by the inky blackness of the rest of the picture, out of which the fiery eyes and satanic mouth look as if peeping forth frightfully from the midst of Egyptian night.

After breakfast several hunters and racers were brought out, and we exhibited our feats of horsemanship to the ladies. The hunters of this country are not, perhaps, quite so swift as the best English ones, but they are unequalled at leaping, to which they are trained from their youth. They go up to a wall with the most perfect composure, and mount it with their fore and hind feet like a dog. If there is a ditch on the other side, they leap that also by giving themselves a fresh 'élan' on the top of the wall. The less the rider attempts to help a well trained horse the better. If he keeps a steady light rein upon him he may safely leave him to himself.

I don't know whether these details of horsemanship are very interesting to you, but as my letters are at the same time my journal (for how should I find time to keep any other?) you must be so kind as to receive with indulgence whatever has any interest, not only for you, but for myself.

*Galway, Sept. 19th, Evening.*

You know that my determinations are often of a very sudden nature,—my pistol-shots, as you used to call them. I have just discharged one. You may think that I did not quit such cordial friends without great regret, but I had resolved to go, and adhered steadily to my resolution. To avoid the delay of sending for post-horses, I rode with James for the last time on 'Doctor,' his admirable hunter, to Tuam, leaving all needful arrangements to my servant. I intended to leave Tuam by the mail, but it was not its day for going, and no species of conveyance to Galway was to be had, except the little two-wheeled cart of the man who carries the letter-bags, in which there is room for two passengers. I did not deliberate long, but giving James a last shake by the hand, sprang into this frail vehicle, and 'clopin-clopant,' away rattled the old horse with us through the streets. The other passenger was a fine athletic young man, well dressed, with whom I soon got into an interesting conversation on the beauties and wonders of his country, and the character of his countrymen. He was not long without affording me a fresh proof of the hearty kindness and civility of the latter. I was very lightly dressed, and heated with riding, so that I suffered from the cold wind. I offered the driver some money to surrender his cloak to me: on a nearer view, however, this appeared so fearfully dirty and disgusting, that I could not bring myself to put it on. The young man immediately took off a magnificent great-coat of vast dimensions, and almost forced me to take it, protesting that he never caught cold, that he could sleep in the water without taking any harm, and that he had put on the great-coat only because he did not know what to do with it. This friendly act of his made us more quickly acquainted than we should otherwise have been; and the time passed away, amid all sorts of talk, much more rapidly than I had ventured to hope; for the distance was six German miles, the road very rough, the equipage as bad as possible, the seat uneasy, the country monotonous and dreary. Not a hill, not a tree to be seen; only a network of walls drawn over the whole surface. Every field is enclosed within walls of loose stones without mortar, but so well constructed, that unless violently shaken they stand very firm. Many ruins of castles were visible, but in such a flat, desert plain, without one bush or bough to break it, they produced no romantic effect.

We found the ragged potatoe-eating people everywhere gay and joyous. They always beg, to be sure, but they beg laughing, with wit, humour, and the drollest expressions, without importunity, and without 'rancune' if they get nothing. Most striking, amid such singular poverty, is the no less singular honesty of these people; perhaps, however, the one arises out of the other, for luxury makes us covetous, and the poor man can often bear the privation of necessaries more easily than the rich of superfluities.

We saw a number of labourers sitting by the road-side on heaps of stone, which they were breaking. My companion said, "Those are conquerors; their whole business is to break in pieces and destroy, and they rise on the ruins they make." Meanwhile our driver blew his horn to announce the post, for which, as with us, everything must make way: the tone, however, came forth with such difficulty and sounded so piteously, that we all laughed. A pretty boy, of about twelve, looking like a personification of happiness and joy, though half naked, was sitting on a heap of stones, hammering. He shouted with mischievous glee, and called out to the angry driver, "Oh ho, friend! your trumpet has caught cold; it is as hoarse as my old grandmother: cure it directly with a glass of potheen, or it will die of a consumption before you reach Galway!" A loud laugh from all the labourers followed as chorus. "There," said my companion, "there you see our people,—starvation and laughter,—that is their lot. Would you believe that, from the number of labourers and the scarcity of labour, not one of these men earns enough to buy sufficient food; and yet every one of them will spare something to his priest: and if you go into his cabin, will give you half of his last potatoe and a joke into the bargain."

We now approached the Galway mountains, over which the sun was setting magnificently. This is a spectacle which I can never behold unmoved; it always enchants me, and leaves a feeling of calm and security, arising from the certainty that this language, which God himself speaks to us, cannot lie, though human revelations be but piece-meal, differently understood by every different interpreter, and often abused to the purposes of cunning and selfishness.

We alighted at the same inn at which I had been during the races; and to make some return for my young friend's civility, I invited him to sup with me. It was late when we separated,—probably forever; but such acquaintanceships I like; they leave no time for dissembling: ignorant of each other's social relations, each values in the other only *the man*. Whatever each obtains from the other of kind feeling or good opinion, he owes to himself alone.

*Sept. 20th, Morning.*

I had hoped my carriage would have arrived during the night, but it is not yet come; and I therefore employed my leisure in taking a more perfect survey of this ancient city. I was greatly assisted by some fragments of an old Chronicle, which I accidentally picked up in a grocer's shop, where I made some inquiries. In an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured, in black marble. This house is called "The Cross-bones," and its tragical history is as follows.

In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life;—an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was reverenced for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved,—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives,—was his son, according to the Chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter,—that attaching grace of manner, which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke.

So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth,—as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment

which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.

While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz;—for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the Chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired “in what part of Galway Ireland lay?”

After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude.

It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family, and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward’s was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo; Gonsalvo’s of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll, threatened by the storm. The Pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo’s graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his smiling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire, which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward’s father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward’s, after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description.

Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers: and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the youth would have on Edward’s darker and more vehement character.

This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection.

But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward’s mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared for him intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as *his*,—though she still refused to confess her love,—that *his* Anna had ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly become the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humoursome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal tempered girl she had always appeared. Everything betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion,—and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez! for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost cords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward’s bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved: and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez,—so little capable of concealment,—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom,—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness, or the condition of a still accountable creature.

On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch, a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had

concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments.—At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognized him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning-flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him,—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked with horror as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand.

Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness,—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death.

Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognized as Edward's; and as he was nowhere to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands.

We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when at break of day Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder that ran through the crowd,—but the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine,—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment.

He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out, and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal.

At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness.—Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied with unfaultering voice, "No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you: your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years have I prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him." With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will.

As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it."

While he spoke these words he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided as if stunned to his own house. From that moment the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.

*Limerick, Sept. 21st.*

At ten o'clock my carriage arrived, and I immediately quitted Galway. As long as the country remained monotonous, I beguiled the time by reading. At Gort it becomes more interesting. Not far from it flows a river, which, like that at Cong, looses itself several times in the earth. One of the deepest basins which it forms is called "The Punch-bowl." To fill such a bowl would require a larger tun than that at Heidelberg.

You now begin to approach the Clare mountains: and Nature decks herself in more picturesque attire. A park belonging to Lord Gort broke upon me like a magnificent picture: it is bounded by a broad lake, in which are thirteen beautiful wooded islands; these, with the mountains in the back-ground, and the expanse of water, which the eye never completely embraces, in front, produced a grand and striking effect. One of the most miserable post-horses seemed to participate so intensely in my delight, that it was impossible to make him stir. After many vain attempts to induce him to change his position, during which the postilion repeatedly protested that it was only this one spot to which he was so attached, but that if we could once get him away from it, he would go like the devil himself, we were

obliged to unharness him;—he had begun to kick and to break our crazy equipage. In comparison with the Irish post establishment, that of Saxony, erst so celebrated, might fairly be called excellent. Bleeding skeletons, galled all over, starved and superannuated, are fastened by rotten harness to your carriage, and if you ask your postilion (whose dress consists of a few rags,) if he thinks that such cattle can go a mile, much more a stage of twelve or fifteen, he answers very seriously, “Sure there’s no better equipage in England; I shall take your honour there in less than nothing.” Scarcely, however, have you gone twenty steps, when something breaks, one horse is restive, and the other falls down exhausted: this does not put him the least out of countenance, he has always some admirable excuse ready, and at last, if nothing else will do, he declares himself bewitched.

This was the course of things to-day. We must probably have passed the night in the park of Gort, had not assistance and horses been most hospitably despatched to us from the house. Notwithstanding this, our stay was so long that it was ten before I reached Limerick. My letter is so thick that I must send it away before its corpulence becomes ‘impayable.’ You will not hear of me again in less than a fortnight, as I am determined to plunge into those wild regions, which foreign foot has seldom trod. Pray for a prosperous journey for me; and above all, love me with the same tenderness as ever.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Limerick, Sept. 22d, 1828.*

Dearest Friend,

Limerick is the third city in Ireland, and of the kind of cities I like, old and venerable, adorned with Gothic churches and moss-covered ruins; with dark narrow streets, and curious houses of various dates; a broad river flowing through its whole length, and crossed by several antique bridges; lastly, a busy market-place, and cheerful environs. Such a city has for me a charm like that of a wood, whose dark branches, now low, now high, afford sylvan streets of various forms, and frequently over-arch the way like a Gothic roof. Modern regular cities are like a trimly cut French garden: they do not suit my romantic taste.

I was not quite well, and returned after a little walk in the town to my inn. I found a sexton of one of the Catholic churches waiting for me; he told me that they had rung the bells as soon as they knew of my arrival, and hoped I would give them ten shillings as a gratuity. ‘Je l’envoyai promener.’ In a few minutes a Protestant functionary of the same sort was announced. I asked him what he wanted. “Only to warn your royal highness against the impositions of the Catholics, who annoy strangers in the most shameless manner, and to beg that your royal highness will not give them anything:—at the same time I take the liberty to ask a small contribution to the Protestant poor-house.” (You must observe that the people of this country are extremely lavish of titles to anybody who travels with four horses.) “Go to the d——l, Protestants and Catholics,” said I in a rage, and flung the door in his face.

But this was not all; I was soon waited upon by a deputation of the catholics, consisting of the French Consul (an Irishman,) a relation and namesake of O’Connell, and some others, who harangued me, and begged to present me with the Order of the Liberator. I had the greatest possible difficulty in excusing myself from this honour, and in declining an invitation to dine with their club. We compromised the matter by my accepting the offer of two of them to accompany me all over the town as ciceroni.

I resigned myself very patiently, and was first conducted to the cathedral, a building of great antiquity, more in the style of a fortress than of a church; the architecture solid and rude, but imposing by its massiveness. In the interior I admired a carved chair of the most exquisite workmanship; it is five hundred years old, and made of bog-oak, which time has rendered black as ebony. Its rich ornaments consisted of beautiful arabesques and most curious masks, which were different on every side. The grave of Thomond, King of Ulster and Limerick, though mutilated and defaced by modern additions, is a very interesting monument. Descendants of this royal line are still in existence. The head of the family bears the title of Marquis of Thomond, a name which you will remember to have seen in my letters from London, where its possessor was distinguished for the excellence of his dinners. Ireland has many families of great antiquity, who pique themselves on never having contracted a ‘mésalliance,’ a practice so common among the English and French nobility, that pure unmixed blood (*stiftsfähiges Blut,*[131] as we call it in Germany) is no longer to be found in either of those kingdoms. The French nobles called these marriages for money ‘mettre du fumier sur ses terres,’ a joke not very flattering to the bride.—And many an English lord owes all the present splendour of his family to such ‘fumier.’

We quitted the church, and were proceeding to visit the rock near the Shannon, upon which the English signed the treaty after the battle of the Boyne; a treaty which they have not been remarkably scrupulous in observing. I remarked that we were followed by an immense crowd of people, which increased like an avalanche, and testified equal respect and enthusiasm. All on a sudden they shouted “Long life to Napoleon and Marshal ——.” “Good God,” said I, “for whom do the people take me? As a perfectly unpretending stranger I cannot in the least degree understand why they seem disposed to do me so much honour.” “Was not your father the Prince of ——?” said O’Connell. “Oh no,” replied I; “my father was indeed a nobleman of rather an older date, but very far from being so celebrated.” “You must forgive us then,” said O’Connell incredulously; “for to tell you the truth, you are believed to be a natural son of Napoleon, whose partiality to your supposed mother was well known.” “You joke,” said I laughing: “I am at least ten years too old to be the son of the great emperor and the beautiful princess.” He shook his head, however, and I reached my inn amid reiterated shouts. Here I shut myself up, and shall not quit my retreat to-day. The people, however, patiently posted themselves under my windows, and did not disperse till it was nearly dark.

*Tralee, Sept. 23rd.*

This morning I was again received with cries of “Long life to Napoleon and your honour!” And while my servant, who was seated in my carriage, and passed for Napoleon’s son, drove off in the midst of cheers and acclamations, I slipped out at a back-door, with a lad who carried my travelling bag, and took my place in the stage, which was to convey me to the lake of Killarney. My people had orders to wait for me in Cashel, where I shall probably rejoin them

in a fortnight.

With my present simple exterior no human being thought of assailing me with homage; and I could not help philosophizing on this public farce, and thinking how often the desire of glory and renown leads only to disguise and false assumption. Certainly of all the dreams of life this is the most shadowy! Love sometimes satisfies, knowledge tranquilizes, art gladdens and amuses; but ambition, ambition gives only the tormenting passion of a hunger which nothing can allay,—a chase after a phantom which is ever unattainable.

In a quarter of an hour I was comfortably established in the stage-coach. The passengers inside consisted of three women; one fat and jovial, another extremely lean, and a third pretty and well proportioned. There was also a man who had the air of a pedagogue, with a long face, and still longer nose. I sat entrenched between the two slender ladies, and conversed with the corpulent one, who was very talkative. On my letting down a window she told us that she had lately been nearly *sea-sick* in this very coach, because an ailing lady who sat opposite to her would not allow a window to be opened on any account. That *she*, however, did not give it up; and after a quarter of an hour's persuasion had succeeded in prevailing on the lady to admit of one inch of air; a quarter of an hour after another inch, and so on, till she manœuvered the whole window open. "Excellent," said I; "that is exactly the way in which women manage to get all they wish; first *one* inch, and then—as much as they want. How differently do men act under similar circumstances," continued I. "An English writer, in his directions to travellers, says, that if anybody in the mail should insist on keeping all the windows closed, you should not enter into any 'pour parler' with him, but immediately thrust your elbow through the window as if by accident, beg his pardon, and quietly enjoy the cool air." The ruins of Adair now attracted our attention, and interrupted the conversation. Further on the Shannon appeared in all its grandeur. In some parts it is like an American river, nine miles broad, and its shores finely wooded. At Lisdowel, a little place where we dined, hundreds of beggars assembled as usual about the coach. One novelty struck me; they had little wooden cups fixed at the end of long sticks, which they reached in at the window, and thus more conveniently secured the desired 'pence.' One beggar had built himself a sort of sentry-box of loose stones in the road, in which he seemed to remain in a state of perpetual bivouac. I must conclude; for the mail drives off again in a few hours, and I want rest. More to-morrow.

*Killarney, Sept. 24th.*

In the course of to-day I saw twelve rainbows, a bad omen for the steadiness of the weather; but I receive it as a good one for me. It promises me a many-coloured journey. The company had dropped off, one by one, like ripe fruit, and I found myself alone with an Irish gentleman, a manafacturer from the north, when I entered the pretty cheerful town of Killarney, where the incessant resort of English tourists has almost introduced into the inns English elegance and English prices. We immediately inquired for boats, and for the best way of seeing the lake, but were told that it was imposible to go on in such a storm: no boat could 'live on the lake,' as the fisherman expressed it. An English dandy, who had joined us during breakfast, ridiculed these assurances; and as I, you know, am also rather incredulous about *impossibilities*, we outvoted the manufacturer, who showed very little ardour for the undertaking, and embarked, 'malgré vent et marée,' near Ross Castle, an old ruin not far from Killarney.

We had a capital boat, an old characteristic-looking grey-headed steersman, and four sturdy rowers. The heaven was as if torn open; in some places blue, in others various shades of gray; but for the most part raven-black. Clouds of all forms rolled in wild disorder, now and then tinged by a rainbow, or lighted by a pale sunbeam. The high mountains scarcely appeared through their gloomy veil, and on the lake all was like night. The Black waves heaved in busy and ceaseless tumult; here and there one bore a crest of snow-white foam. As the motion was nearly as great as at sea, I was slightly sea-sick. The manufacturer was pale from fear; the young Englishman, proud of his amphibious nature, laughed at us both. Meanwhile the storm piped so loud that we could hardly hear each other speak; and when I asked the old steersman where we should land first, he said, "At the Abbey, if we can land anywhere." This did not sound encouraging. Our boat, which was the only one on the lake, for even the fishermen would not venture out, danced so fearfully up and down without making the smallest way, in spite of all the efforts of the rowers, that the manufacturer began to think of wife, children and manufactory, and peremptorily insisted on returning, as he had no intention of sacrificing his life to a party of pleasure. The dandy on the other hand was ready to burst with laughter: he protested that he was a member of the Yacht Club, and had seen very different sort of danger from this; and promised the rowers, who would rather have been at home, money without end if they would but hold out. For my own part, I followed General Yermoloff's maxim, "neither too rash nor too timid," took no part in the contest, wrapped myself in my cloak, and awaited the issue in peace. It seems I had all the beauty of the scene to myself; one of my companions being prevented from seeing it by fear, the other by self-complacency. For some time we struggled with the waves, on which we floated like sea-birds in storm and darkness; till at last such a violent wind came upon us from a gorge in the mountains opposite to which we lay, that it grew rather too serious even for the 'member of the Yacht Club,' and he acceded to the request of the steersman, to row back with the wind, and land on an island till the storm abated a little, which was generally the case about noon.

This happened as he predicted: and after encamping for some hours in Innisfallen, a lovely little islet with beautiful groups of trees and ruins, we were able to continue our voyage. All the islands of this little lake, even to the smallest, called the Mouse, which is only a few yards long, are thickly clothed with arbutus, and other evergreens. They grow wild; and both in summer and in winter enliven the scene with the bright colours of their flowers and fruit. The forms of many of these islets are as curious as their names. They are generally called after O'Donaghue. Here is O'Donaghue's 'White Horse,' on whose rocky hoofs the surf breaks; there, his 'Library;' further on, his 'Pigeon-house,' or his 'Flower-garden;' and so on. But you do not know how the lake of Killarney arose. Listen then.

O'Donaghue was the powerful chieftain of a clan inhabiting a great and opulent city, which stood where the lake now rolls its waters. It had everything in abundance except water; and the legend says, that the only little spring which it possessed was the gift of a mighty sorcerer, who called it up at the prayer of a beautiful virgin; adding a solemn warning, that they should never forget to close it every evening with a large silver cover which he left for that purpose. The strange forms and ornaments seemed to confirm this wonderful command; and never was the old custom neglected.

But O'Donaghue, a mighty and dauntless warrior (perhaps too, like Talbot, an incredulous one,) only made merry at this story, as he called it; and one day, being heated with more wine than usual, he commanded, to the terror of all present, the silver cover to be carried into his house, where, as he jestingly said, it would make him an

excellent bath. All remonstrances were vain: O'Donaghue was accustomed to make himself obeyed: and as his terrified vassals at length dragged in their ponderous burthen, amid groans and lamentations, he exclaimed laughing "Never fear, the cool night air will do the water good, and in the morning you will all find it fresher than ever." But those who stood nearest to the silver cover turned away shuddering, for it seemed to them as if the strange intricate characters upon it moved, and wreathed like a knot of twisted snakes, and an awful sound appeared to come forth mournfully from it. Fearful and anxious, they retired to rest: one alone fled to the adjoining mountains. And now when morning broke, and this man looked down into the valley, he thought he was in a dream;—city and land had disappeared; the rich meadows were no more to be seen, and the little spring bursting forth from the clefts of the earth has swelled into a measureless lake. What O'Donaghue prophesied was true; the water had become cooler for them all, and the new vessel had prepared for him his last bath.

In very clear bright weather, as the fishermen assured us, some have seen at the lowest bottom of the lake, palaces and towers glimmering as through glass: but many have beheld, at the approach of a storm, O'Donaghue's giant figure riding over the waves on a snorting white horse, or gliding along the waters with the quickness of lightning in his unearthly bark.

One of our boat's crew,—a man of about fifty, with long black hair, which the wind blew wildly about his temples, of an earnest and quiet but imaginative look,—was stealthily pointed out to me by one of his companions, while they whispered in my ear that "he had met him."

You will believe that I quickly entered into conversation with this boatman, and sought to gain his confidence, knowing that these people, whenever they anticipate unbelief and jesting, observe an obstinate silence. At first he was reserved; but at length he became warmed, and swore by St. Patrick and the Virgin that what he was going to tell me was the naked truth. He said he had met O'Donaghue at twilight, just before the raging of one of the most terrific storms he had ever witnessed. He had staid out late fishing; it had rained torrents the whole day; it was piercingly cold, and without his whiskey-bottle he could not have held out any longer. Not a living soul had been visible on the lake for a long time,—when all at once a boat, as if fallen from the clouds, sailed towards him; the oars plied like lightning, and yet no rowers were visible: but at the stern sat a man of gigantic stature: his dress was scarlet and gold, and on his head he wore a three-cocked hat with broad gold lace. The spirit-boat passed him: Paddy fixed his eyes intently upon it: but when the tall figure was over against him, and two large black eyes glared forth out of the mantle, and scorched him like living coals, the whiskey fell out of his hand, and he did not come to himself till the rough caresses of his other half waked him. She was in a great rage, and called him a drunken fellow:—She might think the whiskey had brought him to that, but he knew better.

Is it not curious that the costume here described exactly corresponds with that of our German Devil of the last century, who is now come into such great favour again? And yet Paddy had most certainly never heard of the Freischütz. It seems almost as if Hell had its 'Journal des Modes.' I was extremely amused at the old man's penitence and distress after he had finished his story. He loudly reproached himself for it, crossed himself, and incessantly repeated, "O'Donaghue, though terrible, looked like a 'real gentleman; 'for," said he, looking round fearfully, "'a perfect gentleman' he was, is now, and always will remain." The younger boatmen were not such firm believers, and seemed to have a good mind to joke the ghost-seer a little, but his seriousness and indignation soon overawed them all. One of these young men was a perfect model of a youthful Hercules. With all the overflowing spirits of a body sound to the core, he played incessant tricks, and did the work of three at the same time.

We landed at Mucruss Abbey, which stands in Mr. Herbert's park, notwithstanding which it is plentifully furnished with skulls and bones. The ruins are of considerable extent, and full of interesting peculiarities. In the court yard is a yew-tree, perhaps the largest in the world; it not only overtops all the building, but its branches darken the whole court, like a tent. In the first story I observed a fire-place, on which two ivy branches, one on each side, formed a most beautiful and regular decoration, while their leaves covered the mantel-piece with a mass of foliage.

Our guide here gave us a curious example of the unbounded power of the Catholic priests over the common people. Two clans, the Moynihans and the O'Donaghues had been in a state of perpetual feud for half a century. Wherever they met in any considerable numbers, a shillelah battle was sure to take place, and many lives were usually lost. Since the formation of the Catholic Association, it has become the interest of the priests to establish peace and concord in their flocks. Accordingly, after the fight which took place last year, they enjoined as penance that the Moynihans should march twelve miles to the north, and the O'Donaghues an equal distance to the south, and both pronounce certain prayers at their journey's end; that all the lookers on should make a pilgrimage of six miles in some other direction; and in case of a repetition of the offence, the penance to be doubled. All this was executed with religious exactness; and ever since the war is at an end.

Continuing our progress for about three miles on this side the lake, we landed on a thickly wooded shore, and visited O'Sullivan's waterfall, which, swollen by the rain, was doubly magnificent. The luxuriance of the trees and trailing of the plants which overhang it, and the cave opposite, in which you stand protected from the wet to view this foaming cataract, increase the picturesque and wild beauty of the scene. Here are sweet lonely walks, which lead over the mountains to a village imbedded in a wood, and cut off from all the world.

But as the sun was struggling with the clouds, and we were soaked through and through (by the heavens and the lake whose waters had more than once washed over us,) and very weary, we resolved to close our labours for to-day, and to return by Lady Kenmare's pretty villa.

As we had still about four miles to go by water, the handsome young fellow, who by-the-bye, in spite of his athletic frame, had a most remarkable resemblance to Mademoiselle Sontag, offered to bet three shillings that he would row us home in half an hour. The old ghost-seer would not undertake such an exertion, but young Sontag declared he would row for him. We accepted the wager, and now flew like an arrow across the lake. Never did I see a finer exhibition of power and persistency, amid constant singing, jokes, and sportive tricks. The rowers won their wager only by half a minute, but received from us more than double their bet, which all promised with great glee to drink in the course of the night. To conclude the whole, they held a conversation, already got up for the purpose, with the echo of the walls of Ross Castle. The answers had always some double meaning; for instance, 'Shall we have a good bed?'—answer, 'Bad,' and so on.

*Sept. 25th.*

Unfortunately two Englishmen of my acquaintance arrived to-day, and joined us, which destroyed my beloved incognito; for though I am no ‘exalted personage,’ I find as much pleasure in it as if I were. When one is unknown, one always escapes some *gene*, and gains some freedom the more, however inconsiderable one may be. As I could not help myself in this case, I contrived at least to perform half this day’s tour by land with my worthy friend the manufacturer, and let the three Englishmen go together by boat. It was the same which we had yesterday, and had then engaged for to-day. My poney had the high sounding name of ‘the Knight of the Gap.’ He was but a recreant knight, however, and would not move without whip and spur. Before we came to the great ravine or gap, from which he takes his name, we had a very beautiful view of the mountains from a hill which rises in the midst of the plain. Mountain, water, and trees, were so happily distributed as to produce the more refreshing harmony:—the long ravine appears all the wilder and more, monotonous; in the style of Wales, but not so vast. In one part of it a large mass of rock loosened itself some years ago, and lies, split in two, across the road. A man had the project of excavating these pieces of rock as a hermitage, but remained faithful to his strange dwelling only three months. The people, with their usual energy of expression, call it “the madman’s rock.” Some way further on we saw an old woman cowering on the road, whose appearance exceeded all that has ever been invented in fairy tales. Never did I see anything more frightful and disgusting: I was told that she was a hundred-and-ten years old; and had survived all her children and grandchildren. Although in an intellectual point of view reduced to a mere animal, all her senses were in tolerable preservation. Her form was neither human nor even animal, but resembled rather an exhumed corpse reanimated. As we rode by, she uttered a piteous whine, and seemed satisfied when we threw her money. She did not reach however to pick it up, but sank back into her former torpor and apathy. All the furrows of her livid face were filled with black dirt, her eyes looked diseased, her lips were of a leaden blue; in short, imagination could conceive nothing so shocking.

We met our boat at Brandon Castle, a ruin rendered habitable, with a high tower and neglected pleasure-grounds. There are some pieces of water through which our guides carried us on their backs. The boat appeared ‘à point nommé;’ it sailed round a projecting point just as we reached the shore, and had on board the best bugleman in Killarney. He blew a sort of Alpine horn with great skill, and called forth many a delightful echo. We passed the arch of a bridge, on which, when the waters are swollen, boats are often wrecked. Our bugleman told us that he had been twice upset here, and the last time nearly drowned. He wished, therefore, to be put on shore, and climb along the rocks past this formidable place; but the old steersman would not consent, declaring that if the strange gentlemen remained in the boat it became him to stay, and be drowned with them. We all passed quite safely however.

The rock called “The Eagle’s Nest,” which is the almost constant abode of those kingly birds, is of a fine and imposing form. Not far from it is Coleman’s Leap,—two rocks standing upright in the water at some distance; on which are the marks of feet, three or four feet deep in the rock. Such leaps and footmarks are to be found in almost all mountains.

Our boat was fully victualled for a brilliant dinner (a thing which Englishmen seldom forget,) and as we espied a most romantic cottage under high chesnut trees, we determined to land here, and eat our repast. It would have been extremely agreeable, had not the dandy spoiled it by his affectation, his want of all feeling for the beautiful, and his ill-natured ‘persiflage’ of the less polished but far more estimable Irishman. He gave him the nickname of Liston (a celebrated actor, who is particularly distinguished in silly absurd characters,) and made the poor devil unconsciously act so burlesque a part, that I was reluctantly constrained to laugh, though the whole thing was quite ‘hors de saison,’ and in the most execrable taste. It is possible, too, that the Irishman only affected stupidity, and was, in fact, the most cunning of the two,—at least he addressed himself to eating and drinking with such unwearied perseverance while the others were occupied with laughing, that very little remained for them. I cannot deny that he received powerful support in this department from me.—A fresh-caught salmon broiled on arbutus-sticks over the fire was an admirable specimen of Irish fare.

We rowed slowly back by moonlight, while the bugleman’s horn started echo after echo from her repose. It was an enchanting night; and wandering from thought to thought, I reached a state of mind in which I too could have seen ghosts. The men near me seemed to me only like puppets; Nature alone, and the sweetness and the majesty that surrounded me, seemed real.

Whence comes it, thought I, that a heart so loving is not social? that men are generally of so little worth to you?—Is your soul too small for intercourse with the intellectual world, too nearly allied to plants and animals?—or have you outgrown the forms of this state of existence in some prior one, and feel pent up in your too narrow garments? And when the melancholy tones of the bugle-horn again trembled in soft notes across the waves, and gave to my fancies the sounds of a strange language, like the voice of invisible spirits, I felt like Göthe’s fisherman,—as if some irresistible force dragged me softly down into the calm element, to seek O’Donaghue in his coral rocks.

Before we landed, a curious ceremony took place. The boat’s crew, with young Sontag at their head,—who always called me ‘his gentleman,’ in virtue of a somewhat larger fee he had received from me,—asked permission to lie-to at a little island, and to christen this after me, which could only be done by moonlight. I was therefore told to stand on a projecting rock: the six boatmen leaning on their oars formed a circle around me, while the old man solemnly pronounced a sort of incantation in a wild measure, which sounded awfully in this romantic scenery and the night. Young Sontag then broke off a large arbutus branch, and giving a twig of it first to me, and then to the gentlemen in the boat, we fixed them in our hats; the rest he divided among his comrades, and then asked me—with respectful earnestness what name the island—with O’Donaghue’s permission—was in future to bear? “Julia!” said I with a loud voice:—on which this name was repeated, not very accurately, three times with thundering hurrahs. A third man now took a bottle filled with water, delivered a long address in verse to O’Donaghue, and threw the bottle with all his might against a piece of rock, so that it broke into a thousand pieces. A second bottle filled with whiskey was then drunk to my health, and a threefold cheer again given to Julia Island. The boatmen, to whom the name was strange, took it for mine, and henceforth called me nothing but Mr. Julia, which I heard with a melancholy satisfaction.

Your domains are thus increased by an island on the romantic lake of Killarney: it is only a pity that the next company that lands on the same spot will probably rob you of it; for doubtless such christenings take place as often as godfathers are to be found. The real child, the whiskey-bottle, is always at hand. Nevertheless, I enclose an arbutus leaf from the identical sprig which flourished on my hat, that you may at least retain undisputed possession of something from your island.

*Glengariff, Sept. 26th.*

To write to you to-day is really an effort which deserves reward; for I am excessively tired, and have, like my father Napoleon, been obliged to drink coffee incessantly to keep me awake.[132]

I left Killarney at nine o'clock in the morning in a car of the most wretched construction, and followed the new road which leads along the upper and lower lake to the Bay of Kenmare. This road discloses more beauties than are seen from the lakes themselves, which have the great disadvantage of affording a picturesque view on one side only,—the other shore is quite flat. On the road which lies along the side of the mountain and through a wood, every turn presents you with pictures, which are the more beautiful from being framed. I remark, generally, that views seen from the water lose: they want the principal thing—the foreground.

Near a beautiful cascade, and in the most charming wilderness, though not far from the road, a merchant has built himself a villa, and surrounded it with a garden and park. He must have expended at least five or six thousand pounds,—perhaps much more,—and yet the land is the property of his family only for ninety-nine years; at the expiration of that time it falls, together with all that is upon it, to the lord of the soil, Lord Kenmare, and must be delivered up to him in perfect repair. No German would feel disposed to spend his money in decorative improvements on such terms: but in England,—where almost the whole soil belongs either to the government, the church, or the powerful aristocracy, and therefore can seldom be purchased in fee; where, on the other hand, industry, fostered by a wise government, in alliance with agriculture, has enriched the middling and trading classes,—such contracts are extremely common, and obviate many of the inconveniences of the distribution of landed property, without diminishing its great utility to the state.

The ascent now became steeper and steeper, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of bare heights; for vegetation here seldom extends above midway up the mountains. It is not as in Switzerland, where luxuriant verdure reaches almost to the snowy region. To take Switzerland as a standard by which to try Ireland, would however be absurd. Both countries afford romantic beauties of a totally different character; both excite admiration and astonishment at the sublime works of Nature, though in Switzerland they are on a more colossal scale. The road was so winding, that after half an hour's climbing we found ourselves precisely over the cottage I mentioned, which with its shining gray thatch looked, at that depth, like a little mouse sunning itself in the green grass;—for the sun, after a long struggle, had at length become undisputed lord of the heavens.

Eight miles from Killarney we reached the highest point of the road, where stands a solitary inn. You look down upon the broad valley, in whose lap lies the greater part of the three lakes, so that you behold them all with one glance.

From this point the road descends, leading between naked mountains of bold forms to the sea. It was fair-time when I arrived in Kenmare, and I could hardly penetrate through the bustling crowd with my one-horse vehicle, especially from the number of drunken men who would not—perhaps could not—get out of the way. One of them fell in consequence of an attempt to do so, and knocked his head so violently on the pavement that he was carried away senseless,—a thing of such common occurrence that it attracted no attention. The skulls of Irishmen appear to be universally of a more firm and massive construction than those of other people, probably because they are trained to receive shillelah blows. While I dined, I had another opportunity of observing several affrays. First a knot of people collect, shouting and screaming; this rapidly thickens; and all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, a hundred shillelahs whirl in the air, and the thumps,—which are generally applied to the head,—bang and snap like the distant report of fire-arms, till one party has gained the victory. As I was now at the fountain-head, through the mediation of mine host I bought one of the finest specimens of this weapon, yet warm from the fight. It is as hard as iron, and that it may be sure to do execution, it is also weighted at the end with lead.

The celebrated O'Connell is now residing at about thirty miles from hence, in his solitary fortress in the most desert region of Ireland. As I have long wished to know him, I sent a messenger from this place, and determined, while waiting for his answer, to make an excursion to Glengariff Bay, whither I accordingly set out as soon as I had dined.

Driving is now completely at an end: I can proceed only on a poney or on foot. I set out, a poney carrying my baggage, and I and my guide walking by his side. If either of us were tired, the good little horse was to carry us too. The sun soon set, but the moon shone bright. The road was not uninteresting, though horribly bad, often leading through bog and brook without bridge or stepping-stone. It became indescribably difficult after six or eight miles, where we had to climb a high and nearly perpendicular hill, treading only on loose and pointed stones, from which we slipped back at every step nearly as far as we went forward. The descent on the other side was still worse, especially when a mountain intercepted the moon's light. I was so weary that I could walk no further, and seated myself on the poney. This little creature showed almost human intelligence. Going up-hill he helped himself with his nose, and I think even with his teeth, as a fifth leg; and down-hill, he wriggled with incessant twisting of his body like a spider. When he came to a boggy place, in which there was only here and there a stone, thrown by way of step, he crept as slowly as a sloth, always trying first with his foot whether the stone would bear him and his burthen. The whole scene was most singular. The night was so clear, that I could see around me to a great distance; but nothing met my eye save rocks ranged above rocks, of every shape and kind, standing out gigantic, wild and sharp, against the sky. No living creature, not a tree or bush, was to be seen, only our own shadows trailed after us; not a sound was heard but our own voices, and sometimes the distant rush of a mountain-stream, or more rarely the melancholy horn of a herdsman collecting his cattle wandering amid these pathless wilds. Once only we saw one of these cows, which, like the mountain-sheep of Wales, have caught the shyness of wild animals. She was lying in the road, but on our approach sprang bellowing over the rocks, and vanished in the darkness like a black spirit.

About an hour before you reach Glengariff Bay the landscape becomes as luxuriant and park-like as it has heretofore been dreary and barren. Here the rocks arise in the strangest forms, out of Hesperian thickets of arbutus, Portugal laurel, and other lovely and fragrant shrubs. Many of these rocks stand like palaces, smooth as marble, without excrescence or inequality; others form pointed pyramids, or long continuous walls. In the valley sparkled solitary lights, and a gentle breeze waved the tops of the high oaks, ashes, and birches, intermingled with beautiful holly, whose scarlet berries were visible even by moonlight. The magnificent bay now glittered under the web of moonbeams which lay upon it; and I really thought myself in Paradise when I reached its shore, and alighted at the door of a pretty cheerful inn. Cheerful as was its exterior, mourning was within its gates. The host and hostess, very respectable people, came out to receive me, dressed in deep mourning. On my inquiring the cause, they told me that

her sister, the most beautiful girl in Kerry, eighteen years of age and the picture of health, died the day before of a brain-fever, or rather, of the ignorance of the village doctor:—the poor woman added, weeping, that a week's illness had changed her to forty, so that nobody could recognize the corpse of the once blooming girl, or those sweet features which were so lately the pride of her parents and the admiration of all the young men in the neighbourhood.

She lies close by my bed-room, dear Julia! parted from me only by a few boards.—Four feet from her stands the table at which I am writing to you. Such is the world;—life and death, joy and grief, are never far apart.

*Kenmare, Sept. 27th.*

At six o'clock I was stirring, and at seven in the magnificent park of Colonel W——, brother of Lord B——, whose family possesses all the country around the bays of Bantry and Glengariff, perhaps the most beautiful part of Ireland. The extent of this estate is princely, although in a pecuniary point of view not so considerable, the greater part of the land, consisting of uncultivated rocks and mountains, which pay only the rent of romantic beauties and magnificent views. Mr. W—— 's park is certainly one of the most perfect creations of that kind, and owes its existence entirely to his perseverance and good taste. It is true, that he could nowhere have found a spot of earth more grateful for his labours; but it seldom happens that art and nature so cordially unite. It is enough to say that the former is perceptible only in the most perfect harmony; otherwise, it appears to vanish into pure nature:—not a tree or a bush seems planted by design. The vast resources of distant prospect are wisely husbanded; they come upon the eye by degrees, and as if unavoidably: every path is cut in a direction which seems the only one it could take without constraint and artifice: the most enchanting effects of woods and plantations are produced by skilful management, by contrast of masses, by felling some, thinning others, clearing off or keeping down branches; so that the eye is attracted now into the depths of the wood, now above, now below the boughs; and every possible variety within the region of the beautiful is produced. This beauty is never displayed naked, but always sufficiently veiled to leave the requisite play for the imagination: for a perfect park,—in other words, a tract of country idealized *by art*,—should be like a good book, which suggests *at least* as many new thoughts and feelings as it expresses.

The dwelling-house is not visible till you reach an opposite height; it then suddenly emerges from the mass of wood, its outline broken by scattered trees in groups, and its walls garlanded with ivy and roses and creeping plants. It was built after the plan of the possessor; in a style not so much Gothic as antiquely picturesque, such as a delicate feeling of the suitable and harmonious conceived to be in keeping with the surrounding scenery. The execution is excellent; for the imitation of the antique is quite deceptive. The ornaments are so sparingly and so suitably interspersed, the whole so well constructed for habitation and comfort, and the part which appears the oldest has such a neglected and uninhabited air, that the impression it made, on me at least, completely answered the intention of the architect; for I took it to be an old abbey, lately rendered habitable, and modernized just so far as our habits rendered necessary. At the back of the house are hot-houses and a walled garden in beautiful order, both connected with the sitting-rooms,—so that you live in the midst of flowers, tropical plants and fruits, without leaving the house. The climate is the most favourable possible for vegetation,—moist, and so warm that not only azaleas, rhododendrons, and all sorts of evergreens stand abroad through the winter, but even, in a favourable aspect, camellias. Dates, pomegranates, magnolias, lyriodendrons, &c. attain their fullest beauty; and the three last are not even covered. The situation affords extensive views, remarkable variety, and yet a complete whole, enclosed within high mountains. Bantry and Glengariff bays are seas in miniature, and supply to the eye the want of the ocean. On the land side the wavy lines of mountain seem nearly endless.

The lesser bay of Glengariff, which stretches in front of the house, is nine miles, the other fifty miles in circumference. Among the mountains immediately opposite to the park rises another sugar-loaf, and at its foot a narrow line of hills stretches into the midst of the bay, where its termination is picturesquely marked by a deserted fort. The park itself lies along one entire side of the bay, and at its lesser end borders on that of Bantry, where Lord B——'s house forms the principal object from this side. This whole beautiful domain was called out of nothing only forty years ago, and is yet only half finished. Such a work deserves a crown: and the excellent man who with slender means, but with singular talent and perseverance, has accomplished it, ought to be held up as a model to those Irish proprietors who spend their money abroad. I heard with real satisfaction, that on his and Lord B——'s estates party hate is unknown. Both are Protestants,—all their 'tenants' are Catholics; nevertheless they render an obedience as boundless as it is voluntary and cordial. Colonel W——, indeed, lives like a patriarch among them, as I learnt from the common people themselves, and settles all their differences, so that not a penny is spent in the wire-drawings of the law.

You may be sure that I was eager to make the acquaintance of so admirable a man: I esteemed myself, therefore, highly favoured by fortune in meeting him in the park inspecting the operations of his workmen. Our conversation took a very interesting and, to me, very instructive turn. I readily accepted his invitation to breakfast with him and his family; and found in his wife a lady with whom I had made a transient acquaintance in the whirl of London. She received so unexpected a guest most cordially, and introduced me to her two daughters of seventeen and eighteen. They are not yet out; for as I have told you, in England, where they bring out horses 'sans comparaison' too early, the poor girls are let to grow almost old before their leading-strings are taken off and they are launched into the wicked world.

The family show me all possible civility and kindness; and as the ladies saw me so passionate a lover of nature, they urged me to stay some days, that I might visit the various wonders of their neighbourhood, especially the celebrated waterfall, and view from Hungry Hill, in their company. It was impossible for me to stay, as I had already announced myself at O'Connell's; but shall certainly avail myself of their invitation on my way to Cork, for such society is not of the kind that I shun.

I therefore contented myself for the present with taking a long walk with the whole family, first along the bay, to obtain a general view of the park and garden; then into a wood, in which Lord B—— has a 'shooting lodge.' This spot is as if invented for a romance. All that the most secluded solitude, the richest vegetation, the freshest and greenest meadows, surrounded by rocks and mountains; valleys on whose sides precipitous walls of rock, sometimes a thousand feet high, thickly-wooded glens, a rapid torrent dashing over masses of rock and over-arched by picturesque bridges of trunks and arms of trees; groves amid which the sunbeams play, and the cool waters refresh a thousand wild flowers; animals sporting about in joyous security, majestic eagles and gay-plumed singing birds, all rendered doubly dear to the poetic heart by the sweetest repose and retirement;—all that such elements can produce

is here found combined in the richest profusion. With melancholy regret I quitted these enchanting fancies of our dear mother earth, and tore myself away, when we reached the rustic gate, at which my guide and poney were already waiting for me.

As I took leave of my new friends, and turned my back on the lovely valley, the heavens were overclouded anew, and on my entrance into the dreary rocky region which I described to you yesterday, assumed the hue most suited to my disposition and to the surrounding objects. Tired of my long ride of yesterday, I wished to walk; but on my inquiring for my over-shoes, which the wetness of the road rendered needful, I found that the guide had lost one of them; and as fine scenery is better enjoyed dry-footed, I sent him back, hoping to restore to my sorrowful galoche its faithful mate, at least for the morrow: for to-day I resolved to continue my way through thick and thin on foot.

A soft rain began to fall,—one mountain after another was veiled from sight; and I wandered on, to the region where only the vast bones of the earth are visible, casting back many a melancholy lingering thought to the lost paradise. Meanwhile the rain became more and more heavy, and sudden gusts of wind soon announced a serious storm. I had to climb the high mountain which lies in the middle of the first half of the way, and already I was met by torrents of water which gushed like little cascades through every cleft. As I am seldom in the way of enjoying such a bath in the open air, I waded with a great feeling of satisfaction and pleasure through the streams, throwing myself in some degree into the pleasurable state of mind of a duck. Nothing of that kind is, as you know, impossible to my mobile fancy. But as the weather became every minute more dark and stormy, my thoughts also became more gloomy, and indeed fell almost into the fashionable scornful satanic vein. The superstition of the mountains surrounded me; I could not withstand it, and Rübezahl, the Bohemian Huntsman, elfs, fairies, and the Evil One himself, all passed before my mind; and I asked myself, “why should not the Devil appear to me, as well as to other respectable gentlemen?” At this instant I reached the highest point of the steep mountain.

The storm howled furiously, water fell in sheets from the heavens, and the deep basin below me appeared now and then for a minute from behind its black curtain, and then vanished again in the rolling mist and the gathering twilight.

A sudden gust of wind now completely inverted my umbrella, and nearly threw me down. I felt as if some giant fist had struck me. I turned and saw—nothing:—But how? does not something move there in the corner?—by heaven it does! My amazement was not slight when I now discerned, as clearly as darkness and rain would permit, a figure clad in black from head to foot, with a scarlet cap on its head advancing at a slow and limping pace towards me.

Now, dear Julia, ‘est-ce moi ou le diable qui écrira le reste?’ or do you think I am inventing a fable to amuse you. ‘Point du tout’—*Ditchung und Wahrheit*[133] is my motto. At all events I must close my letter here: I venture to hope my next will be expected with some impatience. Wholly yours,

L——

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Kenmare, Sept. 28th, 1828.*

Beloved Friend.—Was it the devil or not then? you ask. ‘Ma foi, je n’en sais rien.’ At any rate he had assumed a very ‘recommendable,’ though rather dangerous form,—that of a pretty girl, who, wrapped in her long dark blue cloak, made darker by the rain, and with the red cap of Kerry on her head, barefoot and shivering with cold, was going to pass by me, when I asked her what made her limp? and why she was wandering alone in such weather? “Ah!” said she, in half-intelligible patois, and pointing to her foot bound up, “I was only going to the next village, and I am belated, and I fell into the terrible weather, and I have hurt myself very much;” and then she looked down with an arch bashfulness, and showed the pretty wounded ancle. We walked on together and shared the difficulties of the way,—helped one another where we could, and at length found in the valley, first, better weather; then a place of shelter; and at last, a refreshing draught of new milk.

Thus invigorated I wandered on by night; and when I reached Kenmare, I had walked four German miles in something more than six hours: I was, however, heartily tired, and as soon as I reached my bed-room I exclaimed with Wallenstein,

“Ich denke einen langen Schlaf zu thun!”[134]

*Derrinane Abbey, Sept. 29th.*

This accordingly happened; and I had plenty of time, for the weather was so horribly bad that I waited in vain, alas! till three in the afternoon for better. I had sent a messenger to O’Connell the evening before, and had very inconsiderately paid him beforehand. I found him at the inn, without an answer and with broken shins. As soon as he had felt the money in his pocket he had been unable to resist the whiskey, and in consequence he and his horse had fallen down a rock in the night. He had, however, had the extraordinary sense and thought to send on a friend of his to fulfil his mission; and at my waking I found a very polite invitation from the Great Agitator.

I have already said that I did not set out till three o’clock; and although I had to ride seven hours with a most violent rain beating in my face, and in this desert where not even the shelter of a single tree is to be found, I had not a dry thread upon me after the first half hour. I would on no account have missed this extraordinary part of my adventures.

The beginning was certainly difficult. At first I could not get a horse, for that which I had ridden at Glengariff had hurt his foot. At length appeared an old black cart-horse, which was destined for my use, and a sort of cat-like little animal intended for my guide. I was also in *imbroglio* with regard to my toilet. The lost galoche had not been found, and the umbrella was already unreeled on the haunted mountain. I replaced the first by a large slipper of my host’s; the second I tied together as well as I could, and then holding it before me like a shield, with a pocket-hankerchief covered with a piece of oil-cloth over my head, I galloped off in search of fresh adventures,—a perfect Don Quixote, and attended by a no less faithful representative of Sancho Panza.

Before I got a quarter of a mile from the town a destructive gust of wind made a deplorable end of my umbrella,

once the ornament of New Bond Street, and since the companion of so many a disaster. All its cords broke, and left only a torn piece of silk and a bundle of whalebone in my grasp: I gave the remains to my guide, and surrendered myself without further solicitude or defence to the elements, determined to bear good-humouredly what could not be altered.

As long as we coasted the bay of Kenmare, we rode on as quickly as possible, the road being tolerable. Soon, however, it assumed a worse aspect. The entrance to the wilder mountain country is marked by a picturesque bridge, thrown across a chasm an hundred feet high, called “The Bridge of the Black Water.” The sides of the chasm were clothed with oaks,—the last trees which I beheld. I remarked that my valise, which my guide had fastened on his horse, must inevitably be soaked through, and ordered the man to endeavour, if possible, to get a mat or sack at the nearest cabin, to lay over it. This incautious act I had abundant cause to rue: he too was, apparently, detained by the fascinations of whiskey; at any rate, though I frequently stopped in the hope that he would overtake me, I did not see him again till just at the end of my journey, which afterwards caused me the greatest perplexity.

The road, which gradually grew worse and worse, lay for the most part close to the sea, which the storm threw into magnificent agitation;—sometimes across a dreary flat of bog, sometimes by the side of chasms and steep precipices, or through wide chaotic plains, in which masses of rock were thrown together in such wild confusion, that it seemed the spot from which the giants had stormed heaven.

At rare intervals I met a solitary ragged wanderer; and the thought often recurred to me, how easy it were in this desert region to rob or murder me without the slightest risk of discovery. My whole travelling properly resides in my breast pocket; for in the Grecian fashion I carry ‘omnia mea’ with me. But far removed from all predatory thoughts, these poor good-hearted people invariably greeted me with respectful kindness, although my exterior was anything but imposing, and to an English eye by no means bespoke a ‘gentleman.’ I was frequently in utter uncertainty which of the half-imperceptible roads I ought to take, but unfortunately determined to keep as near to the sea as possible, which, though not the nearer, was the surest. Meanwhile time passed on; and when, at long intervals, I met a human being, and asked “How far is it to Mr. O’Connell’s?” the object of my visit always drew down a blessing upon me. I was answered with a “God bless your honour!” but the miles seemed rather to increase than to diminish.

At length it began to grow dark just as I reached a part of the coast, which assuredly it would be difficult to parallel. Foreign travellers have probably never been thrown into this desolate corner of the earth, which belongs rather to owls and sea-mews than to men, and of whose awful wildness it is difficult to give an idea.—Torn, jagged, coal-black rocks, with deep caverns, into which the sea breaks with ceaseless thunder, and then again dashes over the top of the tower-like crags its white foam; which, drying, is borne by the wind in compact masses, like locks of wool, over the highest points of the mountains;—the wailing cry of the restless fluttering sea-fowl, piercing through the storm with its shrill monotonous sound;—the incessant howl and roar of the under-mining waves, which sometimes suddenly dashed over my horse’s hoofs, and then ran hissing back again;—the comfortless removal from all human help;—the ceaseless pattering rain, and the coming-on of night on an uncertain and entirely unknown road.

I began really to feel uneasy, in earnest,—not half in jest as the day before. Your eager search for the romantic will turn out as ill for you, as for the Sorrowful Knight, thought I, and urged on my tired horse to his utmost speed. He stumbled every moment over the loose stones, and with great difficulty I at length brought him into a heavy trot. My anxiety was increased by O’Connell’s letter. He had written to me that the proper approach to his house was from Killarney,—that carriages must cross thence by water; but that the road from Kenmare was the most difficult, and that I must therefore be sure to provide myself with a safe guide. And, as is generally the case when we pursue one train of thoughts with great pertinacity, a popular tale of Croker’s, which I had lately read came into my mind. “No land,” says he, “is better than the coast of Inveragh to be drowned in the sea; or if you like that better, to break your neck onshore.” Yet thought I—and here my horse suddenly stumbled, shyed, and turned with such a leap as I had hardly given the old mare credit for. I now found myself in a narrow pass. It was still light enough to see several steps before me clearly, and I could not understand what had struck this panic into my horse. Making all the resistance he could, and only in obedience to the admonitions of my shillelah, he at length went on again; but in a few steps I perceived with astonishment that the path, which had appeared pretty well tracked, terminated directly in the sea. The bridle nearly dropped out of my hand, as a foaming wave chased by the storm sprang upon me like a huge monster, and scattered the narrow cleft far behind me with its spray. Here was really a difficult situation. Bare inaccessible rocks surrounded me on every side,—before me rolled the ocean,—there was nothing for me but to retreat. But if I had lost my way, as I could not but suspect, how could I reckon on meeting my guide, even by returning; and if I did not meet him, where was I to pass the night? With the exception of O’Connell’s old castle, there was no hope of meeting with the least trace of a shelter for twenty miles round. I was already shivering with cold and wet, and my constitution would certainly not carry me through a bivouac in such a night. I had doubtless cause for some alarm. It was useless, however, to consider: I must ride back, that was clear; and as quickly as possible. My horse seemed to have come to the same conclusion; for, as if inspired with new force, he bore me away from the spot at a gallop. But would you believe it: a black figure was again destined to help me in my difficulty. You will say this is too much. `Ce n’est pas ma faute; le vrai souvent n’est pas le vrai-semblable.’ In short, I saw a black figure glide like a dim phantom across my path, and disappear behind the rocks. Invocations, prayers, promises, were in vain:—Was it a smuggler allured to this coast by the ample facilities it offers? or a superstitious peasant who took my unhappy person for a ghost? At all events it appeared that he did not choose to venture from his hiding-place, and I began to despair of the help I had thought at hand; when suddenly his head peeped out close to me from the cleft of a rock. I soon succeeded in tranquillizing his fears, and he explained to me the puzzle of the road terminating in the sea. “This road was made for low water; the tide is now,” he said, “about half in; a quarter of an hour later it is impossible to pass; but now, if you’ll pay me well, I will try and bring you through,—but we must not loose a moment.” With these words he seated himself at one bound on the horse behind me, and we made what speed we could back to the sea, which was rolling with great rapidity.

I felt a strange sensation as we now appeared deliberately to plunge down into the stormy sea, and had to make our difficult way amid the white waves and the rocks, which looked like ghosts in the dim twilight.

We had the greatest trouble too with the horse: however, the black man knew the ground so perfectly that we reached the opposite coast in safety, though bathed up to the arms in salt-water.

Unluckily, the terrified beast shyed again here at a projecting rock, and broke both the rotten girths directly in the middle, a mischance for which there was no remedy here. After all my disasters, I had the agreeable prospect of riding the last six miles balancing on the loose saddle. My black guide had indeed given me the clearest directions for the prosecution of my journey; but it was now so dark that the landmarks were no longer visible.

The road lay, as it appeared to me, across a wide moor, and was at first quite level. After half an hour of rough and stumbling trotting, during which I pressed my knees as hard as possible together, that I might not lose my saddle, I remarked that the road turned again to the right into the higher range of mountains; for the climbing grew steeper and more continual. Here I found a woman, who was passing the night with her pigs or goats. The road branched off into two divisions, and I asked her which I must take to reach Derrinane Abbey? “Oh! both lead there,” said she; “but that on the left is two miles nearer.” Of course I took this, but soon found to my cost that it was practicable only for goats. I execrated the old witch, and her traitorous intelligence:—my poor horse exhausted himself in vain efforts to climb through the blocks of stone, and at length, half stumbling half falling, he threw both saddle and me. It was impossible to keep the saddle on him alone; it fell down incessantly, and I was obliged to load my own shoulders with it, and to lead my horse besides. Till now I had kept in pretty good temper;—the spirit was still willing, but the flesh began to be weak:—the man on the cliff had said, only six miles further, and you are there; and now, after half an hour’s hard riding, the woman insisted upon it that it was still six miles, the shortest way, to Derrinane. I began to fear that this mountain fortress was not to be found, and that I was the sport of Kobolds, who bandied me from one to another. I seated myself on a stone quite out of heart, fevered with alternate heat and cold; when, like the voice of an angel in the wilderness, the shouts of my guide resounded in my ear, and I soon heard the trampling of his horse’s hoofs. He had taken quite a different way though the interior of the mountains, to avoid the sea, and had luckily met the woman whose direction I had followed.

In the delicious feeling of present security, I forgot all my disasters, loaded my deliverer with the saddle and my wet cloak, gave up my horse to his guidance, and seated myself upon his, thus making what speed I might. We had, in fact, five miles yet to ride, and that through a mountain-pass surrounded by precipices,—but I can give you no further description of the road. The darkness was so complete, that I was obliged to strain my eyes to the utmost to follow the man, who appeared only like a dim shadow flitting indistinctly before me. I perceived by the stumbling of my horse that we were on uneven ground; I felt that it was a continual alternation of steep ascents and descents; that we waded through two deep and rapid mountain torrents,—but that was all:—now and then, indeed, I suspected, rather than saw, that a bare wall of rock rose by my side, or the deeper black beneath me betrayed the precipice which yawned below.

At length,—at length a bright light broke through the darkness; the road grew more even; here and there a bit of hedge was visible; and in a few minutes we stopped at the gate of an ancient building standing on the rocky shore, from the windows of which a friendly golden radiance streamed through the night.

The tower clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner, especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely-dressed servant appeared, bearing silver candlesticks, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw with astonishment a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and desserts. A tall handsome man, of cheerful and agreeable aspect, rose to receive me, apologized for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bedroom.—This was the great O’Connell.

On my return to the dining-room I found the greater part of the company there assembled. I was most hospitably entertained; and it would be ungrateful not to make honourable mention of Mr. O’Connell’s old and capital wine. As soon as the ladies had quitted us, he drew his seat near me, and Ireland was of course the subject of our conversation. He asked me if I had yet seen many of the curiosities of Ireland? whether I had been at the Giant’s Causeway?—“No,” replied I, laughing, “before I visit the Giant’s Causeway, I wished to see Ireland’s Giants;”—and therewith drank a glass of claret to his high undertakings.

Daniel O’Connell is indeed no common man,—though the man of the commonalty. His power is so great, that at this moment it only depends on him to raise the standard of rebellion from one end of the island to the other. He is, however, too sharp-sighted, and much too sure of attaining his end by safer means, to wish to bring on any such violent crisis. He has certainly shown great dexterity in availing himself of the temper of the country at this moment, legally, openly, and in the face of the government, to acquire a power scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign; indeed, though without arms or armies, in some instances far surpassing it:—for how would it have been possible for His Majesty George IV. to withhold 40,000 of his faithful Irishmen for three days from whiskey-drinking; which O’Connell actually accomplished in the memorable Clare election. The enthusiasm of the people rose to such a height, that they themselves decreed and inflicted a punishment for drunkenness. The delinquent was thrown into a certain part of the river, and held there for two hours, during which time he was made to undergo frequent submersions.

The next day I had fuller opportunity of observing O’Connell. On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent good-nature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of genuine large and lofty eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon’s than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French,—having been educated at the Jesuits’ Colleges at Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the great families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of Kerry,—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me,—and not without a certain *pretension*,—that one of his cousins was Comte O’Connell, and ‘cordon rouge’ in France, and another a baron, general and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, but that he was the head of the family. It appeared to me that he was regarded by the other members of it with almost religious enthusiasm. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous.

Among other things he became notorious, about ten years ago, for a duel he fought. The Protestants, to whom

his talents early made him formidable, set on a certain Desterre,—a bully and fighter by profession,—to ride through all the streets of Dublin with a hunting-whip, which, as he declared, he intended to lay on the shoulders of the king of Kerry. The natural consequence was a meeting the next morning, in which O'Connell lodged a bullet in Desterre's heart; Desterre's shot went through his hat. This was his first victory over the Orangemen, which has been followed by so many more important, and, it is to be hoped, will be followed by others more important still.

His desire for celebrity seemed to be boundless; and if he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far from being closed, will I think only then properly begin. But the evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by emancipation.—To return to O'Connell; I must mention, that he has received from nature an invaluable gift for a party-leader; a magnificent voice, united to good lungs and a strong constitution. His understanding is sharp and quick, and his acquirements out of his profession not inconsiderable. With all this, his manners are, as I have said, winning and popular; although somewhat of the actor is perceivable in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call "*vulgarity*." Where is there a picture entirely without shade!

Another interesting man, the real though not ostensible head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often derided in England, but which by merely *negative* powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universally organizing and training the people to one determinate end,[135] attained a power over them as boundless as that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another outbreak of that *second* great revolution, which solely by intellectual means, without any admixture of physical force, is advancing to its accomplishment; and whose simple but resistless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman, who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and with all his mildness cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness. I should call him the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendix. It is to be repaired by the family, probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled.

On our return we found O'Connell on the terrace of his castle, like a chieftain surrounded by his vassals, and by groups of the neighbouring peasantry, who came to receive his instructions, or to whom he laid down the law. This he can the more easily do being a lawyer; but nobody would dare to appeal from his decisions: O'Connell and the Pope are here equally infallible. Lawsuits therefore do not exist within his empire; and this extends not only over his own tenantry, but I believe over the whole neighbourhood.

I wondered, when I afterwards found both O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics. I wished I had been able to conjure hither some of those furious imbeciles among the English Protestants, —as for instance Mr. L——, who cry out at the Catholics as irrational and bigoted; while they themselves alone, in the true sense of the word, cling to the fanatical faith of their politico-religious party, and are firmly predetermined to keep their long ears for ever closed to reason and humanity.

In the course of the day we were to have a hare-hunt, (for O'Connell has a small pack of hounds,) which would certainly have presented a most picturesque spectacle on these mountains and broad naked steeps: the bad weather, however, prevented it. I found much greater enjoyment in repose, and in the very interesting company, to which I am indebted for much instructive information.

*Kenmare, Sept. 30th.*

Although my kind hosts with true Irish hospitality pressed me to stay a week longer for a great festival which is in preparation, and to which a large company is expected, I did not think it right to take this entirely 'à la lettre;' besides which I had such a longing after Glengariff, that I did not wish to absent myself from it longer than was necessary for the end I had in view. I therefore took leave of the family this morning, with the sincerest thanks for the friendly welcome they had given me. O'Connell himself escorted me to the boundaries of his demesne, mounted on a large and handsome gray horse, on which he looked more military than ever. The rugged way is bare of all vegetation, but affords many sublime views, sometimes inland, sometimes to the sea, studded with rocks and islands, some of which rise completely isolated out of the water like high-peaked mountains. O'Connell pointed out one to me, on which he told me he had ordered an ox to be landed that he might fatten on the rich and undisturbed herbage. After some days the animal took such decided possession of the island that he was furious if any body attempted to land on it, and attacked and drove away even the fishermen who used to dry their nets on the shore. He was often seen, like Jupiter under his transformation, with uplifted tail and glaring eyes, bounding furiously along to reconnoitre the bounds of his domain, and to see if any intruder dared to approach. The emancipated ox at last became so troublesome and dangerous, that they were obliged to shoot him. This appeared to me a good satire on the love of liberty, which as soon as it has gained the power it seeks, degenerates into violence and tyranny; and the association of ideas brought many comical images involuntarily before my mind.

We afterwards came to a remarkable ruin, one of those so-called Danish forts, which were built, not *by* the Danes but *against* them. They are more than a thousand years old, and the lower walls, although put together without mortar, remain in excellent preservation. At the ruins of a bridge carried away by the swelling of a mountain-stream, O'Connell stopped to take a final leave of me. I could not help expressing to the champion of the rights of his countrymen, my wish that when we next met, the dungeons and fortresses of English intolerance might be overthrown by him and his allies, as completely as these ruined walls had been by the swollen and overflowing torrent.[136] So we parted.

As I returned by nearly the same way as I had come, I have little new to say about it, except that, though the day was fine, it tired me twice as much as before; probably because my mind was less excited. Not far from Kenmare I met several loads of stones, planks, beer, and butter. Every thing is conveyed on the backs of horses. The Irish are very ingenious in means of transport. I have already described their admirable cars, with which one horse can so commodiously draw five or six persons. They have also a sort of car, equally well contrived, for the carriage of hay, wood, &c.; by means of which one horse does as much work as three with us. This is accomplished entirely by the

skill with which the weight is balanced. A car is loaded with long timber, for instance, in such a manner that the horse is hardly visible under the complete covering of wood, the ends of which project many yards before the horse's head and behind the car. The division of the weight at each end is thus so perfect that the timbers press only on one point, and the horse has thus comparatively little to draw. The driver helps a little, going up or down hill, by heaving up or bearing down the ends, which the slightest force is sufficient to move.

In the same manner five or six heavy oak planks are laid flat across the saddle of a horse, who carries them thus, like a balancing pole, without much labour, though the same weight in a different volume, a chest for instance, would suffice to crush him. They have another ingenious contrivance for transporting stone; a sort of wooden baskets or cradles which they hang over the saddle, binding them on the horse's back over a thick bundle of straw.

The merry humour and good-natured politeness of the people I met were very engaging. I know no nation of which the lower classes appear so little selfish; so thankful for the least friendly word vouchsafed to them by a gentleman, without the least idea of gain. I really know no country in which I would rather be a large landed proprietor than here. What I did elsewhere, and earned only ingratitude and opposition of every kind, would here attach ten or twelve thousand people to me body and soul;—the only difference is, that here with much less time and cost I should have attained infinitely greater results, since here nature and man make almost every thing attainable. The people taken in a body, with all their wildness, unite the frank honesty and poetical temper of the Germans, with the vivacity and quickness of conception of the French, and the pliability, naturalness, and submissiveness of the Italians. It may with the fullest justice be said of them, that their faults are to be ascribed to others, their virtues only to themselves. Now I am upon this subject, I must relate to you an incident of no great importance which befell me some days ago: it deserves mention, as illustrative of the national character.

As I was going from Killarney to Kenmare, I met a continual succession of people driving cattle from some neighbouring fair. Most of them were riding colts they had just bought, without bridles; and as man and beast were strangers to each other, the latter were not in a very perfect state of subordination: we were therefore often forced to stop. At last I grew tired of this; and at the third or fourth rencontre of the kind, I called out to the people that I had not time to spend half the day on the road on account of their clumsiness; and somewhat hastily ordered the coachman to drive on. In an instant two colts set off with their riders, galloping before the carriage as hard as ever they could, while the whole drove of cattle took to the mountains. I was now sorry for my impatience, and desired the driver to stop again. There were in all four or five drovers whom I had thus routed, all sturdy young fellows; and the trick I had played them was certainly one of the most disagreeable that could be imagined, as it would take them at least half an hour to collect their dispersed cattle. If a traveller in a miserable one-horse vehicle had given such a job to Germans, Englishmen, or Frenchmen, they would certainly have attacked him with appropriate abuse, and very likely have tried to catch him and do him some injury. The behaviour of these good-natured fellows was far different: at once respectful and witty. "Oh! murther, murther!" cried one, while his 'crantancarous' colt made another attempt to dart up the hill, and nearly threw him; "God bless your honour! but every *gentleman* in England and Ireland gets out of the way of cattle! Oh, for God's sake stop now, your honour, stop!" I immediately stopped: and after the poor devils had had the greatest trouble in fetching back the part of the cattle that had run the furthest, they came back to my car, with a "long life to your honour!" to thank me for my goodness, and went merrily off with their recaptured prize. I must confess that their behaviour was far more commendable than mine, which I repaired as well as I could by means of a handsome present.

*October 1st: Morning.*

Although dreadfully tired I could not sleep last night, and asked the host if he had a book. He brought me an old English translation of the Sorrows of Werther. You know highly, how intensely I honour our prince of poets, and will therefore hardly believe me when I say that I had never read this celebrated book. The cause would appear to many very childish. The first time it came into my hands, the passage at the beginning in which Charlotte wipes the little boy's dirty nose excited in me such disgust that I could read no further; and this disagreeable image remained, always present to my mind. I now, however, set earnestly to work to read it, struck with the strangeness of the accident which led me to read Werther for the first time in a foreign tongue, and in the midst of the wild mountains of Ireland. But even here, I must honestly confess I could not feel any hearty relish for the antiquated "Sufferings;"[137] the quantity of bread and butter, the provincial and obsolete manners, and even the ideas, which were then new, but are now become common-place,—like Mozart's beautiful melodies degraded into street ditties; lastly, the involuntary recollection of Potier's admirable parody,—it was absolutely impossible for me to work myself up to the right "communion frame of mind," as Madame von Frömmel calls it. But thus much I could perceive, jesting apart, that the book was calculated to 'far furore' at one period: for the morbid state of mind under which Werther sinks is truly German, and German feeling was just then beginning to make its way through the materialism which had taken possession of the rest of Europe. Wilhelm Meister indeed followed it with far different steps; and Faust has since traversed it with giant strides. We have, I think, outgrown the Werther period, but have not yet reached that of Faust; nor will any age, so long as men exist, out-grow that.

In the tragedy of Faust, as in those of Shakspeare, the whole inward man is mirrored forth; the principal figure is a personification of the eternal mysterious longings of the human heart, the restless striving after the Unknown and the Unattainable. Hence this drama can obviously never have a fully definitive end, even were it extended through many more acts than it is. But as the lofty spirit here treads a path dizzy as the bridge of Al Sirat, he is every moment nearer to the bottomless fall than the human animal who remains quietly on the secure plain, and feeds.

A cousin of O'Connell's, who gives hunting parties on the lake of Killarney, had promised me one for to-morrow. I have, however, a positive antipathy to going to see what I have seen before, as long as there is any thing new to see; and I cannot imagine that dogs and horses can make any great alteration in the features of a scene I know so well. On the other hand, in Glengariff, amiable people and a great deal of novelty awaited me: I therefore preferred it, rode once more across the Devil's Mountain, this time by daylight, and arrived here about an hour ago. I am established in a pretty little room, and all the glories of the Bay are spread before my window.

Before I quitted Kenmare my vanity was put to a severe trial. The Irish naïveté of the innkeeper's daughter made such an agreeable impression on me, that on my return to her father's inn I scarcely talked to any body else, and thus won her good graces. She had never quitted her native mountains, and was as ignorant of the world as it is possible to conceive. I asked her, in jest, if she would go with me to Cork. "Oh no," said she, "I should be afraid to go

so far with you.—Do tell me now who you really are: You are a Jew;—that I know already.” “Why, are you mad?” said I; “what makes you think I must be a Jew?” “Ah, you can’t deny it; hav’n’t you a black beard all round your chin, and five or six gold rings on your fingers? And are you not an hour washing yourself in a morning, and don’t you go through ceremonies such as no Christian ever saw? Confess it now,—you are a Jew, ar’n’t you?” My disclaimer was of no use. At last, however, she said good-humouredly, that if I positively would not allow that I was one, she wished at least that I might ‘become as rich as a Jew,’ (an English phrase.) I confirmed this with a Christian ‘Amen.’

*October 2d.*

I am just returned from an excursion of sixteen miles with Colonel W—— to Hungry Hill, a lofty mountain at the end of Bantry Bay, remarkable for its waterfall, and for Thomas O’Rourke’s flight to the moon on an eagle’s back, which began here, and has so often been related in prose and verse. Even in Germany this amusing tale has been repeatedly translated, and has probably fallen into your hands. The hero of the story is a game-keeper of Lord B ——’s, who is still alive, and almost always drunk. On our return Colonel W—— introduced him to me at the inn. He is now extremely proud of his celebrity, and seemed to me when I saw him to be projecting another visit to the moon.

The quantity of rain which has fallen these few days has added much to the beauty of the waterfalls. The fall at Hungry Hill entirely disappears in dry weather, but after violent rains exceeds the Staubbach and Terni. Hungry Hill is a huge mass of naked rock about two thousand feet high. On the land side it forms two steep terraces, on the ‘plateau’ between which there is a lake, which of course is not visible from below, whence you see only the continuous lines of these colossal terraces. The upper one consists of bare rock, and is divided in the middle by a deep vertical groove, which looks as if cut by art; the lower, although also free from any visible inequality, has its side clothed with heather and coarse grass, on which hundreds of goats are seen grazing.

Through the groove or channel mentioned above the mass of water shoots from the highest point of the mountain, falls into the lake on the lower terrace, and filling that, rushes down afresh in four distinct cascades on the valley below. These form such vast arches, that the goats feed peacefully under them, while the streams convert the meadows below into a temporary lake.

As the spectator who stands below cannot see the division between the upper and the lower falls, nor the lake which lies between them, the whole appears one enormous cataract, the effect of which exceeds all description. Colonel W—— assured me that when the waters are at the highest he has seen the arch so enormous, that, to use his expression, a regiment of soldiers might have marched under it without a man being wetted; and, as he added, the noise would serve admirably for the thunder of the cannon.

One of the neighbouring glens was, according to the somewhat fabulous history of Ireland, the scene of a memorable battle between the great O’Sullivan and O’Donovan. The people show the remains of a very old arbutus, on which, as they relate, O’Donovan was hanged. It is very certain that money and jewels have recently been found buried deep in the earth in this enclosure.

The eagles of these mountains, who build on inaccessible rocks, play a very principal part in the popular stories. They are extremely large and strong, and it is certain that they sometimes carry off even children. Some time ago an eagle carried off a boy of three years old, and deposited him, probably because he was too heavy, nearly uninjured on a shelf of rock, to which the people below climbed and saved him. The new Ganymede, the ‘corpus delicti,’ is now living, and in full vigour. Another more tragical circumstance of the same kind occurred a few months ago. An eagle bore off a little girl before her father’s eyes, and disappeared with her among the rocks; nor could the least trace of the poor child ever be discovered.

*October 3d.*

Col. W—— is as great a ‘parkomane’ as I, but not quite such a ‘gourmet.’ Field-sports by land and water furnish his table with many delicacies. The grouse or moor-fowl are particularly good; and the oyster-bed on the edge of the park supplies oysters of a peculiar fine flavour, and as large as a plate. The bay swarms with fish and sea-dogs:—I saw one of the latter sitting on a projecting cliff just opposite my window, and listening with a delighted and almost dancing motion to the music of a bagpipe which resounded from a neighbouring public-house. These creatures are so passionately fond of music, that they follow the pleasure-boats, with bands of music on board, in herds of twenty or thirty. They are decoyed in this way by sportsmen. It is really barbarous thus to abuse their love of the arts!

Unfortunately it rained all day, so that I was obliged to remain in the house. In the morning I attended the daily worship of the family, the female members of which are somewhat bigoted as to form, though, as it seemed to me, sincerely pious. We all sat round in a circle, and the mother read one verse out of the Church of England Prayer-book, the eldest daughter the next, and so on, alternately, imitating the parson and clerk at a church. After this, the daughter, who has something reserved and enthusiastic about her, began a strange and very long prayer, which lasted a full quarter of an hour; during which all, (and of course I among the number,) turned decorously towards the wall, fell on their knees before their chair, and hid their faces in their hands. The mother sighed and groaned; the father seemed somewhat ‘ennuyé;’ the youngest daughter,—a charming girl, who is a good deal more mundane than her sister,—had now and then fits of absence; and the son had thought it expedient to absent himself altogether. I, who think every sincere feeling or virtuous aspiration, at whatever time of the day, a prayer to God, believed myself not impiously employed in observing a little what was going on.

After the company had all stood up, brushed their knees, and smoothed down their petticoats, (for English enthusiasm does not easily forget *itself*,) a chapter from the Gospel was read by the mother. The one chosen was that in which six thousand men were fed on three loaves and two fishes, if I remember right, and much was still left remaining.

Happily for us, our dinner was not measured out to us upon this scale, and the gifts of God were consumed with great cheerfulness and satisfaction. To this, however, I soon gave an involuntary shock: I happened to speak in jest of the comet of the year 1832, which, it is predicted, is to approach nearer the earth’s orbit than any hitherto known. I remarked that, according to Lalande’s reckoning, a comet which should approach within fifty thousand miles of the earth must inevitably exercise such a power of attraction as to raise the waters of the sea above the top of Chimborazo. If the one of 1832 comes so near us, said I, we shall infallibly all be drowned. “I beg your pardon, that is impossible,” replied Mrs. W—— very earnestly, “for that would be a second deluge, and you appear to have entirely

forgotten that we are promised in the Bible that there should never be another deluge, but that the earth should at last be destroyed by fire." ('Il faut avouer que la faveur n'est pas grande.') "That this destruction is at hand," continued she, sighing, "I certainly believe; for the most learned of our pious men are agreed that we are now, probably, in the seventh kingdom of the Revelation of St. John, in which the end of the world is predicted, and in which our Saviour will come to judge us." What singular people these 'saints' are! On this, mother and daughter fell into such a violent, and at last such a bitter dispute, that I, unworthy layman, was obliged to interpose, and endeavour to re-establish peace. The question was, whether, at the time of this final catastrophe, men were to be immediately judged and then burnt, or first burnt and then judged. The daughter indignantly asked ('je vous jure que je ne brode pas') if our Saviour, on his coming, was to wait to pronounce judgment till the world was burnt? She said it was plainly written in the Scriptures that he would come to judge the quick and the dead; and how would this be possible if all were first burnt? It was clear that the world would not be burnt till all were judged. This the mother declared was perfect 'nonsense!'—that men must necessarily first die, before they could receive either eternal blessedness or damnation,—that the passage which speaks of the quick and the dead, regarded only on the one hand those who would be still living at the time of the conflagration, or on the other, those who had long lain in the grave. She insisted therefore, "*first* burnt, and *then* judged." Both now appealed to me, in the hope of strengthening themselves by the accession of a partisan. I ventured to reply that I really was not much skilled in these details, and that their dispute appeared to me very like that in which Madame du Deffant was called upon to decide, viz., whether St. Denis had walked one mile or six without his head: to which she replied, "que dans ces sortes de choses ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute!" That I must confess that in the doctrines of Christ I had always chiefly sought to imbibe rules of duty, confidence in God, meekness, and love to man, though I had unhappily rarely succeeded to the extent of my wishes. I hoped, however, that I might dismiss all anxiety as to whether we were to be first judged and then burnt, or first burnt and then judged; that I believed whatever God did was perfectly well done. I must confess that I considered myself just as much in the hand of God, and just as near to his power, in the present life as after the close of my earthly career, or even after the destruction of the little globe which we call 'the world.' That judgment was in my opinion for ever going on, and was as eternally active as the spirit which creates and vivifies the universe. This confession of faith had the effect of entirely reconciling the combatants, by uniting them against me. I retreated from the field, however, in so dexterous a manner as not entirely to lose their favour.

In the evening, between torrents of rain, twilight, and sunset, we had another magnificent effect of light. *Our* waterfall in the park was so swollen that it took up itself to thunder a little too, and grass and bush were prettily illuminated with gay sunbeams. We walked about till it was quite dark, saw the Great Sugar-loaf gradually change its hue from dark blue into rose-colour, and feasted our eyes on the clear mirror of the lake, the leaping of the fish on its surface, and the peaceful sporting of the otters.

Every thing here is beautiful,—even the air, which is famed for its salubrity. There are no tormenting insects; for the bay is so deep, that the ebb leaves no muddy shore, and the constant gentle breeze of the valley is probably not agreeable to them. The climate is extremely equable, neither too hot nor too cold; and the vegetation so luxuriant, that only one thing more and one less are wanting to clothe the greater part of the bare mountains, and even the interstices between the rocks, with the richest and most beautiful woods: these two things are, planters, and goats. The former have no money, or none that they choose to spend in planting *here*; the latter suffer nothing to grow that is not enclosed within double walls. It appears that these mountains were formerly covered with forests; but the English, who have never had any other thought with regard to Ireland but how to draw as much money from her as possible, felled them all. Their remains are still visible in many places.

Another advantage of this spot is, to my taste at least, its perfect seclusion. It can hardly be reached in a carriage; and with the exception of a few curious travellers, like myself, no attempt is made to overcome the difficulty of the approach. It is inhabited by a good-natured people, not congregated in villages, but scattered in solitary dwellings amid the mountains, and living a patriarchal life, unspoiled by the tumult of cities. Nor are they so distressingly poor as in other parts of the country: their wants are few; turf for fuel they have for the fetching, grass for their cows in the bogs, and the sea supplies them with an abundance of fish far beyond what they can consume. For a landowner, inspired with a spirit of enterprize and a love of improvement, an inexhaustible field here presents itself. Were I a capitalist, this is the spot where I would settle.

My worthy host takes upon himself to forward this letter immediately. Heaven grant that it may find you in the same happy state of mind which has inspired it! Remember the favourite saying of my venerable ancestress,—'Cœur content, grand talent.'

Your truly devoted,
L——.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Glengariff, October 4th, 1828.*

Dear Julia,

To-morrow I set out, 'et bien à regret.' I carry with me a precious memorial,—one of the few perfectly delightful pictures which I have met with in my wanderings.

In my walk this morning, I found heath-plants of such luxuriance hanging from the rocks, that one stalk measured ten feet in length. The gardener, who accompanied me, drew my attention to another curiosity. In a secluded spot, not far from the pretty rustic dairy, a swarm of bees had made a large honeycomb in the open air; it was suspended to the branch of a blackberry-bush in the thicket. The weight of the honey bowed the branch to the earth; and they were still busily adding to the store. The dairy is roofed with earth, out of which the purple heather is growing. A clear spring flows through it, on whose banks the Egyptian lotus thrives admirably, and stands through the winter.

In the afternoon I rode out with Colonel W—— to visit an eagle's nest. We first passed the belt of wood in which Lord B——'s pretty shooting-lodge stands, then forded the swollen river three times, and after some hours riding, reached a wild desert, where at the foot of a perpendicular rock stand two solitary huts. About five hundred feet over

head is the eagle's eirie, in a cleft overhung with ivy. At their hatching season they are frequently seen flying home with fowls, hares, lambs, &c. for the family table; by some curious instinct, however, they are warned never to carry off any thing from the two families below them, but to respect the same laws of hospitality which are observed towards themselves. I was greatly disappointed that these monarchs of the rocks did not make their appearance; they were both gone on some distant expedition.

We returned across the Sugar-loaf. This is the haunt of a wild huntsman, and no mortal tally-ho may sound as far as his right of sporting extends. If any attempt it, he quickly rushes by with all his wild troop, and hurries the rash offender along in his train. He is of a totally different nature from his German comrade. He is an elfin king, as small as Tom Thumb, splendidly dressed in emerald green, and accompanied by a train mounted on horses as big as rats, who gallop over rock and sea with the swiftness of lightning. The Sugar-loaf itself is the great resort of all the Irish fairies: its caverns are full of fossil-shells and stones of fantastic shapes, which excite the curiosity of the visitor; but no native would pass a night in one of them for all the treasures the earth contains. From the summit of this mountain, or rather rock, down to the cavern, a strange sport of nature is visible in clear weather;—two channels or grooves, winding, but always parallel, which in the distance look exactly like ruts: what could they be but the track of the fairy queen's carriage, in which indeed many an old mountaineer has seen her at rise or set of sun, riding in unearthly pomp to grace the annual feast with her presence. The old man would doubtless be ready to confirm his statement with the most solemn oaths,—for he believes it. This it is which gives to the legends of the Irish such a wonderful charm that it is almost impossible to withstand it.

Colonel W——, who was formerly a passionate lover of the chase, knows every mountain in the district from the summit to the foot, and 'chemin faisant,' told me so many interesting particulars about them, that my letter would never come to an end if I attempted to make it the faithful echo of all his stories.

Hunting is here attended with dangers of no trifling kind. They are of three sorts: first, the being suddenly surprised in the midst of the rocks with one of those cold fogs which here frequently come on, and enwrap the wanderer with almost instant darkness and icy chill; he has then only the alternative either of perishing from cold (for the fogs sometimes hang in the gorges for whole days and nights,) or of falling headlong down some invisible precipice. If he is in favour with the fairies, he emerges happily into light; but wo to him who has incurred their displeasure!—his friends find him the next morning frozen or dashed to pieces. The second peril is of quite a different kind. On the wide interminable tablelands, which blend with the horizon like the sea, not a bush or hillock breaking the sublime monotony, are extensive bogs, which the game (the grouse, a bird somewhat like a partridge, peculiar to the British islands,) chooses as its favourite haunt. These bogs are full of little clumps like mole-hills, formed by the heather, scattered about at intervals. The bogs can only be traversed by jumping from one of these clumps to another: if in the ardour of the chase the sportsman misses his leap, and does not find another clump close by to jump to instantly, he is certain to sink in the morass. The only means of deliverance is instantly to stretch out his arms, or to hold his gun horizontally, till help arrives, or till he can struggle on to the next clump.

But worse and more tremendous than all this, is an attack from one of the wild oxen which inhabit these mountains. Colonel W—— has been several times in this predicament, and always had the good fortune to escape, though in different ways. Once he or his servant shot the bull before he came up with them: another time he took refuge in one of the bogs I have just described, where the furious beast dare not follow him, but laid regular siege to him for more than an hour. The history of his latest adventure seemed to me particularly curious, and proves that man, with strength, courage and address, may single-handed resist any other living creature. Colonel W—— was accompanied by a friend, and by a native of these mountains, who led the dogs, and was furnished with a long white staff, such as is in use here. Just as the Colonel's friend shot a grouse, he saw at the distance of about eighty feet a bull advancing furiously towards them. Colonel W—— called out to his friend to load instantly, while he fired; and was taking aim, when the man called out, "Promise me a glass of whiskey extra, and I will manage the beast by myself." W—— fired, but his gun missed fire; his friend had not loaded; and he had hardly time to call out, "You shall have a dozen bottles," when this hero of the mountains ran towards the ox at the same speed with which it was rushing upon them. In the twinkling of an eye they were together. The young man, with singular dexterity, caught the horns of the bull, whose head grazed the earth, darted a step sideways, and then during the spring of his antagonist, making a similar step backwards, with the rapidity of lightning caught the bull's tail, without letting go his stick. All this was done with the quickness of thought; and now began the strangest race that ever was beheld. The bull tried by every means to get rid of the burthen hanging at his tail, but in vain. Up hill and down, over rock, and through river, he ran like mad; while his companion, like a Kobold, swung himself over every obstacle, often flying rather than running, at the end of the creature's tail. In a short time the bull was wearied by fear and fatigue, and at length sank down exhausted and powerless at the foot of a green declivity, immediately in front of the spot where Colonel W—— and his friend beheld with astonishment the issue of the contest. But his punishment only now began, and probably his vicious temper was on that day cured for ever. For now the mountaineer began to employ his stick, weighted with lead and armed with an iron point, which he had providentially kept as an instrument of correction, and belabouring the beast with all his might, forced him to crawl down the mountain, where he at length sank, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth and panting for breath, at Colonel W——'s feet, who left him in this state of total exhaustion. The young peasant, whom Colonel W—— described as a wonder of youthful power and agility, seemed, on the contrary, not the least fatigued by his chase, nor vain of his achievement; but coolly looking about for his powder-horn and his dogs, did not expend a word on the past, except just to wink to Colonel W——, and say, "Now, master, don't forget the bottles."

The sight of a fox-chase among these rocks must be magnificent,—now sweeping along their heights or sides,—now fox and hounds darting down the steep declivities, all suddenly vanishing like a shadowy picture in the gorges. Colonel W—— once saw such a one from Hungry Hill, in which the whole pack ran under the arch of the waterfall, while their cry mingled wildly with the roaring of the cataract, till at last Reynard experienced the same lot which had befallen three or four of the dogs; he slipped from the polished rock, and fell, amid shouts and halloos, from a height of several hundred feet into the midst of the hunters, who were looking on at their ease from the meadow below.

Shall I tell you any more stories?—Well, then, once more for witches and fairies: saddle me the poney, and away to the land of tales and legends; of the land-rocks, and the waves which for ages have fretted them away with their snow-white teeth.

Jump up behind me, Julia, ‘en croupe,’ like an Irish girl, and follow me quickly through the air, back to Iveragh, O’Connell’s wild region. Truly is it a land of the eagle and the vulture, of the stormy wave and the rugged rock! But there is a spot in Ballinskellig bay, not far from O’Connell’s Castle-abbey, where in old times many a dance was danced, and many a wedding celebrated. For peaceful and lovely was the lonely spot, with its velvet turf; its high walls of rock sheltered it from the storm, and sand smooth as satin edged the sea, which seemed to sleep, like the entire creation, in the clear moonlight, its little billows only lightly ruffled by the zephyr’s breath, rolling and curling with a dreamy soothing motion.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Macroom, October 5th, 1828.*

Dearest One,

The parting was hard; but you who wish me in a very different place, will say that I have staid quite long enough. I tore myself away from these excellent people and their romantic dwelling. It was Sunday; and the worthy lady, in spite of her manifest regard for me, could not help exclaiming reproachfully, “But how is it possible that a good man like you can set out upon a journey on a Sunday?” You know that the English have stamped this day with a sort of death-like character; dancing, music and singing are forbidden; indeed, the severely pious hang their canary-birds in some remote corners, that no voice of song may offend their ears during these holy hours. This idolatry of the Sunday began in the time of James the First, and was the cause of furious dissentions. No bread must be baked, and no useful work performed; but drunkenness and other vices thrive more luxuriantly than on the week-days. I have observed that the streets are never so bestrewed with drunken people as on Sunday evenings; nor, as is well known to the police, are the resorts of vice ever so filled. Many English people think dancing on a Sunday unquestionably a greater crime than a little theft or so; and I lately read in print a history of Whitby, in which it was seriously affirmed, that the rich abbey there was doubtless destroyed because the monks did not only indulge in every possible crime, rape and murder not excepted, but their sinful abbot had permitted the repairs of the abbey and other labours to go on on a Sabbath-day.

The worthy Mrs. W—— was infected with this same strange conceit; and it was somewhat difficult for me to excuse my half-committed sin on the ground of urgent necessity. To appease her, I went first with the whole family along the bay to B—— church, which was quite out of my way. In going along, I related to her the strange vision of one of the sons of my former excellent host, Captain B——, by which he had been induced to go over to the Catholic church. He was, as he himself told me, a most zealous Protestant and Orangeman, and went one day into a Catholic chapel in Dublin, rather with the intention of making himself merry at the ceremonies than from any better motive. But the beautiful music touched him against his will; and as he raised his eyes to the high altar, the Redeemer stood bodily before him, his eyes fixed intently on him with an expression of angelic mildness. The divine vision smiled upon him, beckoned with his hand, and then slowly ascended, still looking fixedly at him, till at length it disappeared, borne by angels through the dome. From this moment B—— was persuaded he was an especial object of the divine favour; and in a few days he became a member of *another* church which has the exclusive privilege of ensuring salvation, (for the orthodox English Protestants also believe that they enjoy this monopoly.) How philosophically did my pious friends reason on *this* conversion! “Is it possible!” exclaimed they. “What superstition! Without doubt this was either a feverish delirium, or the man is a hypocrite, and has good reasons for what he does. Either he is mad, or he invented the story for his own profit.”

Oh, men, men! How justly does Christ say, “Ye behold the mote in the eye of another; ye cannot see the beam in your own!” No doubt this is the case with us all, more or less; and be assured I make no exception in favour of your poor friend.

We parted at last, not without emotion; and I seated myself on a mountain car, drawn by a horse whose appearance was by no means brilliant. The young ladies were greatly delighted at my eccentric mode of travelling. The journey I had to accomplish was thirty miles, and began most tediously. After a little time the wretched horse was so restive at going up hill, that I was obliged to alight, rather than run the risk of being dashed down a precipice. The stubborn beast was now forced to be constantly led, without which he would not advance a single step. For a long while the driver trotted sturdily on by his side, but at length could go no further; and Heaven knows what would have become of us, had we not luckily met a man on horseback, who consented to harness in his horse instead of ours. I reached Macroom late in the evening. Nothing struck me much in the way but a long and deep glen, in which at the time of the White Boy conspiracies, Lord B—— and Colonel W—— were attacked by a party who were posted on the heights, and had a narrow escape for their lives. The White Boys had taken their measures extremely well, and during the night had loosened a great mass of rock, which they suddenly rolled down directly across the road through which the troops were marching. By this means the detachment of cavalry was not only prevented from advancing, but was cut off in its rear, and thus placed in a desperate situation. A great many were killed; the two gentlemen, who rode capital hunters, luckily escaped. Their good steeds climbed up the almost inaccessible side of a rock, amidst an incessant shower of musketry. Colonel W—— was slightly wounded in the right arm; Lord B—— escaped quite unhurt.

In this extremely wild region, not far from hence, lies a large lake with a woody island in its centre. Here stands a chapel of great sanctity, to which numerous pilgrimages are yearly made. It was too late for me to see it more nearly.

Macroom is a cheerful pretty place, with a handsome house belonging to the uncle of the beautiful African, or rather of her husband. She gave me a letter to him, but I had not time to use it.

*Cork, Oct. 6th.*

I left Macroom very early in a ‘gingle,’ a sort of covered stage with two horses. It rained and blew again; for, dear Julia, I find that I am no longer, as the Irish prettily say, ‘on the sunny side of life.’

My fellow-travellers were three women and a great cub of five years old, who made himself extremely disagreeable, and was horribly spoiled by his pretty and lively mamma. Although he had a great loaf, and a cake of

similar dimensions, with which he was incessantly stuffing himself, and filling the coach with bits and crumbs, his ill humour broke out at every moment. The scream he then set up, and the stamping of his feet, which he often placed upon mine without the slightest reserve; the coaxings of the mother, and her cries for help to her husband on the outside; then her incessant prayers to 'stop just a moment,' because the poor little dear was ill with the motion of the coach, or because he was thirsty, or because something or other; her keeping the windows hermetically closed for fear he should catch cold, in spite of his furred coat;—it was really a trial of fortitude. The young woman seemed as anxious for herself as for her child; whenever the coach leaned a little on one side, she began to scream, and clung to me with both hands, taking me almost round the neck. This was the most endurable of my sufferings; and I often amused myself with increasing her fright. In the intervals she enlarged with great patriotism on the beauty of the country, pointed out to me the fine ruins, and told me their histories. At last she showed me a pointed and tower-like stone, and said that a Danish king had thrown this across the sea to show his strength. She would have her husband get down from the roof to admire this stone, and remarked to him with some contempt that the men now-a-days were miserable feeble pigmies compared to those giants. At the same time she gave him the boy to take beside him. The poor devil made a long face, pulled his nightcap over his ears, and quietly obeyed orders.

The country was now very fertile, full of rich meadows, with here and there a stately mansion. Cork lies most picturesquely in a deep valley on the sea-shore. It has an air of antiquity, which is rendered more peculiar by the roofs of scale-like slates with which many of the houses are covered. The two new prisons are magnificent buildings; they are erected, the one by the city, the other by the county: the former is in an antique taste, the latter in the perfectly Gothic style, and has the appearance of a great fortress.

After I had breakfasted, I hired what they call here a whale-boat, narrow and pointed at each end, and thence safer and swifter, and sailed with a fair wind along the bay, which is called the 'river of Cork,' to Cove, where I intended to dine. A part of this bay, which is about three-quarters of a mile broad, forms one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. Both shores consist of high hills, covered with palaces, villas, country-seats, parks, and gardens. On either side, rising in unequal height, they form the richest and most varied boundary. By degrees the city advances into the middle of the picture, and terminates on the brow of the highest hill, with the imposing mass of the barracks. This is the view from the sea. Towards Cove it frequently changes, as the windings of the channel present objects in different positions. One of these pictures was finely bounded by a Gothic castle, which has been built with great good taste by the city on a bold projecting rock. Its admirable site not only gives it importance, but it appears, if I may so say, as if it grew there naturally; while buildings of this kind in ordinary situations so often strike one as unpleasant 'hors d'œuvres.' Though I think we excel the English in the higher sorts of architecture, we are very deficient in attention to the objects and the scenery which surround our buildings; and yet these are the circumstances which ought generally to decide the style.

This castle seemed built for one of the sea-kings, for the only entrance is from the sea. A colossal gate, adorned with a coat of arms, beneath which the waves wash the steps, overarches the dark entry. I thought of Folko with the vulture's wings returning hither after a successful seafight; and peopled the deep with fantastic beings from Fouque's "Magic Ring."

We sailed with a fair wind past Passage, a fishing village, and then past Monkstown, which takes its name from a ruin of a monastery in a wood above. The rain, which had ceased for a time, here began to fall again, but I was requited by a splendid effect. We turned, near the island of Arboul, into the narrow bay of Cove, which afforded a very beautiful view; its mouth is bounded on the left by a high coast, covered with houses and gardens; on the right by the rocky island I have just named, on which are situated a fort, marine buildings, and store-houses containing the 'matériel' for the naval service; before us, in the bay itself, lay several line-of-battle ships and frigates, and another convict ship at anchor; behind them arose the town of Cove, built in steps or terraces on the side of the mountain.

While all this was full in our view, the sun, now near its setting, broke forth from a flame-coloured spot in the heavens, below the rain clouds, while a rainbow more perfect and deeply coloured than I ever remember to have seen, with both feet on the sea, spanned the entrance of the bay like a portal of flowers leading from earth to heaven. Within its gigantic arch appeared the sea and the ships, shaded from the sun's rays by a mountain behind us perfectly black; in contrast with which the evening glow resting on the lofty amphitheatre of Cove, shed such a glory that the sea-mews poised in it looked like glittering silver, and every window in the town, (which is spread out on the side of the hill,) gleamed like burnished gold. This indescribably beautiful scene not only lasted till we entered the bay, but just before we landed the rainbow doubled itself, each bow glowing in equal beauty of colour. We had hardly set foot on the shore when both disappeared almost instantaneously.

I now established myself very agreeably at the window of the little inn, in the hope of an excellent fast-day dinner of the most delicate fresh fish. No part of my scheme was verified but the fasting; not a fish, not an oyster was to be had. This happens oftener than you would think in the little fishing towns on the coast, every thing 'disponible' being immediately carried to the great cities. In this point of view therefore I attained my end but badly, and I was forced to content myself with the eternal 'mutton-chops.' However, I did not suffer this to disturb my equanimity. I read an old newspaper or two, not having seen one for a long time, and took my way homewards by land, when it was nearly dark. An open car, with a bundle of straw as a seat, was the only carriage I could get. The wind blew cold and gusty, and I was obliged to wrap myself closely in my cloak. We skirted the shore at a considerable elevation, and the numerous lights of the ships and marine buildings below us were like an illumination. Five flickering flames danced like Will-o'-the-wisps on the black convict ship, and the report of a cannon from the guard-ship thundered through the stillness of night.

As this view disappeared, I turned my eyes to the unusually clear firmament. Who can look intently on the sublime and holy beauty of those glittering worlds, and not be penetrated by the deepest and the sweetest emotions? They are the characters by which God has from all time spoken most clearly to the soul of man; and yet I had not thought of these heavenly lights so long as the earthly ones sparkled before me! But thus is it ever. When earth forsakes us, we seek heaven. Earth is nearer, and her authority more powerful with us; just as the peasant stands more in awe of the justice than of the king; the soldier fears the lieutenant more than the general; the courtier is more assiduous to please the favourite than the monarch; and lastly, the fanatic—but we won't philosophize further about it, dear Julia; for I need not repeat to you, 'qu'il ne faut pas prendre le valet pour le roi.'

*Mitchelstown, October 9th.—Morning.*

At four o'clock yesterday afternoon I left Cork by the mail. I was seated by the coachman, whose four horses I occasionally drove. For about three miles from the city the country continues picturesque; it then became uninteresting, and soon it was too dark to distinguish. After a few stages we left most of our passengers, and I took my seat inside the coach, where I was destined to enjoy a three hours tête-à-tête with a lady,—unfortunately, however, she was seventy, and a Puritan. This disagreeably company, combined with the eulogies which a former travelling companion had pronounced on the newly built Gothic castle at Mitchelstown, induced me to leave the mail in the middle of the night, and to stay here till the morrow. At seven o'clock I was waked to go to view this much lauded edifice. I was sorely disappointed, as were some other strangers who had been drawn hither by the same object. We were certainly shown a huge heap of stone which had cost its possessor 50,000*l.*; but one ingredient was unluckily forgotten,—good taste. The building is, in the first place, much too high for its extent; the style is confused without variety; the outline heavy, and the effect small, though the mass is great. It stands, too, on the bare turf, without the slightest picturesque break, which castles in the Gothic or kindred styles peculiarly need; and the inconsiderable park possessed neither a handsome group of trees nor a prospect worth describing.

I have thrown away so many words on this abortive work, because, from the name of its possessor, and the great cost of its erection, it enjoys a certain reputation in Ireland. Yet how infinitely preferable is the place of my excellent Colonel W——, on which perhaps an eighth part of the money has been spent.

The internal decorations of the castle are of a piece with its exterior: in five minutes we had quite enough of them, and as we heard of a fine prospect from the top of the tower, but the key was no where to be found, we all returned in no very good-humour to our inn. Here one of the strangers entertained me during breakfast with all sorts of interesting stories of this part of the country and its inhabitants. He told me among other things, that Lord K—— and his family had been remarkable for their very extraordinary adventures. He is now one of the most zealous Orangemen, and is rather feared than loved. His father, when just twelve years old, was married to the heiress of the whole property now possessed by the family, who was just ten. The tutor and governess received the strictest injunctions to watch the young couple most narrowly, and to prevent every possibility of a tête-à-tête. But 'somehow or other,' as my informant said, three years afterwards they found means to elude their vigilance, and the present Lord was the result of this little 'equipée.' They had afterwards several children, of whom I happened to know one at Vienna. He was a remarkably handsome man, and celebrated for his 'bonnes fortunes;' at one time the avowed lover of the Duchess of——, whom he treated with so little ceremony, that once when he invited me to breakfast at the hotel where they were living, I found the Duchess alone, and he came into the room some time after, in dressing gown and slippers, out of his or their chamber.

The youngest child grew up to be one of the most attractive girls in Ireland. She was just sixteen when a cousin on the mother's side, a married man, named F——, who then enjoyed the greatest celebrity as a resistless seducer, fell in love with her, and confirmed his reputation in so conspicuous a manner, that he actually brought this beautiful girl, the idolized daughter of an earl, not only to sacrifice her innocence to him, but to accompany him to England as his avowed mistress. Here they lived for a year, at first in concealment; but at last he had the effrontery to take her to one of the most frequented watering-places. Her abode was of course discovered, and she was carried off at her father's command, and placed in safe custody in the north of England. F——, perhaps only irritated by the resistance of the family, determined, let it cost what it would, to get her again into his power; and as he thought she had been taken to her father's residence, he hurried off to Ireland in disguise. Here he lodged in the very inn in which we were breakfasting, and endeavoured to discover the place of her concealment. His minute inquiries, his mysterious behaviour, and the unlucky accident that a former acquaintance of his met him and remarked that he never saw a greater resemblance than between this stranger and the notorious F——, awakened the suspicions of the host, who immediately went to impart them to Lord K——. The Earl received the communication with perfect apparent indifference, and only enjoined on the informer absolute secrecy. He then asked at what hour the stranger generally rose; learned that it was never before eight: dismissed the host with a present,—and added, that he would examine into the matter himself at six o'clock the next morning, at which hour he desired him to expect him, and to be quite alone. Morning came; and with it, punctually, the Earl. Without any further inquiry he went up stairs accompanied by the host, and desired the stranger's servant to open his master's door instantly. The man refused; on which he broke open the door with his foot, walked up to the bed in which F——, awakened by the noise, had just raised himself, looked intently at him; and as soon as he had satisfied himself of his identity, drew a pistol from his pocket, and with perfect coolness blew out the brains of this modern Don Juan, who sank back in the bed without a groan. The sequel proves how lightly the laws sit on great men in England, when there is not a still greater who has an interest in putting them in force. Lord K—— was, indeed, brought to trial; but as he had taken good care to arrange the affair with the only two witnesses, and to get them out of the way, he was acquitted for want of evidence. No man in England can be tried twice for the same offence; so that from this moment, in spite of the perfect notoriety of the murder, all danger to the murderer was at an end. The unhappy girl soon after disappeared,—it was reported, died. Lord K—— long survived her; and at a very late period of his life was famed for the beauty of his mistresses, one of whom inhabited each of his seats. The consequences of this depravity, at length, was a separation from his wife, and the bitter hostility and litigation which subsisted between them till his death. Meanwhile his eldest son, the present Earl, had married, while yet a minor, in Sicily; had already three children by his young wife, and lived completely separated from his country; when suddenly he received a most affectionate invitation from his father, who promised to forget and forgive the past. He was induced by this to set out for Ireland with all his family. Scarcely was he returned, when his father employed all his influence to get the marriage annulled. The young mother was sent home; and the children, declared illegitimate, were disposed of in England. The son, contrary to all expectation, seems to have given in to his father's schemes without much difficulty, and soon after married a rich heiress. After his father's death he carried on a still fiercer lawsuit with his mother than his father had done, in order to get possession of an estate which she refused him. In this, however, he could not accomplish his end; nor could she at a later period obtain hers, which was to disinherit him entirely.

Here is a picture of the manners of the great and noble of the eighteenth century.

*Cashel.—Evening.*

My communicative friend travelled on with me to Cashel. The weather was tolerable,—that is, it did not rain, and that was sufficient in this watery land to set my worthy Irishman repeatedly exclaiming, "What a delightful day!"

“What lovely weather!”—I proposed to go a part of the way on foot; on which a tall lad of eighteen, ragged ‘comme de raison,’ offered himself as guide. He walked with great difficulty in a sort of slippers, and appeared to have wounded his feet. I asked him if that was the case: “Oh no,” said he, “it’s only the shoes I’ve put on, because I’m going to be a soldier, and must get used to wearing shoes: but the things are such a plague that I can’t get on with them at all.”

After my usual fashion of disdaining no sources of information,—by which means I often glean some ears from conversation even with the lowest,—I made inquiries of my guide as to the present state of his country. “Yes,” said he, “it’s quiet enough here at present, but in Tipperary, which we shall soon come to, especially off to the north, they know how to stand against the Orangemen: O’Connell and the Association have organized us there, like regular troops: I belong to them, and I have a uniform at home: if you saw me in it, you’d hardly know me;—three weeks ago we all met there, above 40,000 men, to be reviewed. We had all green jackets, (for every man must get one as well as he can,) with an inscription on the arm—King George and O’Connell. We have chosen our own officers; they drill us, and we can march and wheel already like the redcoats. We had no arms to be sure, but they could be had too if O’Connell chose. We had flags, and whoever deserted them or got drunk, we threw into the water till he was sober again: but that very seldom happened.—They call us O’Connell’s Militia.”

The Government has since prudently forbidden this military display; and my promising citizen-soldier was furious against Lord K——, who had arrested all his tenants (little farmers who are as dependent on their lords as serfs) who were present at the review. “But,” added he, “every hour that they sit in prison shall be paid by their tyrants, whom we had rather see dead than alive;—if they in Cork here were not such tame sheep! In Tipperary they would have settled his business long ago: O’Connell never comes here, even when it’s his nearest way, for he cannot endure the sight of K——.”

This is the spirit of party every where at work! and so well informed is this nation of beggars as to the state of their affairs!

The journey to Cahir was not very interesting. The road lies between two chains of mountains, the Galtees and the Knockmildown mountains; but as the wide plain between them affords little wood or variety of objects, the view is not agreeable. My travelling companion pointed out the highest peak of the Galtees, where the most renowned sportsman[138] of the neighbourhood was buried with his dog and his gun. Not far from thence are subterranean caverns, of unfathomable extent, full of stalactites. They are accessible only in the hottest weather; at all other seasons they are filled with water.

In Cahir there is a beautiful park belonging to Lord Glengall, who furnished the London caricaturists and the public with so much amusement last year. At the entrance is an imposing ruined castle of King John’s, on whose tower Lord Glengall’s banner is now flying. At the other end of the park is the contrast to this ruin, namely, a ‘cottage ornée,’ in which the possessor resides when he is here. The situation of this cottage is so charming and so well chosen that it deserves a fuller description. The whole park, beginning with the town and King John’s castle, consists of a long and narrow valley, with a river flowing through meadows. Along these, clumps of trees and little thickets are beautifully scattered, and a path leads on each side of the river. The mountain ridges which close the valley are completely clothed with wood, through which the paths are cut. Near the end of the park, which is about three miles long, the glen opens and discloses a beautiful view of the higher Galtees. But before you reach this point there is a long isolated hill, directly in the middle of the valley, rising from the meadow-land. On this side is built the cottage, more than two-thirds hidden by the wood which clothes the whole hill. Within this wood is situated the ‘pleasure-ground’ and gardens of various sorts, with flowery walks which command the loveliest views of the valley on either side. Several ruins of castles and monasteries are visible on the distant mountains; but in the immediate neighbourhood all is repose, rural quiet, and the gay beauty of flowers even in winter.

On my return to dinner, the landlord told me, as a great piece of news, that the carriage and servants of a foreign prince had been waiting for him in Cashel for the last fortnight; but that he was gone on a secret journey to O’Connell, and that the whole country was in a stir and wonderment about it. Many thought he was sent by the King of France, with secret propositions to O’Connell; some had actually seen him in Limerick, and maintained that he was a son of Napoleon.

While my host was uttering this and more nonsense of the like kind, not suspecting that he was talking to the ‘personage’ himself, who had just dismounted from a car; he announced that the second car, (the only carriage to be got,) was ready, and waited my orders. I set out, and had soon an opportunity of making fresh philosophical observations on the power of habit in the beast that drew me. He was a very good and willing animal; but as soon as he reached the place where for fifteen years he had been accustomed to be led to water, he suddenly stopped, and fire would not have moved him till he had had his drink. After that he needed no driving; but he repeated the same manœuvre when we met a return car, on which occasions it is usual to stop and exchange information. As if suddenly struck lame, he drew up and stood stock still; as soon as the drivers had shaken hands over his back he instantly went on of his own accord. This is really the great secret in the education of man or beast,—habit, ‘voilà tout.’ The Chinese are a glorious example of this. I remember that once in London, the well-known ambassador of a great nation tried at great length to convince me that the Chinese form of government was the best and most efficient, because there every thing remained unaltered: ‘C’est plus commode pour ceux qui regnent, il n’y a pas de doute.’

About seven I reached Cashel, having passed the Suir, a river which is called the flower of Ireland, because the richest pastures and the most beautiful seats lie on its banks. I found a terrible tumult in the inn,—one of the liberal ‘Clubs’ were having a meeting and a dinner.[139] I had hardly taken possession of my room, when the president, in propriâ personâ, and a deputation, came to invite me to their dinner. I entreated them to excuse me, on the ground of the fatigue of my journey and a violent head-ache, but promised to come in at the dessert, for indeed I was curious to see what was going forward. The club was instituted with an admirable purpose;—it consisted of Catholics and Protestants, who proposed to unite their efforts to reconcile the parties, and to co-operate with all their might to obtain emancipation. When I entered, I found from eighty to a hundred persons sitting at a long table; they all stood up while the president led me to the top. I thanked them; upon which they drank my health, and I was again forced to reply. Innumerable other toasts followed, all accompanied by speeches. The eloquence of the speakers was not very remarkable, and the same common-places were served up over and over again in different words. In half an hour I seized a favourable moment to take my leave.—Forgive me, for I was very tired.

I have not heard any thing from you for a long time, and must wait for letters till I get to Dublin. Only be well,—

that is the main thing for you; and don't cease to love me, for that is the main thing for me.

Your faithful
L——.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Cashel, Oct. 10th, 1828.*

Dear and kind Friend,

The "Rock of Cashel," with its celebrated noble ruin is one of the greatest lions of Ireland, and was mentioned to me by Walter Scott himself as the most worth visiting after the Abbey of Holy Cross. It is a rock standing isolated in the midst of the plain. It is odd enough, that in one of the distant mountains there is a cavity of just the same size as the rock:—according to the legend, the devil bit it out in a rage at losing a soul he was carrying off to hell. As he flew over Cashel he spit the bit out again. Upon this rock M'Cormack, king and archbishop of Cashel, built a castle and a chapel, which are both in remarkable preservation. In the twelfth century, I think, Donald O'Brien added the church and abbey. The whole forms a most magnificent ruin, in which all the details of Saxon architecture may be studied in the most interesting manner. This has been greatly facilitated by the labours of the son-in-law of the present archbishop, Dr. Cotton, who some months ago had M'Cormack's chapel entirely cleared of the accumulations of dirt and rubbish, and has, at considerable expense, rendered the whole ruin accessible. Nothing can be more strange,—I might say, more barbarically elegant,—than these grotesque, fantastic, but often admirably executed ornaments. Many sarcophagi and monuments found buried under rubbish or earth, suggests curious and interesting speculations. One is tempted to think that the frightful images, like Indian idols, must have belonged to some earlier religion, did we not know how slowly Paganism gave way to Christianity, how obstinately it still lingers. I have in my possession a little bell, which one of my ancestors brought with him from the prisons of the Inquisition, and on which the Virgin is surrounded with apes instead of angels, some playing the violin, while others are making somersets in the clouds!

I examined the whole ruin minutely, and climbed to the highest accessible point just as the sun was setting over the Devil's Bite. The archbishop had had the kindness to send his librarian to show me the ruin. From this gentleman I learned that the celebrated and often cited Psalter, written in the Irish language, which is mentioned in every Traveller's Guide as the standing wonder of Cashel, is a mere fable; at least, that no such thing was ever known to exist here. This interested me little; but I was really alarmed at hearing that the Catholics entertain the idea of restoring and rebuilding the church, if they could get possession of the ground. Heaven preserve the sacred ruin from their pious designs!

On a plain in front of the church stands an extremely ancient and mutilated statue of St. Patrick, on a pedestal of granite. Near this was formerly to be seen the coronation-seat, said to have been brought from Portugal hither, and afterwards sent to the coronation of the Scottish king, Fergus, at Scone, whence Edward I. brought it to Westminster-abbey, where it now is.

At the foot of the Rock of Cashel stand the very curious ruins of Hore Abbey, which, it is asserted, were formerly connected with the castle by subterranean passages. The beautiful proportions and perfect ornaments of a great window are particularly striking.

*October 11th.*

One of the gentlemen whose acquaintance I made yesterday, a man of good family and engaging manners, offered me his horse to visit the ruins of the Abbey of Athassil, and the park and seat of the wealthy Earl of Llandaff. The excellent hunters soon carried us to the spot: the object, however, was not equal to my expectations. The abbey is certainly a beautiful and extensive ruin; but its situation, in a bog surrounded by ploughed fields without tree or shrub, is so unfavourable as to deprive it of all picturesque effect. Lord Llandaff's park is likewise of great extent, two thousand eight hundred acres, but has no distinguishing beauties. The trees are not fine, water almost entirely wanting, and the modern Gothic house, painted light blue, appear to me hideous. The possessor is a still handsome and interesting man of seventy, who has the great, and in Ireland the rare merit of residing on his property. We found a person who is distinguished in society by the foreign polish of his manners, in the character of a plain farmer, in marsh-boots and waterproof cloak, standing in the rain directing his labourers. This pleased me greatly, for reasons you can guess.

On our return, Captain S—— gave me a great many interesting details respecting the really atrocious and crying injustice and oppression under which the Irish Catholics labour: it is more intolerable than that which the Greeks suffer from their Turkish masters. The Catholics are not allowed to call their places of worship churches, only chapels; they must have no bells in them,—things inconsiderable in themselves, but degrading and insulting in their intent. No Catholic can, as you know, sit in Parliament, nor be general in the army, minister of state, judge, &c.[140] Their priests cannot perform the ceremony of marriage, in cases where one party is Protestant, and their titles are not recognised by the law. The most scandalous thing however is, that the Catholics are forced to pay enormous sums to the Protestant clergy, while they have entirely to maintain their own, of whom the state takes no notice. This is manifestly one great cause of the incredible poverty of the people. How intolerable must it appear in a country like Ireland, where more than two-thirds of the whole population are most zealously devoted to the Catholic religion! In the South the proportion is much larger. In the county of Tipperary there are about 400,000 Catholics, and only 10,000 Protestants: nevertheless, the Protestant clergy costs the inhabitants the following sums yearly:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Archbishop | £25,000 |
| The Dean | 4,000 |
| For about 50 parishes, on an average, each | 1,500 |

which charge, of course, falls mainly on the Catholics. Most of the parsons do not even live in Ireland, but put some poor devil with a salary of £50 or £60 a year to perform their duties: these are the far-famed curates: the duties are

indeed soon performed, as there are parishes which do not contain more than ten Protestants; and, indeed, there is one in this neighbourhood in which *not one* is to be found; and not even a church,—only an old ruin, in which the 'farce' of divine worship is once a year acted to empty walls, during which a Catholic, hired for the occasion, performs the office of clerk! Meanwhile, the clergy are year after year wearing away the pavement of London and Paris, and living as unspiritual a life as possible. I lately read in an English newspaper, that a clergyman in Boulogne had lost a large sum at play; that an affair had ensued in which he had shot his antagonist, and had been obliged immediately to quit the place and *return to his living*. Even the higher clergy, who must at least reside at certain stated periods in their episcopal and archiepiscopal sees, suffer none of their ill-gotten gains, (for what else can money so acquired be called?) to return back again to the poor people from whom they have wrung it, but save all they can, that they may enrich their families.

Can anybody wonder that such institutions have frequently goaded the unhappy people to despair and rebellion? and yet at every struggle their chains are riveted tighter, and eat more deeply into the bleeding flesh. Wherever you see a beautiful estate and fertile land, if you ask who is the proprietor, you are generally told "It is forfeited land," once belonging to Catholics, now to Protestants. O'Connell told me, that not long ago a law was in force, ordaining that no Catholic should hold landed property in Ireland; and if a Protestant could prove before a court of justice that this was in any instance the case, the property was taken from the Catholic and given to him: the only remedy lay in a feigned conversion. But in spite of this bounty on hypocrisy and deceit, land to the value of millions of pounds was transferred into the hands of Protestants by this atrocious process. Is it not marvellous that Protestants, who in a barbarous age severed themselves from the Romish church on account of her intolerance and rapacity, should now, in an enlightened one, cherish the very same vices,—thus incurring a far greater comparative load of guilt than they would have had to bear before. Will this monstrosity, the offspring of despotism and hypocrisy, which has so long been nourished by the tears and blood of the world, never be destroyed by more enlightened generations! If ever it is, they will look back upon us with the same sort of pity as we do upon the darkness of the middle ages.

In the afternoon I visited the Catholic dean, an extremely agreeable man, who lived a long time on the continent, and was chaplain to the late Pope. His frank and enlightened conversation excited my surprise; for we are accustomed to think that every Catholic must of necessity be a superstitious bigot. Among other things, he said to me, "Believe me, this country is devoted to misfortune. We have scarcely such a thing as a Christian among us: Catholics and Protestants have one common religion,—that of hatred."

Some time afterwards, Captain S—— brought me the latest newspaper, in which my visit to the meeting was mentioned: the few words I said there, and the other speeches, were dressed up with the accustomed charlatanerie, and filled three or four columns of the paper. To give you a specimen of this 'genre,' and at the same time to cut a figure in your eyes by my eloquence, I translate the beginning of the article, in which I am puffed in the same style as that in which a quack doctor sets forth the unparalleled virtues of his pills, or a horse-dealer those of his horses:—listen.

"As soon as the arrival of the * * * * was known, the president, accompanied by a deputation, repaired to his apartment, to invite him to honour our feast with his presence. Shortly afterwards, the * * * * entered the room. His air is 'commanding and graceful.' He wore moustaches, and although very pale, his countenance is 'exceedingly pleasing and expressive.' He took his seat at the upper end of the table, and, bowing to the company, spoke distinctly and 'with proper emphasis,' though with a foreign accent, the following words:—'Gentlemen,—Although ill and very tired, I feel myself too much flattered by your kind invitation not to accept it with thanks, and to express to you personally the lively interest I take in your struggles on behalf of your country. May God bless this beautiful and richly-gifted land! which offers to every foreigner such manifold enjoyments; but in which I, especially, have reason to acknowledge with the deepest gratitude, the kindness and hospitality which I have every where experienced. May Heaven, I repeat, bless this sorely-tried country, and every true Irishman, whether Catholic or Protestant, who desires the welfare not of any exclusive sect or party, but of Ireland!—a welfare that can be attained only by peace, forbearance, and 'civil and religious liberty,' (a standing phrase in these islands.) Gentlemen, fill your glasses and allow me to give you a toast:—'The King, and Erin go bragh!' (This is the old Irish motto, which is on the medal of the order of the Liberator, and signifies 'Erin for ever!')

"The President:—'Gentlemen, I beg you to participate in my feelings, and to receive the expression of them from me. May our 'illustrious guest,' to whose health we now fill our glasses,—if ever he return among us,—find us in the enjoyment of equal laws and equal privileges, and in the possession of that internal tranquillity which alone we have combined to obtain. Three times three:—The '* * * *.'" I repeated my thanks for the honour done me, and added, "That nothing could make me happier than to be an eye-witness of the fulfilment of their and my wishes, in a country which I loved as my own, and quitted with extreme regret."

Now, dear Julia, what do you think of me? Cannot I string common-places as well as another upon occasion? What is no common-place, though reiterated at the end of every one of my letters, is, the assurance of the tender affection with which I am, and ever shall be,

Your Friend L——.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*Cashel, Oct. 12th, 1828.*

Dearest Friend,

Why do I like so much to write to you? Certainly because it gives you pleasure to hear from me from afar: but also, because you understand me, which nobody else does. This alone would suffice to enchain me to you for ever, for I live *in* the world, but *with* you alone,—as much alone, as if we were on a desert island. Thousands of beings swarm around me, but I can speak only with you. If I attempt it with others, my habit and disposition, always to speak the truth, often cost me dear; or I blunder in some way or other. Worldly wisdom is as decidedly and unattainably denied to my nature, as to the swan—who in winter waddles clumsily across the frozen lake before your window—the power of running races with the sledges that glide over it. However, his time too comes, when he cleaves his own free and beautiful element, or sails through the blue æther. Then he is himself again.

But back to Cashel.—I used my good friend's horses, which daily stand at my disposal, for a second excursion to the ruins of Holy Cross, six miles off, the worthy rival of the Devil's Rock. We amused ourselves by riding across the country, and leaping some stone enclosures; and reached a height from which 'The Rock,' as it is here briefly called, presents the most imposing aspect. The circle of distant blue mountains encircling the rock, which stands alone in the midst of the fruitful plain; the castle, abbey, and cathedral,—which, forming a majestic group, look down from the summit, and in silent and sublime language relate the history of successive ages; lastly, the town at its foot, so wretched, although the seat of two archbishops, (a Protestant and a Catholic,) and which also tells its own mute but intelligible tale concerning the present times,—combine to awaken varied and contradictory emotions.

Holy Cross is of a totally different character.—Cashel stands in solitary grandeur, all rock and stone, barren and black, with only here and there a straggling ivy-branch creeping feebly through a crevice. Holy Cross, on the contrary, lies in a valley on the banks of the Suir, buried in copsewood, and clothed with ivy of such luxuriant growth that hardly a wall can be seen: and even the lofty cross, the last which still remains standing,[141] is so enwreathed with it, that it seems as if it clung fondly to shelter it from every profane touch. The interior is magnificent, and contains the beautiful monument of Donough O'Brien, king of Limerick, who founded this abbey in the twelfth century; and a canopy, exquisitely carved in stone, under which repose the ashes of the abbots,—both in perfect preservation. The view from the tower is beautiful. You are very near the Devil's Bite, whose grotesque form is too striking not to have furnished matter for legends to the Irish, who have a story ready fitted to every extraordinary natural object.

We hastened back sooner than I wished, in consequence of an invitation I had received from the Catholic dean to meet the archbishop and sixteen other clergymen at dinner: no layman but myself was invited. The table did honour to a chaplain of the Holy Father. "You never were at a dinner, I dare say," said the archbishop to me, "at which all the guests were clerical." "Yes, indeed, my lord," replied I; "and what is more, I myself was a sort of bishop a little while ago." "How is that possible?" said he, surprised. I explained to him, that I * * *

* * * * * * *

"We are, therefore," said I, "eighteen priests here assembled; and I can assure you, that I make no distinction between Catholics and Protestants;—that I see in both only Christians."

The conversation then turned on religious subjects, and was in a perfectly free and impartial spirit. Never did I perceive the least trace of bigotry or of the disgusting affectation of puritanical rigour. At the dessert, several sang their national songs, some of which had no pretension to sanctity. As the one who sat next me remarked some little surprise on my countenance, he said in my ear, "Here we forget the foreign * * * *, the archbishop, and the priest,—at table, we are only gentlemen, and meet to enjoy ourselves." This man was the undisputed descendant of an Irish royal line; and although no trace of it remained about him, he was not the less proud of it. "I have a strange abode for a clergyman," said he; "if ever you visit Ireland again, I hope you will allow me the pleasure of doing the honours of it to you. It lies immediately under the Devil's Bite, and a finer view than this same Bite commands does not exist in all Ireland." He afterwards remarked, that to be a Catholic in this country is almost a proof of noble blood: as only the new families are Protestant, the Catholics must of necessity be the old ones; for since the reformation *they* have made no proselytes.

The melodies which were sung had a striking resemblance to those of the Wendish nations. This is one of the many features of similarity which strike me between those nations and the Irish. Both manufacture, and have an exclusive taste for, spirit distilled from corn; both live almost entirely on potatoes; both have the bagpipe; both are passionate lovers of singing and dancing, and yet their national airs are of a melancholy character; both are oppressed by a foreign nation, and speak a gradually expiring language, which is rich and poetical, though possessed of no literature; both honour the descendants of their ancient princes, and cherish the principle that what is not renounced is not utterly lost; both are superstitious, cunning, and greatly given to exaggeration; rebellious where they can, but somewhat cringing to decided and established power; both *like* to go ragged, even when they have the means of dressing better; and lastly, spite of their miserable living, both are capable of great exertion, though they prefer indolence and loitering; and both alike enjoy a fertile soil, which the Wendish phrase calls "the roast meat of poor people." The better qualities which distinguish the Irish are theirs alone.

I took advantage of the acquaintance I made to-day, to gain more information respecting the actual proportion in number between Catholics and Protestants. I found all I had heard fully confirmed, and have gained some further details: among others, the official list of a part of the present parishes and livings in the diocese of Cashel, which is too remarkable not to send it to you, though the matter is somewhat dry, and seems almost too pedantic for our correspondence.

| | Catholics. | Protestants. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thurles has | 12,000 | 250 | |
| Cashel | 11,000 | 700 | |
| Clonoughty | 5,142 | 82 | |
| Cappawhyte | 2,800 | 76 | |
| Killenaule | 7,040 | 514 | |
| Boherlahan | 5,000 | 25 | |
| Feathard | 7,600 | 400 | —Military included. |
| Kilcummin | 2,400 | — | |
| Mickarty | 7,000 | 80 | |
| Golden | 4,000 | 120 | |
| Anacarty | 4,000 | 12 | |
| Doniskeath | 5,700 | 90 | |
| New Erin | 4,500 | 30 | |

In thirteen districts, 78,182 Catholics and 2,379 Protestants.

Each of these districts has only one Catholic priest, but often four or five Protestant clergymen; so that, on an

average, there are scarcely twenty persons to each Protestant congregation. Kilcummin is the place I mentioned to you where there is not a single parishioner, and the service, which according to law must be performed once a year, is enacted in the ruin with the help of a Catholic clerk. In another, called Tollamane, the same farce takes place. But not a whit the less must the non-attending parishioners pay the uttermost farthing of their tithes and other dues; and no claims are so bitterly enforced as those of this Christian church:—there is no pity, at least none for Catholics. A man who cannot pay the rent of the church-land he farms, or his tithes to the parson, inevitably sees his cow and his pig sold, (furniture, bed, &c. he has long lost,) and himself, his wife, and probably a dozen children, ('car rien n'engendre comme les pommes de terre et la misère,') thrust out into the road, where he is left to the mercy of that Providence who feeds the fowls of the air and clothes the lilies of the field. 'Quelle excellente chose qu'une religion d'état!' So long as such exist, and every individual is not permitted, as in the United States, to worship God in his own way, without any civil disability or loss,—so long the age of barbarism has not ceased. The time must come when in the state, as in nature, laws alone must rule. Religion will then be left to her appropriate functions: she will console us in misfortune, and heighten our pleasures; but she will cease to wield the sceptre or the sword. The laws alone should employ inflexible restraint; opinion should enjoy unbounded freedom. The civilized portion of mankind have a right to demand this at the stage to which they have attained, and to which they have fought their way through so much suffering and blood. What frantic folly, to want to prescribe to men what is to become of them after death, or what they shall believe about it! It is bad enough that here on earth the best institutions, the wisest laws, must ever be defective;—let the invisible future at least shape itself out to every mind according to that mind's power and comprehension! And yet have great and wise and good men thought themselves justified in exercising this sort of despotism. But such is human frailty! the same individual will prove himself sublime in eleven things, and in the twelfth think and act like an idiot.

While Cardinal Richelieu afforded to all succeeding ages the model of a great and sagacious minister, his chief solicitude was to be thought a good poet; and he tortured himself to write wretched tragedies, which after his death were waste paper. The great Louis, who might be called the absolute king 'par excellence,' seriously exclaimed after the battle of Malplaquet, 'Et Dieu, a-t-il donc oublié ce que j'ai fait pour lui?' Cromwell, at once an enthusiast and the most audacious and most cunning of dissemblers, after heaping murder on murder and violence on violence, found his conscience tranquillized, when in answer to his interrogatories a clergyman assured him, that a man who had once felt assured of the motions of grace within him, must be eternally blessed, let him have done what he would. "Then I am saved," cried the Protector joyfully, "for I know to a certainty that once, at least, I felt myself in a state of grace." Such are men! and *therefore* is it that human authority will never have weight with me, when it is not confirmed by my own judgment, exercised to the best of my power after mature reflection. Nay, were even all mankind opposed to me, it could not alter an opinion so formed. Thank God! we are all individual minds, and not sheep who must follow one leader. And what is universal opinion? One is tempted to think it is only another name for universal error, so frequently does it alter. It seems to depend only on time and place. If you are born in Constantinople you swear by Mahomet; in the rest of Europe by Moses or Christ; in India, by Brama. Had you come into the world a subject of Augustus, you would have been a Pagan. In the Middle Ages you would have advocated fist-law (*Faust-recht*;) and now you clamour for the liberty of the press, as the one thing without which it is impossible to exist.[142] You yourself, in the course of your short life,—how different is your being! how different your modes of thinking, as a child, as a youth, as an old man! Herder was right when he said, "No two drops of water are alike,—and yet you would give to all mankind the same belief!" We might add, No atom remains unchanged, and you would bid the human mind stand still!

Before the archbishop retired, he said to me in a most obliging manner, "You are, as you tell us, a bishop, consequently you owe obedience to the archbishop. I employ this my authority to command you to dine here to-morrow with your colleague the Bishop of Limerick, whom we expect to-day;—I must hear of no excuse." I answered, taking up the jest, "I readily confess that it does not beseem me to withstand the discipline of the Church, and Your Grace[143] and the Dean know so well how to sweeten obedience, that I submit the more willingly."

I passed the evening in the society of the * * *. I have seldom found Protestant clergymen so frank and sincere as these Catholics. We came to the conclusion, that we must either receive blindly the hereditary faith the Church prescribes; or, if this be not in our power, from our own religious system as the result of individual thoughts and individual feelings,—which may rightly be called the religion of philosophers. The * * * spoke French most fluently, I therefore quote his own words: "Heureusement on peut en quelque sorte combiner l'un et l'autre; car, au bout du compte, il faut une religion positive au peuple." "Et dites surtout," replied I, "qu'il en faut une aux rois et aux prêtres; car aux uns elle fournit le 'par la grâce de Dieu, et aux autres, de la puissance, des honneurs, et des richesses; le *peuple* se contenterait, peut-être, de bonnes lois et d'un gouvernement libre." "Ah," interrupted he, "you think like Voltaire,

"Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
Et sa crédulité fait toute notre science."

"Ma foi," said I, "si tous les prêtres vous ressemblaient je penserais bien autrement."

*October, 13th: Evening.*

I was unfortunately unable to keep my word with my friendly Amphitryon. A 'megrim' confined me all day to my bed. The archbishop sent me word that he would cure me; and, if I would but bring firm faith, would be sure to drive away the headache-fiend by a well-applied exorcism. I was, however, obliged to reply, that this devil was one of the most tractable, and that he respected no one but Nature, who sends and recalls him at her pleasure, which, alas! is seldom in less than four-and-twenty hours. I must therefore cut off even you, dearest Julia, with a few words.

*October 14th.*

'Après la pluie le soleil!' This day has indemnified me for the last. I was on horseback by six o'clock, on my way to breakfast at Captain S—— 's country-house, where the sportsmen were to rendezvous for a hare-hunt. I found six or seven sturdy squires assembled: they do not think much, but their life is all the more gay and careless. After we had eaten and drank the most heterogeneous things,—coffee, tea, whiskey, wine, eggs, beef-steaks, honey, mutton-

kidneys, cakes, and bread and butter, one after another,—the company seated themselves on two large cars, and took the direction of the Galtee mountains; where, at a distance of about eight miles, the hounds and horses were waiting for us. The weather was fine, and the ride very pleasant, along a ridge of hills commanding a full view of the fruitful plain, enclosed by mountains and richly varied by a multitude of gentlemen's seats and ruins which are scattered over the whole level country. I enjoyed these beauties, as usual, alone; my companions had only dogs and horses in their heads. A spot was pointed out to me where a strange phenomenon took place ten years ago. A bog which lay at a considerable elevation, forced up probably by subterranean springs, was completely loosened from its bottom, and travelled on in a mass, sixteen feet high and three or four acres in extent. It moved on in a continual zigzag, according to the nature of the objects it encountered; and thus passed over a distance of nine miles till it reached the nearest river, into which it slowly discharged itself, causing an overflow of the waters. The rate of its progress was about three miles an hour. It laid waste every thing in its course. Houses were levelled with the earth at its touch; trees torn up at once by the roots; the fields completely covered, and the valleys filled with bog. An immense multitude had assembled at the end of its course, without the power of offering the slightest resistance to the progress of this awful and majestic phenomenon.

On our arrival at the appointed place of meeting, the horses were there, but no dogs. There were, however, a great many gentlemen, and instead of hunting hares we now all traversed the fields in every direction in search of the stray hounds. The sort of riding on these occasions is a thing of which people in our country can form no idea. Although most of the fields are enclosed by stone hedges from three to six feet high, and either piled loosely together or regularly cemented, and some of them edged by ditches; or strong walls of earth and stones pointed at the top, from five to seven feet high, with a ditch on one, sometimes on both sides;—all this is not admitted as any pretext whatever for the riders to deviate from a straight line. If I mistake not, I have already described to you how wonderfully the horses here leap; the sagacity is also admirable with which they distinguish a loose hedge from a firm one; one recently thrown up, from one hardened by time. The loose ones they spring over at one leap,—'clear them,' according to the technical expression; but they take the firm ones more easily, making a sort of halt at the top. All this takes place equally well in a full gallop, or, with the utmost coolness, at a foot pace, or with a very short run. Some gentlemen fell, but were only laughed at; for a man who does not break his neck on the spot must look for no pity, but on the contrary, ridicule. Others dismounted at very bad places, and their docile steeds leaped without them, and then stood still, grazing while their riders climbed over. I can assure you I very often thought I should be compelled to follow their example; but Captain S——, who knew the excellent horse on which he had mounted me, and was always by my side, encouraged me to trust with perfect security to the admirable creature; so that at the end of the day I had acquired a very considerable reputation even among 'fox-hunters.' Certainly it is only in Ireland one sees all that horses are capable of; the English are far behind them in this respect. Wherever a man could get through, my horse found means to do so in one way or other, leaping, crawling, or scrambling. Even in swampy places where he sank up to his girths, he laboured through without the least hurry or agitation, where a more lively and timorous horse, though equally strong, would certainly never have made his way. Such a horse on a field of battle would be beyond all price: but only very early and perfect training, joined to the excellence of the breed, can produce such an one. Experience shows that a peculiar bent of education, continued through centuries, ends in rendering the superinduced qualities natural even in animals. I saw pointers in England, which without any training, stood still and pointed as decidedly the first time they were taken out shooting, as if they had been ever so carefully trained.

The price of these admirable horses was extremely reasonable ten years ago, but since the English have begun to buy them for hunting, it is greatly raised, and an Irish hunter of the quality of the one I rode to-day, would fetch from a hundred and fifty to two hundred guineas. At the Galway races I saw a celebrated blood-hunter, for which Lord Cl—— had given the latter sum. He had won every 'steeple-chase' he had ever run; was as light as he was powerful, swift as the wind, a child could manage him, and no hedge was too high, no ditch too wide for him.

At length we found the dogs: the men who had the care of them having got completely drunk. Our hunt did not end till the approach of twilight. It was become excessively cold, and the flickering fire, with the table spread before it, shone most agreeably upon us on our arrival at Captain S——'s house. A genuine sportsman's and bachelor's feast followed. There was no attempt at show or elegance. Glasses, dishes, and all the furniture of the table, were of every variety of form and date: one man drank his wine out of a liqueur glass, another out of a champagne glass, the more thirsty out of tumblers. One ate with his great-grandfather's knife and fork, his neighbour with a new green-handled one which the servant had just bought at Cashel fair. There were as many dogs as guests in the room: every man waited on himself; and the meats and potables were pushed on the table in abundance by an old woman and a heavy-fisted groom. The fare was by no means to be despised, nor the wine either, nor the potheen clandestinely distilled in the mountains, which I here tasted for the first time genuine and unadulterated. For sweetening a pudding, two large lumps of sugar were handed about, and we rubbed them together as the savages do sticks for kindling the fire. That the drinking was on a vast and unlimited scale you may safely presume: but though many at last could not speak very articulately, yet no one attempted any thing indecorous or ill-bred; and the few who were much excited, enhanced the merriment by many a 'bon mot' or droll story.

I am indebted for the great cordiality, I might say enthusiasm, with which I am received here, to my visit to the 'Man of the People,' with whom the curious believe me to be in God-knows-what connection. I am greeted with hurrahs in every village I ride through; and in Cashel, the market-place, in which my inn stands, is daily filled with people, who congregate at an early hour, and cheer me every time I go out. Many press forward and ask leave to shake my hand, (a no very gentle operation,) and are quite happy when they have accomplished this.

We rose from table very late. I was packed into my host's car with another gentleman, and set off for Cashel through an icy fog. Every individual ran out to my assistance. One would draw a pair of furred gloves on my hands; another lent me a cloak; a third tied a handkerchief round my neck;—every man insisted on doing me some little service: and with many a 'God bless his Highness!' I was at length suffered to depart. The gentleman with me, Mr. O'R—, was the most original, and the most drunk of any. Equally bent on doing me some kindness, he invariably made the matter worse than he found it. He unfastened my cloak, in trying to fasten it; tore off my handkerchief, instead of tying it; and fell upon me, in his efforts to make room. His poetical humour displayed itself as characteristically when we reached the Rock of Cashel. It was dreadfully cold, and the cloudless firmament twinkled and glittered as if bestrewn with diamonds. Between the road and the rock, however, a thick mist lay along the earth, and covered the whole surrounding country as with a veil, though it did not rise higher than to the foot of the

ruin. Its base was invisible, and it appeared as if it stood built on a cloud in the blue æther, and in the midst of the stars. I had been admiring this striking night-scene some time, when my neighbour, whom I thought asleep, suddenly cried aloud, “Ah, there is my glorious rock! look, how grand! and above all, the sacred place where all my ancestors repose, and where I too shall lie in peace!” After a pause he tried in a fit of greater ecstasy to stand up, which but for me would probably have ended in his falling from the carriage. As soon as he was firm on his legs, he took off his hat reverently, and with a sort of devotion, at once affecting and burlesque, called out with tears in his eyes, “God bless Almighty God, and glory to him!” Notwithstanding the nonsense, I was touched by the feeling which broke through it, and in this at least I sympathized with my whole soul.

*October 15th.*

Lord H——, whom I knew in London, invited me to spend some days at his beautiful residence in this neighbourhood. This invitation I was obliged to refuse, but went to-day to dine with him. The well-kept pleasure-ground, and the excavation of a hollow for a little lake, recalled to me but too strongly the castle where you, my dear! are now living, to be able to look at it without emotion. When shall we see each other again! when shall we breakfast under the three lime-trees with the swans who so trustingly fed out of our hands, while your tame doves picked up the crumbs at our feet, and the little coco, surprised and jealous, looked at the audacious birds with his wise eyes,—a picture at which the ‘*blasé*’ man of the world shrugs his shoulders contemptuously, but which touches our hearts in all its native simplicity.

Lord H—— is not one of those Irish nobles who withdraw the whole of their revenues from their country: he sometimes resides there: but he understands his interest so ill, that instead of placing himself at the head of the people, he sets himself in opposition to them. The natural consequence ensues: Lord Llandall, though a Protestant, is beloved:—Lord H—— is hated, though personally he does not appear to me to deserve it. I heard much of his excessive cruelties towards the Catholics, and I was indeed witness to his violent temper on this subject. I think, however, that in this case, as in so many others, the mere change of one’s own point of view alters all the relations of things. This is a grand rule of the practical philosophy of life, and the effect is certain: for the objects are only raw material matter; every thing depends on the manner in which the individual understands and shapes them. How many situations may thus be transformed from black into rose-coloured, as soon as one resolutely takes off the black spectacles, or puts on the rose-coloured ones. With what spectacles will you read my letter?—I hear your answer, and kiss you for it.

Heaven guard you, and keep you in this mind!

Your devoted
L——.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*Ban——, October 17th, 1828.*

Beloved Julia,

Since yesterday I have been an inhabitant of a pretty Gothic cottage at the foot of a mountain. From one of my windows I see fertile fields: from the other, wood, lake, and rocks. The master of the house is Mr. O’R——’s brother, who possesses besides this charming residence a very pretty wife, to whom I pay my court a little, for the gentlemen drink and hunt too much for my taste. The family estate would have naturally devolved on my whimsical friend; but as he was always rather a wild bird, who from his boyhood had a strong propensity for whiskey-punch and a joyous life, his father, having the disposal of it, left it to his youngest son. The brothers are nevertheless the best possible friends; and the light-hearted kindly nature of the eldest finds no wormwood in the wine which he drinks at his brother’s table; while on the other side, the younger respects the poverty of his kind-hearted and amusing elder, (who gets regularly drunk every evening,) and lets him want for nothing. Such a connexion does honour to both, the more, because at the fathers death the lawyers were of opinion that the will might have been set aside. Both have doubtless acted with as much wisdom as kindness to leave it uncontested, and thus keep the oyster for themselves.

We passed the whole day in rambling about these magnificent mountain-paths. Others went out snipe-shooting, after which we sat *at the dinner table till 2 o’clock in the morning*. Very soon after the dessert was served, the ladies, as usual, left us: and now the drinking began in earnest. Coffee was brought very late; on the heels of which followed a stimulating ‘souper’ of ‘devils’ of all sorts,[144] raw oysters and pickles. This formed the prelude to potheen punch, of which several drank from twelve to sixteen large tumblers, whilst O’R—— kept the whole company ‘in a roar of laughter’ by his inexhaustible wit and mad tricks. Besides this, every man was forced to sing a song: I among the rest, a German one, of which nobody understood a word, but all were very politely delighted. At two, I retired; but all the others staid. As my chamber was unfortunately directly over them, it was long before I could sleep for their noise and laughter.

*October 18th.*

You will wonder at the somewhat coarse and low life I led here, and to say the truth I wonder at it myself; but it is ‘genuine,’ that is to say, perfectly natural to these people, and nothing assumed; and that has ever a charm of its own, at least for me. Besides, the lady of the house is really charming, lively and graceful as a French-woman, with a foot like a zephyr.

This morning we hunted hares, and many a bold leap was taken. In the evening they produced the most celebrated piper of Ireland, Keans Fitzpatrick, called the King of the Pipers, having been honoured with the approbation of ‘His most gracious Majesty King George the Fourth.’ Indeed, the melodies which the blind minstrel draws from his strange instrument are often as surprising as they are beautiful, and his skill is equal to his highly polished and noble air. These pipers, who are almost all blind, derive their origin from remote antiquity. They are gradually fading away, for all that is old must vanish from the earth.

*October 19th.*

In the course of the day we met two men of very suspicious appearance in a wood. My companion very cooly pointed them out to me as notorious robbers, who had managed, partly by cunning, partly by the general terror they inspired, to preserve their liberty;—another proof how defective is the government and how entirely perverted are all the relations and sentiments of society; two things by which Ireland is specially characterized. Both of these men, who called themselves farmers because they rented a little bit of potatoe-field were of a singularly striking and national aspect. The one, a slender man of about forty, handsome, with a wild but imposing physiognomy, was a highly picturesque figure, even in his rags. Contempt of all danger was impressed upon his noble brow;—indifference in all disgrace played scornfully about his audacious mouth. His history confirmed the language of his features. He wore three or four military medals, which he had gained in the wars in Spain and France. In consequence of repeated proofs of his remarkable courage he had been raised to the rank of a non-commissioned officer, from which his disorderly conduct soon caused him to be degraded: he had then served a second time, again distinguished himself, and again for the same reasons as before been disgraced, though not convicted of any capital offence.—He is now strongly suspected of being the leader of the band of robbers who infest the Galtees, and have committed several murders. His companion was in external appearance the complete reverse of him; he was, for an Irish farmer, unusually well clad, that is to say, in whole clothes; sixty years old, short and thick-set, and in his whole aspect almost like a Quaker. In his sanctified countenance, however, lurked such an expression of cunning and of pitiless determination, that he appeared to me much more terrible than the other. He was prosecuted two years ago for forging bank-notes; and was very nearly convicted, when he was rescued from the gallows by a dexterous lawyer to whom he entrusted his case. With tears of gratitude he put fifty pounds into the hand of his deliverer, lamenting most pathetically that he could not requite him better. The advocate was satisfied with his success, and put the notes into his pocket-book. What was his indignation at finding that Paddy had paid him in the very notes from the consequences of the manufacture of which he had just saved him! When the Irish take a bad turn, (and the only wonder is that they do not all do so,) they are the most dangerous people in the world; their most prominent qualities —courage, levity, and cunning,—are but too efficient in enabling them to dare every thing and to effect much.

*Oct. 21st.*

I had so often laid the hospitality of these worthy squires under contribution, that I was obliged ‘en conscience’ to make some return. I therefore invited them all to dine with me before my departure. In the morning I gave a cock-fight, ‘car il faut hurler avec les loups;’ then a concert of the great piper; then we had a ride; and lastly ‘grand festin, grand chère, et bon feu.’ During our ride we came to a spot at which a magistrate named Baker was shot three years ago. He was a man exactly in the stile of the Bailiffs (*Amtmäner*) in Ifflands’s Plays; only, alas! there was no noble character to thwart and counteract him. The day before his death, in discharging a man whom he had imprisoned for six weeks on a charge of suspected revolutionary practices, he publicly said, “Last month I sent you word that I wanted to speak to you;—you would not come. I have given you this little lesson for it, which I hope will make you more complying in future: if not, in six weeks more you shall swing; of that you may rest assured!” The county was at that time under ‘martial law,’ in consequence of some disturbances; and almost unlimited power was given to the local authorities, whose insolence and atrocity therefore knew no bounds. The immediate cause of Baker’s death was of a kind which deprives one of all pity for him. He was indebted £500 to a dairyman, partly for articles supplied to his household, partly for money he had borrowed. This he had promised to pay as soon as the man found a suitable match for his daughter, whose portion the money was to be. In a few years this took place, and the dairyman humbly entreated to be paid. Baker, however, continually put him off under various pretences; and finding he could obtain nothing but vain promises, the poor fellow at length threatened him with an action, and set off for Cork to consult a lawyer. Taking advantage of his absence, Baker appeared the next day at his house, followed by a detachment of soldiers, and with infernal hypocrisy asked his wife, then pregnant of her seventh child, whether she knew of any concealed arms, and told her that her husband was strongly accused of having secreted some. The woman answered without fear or hesitation, that she was sure no such thing existed in her house; that her husband would never have any thing to do with such plots; as Mr. Baker himself, who was an old acquaintance, well knew. “Take care what you say,” said Baker; “for if any thing is found after you have denied it, you are subject to transportation for life.” The woman persisted in her denial “Well, then, at your peril be it,” said he. “Soldiers, search the house thoroughly, and bring me word what you find.” They found nothing; but a second search being made, under Baker’s own superintendance, a loaded pistol was produced by some man, who pretended to have found it under some straw; into which it was always suspected Baker himself had just thrust it. The woman was immediately dragged away, and being regarded as convicted by the presence of the corpus delicti, was, after a short trial, sentenced to transportation. In a few days her husband returned, and moved heaven and earth to obtain her pardon. In vain did he entreat that at least he might be suffered to go to Botany Bay instead of his unhappy wife, the pregnant mother of six children. He offered to give Baker the £500. But this fiend remained inexorable, jeeringly reminding the despairing husband “that he wanted the money to portion off his daughter, who,” he added, “might now keep house for him, if after the consequences of the search he had still any house to keep. That he need not trouble himself about his wife’s travelling expenses, for that the Government would generously provide for them.” The law had its course; the poor woman was transported, and is perhaps now at Port Jackson. The husband, made furious by despair, and joined by her brothers and two other men, shortly after avenged her, by Baker’s cruel death. They fell upon him in the open fields, hunted him like a wild beast, and killed him slowly by a number of shots. All were taken and hanged.

Tales of horror like this were formerly of daily occurrence in this unhappy land, and even now have not entirely ceased. That such a contrast should exist between England and Ireland, and under the same Government too; that it should be suffered to endure for centuries, is indeed afflicting to every philanthropic mind. Unbridled bigotry, and rapacity unwilling to disgorge any part of its former prey, are the causes;—six millions of human beings the victims.

I have nothing remarkable to relate concerning my dinner-party: it was like its predecessors, and lasted far too long.

It was formerly the custom to give parties, of which the sole and avowed object was desperate drinking,—a fashion which is comparatively fallen into disuse. It was a common thing for a man to lock himself into a room with a hogshead of wine and some jolly companions, and not to leave it till the last drop was emptied. Barrington mentions

such a party in his memoirs. It was given in a shooting lodge, in which the wall had been covered with mortar only the day before, and was of course still wet. Here the company were locked in with a pipe of claret, just arrived from France; and when some of them who had tumbled against the wall, awoke in the morning from their night's debauch, they found themselves so thoroughly identified with it that they were obliged to be cut away, some with the loss of their clothes and others of their hair.

After my guests had exhausted their store of anecdotes, which were not precisely of a kind to entertain you with, they resorted to all sorts of practical jokes and 'tours de force.' One of these was quite new to me. It is an experiment which any body may try, and it struck me as curious enough. The wildest and fiercest game-cock may be rendered motionless, and compelled to lie in deathlike stillness as long as you please, by simply laying him on a table, with his beak close to a white line drawn across it. Nothing is necessary but first to draw this line with chalk, then to take the cock in your hands and lay him on the table with his beak turned towards it. You press him down, and there he will lie as if bound by some spell; his beak stretched out, and his eyes immoveably fixed on the white line, till you take him away. The experiment must be tried by candlelight.

'Voilà de grandes bagatelles, mais à la guerre comme à la guerre.'

*Oct. 22d.*

As Fitzpatrick the piper, whom I had sent for to my party yesterday, was still in the town, I had him come to play 'privatim' in my room while I breakfasted, and observed his instrument more accurately. It is, as you know, peculiar to Ireland, and contains a strange mixture of ancient and modern times. The primitive simple bagpipe is blended with the flute, the oboe, and some tones of the organ and of the bassoon: altogether it forms a strange but pretty complete concert. The small and elegant bellows which are connected with it are fastened to the left arm by means of a riband, and the leathern tube communicating between them and the bag lies across the body; while the hands play on an upright pipe with holes like a flageolet, which forms the end of the instrument, and is connected with four or five others joined together like a colossal Pan's pipe. During the performance, the right arm moves incessantly backwards and forwards on the body, in order to fill the bellows. The opening of a valve brings out a deep humming sound, which forms an 'unisono' accompaniment to the air. By this agitation of his whole body, while his fingers were busied on the pipes I have described, Fitzpatrick produced tones which no other instrument could give out. The sight, in which you must picture to yourself the handsome old man with his fine head of snow-white hair, is most original and striking; it is, if I may say so, tragi-comic. His bagpipe was very splendidly adorned, the pipes were of ebony ornamented with silver, the riband embroidered, and the bag covered with flame-coloured silk fringed with silver.

I begged him to play me the oldest Irish airs; wild compositions, which generally begin with a plaintive and melancholy strain like the songs of the Slavonic nations, but end with a jig, the national dance, or with a martial air. One of these melodies gave the lively representation of a fox-hunt, another seemed to me borrowed from the Hunters' Chorus in the Freischütz; it was five hundred years older. 'Les beaux esprits se rencontrent dans tous les âges.'

After playing some time, the venerable piper suddenly stopped, and said smiling, with singular grace, "It must be already well known to you, noble Sir, that the Irish bagpipe yields no good tones when sober: it requires the evening, or the stillness of night, joyous company, and the delicious fragrance of steaming whiskey-punch. Permit me, therefore, to take my leave."

I offered such a present as I thought worthy of this fine old man, whose image will always float before me as a true representative of Irish nationality.

With Fitzpatrick I take my leave of you, dearest Julia, to set out on my return to Dublin, whence I calculate on despatching my next letter to you.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XL.

*Dublin, October 24th, 1828.*

Good and dear Friend,

After leading a half savage life so long, the tameness of the city appears quite strange. I can now imagine the home-sickness of the North American Indians, even the most civilized of whom always return to their woods at last. Freedom has such a matchless charm.

Yesterday, after dinner, I left Cashel, taking Captain S——'s brother in the carriage with me. While daylight lasted we saw at least twenty ruins, far and near. One of the most beautiful stands at the foot of an isolated hill, Killough Hill, called the garden of Ireland, because, according to the popular tradition, every indigenous plant in Ireland is to be found on it. The cause of this unwonted fertility is, that it was formerly the summer residence of the fairy queen, whose gardens bloomed here. The soil still retains some portion of its wondrous virtues. The ruin has likewise one of the mysterious slender round towers without any entrance. Some few of them have an opening or door, not at the bottom, however, but in the middle. It is impossible to conceive a more romantic watch-tower for the fairy hill. The weather was remarkably mild and beautiful, and the full moon so brilliant that I could read with perfect ease in my carriage. We slept, nevertheless, through a great part of the night.

I found a letter from you in Dublin;—a thousand thanks for all the kindness and affection towards me which it contains. Do not be too anxious as to the situation of your friend. Tell her she must act as necessity requires, avert what can be averted, postpone inevitable evil as long as possible, but always bear calmly what is actually present. This at least is my philosophy. Your quotation from Madame de Sevigné amused me extremely. Her letters are certainly extraordinary; repeating the same things, and those trivial enough, though volume after volume; yet by the new turn she continually gives them, always entertaining, sometimes bewitching; depicting court, city and country with equal grace; taking a somewhat affected love for the most insignificant of women as her main theme, yet never wearying: these were certainly conditions which no one but herself could have fulfilled. She is not in the least degree romantic, nor was she, while living, remarkably distinguished; but she is, without question, the best-bred model 'du

ton le plus parfait.' Without doubt she also possessed 'good temper' bestowed by nature, ennobled and refined by art. Art is at least visible throughout; and probably her letters, which she knew were eagerly read by many, were carefully polished, and were calculated as much for society as for her daughter; for the admirable lightness of her style betrays much more of care than the 'épanchement' of the moment permits. The representation of the manners of the day has a considerable effect in heightening the interest of the letters, but I doubt whether such letters written now would enjoy equal success. We are become both too serious and too avaricious. 'Les jolis riens ne suffisent plus.' We want excitement, and violent excitement. Where a giant like Byron appears, little prettinesses sink into insignificance.

I was just now reading in his works,—for I never travel without them. I fell upon the description of a scene precisely like many I have lately witnessed. In what elevated language did I find my own feelings expressed! I translate it for you as well as I can, in a sort of poetic prose, and as literally as possible:—

Der Himmel wandelt sich!—Welch ein Wechsel! O Nacht—
Und Sturm und Finsterniss, wohl seyd ihr wundermächtig!
Doch lieblich Eure Macht—dem Lichte gleich,
Das aus dem dunklen Aug des Weibes bricht.—Weithin
Von Gipfel zu Gipfel, die schmetternden Felsen entlang
Springt der eilende Donner. Nicht die einsame Wolke allein,
Jeder Berg hat eine Zunge gefunden,
Und Jura sendet durch den Nebelvorhang Antwort
Zurück, dem lauten Zuruf der jubelnden Alpen.
Das ist eine Nacht!—o herrliche Nacht!
Du wurdest nicht gesandt für Schlummer. Lass auch mich
Ein Theilnehmer seyn an Deiner wilden, fernhin schallenden Freude
Ein Theil vom Sturme—und ein Theil deiner selbst—
Wie der See erleuchtet glänzt—gleich dem phosphorischen Meer!
Und die vollen Regentropfen—wie sie herabtanzen auf seine Wellen!
Und nun wird Alles wieder schwarz—und von neuem
Hallt der Berge Chorus wieder, in lauter Lust,
Als säng' er Triumph über eines jungen Erdbebens Geburt![145]

Is not that beautiful? What true poetic feeling! What a pity that we have no good translation of his works. Göthe alone were able to give a perfectly satisfactory version of them,—if he were not occupied in creating what equals them in grandeur, and surpasses them in lightness, grace and sweetness.

*October 25th.*

I called yesterday at the Lord Lieutenant's house in the Phœnix Park. He invited me to dine with him to-day. The party was brilliant. He is beloved in Ireland for his impartiality, and for the favour he has always shown to the cause of emancipation. His exploits as a general officer are well known, and no man has a more graceful and polished address in society. A more perfect work of art than his false leg I never saw. The Marquis, although not young, has still a very fine person, and his artificial leg and foot rival the other 'à s'y méprendre.' The only thing which betrays it, is some little difficulty in walking. On the whole, I know few Englishmen who have so good a 'tournure' as the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. When he resides in the city, a very rigid etiquette, like that of a little court, is observed; but in the country he lives like a private gentleman. The power and dignity of a Lord Lieutenant are considerable as representative of the King; but he holds them only at the pleasure of the ministry. Among other privileges he has that of creating Baronets; and in former times inn-keepers, and men even less qualified, have received that dignity. When his functions cease he gains no accession of rank by the past performance of them. His salary during his continuance in office is £50,000 per annum, and a residence free of charge; so that he can very well lay by his own income. This, however, the present Lord Lieutenant does not appear disposed to do: his establishment is very liberal and splendid. He is surrounded too by very interesting men, who unite extreme good breeding with frankness and cordiality, and seem to judge of party questions with moderation and good sense. From what I have said, it may safely be presumed that Lord Anglesea's residence here will not be of long duration; and indeed I heard some hints to that effect. As he suffers dreadfully from Ticdouloureux, I recommended H—— to him, as a person remarkable for cures of that complaint, and gave his physician the book in which he treats of it. The Marquis said, smiling, "I shall find no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence;" at the same time casting a significant glance on his private secretary. This confirmed me in the surmise I have just expressed. It will be a great calamity for Ireland, who rejoices in the new and unaccustomed blessing of a governor who views the disgusting religious dissensions by which she has so long been torn, with the eye of a philosopher.

Before I drove to the Phœnix Park I attended divine worship in a Catholic chapel. It is a handsome building: the interior is a large oval, with a colonnade of Ionic pillars running round it, surmounted by a beautiful dome, and an excellent alto-relievo in the arched roof above the altar: it represents the Ascension. The figure and expression of our Saviour are peculiarly admirable. The fancy of the artist has placed him before us such as we must imagine him. The Catholics affirm that they possess genuine portraits of Christ. Indeed, in the south of Germany I once saw an advertisement of a collection of genuine portraits of God Almighty.

The chief altar stands quite alone, and is of a simple and beautiful form: it is of white marble, and was made in Italy. The slab on the top and the base are of dark marble. The front façade is divided into three compartments, on the middle is a monstrous pyx of gold bronze, and on each side bas-reliefs of praying angels.

Above, on the centre of the altar, stands a magnificent temple of splendid gems and gold, in which the real pyx is kept, and near it two no less magnificent golden candlesticks. On each side of the altar stands a tripod, supported by angels with folded wings; on the tablet at the top are placed the Host and the wine. The details are executed in the best possible taste, and a grand simplicity reigns through the whole. From the roof hangs a massive silver chain, supporting an antique lamp of the same metal, which is kept perpetually burning. It is certainly one of the most beautiful institutions of the Catholic religion, that some churches stand open day and night to all who long for communion with Heaven. In Italy I scarcely ever went to rest without visiting one of these; and giving myself up to the wondrous effect produced in the stillness of night by the red fantastic light thrown on the vaulted roof by the few

scattered lamps, I never failed to find some solitary figure, kneeling in supplicating reverence before one of the altars, busied only with his God and himself, and utterly unmindful of all that passed around. In one of these churches stood the gigantic statute of St. Christopher, leaning against the middle pillar, and touching the roof with his head. On his shoulders was his heavy burthen, the miraculous child; and in his hand, as a staff, a full-grown trunk of a tree, with fresh green boughs, which were renewed every month. The light of a lamp suspended above, surrounded the infant Christ with a glory, and threw some rays, as if in benediction, upon the pious giant.

When I compare the Catholic service as it is performed here, with that of the English Protestant church, I must unquestionably prefer the former. It may perhaps contain some superfluous ceremonies, some which even border on the burlesque, such as the tossing about of the censers, the continual shifting of dresses, &c.; but still this form of worship has a sort of antique grandeur which imposes and satisfies. The music was excellent; the singers very good, and, which amazingly enhanced the effect, invisible. Some Protestants call this a taint of sensuality; but I cannot discover why the scream of an unmusical Lutheran congregation, which rends one's ears, should be more pious than good music, executed by people who have been well taught.[146] Even with a view to the contents of the sermon, the comparison was greatly to the advantage of the Catholic church. While the Protestant congregation at Tuam was entertained with miracles, swine, and evil spirits, the discourse here was purely moral and practical. The eloquent preacher had taken envy as his subject, and said among other excellent remarks, "If you would know whether you are entirely free from this crime, so afflicting to humanity, so degrading to the individual who cherishes it,—examine yourselves thoroughly, whether you never experienced an unquiet and dissatisfied feeling at the constant and growing prosperity of another; whether you never felt a slight satisfaction at the tidings that some mischance had happened to a fortunate neighbour? This is a serious inquiry, and few will make it earnestly without advantage."

The way in which every one reads silently in his prayer-book, while the sublime music elevates the soul, and withdraws it from the earthly and trivial, appears to me far preferable to the loud responses and prayers of the Anglican church. During this interval of silent veneration, little heed is given to the ceremonies, the change of raiment, or the incensing the priests. But even allowing for these slight blemishes, the Catholic church strikes the mind, as a whole, as something congruous and harmonious with itself, and venerable from its antiquity and its consistency: the English Protestant church, on the contrary, as something patch-work, incongruous, and unconnected. In connexion with the German church (of course I mean as it is understood by such men as Krug and Paulus,) these two establishments might be likened to three individuals who were in a magnificent place, affording every variety of enjoyment, and of valuable information; but shut out from God's sun and his beautiful open creation by a high wall. The first of the three was satisfied with the glitter of the jewels and the light of the tapers, and never cast one wistful glance toward the few chinks in the wall which admitted some glimpse of daylight. The other two were restless and dissatisfied; they felt that there was something still better and fairer abroad, and determined to get over the high wall, cost what it would. Well provided with every thing they thought they should want, they began this great undertaking. They had many perils, many inconveniences to encounter, but at length they reached the top. Here, indeed, they could behold the sun's radiant countenance, but clouds often concealed it, and the beautiful green of the meadows beneath was often deformed by weeds and thorns, amidst which terrible wild beasts roamed prowling about. But nothing could daunt the second of the three, nor turn him from his enterprise; his intense desire for freedom conquered all fear and all doubt; unhesitatingly, he let himself down into the new world, and as he left every thing behind him that he might be perfectly unimpeded, he soon disappeared within the sacred enclosure. As to the third, he remains still sitting on the wall, between heaven and earth; still living on the food, and delighting in the finery he brought with him from below, and unable to wean himself from it, though the rays of the sun, which now fall uninterrupted on the false tinsel, shows it in all its worthlessness. Like the ass in the fable, he hesitates between the two bundles of hay, without knowing which to prefer. Backward he cannot go, and he has not courage to go forward; the flesh-pots of Canaan detain him where he is—so long as they last.

*October 27th.*

If I do not choose to make '*allotria*,' that is to talk of things which have nothing to do with my travels or my residence here, living in the world will make my letters very barren. I could draw out a scheme or formula and have it lithographed, leaving a few blanks to be filled *ad libitum*. For instance, "Rose late, and out of humour. Walked, rode, or drove out to make visits. Dined with Lord——, or Mr.——; dinner good, or bad; conversation, common places. Evening, a tiresome party, rout, ball, or above all, amateur concert. N. B. My ears still ache." In London, might be added, as a standing remark, "The crowd nearly suffocated me, and the heat was greater than on the highest bench of a Russian vapour bath. Physical exertion to-day =5 degrees (reckoning a fox-hunt at 20,) intellectual profit therefrom =0. Result, 'Diem perdidi.'"

It is not quite so bad here: in this season the fatigue one has to undergo does not exceed that of a large German town; but there are a great superabundance of invitations which one cannot civilly refuse. For how truly can I say with the English poet, "How various are the feelings of guests in that world which is called great and gay, but which is the most melancholy and tedious of any to those who cannot share in its gaiety!"

*October 28th.*

I am just returned from a dinner-party, in which there was rather a provincial tone, but no want of pretension. Some things were comical enough; but the worst of it is, one buys a little laughing with such a quantity of ennui. The dinner too was a real 'mystification' for a 'gourmet,' and the house and park correspond with it.

My propitious star placed me at table next to Lord P——, a celebrated political character, who has taken his stand on the good and noble side, and has remained faithful to the cause of emancipation. It gave me great pleasure to find that his views of things agreed so perfectly with those which I had been led to entertain from my own observations on the spot. One of his expressions struck me by its 'naïveté.' I remarked to him, that from what I saw, even emancipation could do little good; for that the real evil was, that the soil was the property of an aristocracy, whose interests would always lead them to reside in England; and above all, the sums which were extorted from the poor Catholics by the Protestant church. So long as this remained unaltered, I saw no hope of any better state of things.

"Yes," replied he; "but to alter *that* is impossible. If the Protestant clergy were deprived of their wealth they would lose all their importance." "How can that be?" replied I, laughing. "Is it possible that virtue, mild instruction,

and pious devotion to the duties of his office, would not ensure to a clergyman, even of the highest rank, more respect with a moderate income than immoderate luxury; or are 20,000*l.* a-year really necessary 'to make a Bishop or Archbishop appear decently in society?'" "My dear Sir," answered Lord P——, "such a thing may exist and maintain itself abroad, but will never do in Old England, where, above all, money, and *much money*, is required and necessary to obtain respectability and consideration." This remark was not applied to the aristocracy; but it is not the less true that money is essential to its very existence, although it now affects, with no little display of haughtiness, to estimate noble birth far above mere wealth.

Lady M——, who was present, entertained the company as usual by her wit. She amused me with some diverting anecdotes * * *

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It is remarkable, that in no country does one meet half so many old maids as in England; and very frequently they are rich. Their excessive pride of wealth, which leads them to think no rank and greatness sufficient for them, or the exaggerated romantic notions in which they are brought up, are the causes of this phenomenon. English girls insist on being loved entirely and solely for themselves. French women make no such pretension, judging rightly enough, that this devoted affection will grow out of marriage, where there are the qualities fitted to produce it; and that where these do not exist, it will not *endure*, whatever the lover may say or believe to the contrary. The English, like true Turks, keep the intellects of their wives and daughters in as narrow bounds as possible, with a view of securing their absolute and exclusive property in them as much as possible, and in general their success is perfect. [147] A foreigner serves as an amusement, a plaything to Englishwomen, but always inspires them with some degree of fear and reserve. It is extremely rare for them to bestow as much of their confidence upon him as upon a countryman. They regard him as a half atheist, or a superstitious worshipper of Baal, and sometimes amuse themselves with attempting to convert him. I do not speak here of the London Exclusives; they give the same result as the rubbing together of all colours,—none remains.

*October 29th.*

The beautiful weather tempted me out into the country. I rode about the whole day, and saw two fine seats, Malahide and Howth. They have one peculiarity in common; both have remained for nine hundred years in the possession of the same family, which no English seat that I have seen or heard of can boast. Malahide has also an historical interest, for it belongs to the Talbots; and the armour of the celebrated warrior, with the mark of a blow from a partisan on the breast is preserved here. One-half of the castle is extremely old, the other was demolished by Cromwell, and rebuilt in the antique style. In the former part they showed me chairs five hundred years old, and a room in which the rich 'boiserie,' the carved ceiling and the floor, all of black oak, had remained unchanged for seven hundred years. The new part contains many interesting pictures.

There is a portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, so lovely that I almost envied Charles the Second even in his grave, the glory of making her a Duchess. An old picture of Mary Stuart, although represented at an advanced period of her life, confirmed me in my conviction of the resemblance of the portrait of this unfortunate and beautiful queen, which I saw in the County Wicklow. I looked with interest at a scene at the court of Madrid, with a portrait of the king seated in great solemnity in a scarlet robe; Charles the First, as Prince of Wales, dancing rather 'légèrement,' a minuet with the Infanta; and the gay, seducing Buckingham magnificently dressed, and paying assiduous court to one of the ladies of honour.

Howth Castle, belonging to the St. Lawrence family, and inhabited by Lord Howth, who is no absentee, has been more modernized, and with no happy effect. The Grecian portico accords but ill with the small Gothic windows and the high gables. Here likewise the sword and armour of a celebrated ancestor with a romantic name is carefully preserved. He was called Sir Armoricus Tristram, and in the year 1000 gave battle to the Danes on this spot, and I think lost his life. The antique stables were full of noble hunters: Lord Howth's hounds are also very celebrated. On my return I went to the theatre, where Ducrow, the English Franconi, ennobles his art by his admirable representation of animated statues. This is a high enjoyment to a lover of art, and far surpasses the 'Tableaux' which are in such favour on the continent. When the curtain draws up, you see a motionless statue on a lofty pedestal in the centre of the stage. This is Ducrow; and it is hardly credible how an elastic dress can fit so exquisitely and so perfectly represent marble, only here and there broken by a bluish vein. He appeared first as the Hercules Farnese. With the greatest skill and precision he then gradually quitted his attitude from one gradation to another, of display of strength; but at the moment in which he presented a perfect copy of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, he suddenly became fixed as if changed to marble. Helmet, sword, and shield, were now given to him, and transformed him in a moment into the wrathful Achilles, Ajax, and other Homeric heroes. Then came the Discobolus and others, all equally perfect and true. The last was the attitude of the fighting Gladiator, succeeded by a masterly representation of the dying Gladiator. This man must be an admirable model for painters and sculptors: his form is faultless, and he can throw himself into any attitude with the utmost ease and grace. It struck me how greatly our unmeaning dancing might be ennobled, if something like what I have described were introduced, instead of the absurd and vulgar hopping and jumping with which we are now entertained. It gave me pain to see this fine artist, (for he certainly merits no less a name,) ride nine horses at once, in the character of a Chinese sorcerer; drive twelve at once in that of a Russian courier; and lastly, go to bed with a poney dressed as an old woman.

I must now bid you good night, and good-bye for some days. To-morrow morning early this letter will go by post.

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XLI.

*Dublin, October 30th, 1828.*

Dearest Julia,

Oh what reproaches! However, three letters at once are a compensation for every thing. I read the news from home till I nearly appeased my appetite for it, and can hardly express my gratitude to you * * *

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You are indeed right; such an ally as you would be of great use to me. Governess Prose would have kept Poetry better within bounds; and the boy who never grows old, and whose nature it is to play with gay soap-bubbles, would perhaps, under the guidance of a sage Mentor, have tried to pluck some more solid earthly fruit, instead of grasping at the rainbow balls. 'Mais tout ce qui est, est pour le mieux!' Let us never forget this axiom. Voltaire was wrong to turn it into jest; and Panglos was really in the right. This persuasion can alone console us under all afflictions; and for myself, I confess it is the essence of my religion.

Your letter No. I. is wisdom and goodness itself: but, dear Julia, as far as the former is concerned, it is powder and shot thrown away upon me. I am too much—what shall I call it?—a man of feeling and impulse, and shall never be wise, *i. e.* prudent in a worldly sense. But I am so much the more accessible to kindness,—yours only excepted; the measure of which is already so full and overflowing, that not a drop more can find entrance into my heart. With this full heart you must once for all be satisfied; your poor friend can give you no more. But is it possible that you can find room for fears that these two years of absence can have changed me towards you? that I may no longer find in you what I formerly found,—and so on. Do you know what the English would call this?—'Nonsense.' That I can wish nothing more intensely than to see you again, my unwearied correspondence might surely convince you; but you quite forget that * * *

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How often have I told you that I am not suited to the world! My defects as well as my merits, nay even the intellectual character which you imagine you find in me, are only so many stumbling-blocks in my way. A man who is intelligent, somewhat poetical, good-natured and sincere, is commonly awkward and ill at ease in every-day society. Like all those,—to use the words of an English writer,—whose feelings and affections paralyze their advantages, I do not find out till too late what was the prudent and discreet course: "an artless disposition," continues the Englishman, "which is ill adapted to enter the lists with the cunning and the cold selfishness of the world." I know a distinguished man, a hundredfold my superior, who in this respect is in the same predicament, and who continually laments that he has been transformed from a poet into a statesman. "I ought to have ended my life as I began it," said he; "wandering about the world unknown, and rejoicing undisturbed in the beauty and grandeur of God's works; or remote from men, shut up in my study, alone with my books, my fancy, and my faithful dog."[148]

*Oct. 31st.*

I spent a very pleasant evening to-day at Lady M——'s. The company was small, but amusing, and enlivened by the presence of two very pretty friends of our hostess, who sang in the best Italian style. I talked a great deal with Lady M—— on various subjects, and she has talent and feeling enough always to excite a lively interest in her conversation. On the whole, I think I did not say enough in her favour in my former letter; at any rate, I did not then know one of her most charming qualities,—that of possessing two such pretty relatives.

The conversation fell upon her works, and she asked me how I liked her Salvator Rosa? "I have not read it," replied I; "because," (I added by way of excusing myself, 'tant bien que mal,') "I like your fictions so much, that I did not choose to read any thing historical from the pen of the most imaginative of romance writers." "O, that is only a romance," said she; "you may read it without any qualms of conscience." "Very well," thought I; "probably that will apply to your travels too,"—but this I kept to myself. "Ah," said she, "believe me, it is only ennui that sets my pen in motion; our destiny in this world is such a wretched one that I try to forget it in writing." (Probably the Lord Lieutenant had not invited her, or some other great personage had failed in his engagement to her, for she was quite out of spirits.) "What a fearful puzzle is this world," said she: "Is there a presiding Power or not? And if there be one, and he were malevolent! what a horrible idea!" "But in Heaven's name," replied I, "how can a woman of sense, like you,—forgive me,—utter such nonsense?" "Ah, I know well enough all that you can say on that subject," said she; "certainly, no man can give me." This obscurity in a most acute mind was unintelligible to me, even in a woman. ('Ne vous en fachez pas, Julie!')

Lady M——'s husband, formerly a physician, now a philosopher and author, and what the French call 'un bon homme,' affecting moreover the man of taste and judgment, gave me a book of his, containing a thoroughly materialist system of philosophy: there are, however, some good things in it, and it has altogether more merit than I should have expected from the author. I was busied in reading it half the night. From the unconnected and daring character of the whole, I however concluded either that Lady M—— had written a considerable portion of it herself, or at least that these views of things had thrown her mind into such a state of doubt and confusion, that she had actually imagined the question whether God might not possibly be malevolent. Your celebrated people are but men like others, Heaven knows!—scholars and statesmen, philosophers and poets. At every acquaintance of this sort that I make, I think of Oxenstierna, who, when his young son expressed some hesitation and diffidence as to the part he should play at the Congress of Münster in the presence of so many great and wise men, replied with a smile, "Ah, my son, depart in peace, and see by what manner of men the world is governed!"

*Nov. 1st.*

'Les Catholiques me font la cour ici.' The * * * sent me word through his wife, that as I was a lover of their church music, I should go to their chapel to-day, where the choir would be remarkably full and good, and he himself was to perform the service. I heard indeed some magnificent vocal music, (in which female voices took part,) accompanied only by some few notes of a powerful organ. It was a high enjoyment—this sublime music, which filled the soul with a fulness of delight, and raised it on its soft wings above the cares of this lower world, while the whole congregation knelt in reverent supplication.

You will begin to think, dear Julia, that I intend to imitate the Duke of C——, and turn Catholic. And to say the truth, the motives which lead to such a change do not appear to me wholly absurd. Protestantism,—such Protestantism as we commonly find,—is not a whit more rational, and far less poetical and attractive to the senses. I am fully persuaded, however, that a new Luther or a new Messiah is at hand, and will help us through all our difficulties and doubts: then we shall not need to cast a look behind us;—till then, I can quite imagine that many may find more consistency, at least, in the Catholic faith. It is no imperfect half-idolatry, but perfect and consistent,—a ladder descending from heaven to earth, whose last steps are those deified creatures, those kind sympathizing saints of both sexes, who are so near to us, and who know so well our human wishes, emotions, and passions! * * *

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When the priest and the acolytes toss about the censers; when the bishop every minute puts on a fresh embroidered garment,—now standing still before the altar, now running forwards, then backwards, then touching the ground with his forehead, and at length turning himself about like a weather-cock with the pyx, and then keeping his eyes fixed upon it as upon a microscope,—I am perfectly prepared to hear any of the miracles, wonders, or monstrous absurdities with which religion has been overlaid. But when a man in simple garb, and quiet reasonable appearance, gets up and speaks to me of patience, of purity, of eternal truth and eternal love, and then goes on to ascribe to the God of justice and of love, and to his noblest and purest interpreter on earth, fables and atrocities which shock every sound and unperverted understanding, and then requires me to receive them as something holy and divine,—I turn disgusted from such hypocrisy or such folly. A bigot may reply, Your sound understanding is no measure for the ways or the works of God. To which I answer, But *your* God is a human being; and our understanding and our reason, with our knowledge of external nature, and the experience thence derived, are the only true and genuine revelation of God, of which we are all sharers and which no one can doubt. Man is so formed by nature, that it is his inevitable destiny for ever to carry on through these means his own education, for ever to advance in the career of improvement. Thus Christianity was a consequence of this progressive civilization; as were at an earlier period the Mosaic law, and at a later the Reformation, and its second act the French Revolution. Its latest results are the universal liberty of thought and of printing which have sprung from the latter event, and all that is now preparing by their more tranquil but so much the more certain operation. In every case we find only the results of the same gradual civilization. No man can know the highest point which this civilization will reach; but be that point what it may, it must always retain its human character, and be furthered by human means.

*November 2d.*

My last and longest visit this morning was to the sweet girls I met at Lady M——'s. I took them some Italian music, which they sang like nightingales, and with a total absence of all pretension and all affectation. Their father is a distinguished physician; and like most of the 'doctors' of eminence here, a 'Baronet' or 'Knight,' a title which is not esteemed a mark of nobility in England, although some families of great antiquity and consideration bear it. There are, however, Creti and Pleti, as among our lower nobility. A Baronet is generally called not by his family, but by his Christian name; as Sir Charles, Sir Anthony; as in Vienna they say, Graf Tinterle, Kürst Muckerle, and so on. The medical Knight of whom I now speak, received his title in consequence of the establishment of excellent baths, and is a very interesting man. His wife seemed to me still more remarkable for talent. She is very superior to her celebrated relative in accurate tact and judgment, and possesses an extraordinary power of mimicry, whose comic bent does not always spare her own family. The daughters, though perfectly different, are both very original; the one in the gentle, the other in the wild 'genre.' I always call her Lady M——'s 'wild Irish girl.' All three have a characteristic nationality,[149] and indeed have never quitted Ireland.

In the evening Lady M—— told me that the translations of her works, which were often so bad as to destroy the sense, were a source of great vexation to her. In her Letters on Italy for instance, where she says of the Genoese, "They bought the scorn of all Europe," the translator read for *scorn*, *corn*, and wrote, 'Gênes dans ce temps achetait tout le blé de l'Europe.'

*November 3d.*

I rose early, and went to the window, when a genuine Irish scene presented itself to my eyes; such a one as no other country can show. Opposite to me in the street sat an old woman selling apples, and smoking her pipe with great satisfaction. Nearer to the house a man in a ragged dress was performing all sorts of antics, assisted by his monkey. A regular ring of people, four or five deep, surrounded him, and at every fresh trick there was a loud shout, accompanied by such 'demonstrations,' cries and gesticulations, that you would have thought they were quarrelling, and would soon get to blows. The recommencement of the acting, however, immediately caused a deathlike stillness. But now the most lively person of the audience could not be satisfied to remain a mere spectator; she must take a part in the action; and with uncontrollable gaiety sprang into the magic circle, seized the terrified monkey, and outdid him in antics, leaps, and grimaces of every kind, which were rewarded by the redoubled shouts and laughter of the multitude. The rage for acting grew infectious; many joined the first actress; the order which had hitherto prevailed became more and more lost in wild confusion; the original performer, anxious for the safety of his ally the monkey, or fearful lest he should be corrupted by bad example, broke hastily off. His retreat soon assumed the air of a hurried flight; the whole crowd rushed, screaming and shouting, after him; every one tried to be close at his heels, some jeered at him, and several shilelahs, which pleasure had till now kept sheathed, came to view. Others took the part of the fleeing artist, who meanwhile disappeared; and before they knew what they were about, the pursuit ended in a universal battle among the pursuers.

A bachelor's dinner at Lord S——'s, at which I was present, closed my day nearly as tumultuously, though not quite so violently, and kept me awake till midnight. 'Voilà tout ce que j'ai à vous conter d'au-jourdhui.'

*November 6th.*

I spend a great deal of my time with the little nightingales, see Lady M—— frequently, and avoid general society as much as I can. The young ladies keep a burlesque journal, in which they write a chronicle of their daily 'fata,' illustrated with the most extravagant drawings, which is infinitely diverting. After that we sing, talk, or act pictures, in which the mother, with her talent for the drama, contrives admirable dresses out of the most heterogeneous materials. You would have laughed if you had seen the 'wild Irish girl,' with moustaches and whiskers marked with charcoal, pocket-handkerchief and stick in her hand, come in as my caricature. These girls have an inexhaustible fund of grace and vivacity, extremely un-English, but truly Irish.

The eldest, who is eighteen, has brown eyes, and hair of a most singular kind and expression, the latter has a sort of deep golden hue without being red, and in the former is a tranquil humid glow, over which comes at times a perfectly red light like that of fire; but yet it always remains only an intense glow, not a lightning-flash like that which often glances from the eyes of the little wild girl. With her, all is flame; and under her maidenly blushes there often breaks out the determination and high spirit of a boy. Indiscreet, and carried away by the impulse of the

moment, she sometimes gives way to too great vivacity, which, however, from her sweet simplicity and inimitable grace, does but enhance the charm which distinguishes her. To-day when my carriage was announced, I exclaimed with a sigh, “Ah, que cette voiture vient mal à propos!” “Eh bien,” cried she, with the perfect air of a little hussar, (she was still in male costume,) “envoyez la au diable.” A very severe and reproving look from her mamma, and one of terror from her gentle sister, covered all of her little face, that was not concealed by her disguise, over and over with scarlet: she cast down her eyes ashamed, and looked indescribably pretty.

*Nov. 17th.*

Lady M—— received me to-day in her authoress-boudoir, where I found her writing, not without some view to effect, elegantly dressed, and with a mother-of-pearl and gold pen in her hand. She was employed on a new book, for which she had invented a very good title, “Memoirs of Myself and for Myself.” She asked me whether she should put ‘of myself’ or ‘for myself’ first. I decided for the former as the more natural order; for I observed she must *write*, before she can *have written*. Upon this we fell into a sportive contest, in which she reproached me with my German pedantry, and maintained that hitherto ‘bonnet blanc’ and ‘blanc bonnet’ had been the same; the justice of which I was obliged to admit. The motto she had chosen was from Montaigne, ‘Je n’enseigne pas, je raconte.’ She read me some passages, which I thought very good. This woman, who appears so superficial, is quite another being when she takes the pen in her hand.

She told me that she intended to go next winter to Paris, and wished to go on into Germany, but that she had a great dread of the Austrian police. I advised her to go to Berlin. “Shall not I be persecuted there?” said she. “God forbid!” rejoined I: “in Berlin talent is worshipped: only I advise you to take at least one of your pretty young friends, who is fond of dancing and dances well, so that you may be invited to the balls at court, and may thus have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our amiable and accomplished young military men: they are well worth knowing, and you may not find any other way of being introduced to them.” At this moment her husband entered, and begged me to get his philosophical work translated into German, that he might not figure there only as aide-de-camp to his wife, but fly with his own wings. I promised all he wished; but observed that a new prayer-book would have a better chance of success at the present day than a new system of philosophy, of which we had enough already.

In the evening I took a box in the Equestrian theatre for the young ladies, who go out very little. Their ‘naif’ delight at the varied skill of the riders was most charming to witness. The little one never turned her eyes for a moment from Ducrow’s terrific feats; she trembled all over with anxiety and eagerness, and kept her hands fast clenched the whole time.

There was a child of wonderful beauty in the company, just seven years old, who danced on horseback, performed a variety of parts with uncommon grace, and especially that of Napoleon, in which the tiny girl mimicked the abrupt manners of the Emperor most divertingly, and was rewarded by thunders of applause. My young friends wished to have a nearer view of her, and I accordingly went behind the scenes, where she was just undressed, and stood naked as a little Cupid before the looking-glass. Her part was finished for the night; and as soon as she was dressed again I took her in my arms, and brought ‘l’enfant prodige,’ as she was called in the bills, in triumph to the box. After the first caresses were over, the little creature was the most attentive spectator of the performance among us, though one might have thought she had enough of it every day. Only a paper of sweetmeats which I gave her had power to distract her attention for a few minutes. She sat for some time on the lap of the elder Miss ——, who put her down rather suddenly, and accidentally scratched the child’s arm against a pin in her dress, so as to draw blood. We were all afraid she would cry; but the miniature Napoleon was only angry, beat the offender as hard as she could, and cried out indignantly, “Fy, for shame, you stung me like a bee!” With that she sprung on the lap of the younger, laid her little arms over the edge of the box, and fixed her eyes again with undisturbed attention on the Siege of Saragossa. Between the acts Lady C——, to whom I had related the laughable mistake concerning me in Limerick, told her I was Napoleon’s son. She turned quickly round, looked at me fixedly for a while, and then exclaimed with the most serious ‘grandezza,’ “O, I have played your father very often, and always gained uncommon applause by it.” Thus natural, droll, and completely free from embarrassment, the little thing captivated us all: and we saw with regret the end of the performance approaching—the signal for us to part with her. She would not let anybody but me carry her down, because I had brought her up. When we arrived behind the scenes, where every place was filled with horses, I scarcely knew how we should get through. She cried out eagerly, while she slapped my arm impatiently with her little velvet hand, “Come, are you afraid? only do you go on, I’ll keep the horses in order;” and so saying she distributed to the right and left, blows on the noses of her old acquaintances, who obediently made way for us to pass. “Now set me down!” said she; and scarcely did her feet touch the ground, when with the swiftness of a little hare she flew across the back part of the stage, and vanished in the crowd. Children are certainly the most graceful of all creatures when they are not crippled and distorted by education: seldom, however, does so much genuine nature appear on the stage, yet seldomer perhaps on the theatre of the great world.

*Nov. 18th.*

I forgot to mention to you that I have met O’Connell again here. I heard him speak at the meetings of the Catholic Association, the present Irish Parliament, which I visited to-day for the second time. I was received, as a well-disposed foreigner, with applause, and O’Connell immediately made room for me between himself and Lord C ——. The room is not very large, and as dirty as the English House of Commons. Here too every man keeps his hat on, except while he is speaking: here too are good and bad orators; but certainly occasionally less dignified manners than there. The heat was suffocating, and I had to sit out five hours; but the debate was so interesting that I scarcely remarked the annoyances. O’Connell was undoubtedly the best speaker. Although idolized by the greater number, he was severely attacked by several, and defended himself with equal address and moderation: on the other hand, he assailed the Government without reserve; and in my opinion in too strong expressions. It was easy to perceive that much intrigue and several firmly united parties, whose minds were made up beforehand, were to be found here, as in other bodies of the like kind, and consequently that the discussion was often only a sort of sham-fight. The leaders at least had however studied their parts well. The three most prominent speakers are O’Connell, Shiel, and Lawless. Mr. Fin and Mr. Ford also spoke well, and with great dignity of manner. Shiel is a man of the world, and has even more ease in society than O’Connell: but as a speaker he appeared to me too affected, too artificial; and all he said,

too much *got up*; his manner was theatrical, and there was no real feeling in the 'delivery' of his speech, as the English expressively call it. I am not surprised that, in spite of his undoubted talents, he is so much less popular than O'Connell. Both are very vain, but the vanity of O'Connell is more frank, more confiding, and sooner satisfied; that of Shiel, irritable, sore, and gloomy. The one is therefore, with reference to his own party, steeped in honey; the other in gall; and the latter, though contending for the same cause, is evidently jealous of his colleague, whom he vainly thinks to surpass. Mr. L——s is the Don Quixote of the Association. His fine head and white hair, his wild but noble dignity, and his magnificent voice, excite an expectation of something extraordinary when he rises: but the speech, which commences in an earnest tone, soon falls into the most incredible extravagancies, and sometimes into total absurdity, in which friend and foe are assailed with equal fury. He is therefore little heeded; laughed at when he rages like King Lear, unmindful of his audience, and of all that is passing around him. The dominant party, however, use him to make a noise when they want him. To-day he outdid himself to such a degree in the flight he took, that he suddenly erected the standard of Deism in the midst of the Catholic, arch-Catholic Association. Perhaps, indeed, this was only done to give occasion to O'Connell to call him indignantly to order, and to bring in a pious tirade; for on the orator's rostrum as on the tub, on the throne as in the puppet-show booth, clap-traps are necessary.

I rested myself this evening in the accustomed place. 'Tableaux' were again the order of the day. I had to appear successively as Brutus, an Asiatic Jew, Francis the First, and Saladin. Miss J—— was a captivating little fellow as a student of Alcala; and her eldest sister, as a fair slave, a welcome companion to Saladin. As the beautiful Rebecca she also assorted not ill with the Oriental Jew. All these metamorphoses were accomplished by the mother with the help only of four candles, two looking-glasses, a few shawls and coloured handkerchiefs, a burnt cork, a pot of rouge, and different heads of hair. Yet Talma could not have dressed Brutus better, nor altered the physiognomy more completely, than with these slight materials Lady C—— had the skill to do.

To conclude, we drew caricatures, and at my request each sister attempted a portrait of the other. Both succeeded very well, and are now placed in my gallery.

*Nov. 19th.*

To-day I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred; I was obliged to resort to my 'grand expedient,' in order to conquer my aversion. You will laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as in small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance,—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop.[150] My device then is this:—I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself, to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course extremely cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking it after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself;—and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative? for death is only a necessity of nature, and consequently not an evil;—it appears to us so only in connexion with our present existence; that is to say, the instinct of self-preservation recoils from death; but reason, which is eternal, sees it in its true form, as a mere transition from one state to another. But a conviction of one's own unconquerable weakness is a feeling which must embitter the whole of life. It is therefore better, if it comes to the struggle, to give up existence for the present with a feeling of inward triumph, than to crawl on with a chronic disease of the soul. I am not made dependent by my promise; on the contrary, it is just that which maintains my independence. So long as my persuasion is not firm and complete, the mysterious formula is not pronounced; but when once that has taken place, no alteration in my own views—nothing short of physical impossibility—must, for the welfare of my soul, alter my will. But whilst I thus form to myself a firm support in the most extreme cases, do you not see that I also possess a formidable weapon of attack, if I were compelled to use it, however small and inconsiderable the means may appear to many? I, on the contrary, find something very satisfactory in the thought, that man has the power of framing such props and such weapons out of the most trivial materials, indeed out of nothing, merely by the force of his will, which hereby truly deserves the name of omnipotent. I cannot answer for it that this reasoning will not appear to you, dear Julia, distorted and blameworthy: indeed it is not made for a woman; while on the other hand a completely powerful mind would perhaps as little stand in need of it. Every man must however manage himself according to his own nature; and as no one has yet found the art of making a reed grow like an oak, or a cabbage like a pine-apple, so must men, as the common but wise proverb has it, cut their coat according to their cloth.[151] Happy is he who does not trust himself beyond his strength! But without being so tragical about the matter, this *grand expedient* is of admirable use in trifles. For example, to fulfil tedious, irksome duties of society with the resignation of a calm victim,—to conquer indolence so as to get vigorously through some long deferred work,—to impose upon oneself some wholesome restraint, and thus heighten one's enjoyment afterwards,—and many, many more such cases, which this occasionally sublime, but generally childish life presents.

After dinner, to drive away blue devils, I took a long ride into the country towards the mountains. After riding about twelve miles I came to a bare region of interminable bog extending in all directions. You would have thought yourself a hundred miles from any capital. The character of the country was not wild, not so desert as a plain of sand, but awfully void, lonely, and monotonous. One single wretched cabin was visible, but in ruins, and uninhabited; and a white footpath winded along toilfully through the brown heather, like a huge worm. The whole ground was lightly powdered with snow, and the wind blew icy cold over the bare heights. Nevertheless the melancholy of the scene had such a strange attraction for me, that necessity alone made me turn my horse's head homewards. Nearer to Dublin I found an isolated mountain, on which was a strange caprice;—a house built in imitation of a rock; and in fact so like one, that it deceived me till I saw the entrance. I reached my inn by moonlight, with a face burning with the keen air. I had invited Father L'Estrange to dine with me, 'car j'aime les prêtres, comme Voltaire la Bible, malgré tout ce que j'en dis.'

I found too a letter from you; but I must complain that you do not write to me sufficiently in detail. Do consider that every trifle from home is precious. Whether my favourite horse is well; whether my sweet little friend the parroquet sometimes calls on my name; whether your domestic tyrant Fancy is more or less naughty; whether the

parrots are ‘in good spirits,’ the new plantations thriving, the visitors to the baths gay;—all these particulars have an extraordinary interest at a distance of some hundreds of miles. But I see clearly that if I have a mind to know all these things I must take you by surprise, if it be but for one day. You know that I hate all scenes and solemnities, all tumultuous meetings, and all leave-takings; ‘un beau matin’ therefore you will find me comfortably established in your breakfast-room, where I shall receive you with a smile, as if my long journey had been but a dream; ‘et toute la vie, hélas! est elle autre chose?’ Seriously, we ought to learn to take all these things much more coolly and easily than we fancy possible.—An English dandy may serve you as an admirable model. His best friend and comrade was going to India; and in his emotion at taking leave of him, was going to grasp both his hands, and to shake them perhaps for the last time: the ‘Incroyable,’ half warding him off, held out the tip of his little finger to him, while he lisped smiling, “Strange and horridly fatiguing English custom, for two men to move each other’s arms up and down like the handle of a pump!”

Your portrait did not give me so much pleasure as it ought. The features are much too hard, and must be ‘softened’ before it can pass as a representative of the original,—whose image, however, is too vividly pressed on my heart to want any refreshing.

Your ever faithful L——.

## LETTER XLII.

*Dublin, November 20th, 1828.*

Beloved Friend,

I frequently meet a man here, B—H—, whose company is highly interesting to me. Although a clergyman, he is one of the few independent thinkers who are able to throw off the tyranny of early impressions and old habits, and to see by the light of reason, in other words, of divine revelation, alone. In his opinion, too, a crisis in religious affairs is at hand. “Ecclesiastical establishments,” said he to-day, “are manifestly the monstrous offspring of the sublime and the ridiculous, of eternal truth and dark ignorance, of genuine philosophy and gross idolatry. The more men learn, the more science enables us to understand external nature and the nature of our own being by well-established facts, the milder, the more moral will our manners as well as our governments become. More slowly, religions will follow. Even the Christian religion, though in its origin one of the mightiest efforts towards the amelioration of mankind, ever prompted by the deepest meditation, and the purest heart has, as the history of our church shows in almost every page since its establishment, deluged the world a hundred times with blood, and given birth to a succession of the most frantic absurdities; while philosophy and science have continually acted as humanizers, without ever demanding such victims, or committing such outrages. The question is, whether Newton, in discovering the secrets of Heaven,—whether the inventors of the compass or the printing-press,—have not done more for mankind, *i. e.* more to further the progress of civilization, than any of the numerous founders of sects and religions, who require that men should swear exclusive allegiance to them. There may, indeed, come a time in which religion and poetry will be regarded as sisters,—in which a religion of state will appear as ludicrous as a poetry of state. Were I a Turk, I should say to myself, It is certainly difficult to get so entirely free of all the prejudices and superstitions of childhood, as to regard the persuasion of millions, with a firm unshaken eye, as folly: but having once convinced myself that it is so, I will not remain a Turk. As Christian, I say, I will adhere to the *pure doctrine* which my reason can revere; but I will have the courage to reject the mass of unpoetical fables, and all the misrepresentations and disfigurements of the time of its birth, and still more the bloody and ferocious heathenism incorporated with it by succeeding ages, even though two hundred millions of men should sincerely receive them as divine, on the authority of men erring as themselves. This was the principle on which Luther acted, when he took the first steps towards Reform; but the light which he purified stands greatly in need of a fresh cleansing. Honour and reverence be to the churchman who shall be great and pure-minded enough to feel himself called to this god-like work! who shall endeavour to execute it without compromise or fear of men, though the multitude of hypocrites and pharisees will cry out against him; for history clearly shows that he has nothing else to expect.

“Has it not ever been the few who have seen and acknowledged the better and the true? Has it not ever been the many who have proscribed and persecuted them? Was truth on the side of the fanatical herd who gave the poison-cup to Socrates? or of that which crucified Jesus? or of that which burnt Huss? No; it was not till centuries afterwards that the multitude embraced the persecuted faith, and hardened themselves into the same stubborn and furious orthodoxy for it, which they had displayed against it. The want of a religion is unquestionably one of the most imperious cravings of our nature, especially where laws and institutions are yet in their infancy. He who cannot frame one for himself, must receive the *form* of it from others:—such will always be the many. This easily explains the grounds upon which the power of the church and the priesthood must ever rest, and why men are thus kept in leading-strings for hundreds, nay thousands of years. But to strengthen and perpetuate this power, knowledge must always be repressed in favour of faith. Where inquiry is free, one fraud after another disappears, though slowly;—light bursts at length even upon the darkest corner. When this point is once reached, the fetters laid upon conscience are broken, and every individual demands a boundless field for the exercise of his faith and of his judgment. Absolute sultans, fat dervises, and haughty satraps, must then fall together, like the dead lees in generous wine. How miserable a figure do those make, who, at the dawn of such a day, think they can stop the rising of the sun by turning their backs upon it, or by holding their antiquated, decayed, and worm-eaten screen, which is no longer in a state to exclude even a moonbeam, before their eyes! They may for a while succeed in keeping *themselves* in the shade, but they cannot shroud the bright forehead of the day. On the contrary, their struggles, as impotent as they are passionate, are the surest harbingers of its inevitable approach.”

I agree, for the most part, with B—— H——; but whether his sanguine hopes will so soon, or indeed ever on this earth, be realized, is another question. That the world can no longer be governed on jesuitical principles, and that the liberty of the press, if firmly maintained, works, and will work, incalculable wonders, I am well convinced:—but men will still be men, and force and fraud will, I fear, ever predominate over reason.

In the forenoon I visited the courts of justice with Father L’Estrange, to hear the military-looking O’Connell plead, in his powdered long-tailed wig, black gown, and bands. We afterwards went to the meeting of the Association, to see the great Agitator in a totally different character. The meeting was very stormy. Mr. L——s spoke

like a madman, and attacked O'Connell himself so violently that he almost lost his wonted dignity. He made an admirable reply; though he strained too much after wit, which was not always in the best taste. After this, a dozen spoke at once. The secretary called to order, but had not authority enough to enforce obedience. In short, the scene began to be rather indecorous, till at last a handsome young man with enormous whiskers and an 'outré' dress, (the dandy of the Association,) sprang on the table, and uttered a thundering speech which obtained great applause, and thus restored peace.

I dined at Lady M——'s. She had invited me by a note, such as I have received a dozen of during my stay here:—I must mention them as characteristic, for I never in my life saw worse calligraphy or a more negligent style from a lady's pen. The aim of the great authoress was manifest;—to announce the most perfect 'insouciance,' the most entire 'abandon,' in the affairs of ordinary life; just as the great solo dancers in Paris affect to walk with their toes turned in, that they may not betray the dancer by profession. At table Lady M——, with her aid-de-camp K. Cl——, 'faisoient les frais d'esprit obligé.' Mr. Shiel, too, appeared in the character of an agreeable man of the world. The most amusing part of the entertainment, however, was the acting of proverbs by Lady M—— and her sister, who both extemporized admirably in French. Among others, they performed 'Love me, love my dog,' as follows:

Dramatis personæ:—Lady M——, an old coquette; Lady C——, an Irish 'fortune-hunter;' her eldest daughter, the French femme-de-chambre; the youngest, a captain of the Guards, a lover of the lady. Scene the first:—Lady M—— with her maid at her toilet. Confidential advice of Josephine, in the course of which she betrays various laughable secrets of the toilet. Distress of the coquette at the first appearance of wrinkles. Assurances of the Abigail that, by candle-light, nobody can be handsomer. As a proof of this, the various lovers are adduced, and love-affairs of former times recapitulated. "La comtesse convient de ses conquêtes," and with much humour draws a picture of her triumphs. "Chut!" cries the waiting-maid, "j'entends le capitaine." This personage, an exclusive, enters with great 'fracas,' carrying a little dog under his arm, and after some tender compliments tells her that he is obliged to rejoin his regiment, and wishes to leave her his little Fidèle, that the fair countess may never forget to remain 'fidèle' to him. Burlesque protestations, sobs, embraces, farewells. Scarcely is the captain gone, when the Irishman appears with a marriage-contract in his hand, by which the countess is to assign over her whole fortune to him. Like a man well versed in womankind, he treats her somewhat cavalierly, though with a display of passion, so that after a feeble defence and a little scene, she consents. Meanwhile the Irishman observes the little dog, and asks with some surprise whose it is. She stammers out a sort of apologetic answer. O'Connor MacFarlane now plays the part of the infuriate jealous lover. The women vainly attempt to appease him; he storms, and insists on the instant dismissal of the intruder. The countess makes an attempt to faint—but all is in vain; even Josephine, who during the discussion of the marriage-contract has just received a purse behind her mistress' back, takes the part of the incensed Irishman, who with one hand holds back his lady, and with the other at length throws the unfortunate little dog out at the door. But, alas! at this very moment the captain returns to bring the collar which he had forgotten, and Fidèle jumps into his arms. The terrified women take to flight; the men measure each other with their eyes. O'Connor MacFarlane utters dreadful menaces; but the captain draws his sword, and his antagonist jumps out at the window,—The skeleton is meagre; but the spirit, humour, and wit, by which it was filled out, rendered it extremely entertaining. The imperfections of the costume made it only more piquant. The ladies, for instance, had put on a coat and waistcoat over their own dresses, and stuck a hat on their heads; their swords were riding-whips, and Fidèle a muff.

Lady M—— afterwards related to me many interesting circumstances respecting the celebrated Miss O'Neil, whom, as you know, I regard as the greatest dramatic artist it has ever fallen to my lot to admire. She said that this extraordinary young woman, who from the very commencement of her career had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the theatre in Dublin, where she performed for some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshment than a plate of potatoes and a miserable bed which she shared with three sisters. Lady M—— once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily for her appearance on the stage. Lady M—— now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself in some degree the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. She obtained more applause after this, though still but little. At this time one of the managers of the London theatres accidentally came to Dublin, saw her, and had the good taste and judgment immediately to engage her for the metropolis. Here she at once produced the most extraordinary sensation; and from a poor unknown young actress, rose in one moment to be the first star of the theatrical firmament of England. I still remember her acting with rapture: I have never since been able to endure the part of Juliet, played even by our best actresses; all appear to me stiff, affected, unnatural. One must have seen the whole thread of the life of the Shakspearian Juliet thus spun before one's eyes to conceive the effect. At first, it was only the sportive youthful joyousness of the caressing child: then, when awakened by love, a new sun appeared to rise upon her; all her attitudes and movements assumed a more soft, voluptuous air; her countenance, her whole person became radiant,—she was the southern maiden devoting her whole soul and life to her beloved with all the fire of her clime. Thus did she burst into the loveliest and richest blossom;—but care and sorrow soon ripened the noble fruit before our eyes. The most imposing dignity, the deepest conjugal tenderness, the firmest resolve in extremity, now took the place of glowing passion, of the quick sense which seemed framed but to enjoy:—and how was her despair depicted at the last, when all was lost! How fearful, how heart-rending, how true, and yet how ever beautiful, did she know how to rise even to the very last moment! Certain of her aim, she sometimes ventured to the very utmost verge of her art, and did what no other could have attempted without falling into the ridiculous: but in her, it was just these efforts which operated as electric shocks. Her madness and death in Belvidera, for instance, had such a terrific physical truth, that the sight of it was hardly endurable; and yet it was only the agony of the soul, showing through every fibre of her body, which had an effect so powerful, so almost annihilating, on the spectator. I remember well that on the evening in which I saw that, I remained wholly insensible to any physical impression; and even the next morning, when I awoke, wept bitterly over Belvidera's fate. I was certainly very young then, but my feelings were those of many; and it was a striking fact, that Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians, were equally enthusiastic admirers of her; though, generally speaking, one must have a thorough knowledge of the language and character of the nation, to feel perfectly satisfied with its actors. *She*, however, had no trace of mannerism; it was only human nature in its truest and noblest form, which spoke to every human heart. She could not be properly called beautiful; yet she had a stately person, noble shoulders and arms, and beautiful hair. But her peculiar charm was that indefinable pathetic expression which at the first glance moved the inmost feelings of the heart. In such features, you think you discover the trace of every passion, though an unearthly calm is spread over them like ice over a volcano.

The inhabitants of Dublin had long remained blind to so much genius and talent; but the year after, when the celebrated, admired, adored Miss O'Neil returned from London to act a few of her most popular parts, the infectious enchantment was so powerful, that not only the whole public was in the greatest state of tumult and agitation, but many ladies were carried out from the theatre fainting. One became really insane from witnessing Belvidera's madness, and actually died in a mad-house. Really such facts as these render the enthusiasm of the many almost disgusting.

This great actress was also distinguished for her remarkably amiable character: she entirely supported her family, even at the time of her greatest poverty. She made her first appearance at a little private theatre in the country: this was afterwards shut, and only occasionally used by a dilettanti company, when the profits of their performance were given to the poor of the county. They wrote to Miss O'Neil, who was then in England, and begged her to consecrate this place, which had witnessed her first efforts, by the last triumph of her genius, now the admiration of the three kingdoms; whatever terms she might propose would be agreed to. She replied, that she felt herself extremely flattered and honoured by the request; but that so far from accepting any pecuniary compensation, she would gladly seize the opportunity of offering this tribute to the cradle of her humble talents. Only on this condition, and that of being allowed to contribute her mite to her poor countrymen, would she appear on the day appointed.—I was assured by eye-witnesses that they had never seen a more perfect piece of acting than her's on this occasion. Never had Miss O'Neil been better supported,—never did she so surpass herself. It was a curious accident that a young Irish gentleman of fortune fell in love with her that very day, and shortly after married her. He robbed the public of an inestimable treasure; but who can blame him? Miss O'Neil has now several children, is still charming, and lives happily on her husband's property. She has never trodden a stage, either public or private, since her marriage.

[The conclusion of this letter, which, as it appears from the beginning of the following one, contains a description of some public entertainments and occurrences, is missing.]

## LETTER XLIII.

*Dublin, December 7th, 1828.*

Dear Julia,

The descriptions of public dinners and the * * *

* * * * * * *

are now at an end, and I must conduct you to a breakfast at the Post-office. The Director, Sir Edward Lee, a very agreeable and accomplished man, who gave the entertainment, first conducted us, in company with a number of elegant ladies, through the various offices 'pour nous faire gagner de l'appetit.' In one of them, called the 'Dead Letter Office,' a very strange incident occurred in our presence. All letters, the address of which is unintelligible, or which are addressed to persons who cannot be discovered, are taken into this office, where they are opened at the end of a fortnight, and, if they contain nothing important, burnt. This seems to me rather a barbarous custom, since many a heart might be broken from the loss of what a Post-office clerk might think 'of no importance.' So it is, however, and we found three men busied in the operation. Several of us seized these doomed epistles, and turned them over with great curiosity, when the clerk who stood nearest to me took up rather a large packet on which there was no address whatever, only the post-mark of an Irish country town. How great was his surprise and that of all of us, when on opening it we saw not a single line of writing, but £2700 in bank-notes! This, at least, appeared 'of importance' to all, and an order was immediately given to write to the town in question to make inquiry about it.

In the evening I went to pay the 'nightingales' a visit, but found them flown, and only their father at home, with whom I had a scientific conversation. He showed me several curious newly-invented instruments;—one among them for ascertaining the exact strength of the lungs, and therefore invaluable in consumptive diseases. He told me that a person high in office was given over last year by all of the most eminent physicians in Dublin, as far gone in pulmonary consumption. Believing his danger to be imminent, he had made up his mind to give up his place, and to go to Montpellier, as the only means of prolonging his life. Sir A—— was at last consulted, and resolved to try this instrument, which he had just received from London. Scarcely could he believe his eyes when he found on experiment that the lungs of the patient were two degrees stronger than his own,—he being in perfect health. The disease was now discovered to be in the liver, though it had exhibited every symptom of consumption; and in four months the patient was entirely cured, and kept his lucrative place which he had determined to give up.

I shall not describe to you the various instruments of torture which I saw; 'tant pis pour l'humanité, qu'il en faut tant.' A prettier thing was a barometer, in the figure of a lady, who at the approach of bad weather holds up her umbrella, in a hard rain opens it, and in settled fine weather uses it as a walking-stick. To use a lady as a continually changing prophet of weather. 'Quelle insolence!'

*December 8th.*

Sir A——, who has a place in the Bank, showed that building to me this morning. The edifice is fine, and formerly served as a place of meeting for both houses of the Irish Parliament, whose restoration is now so ardently desired. The thing most worth seeing is the printing of bank-notes. The whole machinery is moved by a magnificent steam-engine, while a smaller one fills the boiler with water and the furnace with coals, so that human assistance is scarcely wanted. In the first room the printing ink is prepared; in the next the bank-notes receive their various marks and ornaments. This process is very rapidly performed. Only one man is employed at each press; and while he places the blank papers, one after another, under the stamp, the number of printed notes marks itself in the inside of a closed box. In the next room they are numbered. This is done on a small chest; and the machinery numbers them, as if by invisible hands, from one to a thousand. The man employed there has nothing to do but to blacken the numbers as they come out with printer's ink, and to lay the notes in their proper order. All the rest is accomplished by the machine.

Every note which returns to the Bank after circulation is immediately torn, and kept seven years, at the expiration of which time it is burnt. This last operation leaves a residuum of indigo, copper, and the materials of the

paper, which looks like metal, and glitters with all the colours of the rainbow. Of course many hundred notes go to make up an ounce of this substance, of which I carried away a beautiful piece.

We afterwards ascended the roof of this great building, a sort of world in miniature, whence, like the 'Diable Boiteux,' we could see into the surrounding houses; but at length so confused ourselves, that we thought we should need Ariadne's clue to enable us to find our way down again. I arrived too late, in consequence, at dinner at Sir E—— L——'s; a thing which is not taken so ill in England as with us.

*Dec. 9th.*

Lord Howth invited me to a stag-hunt, whence I am just returned, equally tired and pleased. My lessons in Cashel were now of great use to me, for Lord Howth is one of the best and most determined riders in Great Britain. He had given me a very good horse, in spite of which I fell twice: this also happened once to Lord Howth himself, and I followed him so well that I think I brought no discredit on our cavalry. At length more than two-thirds of our fifty red-coats were missing. I was particularly struck with an officer who had lost an arm, and nevertheless was one of the first: his admirable horse had not refused or missed a single leap.

This sort of hunt is a very agreeable diversion now and then; but how a man can devote himself to so utterly unintellectual an amusement three times a week, for six months of every year, and always pursue it with the same passion, does, I own, remain unintelligible to me. What, besides, makes stag-hunting much less interesting in England than on the continent, is, that the stags are tame, and are trained to the sport like race-horses. They are brought to the place of rendezvous in a kind of box, and there turned out. When they have run a certain distance, the hunt begins, and before it ends the hounds are called off, and the stag is put into the box again and kept for another hunt. Is not this horribly prosaic, and scarcely compensated by the 'agrément' of being in continual risk of breaking one's neck over a wide ditch, or one's head against a high wall?

*December 10th.*

For some weeks past I have been a frequent visitor at the Gymnastic Academy. These exercises are become very fashionable in Great Britain and Ireland. Certainly they are of inestimable value in the training of youth; they are a highly improved *Turnen*,[152] but without politics. When one considers what facilities are now at hand for the physical as well as moral education of man; how those whom nature has misshapen are placed within cases of iron till they are transformed into Apollos; how noses and ears are created; and how academies are daily advertised in the newspapers, in which the most profound erudition is engaged to be communicated in three years,[153]—one really longs to be a child again, that one might come in for a share of all these advantages. It appears as if the law of gravitation operated in the moral as well as in the physical world, and that 'the march of intellect' went on in an increasing ratio like the rapidity of a falling cannon-ball. A few more political revolutions in Europe, the perfecting of steam-power for soul and body, and God knows what we may get to, even without the discovery of the art of steering air-balloons. But to return to the Gymnasium, the utility of which, at least, is undoubted. It strengthens the frame to such a degree, and imparts such agility to the limbs, that a man really doubles or trebles his existence by it. It is literally the fact, that I saw a young man, the arch of whose breast, after an uninterrupted practice of three months, had increased seven inches; the muscles of his arms and thighs had at the same time enlarged to three times their volume, and were as hard as iron. But even much older people,—men of sixty,—though they cannot expect to effect such changes, may strengthen themselves very considerably by moderate exercise in the gymnasium. I constantly found men of this age, who played their part very well among the young ones who had but recently begun. Some perseverance is however necessary; for the older a man is, the more painful and fatiguing is the beginning. Many feel themselves for months as if they had been on the rack, or were set fast with universal rheumatism. A Frenchman was at the head of the establishment, although his predecessor had sacrificed himself, two years before, to the glory of his art: his name was Beaujeu. He was endeavouring to show two ladies, (for there are also feminine gymnastics,) how easy exercise No. 7. was. The pole broke, and so did, in consequence of his fall, his spine. He died in a few hours; and, with an elevation and enthusiasm worthy of a greater cause, exclaimed with his last breath, "Voilà le coup de grâce pour la gymnastique en Irlande." His prediction, however, was not fulfilled, for both gentlemen and ladies are more gymnastically-minded than ever.

*December 14th.*

As I have been unwell for several days and unable to go out, I have no interesting news to give you. You must therefore receive with indulgence a few detached thoughts, the offspring of solitude; or if they tire you, leave them unread.

PARLOUR PHILOSOPHY.

What is good or evil fortune? As the former has seldom fallen to my lot, I have often proposed the question to myself. Blind and accidental, it certainly is not; but necessary, and part of a series, like every thing else in the universe, though its causes do not always depend on ourselves. How far, however, we really have it in our power to bring it on ourselves, is a salutary inquiry for every one. Lucky and unlucky occasions present themselves to every man in the course of his life; and the art of seizing the one and averting the other with address, is commonly what procures for a man the reputation of fortunate. It cannot however be denied that, in the case of some men, the most powerful and the wisest combinations continually fail, by what we call accident; nay, that there is a sort of secret foreboding or presentiment, which gives us the dim feeling that our project will not succeed. I have often been tempted to think that luckiness and unluckiness are a sort of subjective properties which we bring with us into the world, like health, strength, a finely organized brain, and so on; and whose preponderating power must always attract things magnetically to themselves. Like all other properties, this of luckiness may be cultivated or let to lie dormant, may be increased or diminished. The will does much; and thence the proverbs, Nothing venture nothing have, (*Wagen gewinnt*:) Boldness and luck go together, (*Kühnheit gehört zum Glück*.) It is also observable that luckiness, like the other faculties, falls off with age, that is, with the vigour of the material. This is certainly not the consequence of weaker or more ill-advised plans or rules, but appears truly to be the decline of a secret power which, so long as it is young and vigorous, governs fortune, but in later years is no longer able to hold her in. High play affords very good studies on this subject; and perhaps this is the only poetical side of that dangerous passion:

for nothing affords so true a picture of life as the hazard-table; nothing affords a better criterion to the observer, by which to try his own character, and that of others. All rules which avail in the struggle of life, avail also in this; and penetration combined with energy is always sure, if not to conquer, at least to make a very able defence. But if it is combined with the talent or gift of luckiness, a sort of Napoleon of the gaming-table is the result. I am not now speaking of that class of gentlemen 'qui corrigent la fortune.' But even here the resemblance is still true: for how often in the world do you meet men who govern fortune by fraud?—the most unfortunate, be it said by the by, of all speculators. Their occupation is truly drawing water in a sieve; the collecting of rotten nuts. For what is enjoyment without security? and what can outward fortune avail where the internal equilibrium is destroyed?

There are men who, although endowed with distinguished qualities, never know how to make them available in the world, unless they have been from the beginning of their career placed by fate in their right position. They can never reach it by their own efforts; because a too feminine fancy, liable to the constant impression of extraneous forms, prevents them from seeing things as they really are, and causes them to live in a world of airy floating phantasms. They set about their projects with ardour and talent; but their fancy hurries after, mounted on her poetical steed, and conducts them so rapidly through her kingdom of dreams, to their end, that they can no longer endure the slow and weary journey through the difficulties and obstacles of the real road. Thus they suffer one project after another to fall to the ground before it has attained to maturity. And yet, like every thing else in the world, this unfortunate turn of mind has its advantages. It prevents a man, indeed, from making his fortune, as it is commonly called, but affords incalculable comfort under misfortune, and an elasticity of spirit that nothing can entirely crush,—for the race of pleasure-giving creatures of the imagination is absolutely inexhaustible. A whole city of castles in the air is always at the command of mortals of this class, and they enjoy, in hope, an everlasting variety of realities. Such people may be of infinite use to other more sedate, reflecting, and matter-of-fact men, if these latter do but understand the art of awakening their enthusiasm. Their intellectual faculties derive from a positive steady *purpose*, and from the constraint which it imposes, a degree of constancy and persevering energy which their own interest could never have inspired; and their ardour is more durable for the good of others than for their own. From similar causes, if they are placed by some superior power on the summit of the hill from the commencement of their lives, they will accomplish great things by themselves; for in this case the most grand and varied materials are already furnished; and along with them, the enthusiasm which persons of this character want, is produced, and fixed on some adequate and determinate object. There is nothing entirely new, uncertain, and baseless to create or to found;—only to employ, to improve, to elevate, to adorn, what already lies under their eye and hand, with the acuteness and address of a skilful artist. From such an eminence, which is their proper station, their keen, far-sighted glance, supported by a thousand executive heads and hands, strengthened by their own inward poetic eye, will reach further than that of more everyday natures. But at the foot or on the slope of the hill this acuteness of the mental sight is of no use to them, because their horizon is bounded; and for climbing the toilsome ascent, their indolent limbs will not serve them, nor could they resist the airy phantoms which would tempt them from their path. They live and die, therefore, on the hill, without ever reaching its summit, and consequently without ever being fully conscious of their own power. Of such men, the well-known saying might be reversed, and we might say with truth, 'Tel brille au *premier* rang qui s'éclipse au *second*.'

However beautiful and noble the words Morality and Virtue may sound, the universal distinct recognition of them as *the useful* is the only thing that will be truly salutary and beneficial to human society. He who clearly sees that the sinner is like the savage who hews down the whole tree in order to come at the fruit, often sour, or tasteless, or unwholesome; while the virtuous man is like the prudent gardener who, waiting their maturity, gathers all the sweet produce, with the joyful consciousness that he has destroyed no future crop;—this man's virtue will probably stand on the most secure basis. The more enlightened men in general are, as to what is good or profitable for them, the better and more humane will their manners and conduct towards each other become. Action and reaction will then proceed in a beneficent circle;—enlightened individuals will establish better forms of government and better institutions, and these again will increase the intelligence of all who live under them. If matters once reached such a point, that a truly rational and elevating system of education freed us from the chimeras of dark times, dismissed all constraint on religious opinions among other obsolete absurdities, while it clearly demonstrated the inward and outward necessity of Love and Virtue to the happy existence of human society; while by the establishment of wise, firm, and consistent laws and political institutions, sprung from the conviction of this necessity, it imposed sufficient restraint to ensure the permanent adherence to these by the salutary habits produced,—Paradise would exist on earth.

Mere penal laws, whether for here or hereafter, without this profound conviction,—all worldly policy, in the sense of clever, adroit knaves,—all prophets, all superhuman extra-revelations, heaven, hell, and priests,—will never bring us to this:[154] indeed, so long as all these hang on the spokes, the wheel of improvement will revolve but slowly and painfully. For this reason, so many strive with all their might against such a result; nay, even Protestants *protest backwards*, and many desire to establish a new continental embargo to shut out foreign light.

'Au reste,' one cannot take it amiss of any man 'qu'il prêche pour sa paroisse.' To require from an English archbishop with 50,000*l.* a year that he should be an enlightened man, is as preposterous as to expect from the Shah of Persia that he should transform himself into a constitutional monarch of his own free will. There are few men who would voluntarily refuse a rich and splendid sinecure, where nothing is required of them but to fling a little dust in the people's eyes, or to be a despot ruling millions with his nod. It is the business of human society, if possible, to put things upon such a footing that none of us, be our good-will for it ever so great, can either get such a sinecure or become such a despot.

When I was a child, it often happened to me that I could get no rest for thinking of the fate of Hannibal, or that I was in despair at the battle of Pultawa;—now I am grieving over Columbus. We are greatly indebted to the distinguished American, Washington Irving, for this history. It is a beautiful tribute to the great navigator, brought from the land which he gave to the civilized world, and which appears destined to be the last station traversed by the cycle of human perfectibility.

What a man was this sublime endurer! Too great for his age: for forty years he was deemed by it but a madman; during the rest of his life he was the victim of its hatred and jealousy, under which he sank at length in want and misery. But such is the world: and it would be enough to make us mad, did we fix our minds upon particulars, and did not reflection soon teach us that for wise Nature the individual is nothing, the species every thing. We live for

and through mankind, and every thing finds its compensation in the great whole. This reflection suffices to tranquillize any reasonable man; for every seed springs up,—if not exactly for the hand that sowed it, yet be it evil or good, not one is lost to the human race.

What has often and bitterly vexed me, is to hear people lament the wretchedness of this life, and call the world a vale of sorrows. This is not only the most crying ingratitude (humanly speaking,) but the true sin against the Holy Ghost. Is not enjoyment and well-being manifestly throughout the world the positive natural state of animated beings? Is not suffering, evil, organic imperfection or distortion, the negative shadow in this general brightness? Is not creation a continual festival to the healthy eye,—the contemplation of which, and of its splendour and beauty, fills the heart with adoration and delight? And were it only the daily sight of the enkindling sun and the glittering stars, the green of the trees and the gay and delicate beauty of flowers, the joyous song of birds, and the luxuriant abundance and rich animal enjoyment of all living things,—it would give us good cause to rejoice in life. But how much still more wondrous wealth is unfolded in the treasures of our own minds! what mines are laid open by love, art, science, the observation and the history of our own race, and, in the deepest deep of our souls, the pious reverential sentiment of God and his universal work! Truly we were less ungrateful were we less happy; and but too often we stand in need of suffering to make us conscious of this. A cheerful grateful disposition is a sort of sixth sense, by which we perceive and recognise happiness. He who is fully persuaded of its existence may, like other unthinking children, break out into occasional complaints, but will sooner return to reason; for the deep and intense feeling of the happiness of living, lies like a rose-coloured ground in his inmost heart, and shines softly through the darkest figures which fate can draw upon it.

*Paradoxes of my friend B—— H——.* Yes, certainly the spirit rules in us and we in it; and is eternal, and the same which rules through all worlds; but that which we call our human soul, we frame to ourselves here. The apparent double being in us,—of which one part follows the impulses of sense, while the other reflects upon the nature and movements of its companion, and restrains it,—naturally arises from the (so to say) double nature and destiny of man, who is framed to live as an individual, and also as an integral part of society. The gift of speech was a necessary condition of this latter form of existence, which without it could never have arisen. A solitary man is, and must remain, nothing better than an extremely intelligent brute; he has no more a soul than any other such:—the experiment may be repeated any day. But as soon as the man begins to live with other men, as soon as the interchange of observations is rendered possible to him by speech, he begins to perceive that the individual must submit to what is for the good of the whole—of the society, that is, to which he belongs; that he must make some sacrifices to its maintenance: this is the first rise of the moral principle, the essence of the soul. The feeling of his own weakness and uncertainty next gives birth to religion; the feeling of need of others like himself, to love. Selfishness and humanity now enter upon that continual antagonism which is called, I know not why, the inexplicable riddle of life; though with my view of the matter, nothing appears to me more natural and consequential. The real problem for mankind is, merely to establish the proper balance between these two poles. The more perfectly this is attained, the better and the happier is thenceforward the condition of the man, the family, the state. Either extreme is pernicious. The individual who tries to benefit himself alone, must succumb at length to the power of the many. The romantic enthusiast who starves himself to feed others, will be called by men, (who are ready enough to admire any sacrifice made to them, though they often laugh at it too,) magnanimous, or foolish, according to their peculiar fancy: but such conduct can never be general, and can never become a *norma* or pattern for imitation—in other words, *a duty*. Martyrs who give themselves to the flames in honour of the sacred number three, or let the nails grow through the back of the hands to the glory of Brama, belong to this same class, though to the lowest step of it; and receive, according to the prevalent notions of their age, the appellation of saint or madman, but are at all events mere exceptions, (*Abnormitäten*.) Not that I mean to deny that a rational abnegation and sacrifice of oneself for the good of others is noble and beautiful: by no means. It is unquestionably a beautiful, that is, a beneficent example of the victory of the social over the selfish principle, which forms a refreshing contrast to the far too numerous instances of those whose views never extend beyond themselves, and who end in becoming the pitiless remorseless criminals against whom society is compelled to declare everlasting war. But since we are bound to ourselves more nearly than to society, by that law of self-preservation which is necessary to our existence, egotists are more common than philanthropists, vicious men than virtuous. The former are the truly rude and ignorant, the latter the civilized and instructed. (An ‘avviso’ by the by to all governments who wish to rule in the dark.) But as even the most civilized have a substratum of rudeness, just as the most highly polished marble when broken exhibits the rough grain beneath, philanthropy herself cannot deny that she is the offspring of self-interest,—that she is indeed only self-interest diffused over the whole of mankind.

Where this feeling, therefore, displays itself in a very grand and energetic manner, though it be for the sole advantage of the individual, the possessors of it, such as are commonly called great men and heroes, compel the admiration even of those who disapprove their course of action. Nay, experience teaches us, that men who, with consummate indifference to the good of others, have heaped innumerable sufferings on their fellow men, if they have at the same time manifested a gigantic and over-mastering power, and been favoured by fortune, have invariably been the objects of the high admiration even of those who suffered under them. This shows what I said before, that necessity and fear are the germs of human society, and continue to be the mightiest levers under all circumstances; and that power, (or strength,) is always the object of the greatest reverence and admiration. Alexander and Cæsar cut a greater figure in history than Horatius Cocles and Regulus, (admitting the latter not to be fabulous personages.) Disinterestedness, friendship, philanthropy, generosity, are flowers of rarer growth; they generally unfold themselves at a later season, and with a more delicate fragrance. To the philosophic mind the highest power manifests itself in perfect goodness: and devotedness to others in the end becomes the highest enjoyment to the individual himself.

Another, and, as it seems to me, a striking proof that what we call Morality is entirely the growth of social life, is, that, as it appears to me, we recognise no such principle in our conduct towards other beings. If it were in our power, we should willingly enough pluck a star from heaven and analyse it for the benefit of *our* science; nor, if we had an angel in our power, should we be very scrupulous in our treatment of him, were we certain we had nothing to fear from him. That our treatment of the lower animals, and in too many cases of the negroes, is utterly and purely selfish, and that we must have reached a high point of civilization before even we cease to torment them or to let them suffer *uselessly* and *wantonly*, is but too obvious a fact. Nay more; men, even among each other, throw off the positive moral principle, as soon as a power which they recognise as competent partially dissolves the obligations of

society. As soon as war is declared, the most virtuous soldier kills his fellow man ‘ex officio,’ though perhaps he be but the compulsory servant of a despot whom in his heart he regards as the scum of the earth: or the Pope, in the name of the religion of love, absolves men from every sentiment of truth, rectitude or humanity; and immediately the pious burn, torture, kill, lie, ‘con amore,’ and die satisfied and blessed, in fulfilment of their duty, and to the glory of God!

The lower animals, which are destined to live for themselves alone, know no virtue, and *have, therefore, no soul*, as it is truly said. Yet in the domestic animals, notwithstanding the low order of their reasoning faculty,—from education and from the sort of social intercourse in which they live with man, we may perceive very obvious traces of morality, and the gradual creation of a perception of right and wrong. We see that they are capable of disinterested love; capable even of great self-sacrifice without the motive of fear:—in short, they enter upon the same path as men, their *souls* begin to germinate and expand; and had animals the faculty of speech, it is possible they would advance to a level with ourselves.

Our best and most useful study would be, to endeavour to see what we are, and wherefore we are so, without vain hypotheses or tedious discussions:—this is the only road to a permanent spread of clear and enlightened ideas, and consequently to true happiness. It may be questioned whether German philosophy has not chosen too poetical a path; whether it do not rather resemble a rocket, which soars into the heavens in a thousand sparkles and tries to assimilate itself to the stars, but soon vanishes into nothing,—than a fire which gives out beneficent light and heat. How many eccentric systems of this kind, from Kant to Hegel, have glittered their moment, and then either rapidly expired, or lived on, divided into obscure and unprofitable fragments!

It is very problematical whether society have reaped so much practical advantage from them as from the now so little valued French philosophers, who stuck to what was near at hand; and in the first place so effectually divided the main nerve of the boa of priestly superstition with their sharp operating-knives, that it has never since been able to do more than feebly drag itself about. The philosopher ought surely to embrace actual life in his speculations, (the greatest of all sages was not less practical, than comprehensively intelligent;) and men who instruct mankind in this manner stand higher in the history of its benefactors than the most astonishing of the firework-makers above mentioned.

The true and only object of philosophy is unquestionably the investigation of truth;—of such truth, be it observed, as *can be investigated*, for such alone can give any results. To inquire into the incomprehensible is to thrash straw. The most direct way to the attainment of discoverable truth is in my opinion now, as in the days of Aristotle, only that of experiment. At a later stage of science we may venture to say with justice, because the law *is* so, experience *must* confirm my conclusions; but this law could only have been discovered by means of prior experiment. Lalande might very fairly maintain that such and such stars must stand in such and such relations, although the most accurate observation seemed to prove the contrary, because he already *knew* the unalterable rule; but without Newton’s falling apple, &c.,—without the previous and long-continued observations of individual phenomena, and the truths thence elicited,—the secrets of the heavens were still a book with seven seals.

But if philosophy would seek out truth, she ought above all to seek it in relation to the human species. Histories of mankind, in the widest sense, and whatever can be deduced from them for the behoof of the present and the future, must ever be her chief object. By following this direction, we may gradually succeed in arriving, from the knowledge of what has been and is, at the knowledge of causes; *i. e.* why things are so, and not otherwise: and then again, going back from fact to fact, may approach to fundamental laws, and thus find out a *norma* or rule for the future. Although the first causes of all existence should forever remain undiscoverable by us, it were sufficient, could we clearly and distinctly ascertain what were the original powers of *our* being, what they have become, and what direction we ought to endeavour to give to their further growth. Here the reflection will forcibly present itself, that a further progression and improvement are only possible in the element of freedom, and with an unrestrained interchange of ideas. The most noble and important invention by or for mankind, was therefore indisputably that of printing. Happily, it was born quick and active, for the human intellect was at its birth sufficiently matured to employ this mighty engine for the furtherance of the greatest ends. This invention alone has since rendered it possible to call into life that gigantic power, which nothing will long be able to withstand—public opinion. By this I do not mean the clamours of the mob, but the judgment of the best and wisest, which, since they have found an organ, have penetrated to all, and in the end must effect the destruction of those mere clamours.

Without printing, there would have been no Luther;—and until that epoch, had Christianity really been able to make its way? At the time of the thirty years’ war, at the time of the English Queen Mary, at the time of the Inquisition, ‘horribile dictu!’ had Christianity rendered men more merciful, more moral, more benign? I see little evidence of it. Freedom of the press was the great step which at once brought us infinitely nearer to the grand end—the universal diffusion of intelligence; and has given such an impulse to human affairs, that we now learn and accomplish more in ten years than our ancestors did in a hundred. The mass of information and intelligence thus accumulated, is what we must look to for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. In every age there have been illustrious men,—men, perhaps, whom no succeeding age will surpass or equal: but they stood alone; and although their effect on the world was not utterly lost, they could generally diffuse but a partial and momentary light, which the lapse of time dimmed or quite obscured. Let us take as an instance Christ, who, as Gibbon has shown, appeared under peculiarly favourable circumstances. How many men have called, and do call, themselves after his name; and how many are *true* Christians? He, the most liberal, the most tolerant, the most sincere and benign of men, has served for nearly two thousand years as a shield to despotism, persecution, and falsehood, and lent his exalted and sacred name to a new form of heathenism.

It is therefore, I repeat, only the *mass* of knowledge, the intelligence which has pervaded *a whole nation*, which can form the basis of permanent, solid and rational institutions, through which society and individuals may be made better and happier. Towards this the world now tends. Politics, in the highest signification of the word, is the religion of the present time. For that, all the enthusiasm of mankind is awakened; and should crusades now be undertaken, that alone would be the object. The notion of representative chambers has now-a-days a more electric effect than that of a ruling church; and even the fame of the warrior begins to grow pale, by the side of that enlightened statesman and citizen.

“Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good!”

But now ‘trêve de bavardage.’ In the mountains I should not have bored you with so much of it; but within the

dingy walls of a city I feel as Faust did within those of his study. But a little breeze has sprung up. To-morrow a fresher gale will swell my sails. Wherever I am,—in prison, or under the blue sky,—I am, and shall ever be,

Your true, heartily devoted,

L——.

P. S. This is my last letter from Dublin. I have had my carriage packed and sent to S——; dismissed my Englishmen, and shall travel under the 'nom de guerre' you know of,—which is now become 'romantic,' by Bath and Paris with one honest Irish servant. I shall neither hurry, nor stay longer than necessary. The most difficult business —taking leave of friends—is done, and nothing now detains me.

## LETTER XLIV.

*Holyhead, December 15th, 1828.*

Dear and faithful Friend,

You have often called me child-like, and no praise is more grateful to me. Yes, Heaven be praised, dear Julia! children we shall both remain, so long as we live, though a hundred wrinkles sat upon our brows. But children are fond of play, are rather 'inconsequent,' and are ever on the watch for pleasure: 'C'est là l'essentiel.' Thus then you must judge of me, and never expect much more from me. Do not therefore reproach me with wandering about without an object. Good Heaven! has not Parry, with his *object*, been obliged to sail three times to the north pole, and at last return without attaining it? Has not Napoleon for twenty years heaped victory on victory to pine away at last on St. Helena, because he had attained his object too early and too well? And what is generally the object of men? Not one of them can give an exact and definite account of it. The ostensible aim is always merely a part of the whole, often only the means to an end; and even the real and ulterior end frequently changes its form and its motives as these change their aspect. Thus it was with me. People have also *collateral* objects, which often seem the principal ones, because they do better to announce. Thus again it was with me. 'Au bout du compte' I am satisfied,—and what can one have more?

Neptune must have a peculiar affection for me, for whenever he gets me in his power he keeps me as long as he can. The wind was directly contrary, and blew with great violence. On the sea and on high mountains the *lucky principle* in me becomes extremely feeble. I scarcely ever had a favourable wind at sea; nor a clear sky, when I had climbed thousands of feet nearer to it.

Yesterday evening at eleven o'clock I quitted Dublin in a post-chaise in a beautiful clear moonlight night. The air was mild and balmy as in summer. I recapitulated the last two years, and called up all their events in review before me. The result did not displease me. I have erred here and there, but I find my mind on the whole become firmer and clearer. In detail I have also gained and learned some things. I have not impaired my physical machine: and lastly, I have imprinted many an agreeable picture in the volume of my memory. I feel my good spirits and my enjoyment of life ten times stronger than they were in the morbid state of mind in which I quitted you; and as this is of more value than all external things, after giving myself patient audience, I looked forward into the unknown future with cheerfulness, and relished the present with delight. The present consisted in the furious driving of the half-drunk postilions: we went along a lofty embankment, or causeway, close to the sea, in the pale moonlight, '*hop, hop, hop, dahin im sausenden Gallop*,' till we reached a very handsome inn at Howth, where I slept. A magnificent Newfoundland dog of enormous size gave me his company at tea, and again in the morning at breakfast. Perfectly white with a black face, the colossal creature looked like a polar bear, who in a fit of absence had put on the head of one of his black relatives. I wanted to buy him, but the host would not part with him on any terms.

In the night I had a strange dream:—I found myself entangled in political affairs, in consequence of which my person was watched and my life threatened. My first escape from death was at a great hunting party, in which four or five disguised huntsmen fell upon me in the thickest part of the wood, and fired upon me, but did not hit me. The next thing was an attempt to poison me: and I had already swallowed a green powder, which had been given to me as medicine, when the Duke of Wellington came in, and said to me very coolly, "It's nothing; I have just taken the same, here is the antidote." After taking this, the usual operation of an antidote followed. (Probably this was from anticipation of my voyage.) In a short time I was better than before.—I set out, and was soon near the end of my journey, when I was attacked by robbers, who pulled me out of my carriage, and dragged me through brambles and ruins to a very high narrow wall, along the top of which we hastily stepped, while it seemed to totter under our feet. We walked on and on, and it seemed to have no end; and besides the fear, I was tormented by gnawing hunger, from which the robbers suffered equally. At last they called out to me that I must find them something to eat, or they would kill me. Just then I thought I heard a soft voice whisper "Show them that door." I looked up, and saw a high building like an abbey, overgrown with ivy and overshadowed by black pines, without door or window, except a 'porte cochère' of bronze, shut, and of colossal height. With sudden determination I exclaimed, "Fools! why do you ask food of me, when the great storehouse is before you?" "Where?" growled the captain. "Open that gate," replied I. As soon as the band perceived it, all rushed upon it, the captain foremost;—but before they could touch it, the huge gates slowly and silently unclosed themselves. A strange sight presented itself. We looked into a vast hall which appeared to us of endless length; the roof overarched our heads at a giddy height; all around was magnificently adorned with gold, and with beautiful bas-reliefs and pictures, which seemed to have life and motion. On either side against the wall was ranged an interminable row of grim-looking wooden figures, with faces rudely painted, clad in gold and steel, with drawn sword and lance, and mounted upon stuffed horses. In the middle the vista was closed by a gigantic black steed, bearing a rider thrice as big and as terrible as the rest. He was cased from top to toe in black iron. As if inspired, I cried out, "Ha, Rudiger! is it thou! venerable ancestor, save me!" The words echoed like a loud thunder-clap in a hundred peals along the vaulted roof; and we thought we saw the wooden figures and their stuffed horses roll their eyes horribly. We all shuddered;—when suddenly the gigantic knight flourished aloft his terrible battle-sword like a lightning-flash, and in an instant his steed with fearful bounds and curvetings was close upon us; when a clock struck with awful sound, and the giant stood again a motionless statue before us. Overpowered by terror, we all took to flight as quickly as our legs would carry us. To my shame I must confess I did not remain behind. I had reached an old wall, but fear turned my feet to lead. I now perceived a side door, and was going to attempt to get through it, when a frightful voice yelled in my ear "Half past seven." I was ready to sink on the earth

from terror,—a strong hand grasped me,—I opened my eyes bewildered, and my Irish servant stood before me—to announce to me that if I did not get up immediately, the steam-packet would infallibly sail without me.—You see, dear Julia, as soon as I set out on my travels, adventures await me, though but in my sleep. I found the people occupied in getting on board a handsome carriage, stuffed with I think even more comforts and superfluities than I take with me when I travel in this manner. The valet and servants were busy, alert, and respectful; while a young man of about twenty, with light hair carefully curled, and very elegantly dressed in deep mourning, sauntered up and down the deck with all the indolence of an English 'man of fashion,' taking not the smallest notice of his property or what his people were doing. As I afterwards learned, he had just succeeded to an estate of 20,000*l.* a year in Ireland, and was now going abroad to spend it. He was hastening to Naples; and appeared such a good-natured young fellow that even sea-sickness did not put him out of humour. While talking with him, I thought—reflecting upon the difference between us, 'Voilà le commencement et la fin!' One whom the world sends forth, and says 'Partake of me;' and the other whom she calls home, and says 'Digest me.' May Heaven only preserve my stomach in good order for the operation! But these melancholy thoughts arose only from the 'qualms' of the steam-boiler and the sea; and after a little reflection I rejoiced in the sight of this young creature, so rich in hopes, as much as if the illusions had been my own.

This evening I intend to proceed with the mail, and hope that a good dinner will put an end to the nausea left by the long transit.

*Shrewsbury, Dec. 16th, Evening.*

Things did not turn out so well as I expected: the dinner was by no means good, but on the contrary, vile; and the voyage left me a 'migraine,' with which I was obliged to set out at midnight. Fortunately we were but two in the comfortable four-seated coach, so that each had a whole side to himself. I slept tolerably; and the air and gentle motion had so beneficial an effect, that at seven, when I waked, my head-ache was nearly gone. The Holyhead mail is bound to go two German miles in an hour, all stoppages included.[155] We arrived here to breakfast, and I staid to see the city. I visited first the castle, the greater part of which is of extreme antiquity: it is built of red stone: the inside is somewhat modernized. The view from the old 'keep,' on which there is now a summer-house, over the river Severn and a rich and fertile valley, is very beautiful and cheerful. Close by is the prison, in which I saw the poor devils at work in the treadmill. They were all dressed in yellow cloth, like so many Saxon postilions, to whose phlegm this exercise would often be advantageous. From this new-fashioned establishment for education I wandered, (travelling back eight hundred years in a minute,) to the remains of an old abbey, of which only the church is in good preservation and in use. The painted windows in this, as in almost all the churches in England, were destroyed by Cromwell's fanatics, but are here remarkably well restored with newly-painted glass. The founder of the abbey, Roger Montgomery, (first Earl of Shrewsbury and one of William the Conqueror's followers,) lies buried in the church under a fine monument. Near him lies a Templar, exactly like the one at Worcester, except in the colouring. He lies with his legs crossed in the manner which distinguishes the tombs of his order. The Earl of Shrewsbury not only built and endowed the abbey, but died within its walls as a monk, in expiation of his sins. Thus did the elasticity of the human mind soon find means to lay spiritual curb and bridle on the rough power of the knights.

The city is very remarkable, from its numerous ancient houses of the most extraordinary form and architecture. I frequently stood still in the streets to sketch one in my pocket-book: this always collected a crowd about me, who stared at me astonished, and not unfrequently disturbed me. The English ought not to wonder, therefore, if the same thing happens to them in Turkey and Egypt.

*Hereford, Dec. 17th.*

It cannot be denied that after being deprived of it for some time, one returns to 'English comfort' with increased relish. Change, however, is the soul of life, and gives to every thing in its turn a fresh value. The good inns, the neatly served 'breakfasts and dinners,' the spacious, carefully warmed beds, the civil and adroit waiters, struck me, after Irish deficiencies, very agreeably, and soon reconciled me to the higher prices. At ten in the morning I left Shrewsbury again in the mail, and reached Hereford at eight in the evening. As it was not cold I got outside, and gave my place within to my servant. Two or three ordinary sort of men, and a pretty animated boy of eleven, were my companions. The conversation was furiously political. The boy was the son of a man of considerable landed property, and was travelling home from school, a hundred miles off, to spend his Christmas holidays. This custom of throwing children so early on their own resources, unquestionably gives them through life that feeling of independence and self-reliance which the English possess above all other nations, and especially above the Germans. The joy and vivacious restlessness of the child as he approached his home, both touched and delighted me. There was something so natural and so intense in it, that I involuntarily thought of my own childhood,—of that invaluable, and at the time unvalued, happiness which we know only in retrospect.

*Monmouth, Dec. 18th.*

To-day, dear Julia, I have once more had one of those romantic days which I have long been deprived of; one of those days whose varied pictures delight one like fairy tales in childhood. I am indebted for it to the celebrated scenery of the river Wye, which even in winter asserted its claim to be considered one of the most beautiful parts of England.

Before I quitted Hereford I paid a very early visit to the cathedral, in which I found nothing remarkable except a handsome porch. I was near being too late for the mail, which in England waits for nobody. I literally caught it flying, but used it only for the thirteen miles from Hereford to Ross, which we traversed in an extremely short time, though with four blind horses. At Ross I hired a boat, sent it forwards five miles to Goderich Castle, and took my way thither on foot. My road lay first through a churchyard, on an eminence commanding a beautiful view; then through a rich luxuriant country like that on Lake Lugano, to the ruin, where I found the little boat with two rowers and my Irishman already waiting. I had to cross the river, which is here rather impetuous, in order to reach the hill crowned with the old castle.—The ascent on the slippery turf was arduous enough. As I entered the lofty archway, a blast of wind took my cap off my head, as if the spirit of the place would teach me respect to the shade of its knightly possessor. The awe and admiration could not be enhanced, however, with which I wandered through the dark

passages and the spacious courts, and climbed the crumbling staircase. In summer and autumn the Wye is never free from visitors; but as it probably never entered the head of a methodical Englishman to make a tour in winter, the people are not at all prepared for it, and during the whole day I found neither guide nor any sort of help for travellers. The ladder, without which it is impossible to reach the top of the highest tower, was not forthcoming; it had been removed to winter quarters. With the help of the boatmen and my servant I constructed a Jacob's-ladder, by means of which I scrambled up. From the battlements you overlook a boundless stretch of country:—the robber knights who inhabited this fortress had the advantage of seeing travellers on the road at many miles distance. After I had duly grubbed into every hole and corner, and descended the hill on the other side, I breakfasted with great enjoyment in the boat, while it was rapidly borne along on the swift current. The weather was beautiful, the sun shone bright,—a very rare occurrence at this season,—and the air was as warm as in a pleasant April day with us. The trees had indeed no leaves; but as their branches were extremely thick, and they were intermixed with many evergreens, and the grass was even greener and brighter than in summer, the landscape lost much less in beauty than might have been imagined. The soil is uncommonly fruitful; the gentle hills are clothed from top to bottom with wood and copse; few ploughed fields, chiefly meadows interspersed with trees, while every bend of the winding stream presents a church, a village, or a country house, in a succession of the most varied pictures. For some time we hovered on the boundaries of three counties,—Monmouth on the right, Hereford on the left, and Gloucester before us. In a picturesque spot, opposite to iron-works whose flames are visible even by day, stands a house, one-half of which bears the stamp of modern times, the other half that of gray antiquity. This is the place in which Henry the Fifth passed his childhood, under the care of the Countess of Salisbury. Lower down in the valley stands the little humble church in which he was christened and she was buried. Agincourt and Falstaff, knightly times, and the creations of Shakspeare, occupied my fancy, till Nature, older and greater than all, soon made me forget them: for now our little bark glided into the rocky region, where the foaming stream and its shores assume the grandest character. These are craggy and weather-beaten walls of sandstone, of gigantic dimension, perpendicular or overhanging, projecting abruptly from amid oaks, and hung with rich festoons of ivy. The rains and storms of ages have beaten and washed them into such fantastic forms, that they appear like some caprice of human art. Castles and towers, amphitheatres and fortifications, battlements and obelisks, mock the wanderer, who fancies himself transported into the ruins of a city of some extinct race. Some of these picturesque masses are often loosened by the action of the weather, and fall thundering from rock to rock with a terrific plunge into the river, which is here extremely deep. The boatmen showed me the remains of one of these blocks, and the monument of an unfortunate Portuguese whom it buried in its fall. This extraordinary formation reaches for nearly eight miles, to within about three of Monmouth, where it terminates in a solitary colossal rock called the Druid's Head. Seen from a certain point it exhibits a fine antique profile of an old man sunk in deep sleep. Just as we rowed by, the moon rose immediately above it, and gave it a most striking effect.

A short time afterwards we passed through a narrow part of the stream between two shores wooded to their summits, till we came in sight of a large bare *plateau* of rock, called King Arthur's Plain;—the fabulous hero is said to have encamped here. In half an hour we reached Monmouth, a small ancient town, in which Henry the Fifth was born. A lofty statue of him adorns the roof of the town-hall; but nothing remains of the castle in which he first saw the light, save an ornamented Gothic window, and a court in which turkeys, geese and ducks were fattened. This would have been more suitable to the birth-place of Falstaff.

I went into a bookseller's shop to buy a 'Guide,' and unexpectedly made the acquaintance of a very amiable family. It consisted of the old bookseller, his wife, and two pretty daughters, the most perfect specimens of innocent country girls I ever met with. I went in just as they were at tea; and the father, a very good-natured man, but unusually loquacious, for an Englishman, took me absolutely and formally prisoner, and began to ask me the strangest questions about the Continent and about politics. The daughters, who obviously pitied me—probably from experience—tried to restrain him; but I let him go on, and surrendered myself for half an hour 'de bonne grâce,' by which I won the good-will of the whole family to such a degree, that they all pressed me most warmly to stay some days in this beautiful country, and to take up my abode with them. When I rose at length to go, they positively refused to take any thing for the book, and 'bongré, malgré,' I was forced to keep it as a present. Such conquests please me, because their manifestation can come only from the heart.

*Chepstow, Dec. 19th.*

As I was dressed early, and after a rapid breakfast was going to set out, I discovered, not without a disagreeable surprise, that my purse and pocket-book were missing. I remembered perfectly that I laid them before me in the coffee-room last night; that I was quite alone, and that I dined and wrote to you there; that I referred to the notes in my pocket-book for my letter, and used my purse to pay the boatmen. It was clear, therefore, that I must have left it there, and the waiter have taken possession of it. I rang for him, recapitulated the above facts, and asked, looking earnestly at him, if he had found nothing? The man looked pale and embarrassed, and stammered out that he had seen nothing but a bit of paper with writing on it, which he believed was still lying under the table. I looked, and found it in the place he mentioned. All this appeared to me very suspicious. I made some representations to the host, a most disagreeable-looking fellow, which indeed contained some implied threats: but he answered shortly, That he knew his people; that a theft had not occurred in his house for thirty years, and that my behaviour was very offensive to him;—that if I pleased, he would immediately send to a magistrate, have all his servants sworn, and his house searched. But then, added he with a sneer, you must not forget that all your things, even to the smallest trifle, must be examined too; and if nothing is found on any of us, you must pay the costs and make me a compensation. 'Qu'allai-je faire dans cette galère?' thought I, and saw clearly that my best way was to put up with my loss—about ten pounds—and to depart. I therefore took some more bank-notes out of my travelling-bag, paid the reckoning, which was pretty moderate, and thought I distinctly recognised one of my own sovereigns in the change he gave me:—it had a little cut over George the Fourth's eye. Persuaded that host and waiter were partners in one concern, I shook off the dust of my feet, and stepped into the postchaise with the feelings of a man who has escaped from a den of thieves.

To render a service to future travellers, I stopped the chaise, and went to inform my friend the bookseller of my mishap. The surprise and concern of all were equal. In a few minutes the daughters began to whisper to their mother, made signs to one another, then took their father on one side; and after a short deliberation, the youngest came up to me and asked me, blushing and embarrassed, "Whether this loss might not have caused me a 'temporary embarrassment,' and whether I would accept a loan of five pounds, which I could restore whenever I returned that

way;" at the same time trying to push the note into my hand. Such genuine kindness touched me to the heart: it had something so affectionate and disinterested, that the greatest benefit conferred under other circumstances would perhaps have inspired me with less gratitude than this mark of unaffected good-will. You may imagine how cordially I thanked them. "Certainly," said I, "were I in the slightest difficulty, I should not be too proud to accept so kind an offer; but as this is not in the least degree the case, I shall lay claim to your generosity in another way, and beg permission to be allowed to carry back to the Continent a kiss from each of the fair girls of Monmouth." This was granted, amid much laughter and good-natured resignation. Thus freighted, I went back to my carriage. As I had gone yesterday by water, I took my way to-day along the bank of the river to Chepstow. The country retains the same character,—rich, deeply-wooded and verdant: but in this part it is enlivened by numerous iron-works, whose fires gleam in red, blue, and yellow flames, and blaze up through lofty chimneys, where they assume at times the form of huge glowing flowers, when the fire and smoke, pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere, are kept together in a compact motionless mass. I alighted to see one of these works. It was not moved, as most are, by a steam-engine, but by an immense water-wheel, which again set in motion two or three smaller. This wheel had the power of eighty horses; and the whirling rapidity of its revolutions, the frightful noise when it was first set going, the furnaces around vomiting fire, the red-hot iron, and the half-naked black figures brandishing hammers and other ponderous instruments, and throwing around the red hissing masses, formed an admirable representation of Vulcan's smithy.

About midway in my journey the country changed, as it did yesterday, into a stern rocky region. In the centre of a deep basin, encompassed by mountains of various forms, we descried immediately above the silver stream the celebrated ruins of Tintern Abbey. It would be difficult to imagine a more favourable situation, or a more sublime ruin. The entrance to it seems as if contrived by the hand of some skilful scene-painter to produce the most striking effect. The church, which is large, is still almost perfect: the roof alone and a few of the pillars are wanting. The ruins have received just that degree of care which is consistent with the full preservation of their character; all unpicturesque rubbish which could obstruct the view is removed, without any attempt at repair or embellishment. A beautiful smooth turf covers the ground, and luxuriant creeping plants grow amid the stones. The fallen ornaments are laid in picturesque confusion, and a perfect avenue of thick ivy-stems climb up the pillars and form a roof over-head. The better to secure the ruin, a new gate of antique workmanship, with iron ornaments, is put up. When this is suddenly opened, the effect is most striking and surprising. You suddenly look down the avenue of ivy-clad pillars, and see their grand perspective lines closed, at a distance of three hundred feet, by a magnificent window eighty feet high and thirty broad: through its intricate and beautiful tracery you see a wooded mountain, from whose side project abrupt masses of rock. Over-head the wind plays in the garlands of ivy, and the clouds pass swiftly across the deep blue sky. When you reach the centre of the church, whence you look to the four extremities of its cross, you see the two transept windows nearly as large and as beautiful as the principal one: through each you command a picture perfectly different, but each in the wild and sublime style which harmonizes so perfectly with the building. Immediately around the ruin is a luxuriant orchard. In spring, how exquisite must be the effect of these gray venerable walls rising out of that sea of fragrance and beauty! A Vandal lord and lord lieutenant of the county conceived the pious design of restoring the church. Happily, Heaven took him to itself before he had time to execute it.

From Tintern Abbey the road rises uninterruptedly to a considerable height above the river, which is never wholly out of sight. The country reaches the highest degree of its beauty in three or four miles, at the Duke of Beaufort's villa called the Moss House. Here are delightful paths, which lead in endless windings through wild woods and evergreen thickets, sometimes on the edge of lofty walls of rock, sometimes through caves fashioned by the hand of Nature, or suddenly emerge on open plateaus to the highest point of this chain of hills, called the Wind-cliff, whence you enjoy one of the most extensive and noble views in England.

At a depth of about eight hundred feet, the steep descent below you presents in some places single projecting rocks; in others, a green bushy precipice. In the valley, the eye follows for several miles the course of the Wye, which issues from a wooden glen on the left hand, curves round a green garden-like peninsula rising into a hill studded with beautiful clumps of trees, then forces its foaming way to the right, along a huge wall of rock nearly as high as the point where you stand, and at length, near Chepstow Castle, which looks like a ruined city, empties itself into the Bristol Channel, where ocean closes the dim and misty distance.

On this side of the river, before you, the peaked tops of a long ridge of hills extend along nearly the whole district which your eyes commands. It is thickly clothed with wood, out of which a continuous wall of rock festooned with ivy picturesquely rears its head. Over this ridge you again discern water,—the Severn, five miles broad, thronged with a hundred white sails, on either shore of which you see blue ridges of hills full of fertility and rich cultivation.

The grouping of this landscape is perfect: I know of no picture more beautiful. Inexhaustible in details, of boundless extent, and yet marked by such grand and prominent features, that confusion and monotony, the usual defects of a very wide prospect, are completely avoided. Piercefield Park, which includes the ridge of hills from Wind-cliff to Chepstow, is therefore without question the finest in England, at least for situation. It possesses all that Nature can bestow; lofty trees, magnificent rocks, the most fertile soil, a mild climate favourable to vegetation of every kind, a clear foaming stream, the vicinity of the sea, solitude, and, from the bosom of its own tranquil seclusion, a view into the rich country I have described, which receives a lofty interest from a ruin the most sublime that the imagination of the finest painter could conceive,—I mean Chepstow Castle. It covers five acres of ground, and lies close to the park on the side next the town, though it does not belong to it.

England is indebted to Cromwell for almost all her ruined castles, as she is to Henry the Eighth for her crumbling churches and religious houses. The former were destroyed with fire and sword; the latter only suppressed, and left to the corroding tooth of time, and the selfishness and wantonness of man. Both agents have been equally efficacious; and these two great men have produced an effect they did not contemplate, but which resembles that of their persons,—a picturesque one. I strolled through the park on foot, and let the carriage follow by the high road: I reached the ruin at the verge of twilight, which increased the awful grandeur of its appearance. The castle contains several extensive courts, and a chapel; a part of it is in good preservation. Large nut and yew-trees, orchards and beautiful turf, adorn the interior; trailing plants of all kinds festoon the walls. In the least ruinous part of the castle lives a woman with her family, who pays the Duke of Beaufort, the possessor, a rent, for permission to show the ruins to strangers, of whom she consequently demands a shilling. You see that in England, 'on fait flèche de tout bois,' and that an English nobleman with an income of sixty thousand a year, neither disdains to take the

widow's mite, nor to lay strangers under regular contribution. To be sure there are some little German sovereigns who unfortunately do much the same.

Satisfied with the employment of my day, as well as tired with climbing, and soaked with rain which had fallen within the last hour, I hastened to my inn, my dishabille, and my dinner,—I felt something unusual in the pocket of my dressing-gown. I pulled it out surprised; and with shame I saw—my purse and pocket-book. It but now occurred to me that I had slipped them into this unaccustomed place from the fear of leaving them on the table.

This shall serve as a lesson to me for the future, never to draw any unfavourable conclusions merely from the embarrassment and confusion of an accused person. The bare thought that others could suspect them may produce the same symptoms in men of irritable nerves and a quick sense of honour, as the consciousness of guilt in others. You will trust to the heart you know so well, that I instantly despatched a letter to my friend the bookseller, exculpating the host and waiter, and enclosing two pounds as some compensation to the latter, which I begged him to deliver with my sincere apologies.—I ate my dinner with more relish after I had atoned for my offence to the best of my power.

Your faithful
L——.

## LETTER XLV.

*Bristol, December 20th, 1828.*

Dear Julia,

I hope you follow me on the map, which will make my letters more intelligible to you, though you cannot enjoy with me the beautiful views, of which I shall bring you back faithful copies in the port-folio of my memory.

I revisited the magnificent castle this morning. A blooming girl was my guide, and formed a graceful contrast to the blackened towers, the dreadful prison of the regicide Marten, and the dark dungeons, to which we descended by a long staircase. I next visited a church with a remarkably beautiful Saxon porch, and a highly ornamented font in the same style. Here the unfortunate Marten lies buried. He was one of Charles the First's judges, and was imprisoned in Chepstow Castle for forty years, without ever, as it is asserted, losing his spirits. After the first few years his confinement seems to have been less vigorous, and to have gone on gradually becoming less severe. At least the girl showed me three rooms, of which the lowest was a most horrible hole,—while she *ciceronised* in the following words: "Here Marten was put at first, while he was wicked; but when he became serious, he was moved a story higher; and at last, when he was *religious*, he had the room with the beautiful view."

At two o'clock I set out for Bristol on a crowded stage-coach; notwithstanding the violent rain, I with difficulty obtained a place on the box. We crossed a handsome bridge, affording the best point of view of the castle, which stands on a perpendicular rock overhanging the Wye, a position which gives it its peculiarly picturesque character. We kept Piercefield Park, and its wall of rocks on one side the river, long in view. I remarked to the proprietor of the stage, who drove, that the possessor of this beautiful estate must be a happy man. "By no means," replied he; "the poor devil is over head and ears in debt, has a numerous family, and wishes with all his heart to find a good purchaser for Piercefield. Three months ago every thing was settled with a rich Liverpool merchant, who was going to buy it for his youngest son; but before the bargain was completed, this son married an actress, the father disinherited him, and the thing went off." Here was matter for moralizing.

Meantime the weather grew worse; and at length ended in a complete storm. We had it in our backs indeed, but the passage across the Channel was extremely unpleasant: the four horses, all the luggage, and the passengers, were huddled 'pèle mêle' into a little boat, which was so crowded one could hardly move. The post next to the horses was really one of danger, for they sometimes shyed at the sails, especially when they were shifted.

On one of these occasions a gentleman fell, together with the box on which he was sitting, directly under them. The good-natured animals, however, only trod on him a little, they did not attempt to kick him. The boat, driven violently by the wind, lay quite on her side; and the waves incessantly dashed over us, and wetted us from head to foot. When we reached the end of our voyage, the landing was equally wearisome and dirty; and I lost, to my great annoyance, a part of Lord Byron's works. I was told that accidents often happen at this ferry, from the frequent storms and the numerous rocks.

About six months ago the boat went down with the mail, and several persons lost their lives. We could not reach the usual landing-place, where there is a house, and were obliged to disembark on the shore, whence we walked to the inn along a strand of red and white veined marble. Here we got into another stage, filled with twenty persons, and drove (but not so quickly as the mail,) to Bristol.—I could see nothing of this admired city but the bright lamps and gay well-stored shops.

*Bath, December 21st. Evening.*

When I question my memory what it is that makes the Wye so much more beautiful than most rivers, I find that it is the marked and bold character of its shores, which never fall away into tame monotonous lines, nor exhibit an unmeaning variety: that it is almost always skirted by wood, rocks, or meadows enlivened by houses; seldom by fields, or cultivated land, which though useful are rarely picturesque. Its numerous and bold windings cause an incessant change in the grouping of the shores, so that the same objects present themselves under a hundred different and beautiful aspects. This, by the way, is doubtless the ground of the preference landscape gardeners have given to winding roads over straight, and not that imaginary line of beauty about which so much has been said.

As the objects which present themselves along the Wye are almost always few, and in large masses, they invariably form beautiful pictures,—for pictures require to be bounded or framed. Nature creates according to a standard which we cannot judge of in its total effect; the *highest harmony* of which must therefore be lost to us:—Art strives to form a part of this into an ideal whole, which the eye and mind of man can take in. This is in my opinion the idea which lies at the bottom of landscape gardening. But Nature herself here and there furnishes a perfect pattern or model for such creations of art,—a landscape microcosm; and seldom can more such models be found within the

same distance than in the course of this voyage, where every bend of the river presents a fresh feast of *art*, if I may so speak.

Pope somewhere says,

> "Pleased Vaga echoes through its winding bounds,
> And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds."

The German language with all its richness is somewhat awkward and intractable for translation, especially from the English, which from being made up of various languages, possesses a peculiar facility in rendering foreign thoughts.[156] To me these two lines appear almost untranslatable: as often as I have attempted it, the thought lost all its grace;—perhaps, however, the awkwardness was mine.

It is no small advantage to the Wye, that two of the most beautiful ruins in the world lie on its banks; and never was I more convinced than here, that a prophet has no honour in his own country. How else would so many Englishmen travel thousands of miles to fall into ecstacies at beauties of a very inferior order to these! I must ask one more question;—why ruins have so much stronger an effect on the mind than the highest perfect specimen of architectural beauty? It seems almost as if these works of man did not attain their full perfection till Nature had tempered and corrected them:—and yet it is well that man should again step in, just at that point where Nature begins to efface all traces of his hand. A vast and well-preserved ruin is the most beautiful of buildings.

I have already mentioned that the environs of Bristol have a high and a deserved reputation. In luxuriance of vegetation and fertility they can be surpassed by none,—in picturesque effect by few; 'C'est comme la terre promise.' Whatever one beholds, and (as a gourmand I add) whatever one tastes, is in full perfection.

Bristol, a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, lies in a deep valley: Clifton, which rises in terraces on the hills immediately above it, seems only a part of the same town: it is easy to conceive that extraordinary effects must result from such a situation. Three venerable Gothic churches rise out of the confused mass of houses in the valley. Like the proud remains of feudal and priestly dominion (for these, though hostile brothers, went hand in hand,) they appear to rear their gray heads with a feeling of their ancient greatness, in scorn of the mushroom growth of modern times. One of them especially, Radcliffe Church, is a wonderful structure;—unfortunately, the sandstone of which it is built has suffered so much from time, that its ornaments are nearly fretted away. I went in while the organ was playing; and although I entered in the most quiet and respectful manner, and placed myself in a corner whence I could catch a stolen glance at the interior, the illiberality of the English Church would not allow me this satisfaction, and the preacher sent an old woman to tell me that I must sit down. As it is not the custom in Catholic churches to interrupt the devotions of a congregation on such light grounds even if strangers go in without any caution to view whatever is worth seeing in the church, I might justly wonder that English Protestant piety should have so little confidence in its own strength, as to be thus blown about by the slightest breath. The riddle was explained to me afterwards: I should have had to *pay* for my seat, and the truly pious motive was *the sixpence*. However, I had had enough, and left their 'mummery'[157] without paying.

As soon as I returned to the inn I ordered a post-chaise, seated myself on the driver's seat,—not like the Emperor of China, as the place of honour, but as the place for seeing,—and began my excursions in the environs. I first visited the warm baths. They are situated just at the beginning of a rocky valley, which has a great resemblance to the Planische Grund near Dresden, only that the rocks are higher and the expanse of water much finer. Just in this spot we met the mayor in his state equipage, much more splendid than that of our kings on the continent. It formed a curious contrast with the solitary rocky scenery. As he passed, the postilion pointed out to me a distant ruined tower called 'Cook's Folly,' the property of a former mayor, a merchant, who ruined himself in building it, and now lives in a ruin. He could not complete the Gothic castle which he began to build in a most beautiful situation; perhaps it is a greater ornament to the scene in its present state.

Ascending from the rocky valley we reached an extensive table-land, which serves as a race-course, and thence over rising ground to Lord de Clifford's park, the entrance to which is very beautiful. You drive for about a mile and a half on the side of a high hill, through a winding avenue of primeval oaks, planted far enough from each other to stretch out their giant arms on every side to their full extent before they touch. Beneath their branches you catch the finest views of the rich vale of Bristol. It is like a noble gallery of pictures; under every tree you find a different one. To the right, on the rising ground appears a dark belt of plantation edging the green turf. Laurel, arbutus, and other evergreens border the road, till at a sudden turn the house and flower-garden burst upon the eye in all their decorated beauty. At the end of this park lies a ridge of hills, along whose narrow crest you drive some miles, and arrive at a noble sea view. At our feet lay the Russian fleet at anchor. It is bound to the Mediterranean, and in the storm of last week narrowly escaped shipwreck on this coast:—the English declare this was entirely caused by the ignorance and unskilfulness of the sailors. I afterwards made the acquaintance of the captain and five other officers. To my great surprise they spoke *no* foreign language, so that our conversation was limited to signs: in other respects they seemed a polite and civilized sort of people.

Not far from this park is an interesting establishment called 'The Cottages.' The proprietor, Mr. Harford, has endeavoured to realize the 'beau idéal' of a village. A beautiful green space in the midst of the wood is surrounded by a winding road; on it are built nine cottages, all of different forms and materials;—stone, brick, wood, &c., and roofed with thatch, tiles, and slate; each surrounded with different trees, and enwreathed with various sorts of clematis, rose, honeysuckle, and vine. The dwellings, which are perfectly detached though they form a whole, have separate gardens, and a common fountain, which stands in the centre of the green, overshadowed by old trees. The gardens, divided by neat hedges, form a pretty garland of flowers and herbs around the whole village. What crowns the whole is, that the inhabitants are all poor families, whom the generous proprietor allows to live in the houses rent free. No more delightful or well-chosen spot could be found as a refuge for misfortune: its perfect seclusion and snugness breathe only peace and forgetfulness of the world.

Immediately opposite to the wood, a modern Gothic castle rears its head at a distance, from amid ancient oaks. I wished to see it, as well as the park around it, but could not get permission. Whenever the high road lies through an English park, a part of the wall is replaced by a ha-ha, or a transparent iron fence, that the passer-by may throw a modest and curious glance into the forbidden paradise: but this effort exhausts the stock of liberality usually possessed by an English land-owner. As it was Sunday too, I gave up all hope of moving the churlish porter to make

any exception in my favour: on his brow was clearly written the converse of Dante's infernal inscription, 'Voi che venite—di *entrare* lasciate ogni speranza.'

I returned by way of Clifton, from which Bristol appeared to lie under my feet. The scene was greatly enlivened by the multitude of gaily-dressed church-goers of both sexes, whom I met in every road and lane. In strong contrast with these cheerful groups, was a large house painted entirely black, with white windows, and looking like an enormous catafalque. I was told it was the public hospital, and a gentleman offered to show it to me. The interior was much more attractive than the exterior: its fine spacious apartments, and the exquisite cleanliness which pervades every part, must render it a most comfortable abode for the sick and suffering. In no place did I perceive the slightest offensive smell, except in the apothecary's shop. The right wing of the building is appropriated to male, the left to female patients; in both, the lower story to medical, the upper to surgical cases. The operating room was remarkably elegant, furnished with several marble basins, into which water was turned by cocks, so that in any part of the room the blood could be instantly washed away. In the centre was a mahogany sort of couch with leather cushions for the patients. In short, there was everything that an ameteur could desire. But beneficent as is their art, surgeons are generally rather unfeeling; the gentleman who accompanied me did not form an exception. In one of the apartments I observed a woman who had completely covered herself with the bed-clothes, and asked him in a low voice, what was her disease. "O," replied he quite aloud, "that is an incurable case of aneurism; as soon as it bursts she must die." The shrinking motion and the low groan under the bed-clothes, showed me but too clearly what agony this intelligence caused, and made me deeply regret my inquiry. In one of the men's wards I saw a man lying in bed, white and motionless as marble; and as we were at a considerable distance, I asked the nature of his disorder. "I don't know myself," replied my companion, "but I'll soon ask him." "For Heaven's sake don't" said I: but he was off in an instant, felt the man's hand as it lay motionless, and came back saying with a laugh, "He is cured, for he is dead."

Towards evening I hired one of the little carriages that ply between Bath and Bristol, and drove to the former place. I was alone, and slept all the way. On waking from my 'siesta,' I beheld in the moonlight an extensive illuminated palace on a bare height, and learned that this was the benevolent endowment of a mere private man, for fifty poor widows, who live here in comfort, indeed in luxury. Numerous other rows of lamps soon gleamed in the horizon, and in a few minutes we rolled over the pavement of Bath.

*Bath, Dec. 22d.*

Since the day on which I communicated to you the important intelligence that the sun had shone, I have not seen his beneficent face. But, in spite of fog and rain, I have wandered about the whole day long in this wonderful city, which, originally built in the bottom of a deep and narrow hollow, has gradually crept up the sides of all the surrounding hills. The magnificence of the houses, gardens, streets, terraces, and semicircular rows of houses called 'crescents,' which adorn every hill, is imposing and worthy of English opulence. Notwithstanding this, and the beauty of the surrounding country, *fashion* has deserted Bath, and fled with a sort of feverish rage to the unmeaning, treeless and detestably prosaic Brighton. Bath is still much resorted to by invalids, and even the forty thousand opulent inhabitants suffice to enliven it; but the fashionable world is no longer to be seen here. The once celebrated king of Bath, the formerly 'far-famed Nash,' has lost more of his 'nimbus' than any of his colleagues. He who now fills the office, instead of driving through the streets with six horses and a retinue of servants, (the constant *cortége* of his august predecessor,) goes modestly on foot. No Duchess of Queensbury will he send out of the ball-room for not being dressed according to law.

The abbey church made a great impression upon me. I saw it for the first time splendidly lighted, which greatly heightened the singular aspect of its interior. I have often remarked that almost all the ancient churches of England are disfigured by scattered modern monuments. Here, however, there are so many, and they are placed with such an odd kind of symmetry, that the complete contrast they present to the simple and sublime architecture produces a new and peculiar kind of picturesque effect.—Imagine a noble lofty Gothic church, of the most graceful proportions, brilliantly lighted, and divided in the centre by a crimson curtain. The half immediately before you is an empty space, without chair, bench, or altar; the ground alone presents a continual mosaic of gravestones with inscriptions. The walls are inlaid in the same manner up to a certain height, where a horizontal line divides them, without any intervening space, from the busts, statues, tablets and monuments of every kind, of polished black or white marble, or of porphyry, granite, or other coloured stone, which are ranged above:—the whole looks like a gallery of sculpture. Up to the line under these monuments, all was in brilliant light; higher up, it gradually softened away; and under the tracery of the arched roof, faded into dim twilight. The clerk and I were quite alone in this portion of the building, while a still more brilliant light gleamed from the other side of the glowing curtain, whence the softened voices of the congregation seemed to visit us from some invisible sanctuary.

Many interesting names are recorded here; among others, the celebrated wit, Quin, to whom Garrick erected a marble bust with a poetical inscription.—Waller's bust has lost the nose;—it is asserted that James the Second, in a fit of bigotry, struck it off with his sword shortly after his accession to the throne.

*Dec. 23d.*

Have you ever heard of the eccentric Beckford—a kind of Lord Byron in prose—who built the most magnificent residence in England, surrounded his park with a wall twelve feet high, and for twelve years suffered nobody to enter it? All on a sudden he sold this wondrous dwelling, Fonthill Abbey, with all the rare and costly things it contained, by auction, and went to Bath, where he lives in just as solitary a manner as before. He has built a second high tower, (there was a celebrated one at Fonthill,) in the middle of a field; the roof of it is a copy of the so-called Lantern of Diogenes, (the monument of Lysicrates,) at Athens. Thither I drove to-day, and could imagine that the view from it must be as striking as it is said to be. There was however no admittance, and I was obliged to content myself with the pictures of my fancy. The tower is still unfinished, though very lofty; and stands, like a ghost, in the wide open solitude of a high table-land. The possessor is said, at one time, to have been worth three millions sterling, and is still very rich. I was told that he was seldom visible, but that when he rode out it was with the following retinue:—First rides a grayheaded old steward; behind him, two grooms with long hunting whips; then follows Mr. Beckford himself, surrounded by five or six dogs; two more grooms with whips close the procession. If in the course of the ride one of the dogs is refractory, the whole train halts, and castigation is immediately applied with the whips;

this course of education is continued through the whole ride. Mr. Beckford formerly wrote a very singular, but most powerful romance, in French: it was translated into English, and greatly admired. A high tower plays a conspicuous part in that also: the *dénouement* is, that the Devil carries off everybody.

I must send you another anecdote or two of this extraordinary man.—When he was living at Fonthill, a neighbouring Lord was tormented by such an intense curiosity to see the place that he caused a high ladder to be set against the wall, and climbed over by night. He was soon discovered, and taken before Mr. Beckford; who, on hearing his name, contrary to his expectations, received him very courteously, conducted him all over his house and grounds in the morning, and entertained him in a princely manner; after which he retired, taking the most polite leave of his Lordship. The latter, delighted at the successful issue of his enterprise, was hastening home; but found all the gates locked, and no one there to open them. He returned to the house to beg assistance; but was told that Mr. Beckford desired that he would return as he had come,—that he would find the ladder standing where he had left it. His Lordship replied with great asperity, but it was of no use; he must e'en return to the place of his clandestine entrance, and climb the ladder. Cured for ever of his curiosity, and venting curses on the spiteful misanthrope, he quitted the forbidden paradise.

After Fonthill was sold, Mr. Beckford lived for a while in great seclusion in one of the suburbs of London. In the immediate neighbourhood was a nursery garden, extremely celebrated for the beauty and rarity of its flowers. He walked in it daily, and paid fifty guineas a-week to the owner of it for permission to gather whatever flowers he liked.

In the evening I visited the theatre, and found a very pretty house, but a very bad play. It was Rienzi, a miserable modern tragedy, which, with the graceless ranting of the players, excited neither tears nor laughter,—only disgust and ennui. I soon left Melpomene's desecrated temple, and visited my friend the clerk of the Abbey Church, to ask permission to see the church by moonlight. As soon as he had let me in, I dismissed him; and wandering like a solitary ghost among the pillars and tombs, I called up the more solemn tragedy of life, amid the awful stillness of night and death.

*Dec. 24th.*

The weather is still so bad, and hangs such a drapery over all distant objects, that I can make no excursions, and am obliged to confine myself to the town; which indeed, by the number and variety of its prospects, affords interesting walks enough. I begin every time with my favourite monumental church, and finish with it. The architect who built this magnificent structure went quite out of the beaten track of ornaments and proportions. On the outside, for instance, near the great door, are two Jacob's ladders reaching to the roof, where the ascending angels are lost from sight. The busy heaven-stormers are extremely pretty; and the design appears to me conceived completely in the spirit of that fanciful architecture, which blended the most childish with the most sublime; the greatest minuteness of ornaments with the vastest effect of masses; which imitated the whole range of natural productions,—gigantic trunks of trees, and delicate foliage and flowers; awful rocks, and gaudy gems, men and beasts; and combined them all so as to strike our imaginations with wonder, reverence, and awe. This has always appeared to me the true romantic, *i. e.* true German, architecture;—the offspring of our most peculiar spirit and fashion of mind. But I think we are now wholly estranged from it; it belongs to a more imaginative and meditative age. We may still admire and love its models, but we can create nothing of the same kind, which does not bear the most obvious stamp of flat imitation. Steam-engines and Constitutions now prosper better than the arts,—of whatever kind.—To each age, its own.

As I love contrasts, I went this evening straight from the temple crowded with the dead, to the market-place, equally populous in another way, and equally well lighted, where all sorts of provisions are sold under covered galleries. Every thing here is inviting and elegant; subjects for a thousand master-pieces of Flemish pencils; and a luxurious sight for the 'gastronome,' who here contemplates *his* beauties of Nature. Enormous pieces of beef, of a juicy red streaked with golden fat; well-fed poultry, looking as if stuffed with eider-down; magnificent vegetables; bright yellow butter; ripe and fresh fruit, and tempting fish, presented a picture such as my astonished eyes never beheld. The whole was heightened by the brilliancy of a hundred variegated lamps, and decorated with laurel and red-berried holly. Instead of one *Weihnachtstisch*,[158] here were a hundred; the caricatures of market-women did admirably for the gingerbread dolls, (*Pfefferkuchenpuppen*,) and we buyers for the curious and wondering children. The most brilliant assembly could hardly have amused me more. When I saw a grave-looking sheep holding a candle in each foot, and thus lighting himself; or a hanging fowl, in whose rump they had stuck a red wax taper; a calf's head with a lantern between its teeth, next neighbour to a great gander illuminated by two huge altar tapers; or an ox-tail, through which a gas tube was passed, ending pompously in a tuft of flame,—I made the most diverting comparisons with an assembly in my native land; and found the resemblances often more striking than those of the celebrated portrait-painters W—— and S——.

Living is very cheap here, especially in the so-called boarding-houses, where a man is well lodged and admirably boarded for two or three guineas a-week, and finds agreeable and easy society: equipages are not wanted, as sedan-chairs are still in use.

Eight-and-twenty hours have at length appeased the angry heavens, and to-day was what is here called "a glorious day,"—a day, that is, in which the sun occasionally peeps out from between the clouds. You may be sure that I took advantage of it: I ascended the hill near the town, from which you have a bird's-eye view of the whole, and can distinguish almost every separate house. The Abbey church lies, like the kernel, in the centre; the streets radiate upwards in every direction, and in the bottom of the valley the Avon winds like a silver riband. I continued my way along a pretty walk to Prior Park, a large and formerly splendid mansion, built by a haughty Lord, but now possessed by a meek Quaker, who lets the house stand empty, and, true to the simplicity of his faith, lives in the stable.

Thus passed the morning.—By twilight and moonlight I took another walk to the other side of the town, and found the view still more magnificent in the stillness of the clear night. The sky was of a pale green, and on the right hand masses of black deeply indented clouds were piled up. The hills cut their rounded outlines sharply upon the clear sky, while the whole valley was filled with one curtain of blue mist, through which you saw the glimmering of a thousand lamps, without being able to distinguish the houses. It seemed a sea of mist, out of which countless stars twinkled with multiplied rays.

I closed the day with a hot bath in the principal bathing establishment; and found the accommodations convenient, clean and cheap, and the attendants prompt and respectful.

*Dec. 26th.*

The bad habit of reading in bed occasioned me a laughable misfortune last night. My hair caught fire, and I was forced to bury my head in the bed-clothes to extinguish it. The injury is horrible;—one entire half of my hair was destroyed, so that I have been obliged to have it cut almost close to my head all over. Happily my strength does not reside in my hair.

A letter from you consoled me on waking. Your fable of the nightingale is charming. Had L—— imagined that, and in his twentieth year said, “Be dead to the world till your five-and-thirtieth,” how brilliantly and prosperously could he now (according to the world’s standard) enter it. In the course of that time I too have often accused the world and others; but when dispassionately viewed, this is as foolish as it is unjust. The world is, and will be, the world; and to reproach it with all the evil that accrues to us from it, is to be like the child who would beat the fire because he has burnt his finger in it. L—— should therefore regret nothing; for if he had slept fifteen years like a marmot, he would not have enjoyed animation or consciousness. Let us stick to the belief, ‘que tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes.’

Heartily wishing that you may always clearly perceive this great truth, I take my leave of you most tenderly, and am, as ever,

Your faithful L——.

## LETTER XLVI.

*Salisbury, December 27th, 1828.*

Beloved Friend,

Yesterday evening at seven o’clock I left Bath, again by the mail, for Salisbury. My only companion was a widow in deep mourning; notwithstanding which, she had already found a lover, whom we took up outside the town. He entertained us, whenever he spoke of any thing but farming, with those horrible occurrences of which the English are so fond that the columns of their newspapers are daily filled with them. Perhaps he was one of their ‘accident makers,’ for he was inexhaustible in horrors. He asserted that the Holyhead mail (the same by which I came) had been washed away by a waterspout; and horses, coachman, and one of the passengers, drowned.

After some hours the loving pair left me, at a place where the widow was proprietress of an inn (probably the real object of John Bull’s tenderness,) and I was quite alone. My solitude was not of long duration, for a very pretty young girl, whom we overtook in the dark, begged that we would take her on to Salisbury, as she must otherwise pass the night in the nearest village. I very willingly took upon myself the cost of her journey. She was very grateful; and told me she was a dress-maker, and had gone to pass her Christmas with her parents; and that she had staid rather too late, but had reckoned on the chance of getting a cast by the mail.—We reached this city at midnight, where a good supper but a cold and smoky bedchamber awaited me.

*December 28th.*

Early in the morning I was awakened by the monotonous patter of a gentle rain, so that I am still sitting over my breakfast and my book. A good book is a true electrical machine: one’s own thoughts often dart forth like flashes;—they generally, however, vanish as quickly; for if one tries to fix them at the moment with pen and ink, the enjoyment is at an end; and afterwards, as with dreams, it is not worth the pains. The book by which I electrified myself to-day, is a very ingenious and admirable combination of the fundamentals of history, geography, and astronomy, adapted for self-instruction. These little encyclopædias are really one of the great conveniences of our times. Accurate knowledge of details is indeed necessary to the accomplishment of any thing useful, but the walls must be built before the rooms can be adorned. In either sort of study, superficial or profound, I hold self-instruction to be the most efficacious; at least so it has always been with me. It is, however, certain that many men can, in no way, acquire any real knowledge. If, for instance, they study history, they never perceive the Eternal and the True: to them it remains a mere chronicle, which their admirable memory enables them to keep at their fingers’ ends. Every other science is learned in a like mechanical manner, and consists of mere words. And yet *this* is precisely the sort of knowledge commonly called fundamental; indeed, most examiners by profession require no other. The absurdities still committed by these learned persons in many places, would furnish abundance of most diverting anecdotes if they were brought to light. I know a young man who had to undergo a diplomatic examination a short time ago, in a certain *Residenz*. He was asked “how much a cubic foot of wood weighed?” Pity he did not answer, “How much does a gold coin weigh?” or, “How much brains does a dolt’s head contain?” Another was asked in the course of a military examination, “Which was the most remarkable siege?” The respondent (a nationalized German) answered, without the slightest hesitation, “The siege of Jericho, because the walls were blown down with trumpets.” Conundrums might be made out of these examinations; indeed I rather think that tiresome diversion sprung from them.

Many clergymen still ask, “Do you believe in the Devil?” A ‘mauvais plaisant,’ who did not care much for being turned back, lately replied, ‘Samiel, help!’

*Evening.*

About three o’clock the sky cleared a little; and as I had waited only for that, I jumped into the bespoken gig, and drove as hard as an old hunter would carry me to Stonehenge, the great druidical temple, burial place, or sacrificial altar. The country round Salisbury is fertile, but without trees and in no way picturesque. The wondrous Stonehenge stands on a wide, bare, elevated plain. The orange disk of the cloudless sun touched the horizon just as, astounded at the inexplicable monument before me, I approached the nearest stone, which the setting beams tinged with rose-colour. It is no wonder that popular superstition ascribes this singular group to demoniac power, for scarcely could another such work be achieved with all the mechanical means and contrivances of our times. How then was it possible for a nearly barbarous people to erect such masses, or to transport them thirty miles, the distance of the *nearest* quarry?[159] Some have maintained that it was merely a sport of Nature, but no one who sees it will assent to this.

I was not the only spectator. A solitary stranger was visible from time to time, who, without seeming to perceive me, had been going round and round among the stones incessantly for the last quarter of an hour. He was evidently counting, and seemed very impatient at something. The next time he emerged, I took the liberty to ask him the cause of his singular demeanour; on which he politely answered, “that he had been told no one could count these stones aright; that every time the number was different; and that this was a trick which Satan, the author of the work, played the curious: that he had within the last two hours confirmed the truth of this statement seven times, and that he should inevitably lose his senses if he tried again.” I advised him to leave off, and go home, as it was growing dark, and Satan might play him a worse trick than this. He fixed his eyes upon me sarcastically, and with what the Scotch call a very ‘uncanny’ expression, looked about him as if for somebody; then suddenly exclaiming “Good-bye, Sir!” strode off, like Peter Schlemil, casting no shadow, (’tis true the sun was set,) with seven-league steps across the down, where he disappeared behind the hill. I now likewise hastened to depart, and trotted on towards the high tower of Salisbury Cathedral, which was just visible in the twilight. Scarcely had I gone a mile, when the high crazy gig broke, and the driver and I were thrown, not very softly, on the turf. The old horse ran off with the shafts, neighing merrily, towards the city. While we were crawling up, we heard the trotting of a horse behind us;—it was the stranger, who galloped by on a fine black horse, and cried out to me, “The Devil sends his best compliments to you, Sir, ‘au revoir;’” and darted off like a whirlwind. This jest was really provoking. “O, you untimely jester!” exclaimed I, “give us help, instead of your ‘fadaises.’” But the echo of his horse’s hoofs alone answered me through the darkness. The driver ran almost a mile after our horse, but came back without any tidings of him. As there was not even a hut near, we were obliged to make up our minds to walk the remaining six miles. Never did a road seem to me more tedious; and I found little compensation in the wonders which the driver related of his hunter, when, twenty years ago, he was the ‘leader of the Salisbury hunt.’

*December 29th.*

I have turned this day to very good account, but brought home a violent head-ache in the evening, probably the effect of my last night’s adventure.

Salisbury’s far-famed Cathedral boasts of the highest tower in Europe. It is four hundred and ten feet high,—five feet higher than the Minster at Strasburg, if I mistake not. It is at any rate far more beautiful. The exterior is peculiarly distinguished by an air of newness and neatness, and by the perfection of its details. For this it is indebted to two grand repairs which in the course of time it has undergone; the first, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren; the second, of Mr. Wyatt. The site of this church is also peculiar. It stands like a model, perfectly free and isolated on a smooth-shaven plain of short turf, on one side of which is the Bishop’s palace, on the other high lime-trees. The tower terminates in an obelisk-like spire, with a cross, on which, rather ominously, a weather-cock is planted. This tasteless custom disgraces most of the Gothic churches in England. The tower is five-and-twenty inches out of the perpendicular. This is not visible, except on the inside, where the inclination of the pillars is perceptible. The interior of this magnificent temple is in the highest degree imposing, and has been improved by Wyatt’s genius. It was an admirable idea to remove the most remarkable old monuments from the walls and obscure corners, and to place them in the space between the grand double avenues of pillars, whose unbroken height would almost turn the head giddy. Nothing can have a finer effect than these rows of Gothic sarcophagi, on which the figures of knights or priests lie stretched in their eternal sleep, while their habiliments or armour of stone or metal are lighted with rainbow-tints from the painted windows. Among Templars and other knights, I discovered ‘Richard Longsword,’ who came to England with the Conqueror: near him, a giant figure in alabaster, the sword-bearer of Henry the Seventh, who fell at Bosworth Field, where he fought with two long swords, one in each hand, with which he is here represented.

The cloisters are also very beautiful. Long finely proportioned corridors run at right-angles around the chapter-house, which is supported, like the Remter in Marienburg, by a single pillar in the centre. The bas-reliefs, which surround it in a broad entablature, seem to be of very fine workmanship, but were half destroyed in Cromwell’s time. In the centre stands a worm-eaten oaken table of the thirteenth century, on which—as it seems from tolerably credible tradition—the labourers employed in building the church were paid every evening, at the rate of a penny a-day. The ascent of the spire is very difficult: the latter half must be climbed by slender ladders, like the Stephansthurm in Vienna. At length you reach a little door in the roof, thirty feet under the extreme point. Out of this door, the man who weekly oils the weathercock ascends, in so perilous a manner that it appears inconceivable how a man of seventy can accomplish it. From this door, or rather window, to the top, is, as I have said, a distance of thirty feet, along which there are no other means of climbing than by iron hooks projecting from the outside. The old man gets out of the little window backwards; then, on account of a sort of penthouse over the window, is obliged to bend his body forward, and in that posture to feel for the first hook, without being able to see it. When he has reached it, and caught fast hold, he swings himself up to it, hanging in the air, while he feels out the projection over the window with his feet, after which he climbs from hook to hook. It would certainly be easy to contrive a more convenient and less dangerous ascent; but he has been used to it from his childhood, and will not have it altered. Even at night he has made this terrific ascent, and is delighted that scarcely any strangers, not even sailors, who generally climb the most impracticable places, have ventured to follow him.

As we reached the first outer gallery around the tower, the guide pointed out to me a hawk which hung poised in air twenty or thirty feet above us. “For many years,” said he, “a pair of these birds have built in the tower, and live on the Bishop’s pigeons. I often see one or other of them hanging above the cross, and then suddenly pounce upon a bird: they sometimes let it fall on the roof or gallery of the church, but never stop to pick up prey which has once fallen,—they let it lie and rot there, if I don’t remove it.”

The Bishop’s palace and garden lay in a picturesque group beneath us, and all the chimneys were smoking merrily, for, ‘His Lordship’ was just arrived, but was preparing for a journey to a watering-place. The guide thought that they saw the ‘Lord Bishop’ twice or three times a-year in the cathedral. ‘His Lordship’ never preaches: his sacred functions consist, as it seems, in the spending of fifteen thousand a-year with as much good taste as it has pleased God to bestow upon him;—the labour is sufficiently performed by subalterns. This beautiful Establishment is the only one we on the Continent want to complete our felicity,—the only one which it is worth our while to copy from England. On my return, I walked for some time longer in the darkening church, amid the noble monuments of old heroes, whom my imagination summoned from their tombs.

I took care to secure a more substantial carriage than that of yesterday, and drove very comfortably to Wilton, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Pembroke. Here is a valuable collection of antiques, tastefully arranged by the deceased Earl, who was a great lover of art. It is placed in a broad gallery running round the inner court, communicating with the apartments on the ground-floor, and finely lighted from one side. It affords a most interesting walk, winter and summer, and is within a few steps of every room. The windows are ornamented with the coats of arms, in coloured glass, of all the families with which the Earls of Pembroke have been allied by marriage,—a rich collection, which includes even the royal arms of England. In the halls are placed the coats of armour of the old warriors of the family, and those of their most distinguished prisoners; among them, the Grand Constable Montmorenci, a French Prince of the blood, and several others. Unquestionably these old recollections of a high and puissant aristocracy have their poetical side.

The Châtelaine who conducted me about seemed herself to have crept out of a colossal coat of armour: she was full six feet high, and of a very masculine aspect, nor could anybody be better versed in the history of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, she murdered the names of Roman emperors and Grecian sages most barbarously. She explained some rather equivocal subjects quite circumstantially, and in very droll connoisseur language.

One of the adjoining rooms is filled with family portraits, which derive more of their value and splendour from the hand of Holbein or Vandyke than from the personages they represent. After a certain lapse of time, the nobility of genius outshines that of birth, ‘comme de raison.’ The house contains several other valuable pictures; among which an Interment of Christ by Albrecht Dürer, executed in the most finished manner in water-colours, was the most striking.

The Countess’s garden, upon which the library opens, is laid out in the old French style, and is terminated by a small very richly ornamented temple, which has one great singularity. It was built by Holbein, but does no credit to his taste: it is, on the contrary, an ugly overloaded thing. The garden is extremely pretty and elegant: it reflects honour on English women of rank, that most of them are distinguished for their taste and skill in this beautiful art. We should fall into a great mistake if we hoped that any English gardener whatever were capable of producing such master-pieces of garden decoration as I have described to you in my former letters.[160] These all owe their existence to the genius and the charming taste for the embellishment of *home* which characterize their fair owners.

As it was positively forbidden to admit any stranger without a written order from the possessor, I should not have obtained a sight of the house had I not practised a stratagem, which the lord of the mansion will of course forgive, if he ever knows it. I announced myself to the Châtelaine as a Russian relative of the family, with a name she could neither read nor speak.—It is really too annoying to drive four miles for an express purpose, and then to turn back without accomplishing it: I therefore lay my *obligé* falsehood entirely at the door of these inhuman English manners. With us, people are not so cruel; and never will an Englishman have to complain of similar illiberality in Germany.

On the other side of the town lies an interesting place, Langford, the seat of the Earl of Radnor; an extensive park, and very old castle of strange triangular form, with enormously massy towers whose walls are like mosaic. In insignificant, low and ill-furnished rooms I found one of the most precious collections of pictures; master-pieces of the greatest painters; hidden treasures, which nobody sees and nobody knows of,—of which so many exist in English private houses. There is a Sunrise and a Sunset by Claude. The morning exhibits Æneas with his followers landing on the happy shores of Italy, and makes one envy the new-comers to the paradise which this picture discloses to them. In the evening scene, the setting sun gilds the magnificent ruins of temples and palaces, which are surrounded by a solitary wild country;—they are allegorical representations of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Water, clouds, sky, trees, the transparent quivering atmosphere,—it is all, as ever in Claude, Nature herself. It is difficult to imagine how a man in his five-and-thirtieth year could be a cook and a colour-grinder, and in his five-and-fortieth give to the world such unequalled productions. The wondrously beautiful head of a Magdalen by Guido, whose tearful eyes and warm rosy mouth certainly seem to invite rather to a thousand kisses than to repentance; a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, brilliant in all the pomp of colour; and many other ‘chef-d’œuvres’ of the most illustrious masters, riveted me for many hours. A portrait of Count Egmont would have served but ill as a frontispiece to Göthe’s tragedy; for the joyous-hearted, magnificent visionary, here appears a corpulent man of forty, with a bald pate and a thoroughly every-day physiognomy. His friend of Orange, hanging near him, exhibited a face of far different intellectual character. Between them hung the gloomy Alba, who pursued cruelty as a luxury.

Besides the pictures and some antiques, this seat contains a rare and precious curiosity,—a chair or throne of steel, which the city of Augsburgh gave to the Emperor Rudolph the Second, which Gustavus Adolphus stole, and an ancestor of Lord Radnor’s bought at Stockholm. The workmanship is admirable. How do all the fine steel works of our day,—those of Birmingham, or the Berlin iron ornaments—fade before this splendid piece of art into miserable trifles and toys! You think you see before you a work of Benvenuto Cellini; and know not which to admire most, the fine execution and the elegance of the details, or the tasteful and artist-like disposition of the whole.

*London, December 31st.*

Yesterday I was obliged to sacrifice to my hereditary foe ‘migraine:’ to-day I travelled in continual rain to the metropolis, and shall depart to-morrow morning for France.—The country had little in it attractive; but the conversation on the outside of the coach was the more animated. It turned, during nearly the whole day, on a famous ‘boxing-match,’ in which a Yankee had, it seemed, cheated a John Bull; and, bribed by the principal patrons of the art, had won ten thousand pounds. Cheating, in every kind of ‘sport,’ is as completely in the common order of things in England, among the highest classes as well as the lowest, as false play was in the time of the Count de Grammont. It is no uncommon thing to hear ‘gentlemen’ boast of it almost openly; and I never found that those who are regarded as ‘the most knowing ones’ had suffered in their reputation in consequence;—‘au contraire,’ they pass for cleverer than their neighbours; and you are only now and then warned with a smile to take care what you are about with them. Some of the highest members of the aristocracy are quite notorious for their achievements of this description. I heard from good authority, that the father of a nobleman of sporting celebrity, to whom some one was expressing his solicitude lest his son should be cheated by a ‘Blacklegs,’ answered, “I am much more afraid for the Blacklegs than for my son!” *To every country its customs!*[161]—Another characteristic trait of England, though in a lower step in society, was, that the coachman who drove us had lost two hundred pounds in this same unlucky match, and only laughed at it; giving us significantly to understand that he should soon find another dupe, who

should pay it him back with interest. What advances must the ‘march of intellect’ make on the continent before the postillions of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, or the Eilwagen drivers of the Herr von Nagler will be able to lay such bets with their passengers!

Some miles from Windsor we passed through a sort of country uncommon in England, consisting only of sand and pebbles. A magnificent building, with a park and garden, has been erected here,—the New Military College, which is fitted up with all the luxury of a princely residence. The sand and stones made me feel at home,—not so the palace. While I was eyeing the soil with looks of tender affection, ‘car a toute âme bien née la patrie est chère,’ we saw a gray old fox, which with sweeping brush galloped across the heath. Our bet-loving coachman saw him first, and cried out, “By God, a fox! a fox!” “It’s a dog,” replied a passenger. “I bet you five to four ‘tis a fox,” rejoined the steed-compelling hero. “Done!” replied the doubter—and soon had to pay; for it was indeed an indubitable fox, though of extraordinary size. Several hounds, who had lost the scent, now ran in sight, and a few red coats were also visible. All the passengers on the mail screamed and hallooed to them which way the fox was gone, but could not make them understand. The time of the mail is rigorously fixed, and all unnecessary delays forbidden: but here was a national calamity impending; the pack and the hunters had *lost the fox*! The coachman drew up, and several sprang down to show the party, which now every moment increased, the right way. We did not get afloat again till we saw the whole hunt once more in full pursuit; whereupon we all waved our hats, and shouted ‘Tally-ho!’ As soon as our consciences were thus entirely set at ease, and the fox delivered over to his inevitable fate, the coachman whipped on his horses to make up for the delay, and the rest of the way we dashed along at a rattling gallop, as if the Wild Huntsman himself were at our heels.

*Dover, January 1st, 1829.*

The box of the mail-coach is become my throne, from which I occasionally assume the reins of government, and direct four rapid steeds with great skill. I proudly overlook the country, hurry *forwards*, which every governor cannot boast; and yet wish for wings that I might the sooner get home to you.

I found all the towers in Canterbury decorated with flags in celebration of New-year’s day. I commemorated it in the proudest and most beautiful of all English cathedrals. This romantic edifice, begun by the Saxons, continued by the Normans, and recently restored with great judgment, forms three distinct and yet connected churches; with many irregular chapels and staircases, black and white marble floors, and a forest of pillars in harmonious confusion. The yellow tone of the sandstone is very advantageous, especially in the Norman part of the church, where it is beautifully relieved by the black marble columns. Here lies the brazen effigy of the Black Prince, on a sarcophagus of stone. Over him hang his half-mouldered gloves, and the sword and shield he wore at Poictiers. A number of other monuments adorn the church;—among them, those of Henry the Fourth and Thomas à Becket, who was killed in one of the adjoining chapels. A great part of the old painted window is preserved, and is unrivalled in the splendour of its colours. Some parts of it are only patterns and arabesques, like transparent carpets of velvet: others appear like jewellery formed of every variety of precious stones. But few contain historical subjects. What gives this magnificent cathedral a great pre-eminence over every other in England, is, that there is no screen in the middle to cut and obstruct the view, and you see the whole extent of the aisle,—from four to five hundred paces long,—at one glance. The organ is concealed in one of the upper galleries, and when it sounds produces a magical effect. I timed my visit so luckily, that just as I was going out, almost in the dark, the choristers began to sing, and their beautiful music filled the church, at the same time that the last sunbeam glowed through the window in tints of sapphire and ruby. The Archbishop of Canterbury is primate of England, and the only subject in Great Britain, except the princes of the blood, who has the dignity of prince. I believe, however, he enjoys it only in his see, not in London. This Protestant clergyman has sixty thousand a year and may marry;—more I know not by which to distinguish him from the Catholic ecclesiastical princes.

*Calais, Jan. 2nd.*

At length I set my foot once more in beloved France. However little advantageous is the first contrast, I yet greet this, my half-native soil, the purer air, the easier, kinder, franker manners, almost with the feeling of a man escaped from a long imprisonment.

We waked at five o’clock in the morning at Dover, and got on board the packet in utter darkness. We had already walked up and down for at least half an hour before there appeared any preparation for sailing. On a sudden the rumour was spread that the ‘boiler’ was damaged. The most timid immediately made their escape to shore; the others cried out for the Captain, who was nowhere to be found. At last he sent a man to tell us that we could not sail without danger, and our luggage was accordingly transferred to a French steam-packet which was to sail at eight o’clock. I employed the interval in seeing the sun rise from the fort which crowns the lofty chalk cliffs above the town. The English, who have money enough to execute every useful plan, have cut a passage through the cliff, forming a kind of funnel, in which two winding staircases lead to the height of two hundred and forty feet. The view from the top is highly picturesque, and the sun arose out of the sea, almost cloudless, over the extensive prospect. I was in such an ecstacy at the scene that I nearly lost my passage. The vessel sailed the moment I was on board. A violent wind carried us over in two hours and a half. The sea-sickness, this time, was endurable; and an excellent dinner, such an one as no English inn can offer, soon restored me. This Hotel (Bourbon) is, as far as cookery goes, one of the best in France.

*Jan. 3rd.*

My first morning walk in France was quite delicious to me. The unbroken sunshine; the clear sky, which I had not seen for so long; a town in which the houses are not put in eternal mourning by coal smoke, and stood out bright and sharp from the atmosphere, made me feel at home again, and I walked down to the harbour to take my last farewell of the sea. There it lay before me, boundless everywhere except in one spot, where a black line of something like cloud, probably the concentrated fog and smoke of the island, denoted the existence of the English coast. I followed the jetty (a sort of wooden dam), and found myself at length entirely alone. I saw nothing living but a sea-bird, swimming by with the swiftness of lightning, often diving, and then after an interval of several minutes reappearing at some distant spot. He continued this sport a long while; and so agile and full of enjoyment did the creature seem, that I could almost fancy he took pleasure in exhibiting his feats to me. I was giving in to a train of

fancies which insensibly grew out of this exhibition, when I heard the step and the voices of an English family behind me,—and away we went, bird and I.

On the ramparts I met a French *bonne* with two English children, miracles of beauty, and very elegantly dressed in scarlet cachemire and white. The youngest had taken fast hold of a tree; and with true English love of liberty and determination, refused in the most decided manner to go home. The poor French girl vainly murdered all sorts of English coaxings and threats which she could command. “Mon darling, come, allons,” exclaimed she, in a tone of distress. “I wont,” was the laconic answer. The stubborn little creature interested me so much that I walked up to the tree to try my luck with her. I had better success; for after a few jokes in English, she followed me readily, and I led her in triumph to her *bonne*. But as I was going away, the little devil seized me with all her might by the coat, and said, laughing aloud, “No no, you shan’t go now; you forced me away from the tree, and now I’ll force you to stay with us!” And I actually could not escape, till, amid playing and battling, during which she never quitted her hold of me, we reached the door of her parents’ house. “Now I have done with you,” cried the little thing, while she ran shouting and laughing into the house. “You little flirt!” cried I after her, “French education will bring forth little fruit in you.”

Returning to the town, I visited the celebrated B——. I see you turn over the ‘Dictionnaire Historique et des Contemporains’ in vain. Has he distinguished himself in a revolution, or a counter-revolution? Is he a warrior or a statesman? ‘Vous n’y êtes pas.’ He is less and greater,—as you choose to take it. In a word, he is the most illustrious, and was, in his time, the most puissant of dandies London ever knew. At one period B—— ruled a whole generation by the cut of his coat; and leather breeches went out of fashion because all men despaired of being able to reach the perfection of his. When at length, for weighty reasons, he turned his back on Great Britain, he bequeathed to the land of his birth, as his last gift, the immortal secret of starched cravats, the unfathomableness of which had so tormented the ‘élégants’ of the metropolis that, according to the ‘Literary Gazette,’ two of them had put an end to their lives in despair, and a youthful Duke had died miserably ‘of a broken heart.’ The foundation of this malady had however been laid earlier. On one occasion, when he had just received a new coat, he modestly asked B—— his opinion of it. B——, casting a slight glance at it, asked, with an air of surprise, “Do you call that thing a coat?” The poor young man’s sense of honour received an incurable wound.

Although it is no longer dress by which a man gives the ton in London, it is merely the vehicle that is altered—not the thing. The influence which Br——, without birth or fortune, without a fine person or a superior intellect, merely by a lofty sort of impudence, a droll originality, love of company, and talent in dress, acquired and maintained for many years in London society, forms an admirable criterion by which the tone and quality of that society may be estimated; and as I have briefly described in my former letters some of those who now occupy the place B—— once filled, you will perhaps agree with me, that he excelled them in good-humour and social qualities, as well as in innocence of manners. It was a more frank, and, at the same time, more original and harmless folly, which bore the same comparison to that of his successors, that the comedy and the morality of Holberg do to those of Kotzebue.

Play at length accomplished what even the hostility of the heir to the throne could not. He lost every thing, and was obliged to flee; since which time he has lived in Calais, and every bird of passage from the fashionable world dutifully pays the former patriarch the tribute of a visit, or of an invitation to dinner.

This I did also, though under my assumed name. Unfortunately, in the matter of dinner I had been forestalled by another stranger, and I cannot therefore judge how a coat really ought to look; or whether his long residence in Calais, added to increasing years, have rendered the dress of the former king of fashion less classical; for I found him at his second toilet, in a flowered chintz dressing-gown, velvet night-cap with gold tassel, and Turkish slippers, shaving, and rubbing the remains of his teeth with his favourite red root. The furniture of his rooms was elegant enough, part of it might even be called rich, though faded; and I cannot deny that the whole man seemed to me to correspond with it. Though depressed by his present situation, he exhibited a considerable fund of humour and good-nature. His air was that of good society; simple and natural, and marked by more urbanity than the dandies of the present race are capable of. With a smile he showed me his Paris peruque, which he extolled at the cost of the English ones, and called himself ‘le ci-devant jeune homme qui passe sa vie entre Paris et Londres.’ He appeared somewhat curious about me; asked me questions concerning people and things in London, without belying his good breeding by any kind of intrusiveness; and then took occasion to convince me that he was still perfectly well-informed as to all that was passing in the English world of fashion, as well as of politics. “Je suis au fait de tout,” exclaimed he; “mais à quoi celà me sert-il? On me laisse mourir de faim ici. J’éspère pourtant que mon ancien ami, le Duc de W—— enverra un beau jour le Consul d’ici à la Chine, et qu’ ensuite il me nommera à sa place. Alors je suis sauvé.” * * *

And surely the English nation ought in justice to do something for the man who invented starched cravats! How many did I see in London in the enjoyment of large sinecures, who had done far less for their country.

As I took my leave, and was going down stairs, he opened the door and called after me, “J’éspère que vous trouverez votre chemin, mon Suisse n’est pas là, je crains.” “Hélas!” thought I, “point d’argent, point de Suisse.”

That I may not leave you too long without intelligence, I despatch this letter from hence. Probably I shall soon follow it. I shall, however, stay at least a fortnight in Paris, and execute all your commissions. Meanwhile think of me with your usual affection.

Your faithful
L——.

## LETTER XLVII.

*Paris, January 5th, 1829.*

My most dear and valued Friend,

I could not write to you yesterday, because the diligence takes two days and a night to go from Calais to Paris, though it stops but once in twelve hours to eat, and then only for half an hour. The ride is not the most agreeable. The whole country, and even its metropolis, certainly appears somewhat dead, miserable, and dirty, after the rolling torrent of business, the splendour and the neatness of England. The contrast is doubly striking at this short distance.

When you look at the grotesque machine in which you are seated, the wretchedly harnessed cart-horses by which you are slowly dragged along, and remember the noble horses, the elegant light-built coaches, the beautiful harness ornamented with bright brass and polished leather of England, you think you are transported a thousand miles in a dream. The bad roads, the miserable and dirty towns, awaken the same feeling. On the other hand, four things are manifestly better here,—climate, eating and drinking, cheapness, and sociability. 'Mais commençons par le commencement.' After I had exchanged my incognito passport for one equally provisional, and valid only as far as Paris, in the course of which operation I had nearly forgotten my new name, I approached the wonderful structure, which in France people have agreed to call a diligence. The monster was as long as a house, and consisted, in fact, of four distinct carriages, grown, as it were, together; the berline in the middle; a coach with a basket for luggage behind; a coupé in front; and a cabriolet above, where the conducteur sits, and where I also had perched myself. This conducteur, an old soldier of Napoleon's Garde, was dressed like a wagoner, in a blue *blouze*, with a stitched cap of the same material on his head. The postillion was a still more extraordinary figure, and really looked almost like a savage: he too wore a *blouze*, under which appeared monstrous boots coated with mud; but besides this he wore an apron of untanned black sheep's-skin, which hung down nearly to his knees. He drove six horses, harnessed three-and-three, which drew a weight of six thousand pounds over a very bad road. The whole road from Calais to Paris is one of the most melancholy and uninteresting I ever saw. I should therefore have read nearly all the way, had not the conversation of the conducteur afforded me better entertainment. His own heroic deeds and those of the Garde were an inexhaustible theme; and he assured me without the slightest hesitation, "que les trente mille hommes dont il faisoit partie dans ce tempslà," (that was his expression,) "auraient été plus que suffisans pour conquérir toutes les nations de la terre, et que les autres n'avaient fait que gâter l'affaire." He sighed every time he thought of his Emperor. "Mais c'est sa faute," exclaimed he, "ah! s—— d—— il serait encore Empéreur, si dans les cent jours il avait seulement voulu employer *de jeunes gens qui désiraient faire fortune*, au lieu de ces vieux Maréchaux qui étaient trop riches, et qui avaient tous peur de leurs femmes. N'étaient ils pas tous gros et gras commes des monstres? Ah! parlez moi d'un jeune, Colonel, comme nous en avions! Celui-là vous aurait flanqué ça de la jolie manière.—Mais après tout l'Empéreur aurait dû se faira tuer à Waterloo comme notre Colonel. Eh bien, Monsieur, ce brave Colonel avait reçu trois coups de feu, un à la jambe, et deux dans le corps, et pourtant il nous ménait encore à l'attaque, porté par deux grénadiers. Mais quand tout fut en vain et tout fini pour nous; Camérades, dit-il, j'ai fait ce que j'ai pû, mais nous voilà.—Je ne puis plus rendre service à l'Empéreur, à quoi bon vivre plus long temps? Adieu donc, mes Camérades—Vive l'Empéreur! Et le voilà qui tire son pistolet, et le décharge dans sa bouche. C'est ainsi, ma foi, que l'Empéreur aurait dû finir aussi."

Here we were interrupted by a pretty girl, who ran out of a poor-looking house by the road side, and called up to us, (for we were at least eight ells from the ground,) "Ah ça, Monsieur le Conducteur, oubliez vous les craipes?" "O ho! es tu là, mon enfant?" and he rapidly scrambled down the accustomed break-neck steps, made the postillion stop, and disappeared in the house. After a few minutes he came out with a packet, seated himself with an air of great satisfaction by me, and unfolded a prodigious store of hot smoking German *Plinzen*, a dish which, as he told me, he had learned to like so much in Germany, that he had imported it into his own country. Conquests are, you see, productive of some good. With French politeness he immediately begged me to partake of his 'goûté,' as he called it; and patriotism alone would have led me to accept his offer with pleasure. I must however admit that no farmer in Germany could have prepared his national dish better.

He was greatly troubled and distressed by a strange machine, nearly in the form of a pump, placed near his seat, with which he was incessantly busied; now pumping at it with all his might, then putting it in order, screwing it round or turning it backwards and forwards. On inquiry, I learned that this was a most admirable newly-invented piece of machinery, for the purpose of retarding the diligence without the aid of a drag-shoe. The conducteur was amazingly proud of this contrivance, never called it by any other name than 'sa méchanique,' and treated it with equal tenderness and reverence. Unhappily this prodigy broke the first day; and as we were forced in consequence to creep more slowly than before, the poor hero had to endure a good many jokes from the passengers, on the frailty of his 'méchanique,' as well as on the name of his huge vehicle, 'l'Hirondelle,' a name which truly seemed to have been given it in the bitterest irony.

It was irresistibly droll to hear the poor devil, at every relay, regularly advertise the postillion of the misfortune which had happened. The following dialogue, with few variations, always ensued: "Mon enfant, il faut que tu saches que je n'ai plus de méchanique." "Comment, s—— d——, plus de méchanique?" "Ma méchanique fait encore un peu, vois-tu, mais c'est très peu de chose, le principal brancheron est au diable." "Ah, diable!"

It was impossible to be worse seated, or to travel more uncomfortably or tediously than I in my lofty cabriolet: and indeed I had now been for some time deprived of my most familiar comforts: yet never were my health or my spirits better than during this whole journey: I felt uninterrupted cheerfulness and content, because I was completely free. Oh! inestimable blessing of freedom, never do we value thee enough! If every man would but clearly ascertain what were actually necessary to his individual happiness and content, and would unconditionally choose what best promised to secure that end, and heartily reject all the rest (for we cannot have everything at once in this world), how many mistakes were avoided, how much petty ambition crushed, how much true joy and pleasure promoted! All would find a great over-proportion of happiness in life, instead of torturing themselves to the very brink of the grave to obtain what gives them neither tranquillity nor enjoyment.

I will not weary you with any further details of so uninteresting a journey. It was like the melo-drame "One o'clock," and as tiresome. The day we left Calais we stopped at one to dine; at one in the morning we supped: the next day at one we had breakfast or dinner at Beauvais, where a pretty girl who waited on us, and a friend of Bolivar's, who told us a great deal about the disinterestedness of the Liberator, made us regret our quick departure; and again, at one in the morning, we had to fight for our luggage at the Custom-house at Paris. My servant put mine upon a 'charrette' which a man crowded before us through the dark and dirty streets to the Hotel St. Maurice, where I am now writing to you in a little room in which the cold wind whistles through all the doors and windows, so that the blazing fire in the chimney warms me only on one side. The silken hangings, as well as the quantity of dirt they cover; the number of looking-glasses; the large blocks of wood on the fire; the tile parquet,—all recall vividly to my mind that I am in France, and not in England.

I shall rest here a few days and make my purchases, and then hasten to you, without, if possible, seeing *one* acquaintance; 'car celà m'entrainerait trop,' Do not, therefore, expect to hear anything new from old Paris. A few detached remarks are all that I shall have to offer you.

*January 6th.*

To make some defence against the extreme cold, which I have always found most insufferable in France and Italy, from the want of all provision against it, I was obliged to-day to have all the chinks in my little lodging stuffed with 'bourlets.' When this was done, I sallied forth to take the customary first walk of strangers,—to the Boulevards, the Palais Royal, Tuilleries, &c. for I was curious to see what alterations had taken place in the course of seven years. On the Boulevards I found all just as it was: in the Palais Royal, the Duke of Orleans has begun to substitute new stone buildings and an elegant covered way for the narrow old wooden galleries, and other holes and corners. When it is finished, this palace will certainly be one of the most magnificent, as it has always been one of the most singular and striking, in the world. Perhaps there is no other instance of a royal prince inhabiting the same house with several hundred shopkeepers, and as many inmates of a less reputable description, and deriving from them a revenue much more than sufficient for his 'mênus plaisirs.' In England a nobleman would think the existence of such a society under his roof impossible; but could it by any means find admittance, he would at least take care to have it cleaner.

In the palace of the Tuilleries and the Rue Rivoli all the improvements which Napoleon began were in much the same state as he left them. In this point of view Paris has lost much in the Imperial dynasty, which would have rendered it a truly magnificent city, and the luxury of decoration must soon have been followed by that of cleanliness. One is tempted to wish that the Pont de Louis Seize were among the unfinished things; for the ludicrously theatrical statues, at least twice too big in proportion to the bridge, and seeming to crush the pillars they stand upon, have much more the air of bad 'acteurs de province' than of the heroes they are meant to represent.

As cooks are to be numbered among the heroes of France, first on account of their unequalled skill, and secondly of their sense of honour, (remember Vatel,) I come naturally in this place to the restaurateurs. Judging by the most eminent whom I visited to-day, I think they have somewhat degenerated. They have, to be sure, exchanged their inconveniently long 'carte' for an elegantly bound book; but the quality of the dishes and wines seems to have deteriorated in proportion to the increase of luxury in the announcement of them. After coming to this melancholy conviction, I hastened to the once celebrated 'Rocher de Cancale.' But Baleine has launched into the sea of eternity; and the traveller who now trusts to the rock of Cancale, builds upon the sand: 'Sic transit gloria mundi.'

On the other hand I must give all praise to the Theatre de Madame, where I spent my evening. Léontine Fay is a most delightful actress, and a better 'ensemble' it would be difficult to find. Coming directly from England, I was particularly struck with the consummate truth and nature with which Léontine Fay represented the French girl educated in England, yet without suffering this *nuance* to break in any degree the harmony and keeping of the character. It is impossible to discover in her admirable acting the slightest imitation of Mademoiselle Mars; and yet it presents as true, as tender, as pathetic a copy of nature, in a totally different manner.—The second piece, a farce, was given with that genuine ease and comic expression which make these French 'Riens' so delightful and amusing in Paris, while they appear so vapid and absurd in a German translation. The story is this:—A provincial uncle secretly leaves his little country town, in which he has just been chosen a member of a 'Société de la Vertu,' in order to reclaim his nephew, of whom he has received the most discouraging accounts, from his wild courses. Instead of which his nephew's companions get hold of him, and draw him into all sorts of scrapes and excesses.

Mademoiselle Minette brings, by her coquetry, old Martin to give her a kiss, at which moment her lover, the waiter, comes in with a pig's head, stands speechless with amazement, and at length letting the head slide slowly off the dish, cries out, "N'y a't-il pas de quoi perdre la tête?" This certainly is a silly jest enough, yet one must be very stoically inclined not to laugh heartily at the admirable drollery of the acting. The rest is as diverting: Martin, alarmed at having been caught in such an adventure, at length consoles himself with the thought that he is not known here; and in the midst of his 'embarras,' accepts an invitation to a 'déjeuner' from Dorval, who has just come in. The 'déjeuner' is given at the theatre. Martin at first is very temperate; but at length the truffles and dainties tempt him, 'et puis il faut absolument les arroser d'un peu de Champagne.' After much pressing on the part of his hosts, and much moralizing on his own, he consents to drink one glass 'à la vertu.' 'Hélas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute.' A second glass follows, 'à la piété;'—a third, 'à la miséricorde;' and before the guests depart, we hear Martin, drunk and joyous, join in the toast, 'Vivent les femmes et le vin!' Play follows:—at first he will only join in a game of piquet; from piquet he is led on to écarté, and from écarté to hazard; loses a large sum, and at last learns, 'pour le combler de confusion,' that he and his plan were betrayed from the first, and that his nephew had put *him* to the trial instead of being tried by him, and had unfortunately found him very frail. He gladly agrees to all that is required of him, 'pourvu qu'on lui garde le secret;' and the piece concludes with the arrival of his old friend, who comes by extra post to announce to him that he (Martin) was yesterday elected by acclamation president of the 'Société de la Vertu' in his native town.

*Jan. 7th.*

In spite of the 'bourlets' and a burning pile of wood in my chimney, I continue to be almost frozen in my 'entresol.' There prevails moreover a constant 'clair-obscur,' so that I see the writing implements before me as if behind a veil. The small windows and high opposite houses render this irremediable; you must forgive me, therefore, if my writing is more unintelligible than usual. You must have remarked that the preposterously high rate of postage in England taught me to write more carefully, and especially smaller; so that a Lavater of handwritings might study my character in the mere aspect of my letters to you. It is in this, as in life; we are often led by good motives to begin to contract in various ways: soon however the lines involuntarily expand; and before we are conscious of it, the unfelt but irresistible power of habit leads us back to our old latitude.

An English officer, whom I found to-day in the Café Anglais, repeatedly asked the astonished 'garçon' for 'la charte,' concluding I suppose, that in liberal France it formed a part of the furniture of every café. Although the French seldom take any notice of the 'qui pro quos' of foreigners, this was too remarkable not to draw forth a smile from several. I thought, however,—how willingly would some reverse the Englishman's blunder, and give the French people 'cartes' instead of 'chartes.'

I was greatly surprised in the evening at the Opéra Français, which I had left a kind of bedlam, where a few maniacs screamed with agony as if on the rack, and where I now found sweet singing in the best Italian style, united to very good acting. Rossini, who, like a second Orpheus, has tamed even this savage opera, is a real musical benefactor; and natives as well as foreigners have reason to bless him for the salvation of their ears. I prefer this

now, though it is not the fashion to do so, to the Italian Opera. It combines nearly all that one can desire in a theatre;—the good singing and acting I have mentioned, with magnificent decorations, and the best ballet in the world. If the text of the operas were fine poetry, I know not what further could be wished; but even as they are, one may be very well content; for instance, with the 'Muette de Portici,' which I saw to-day. Mademoiselle Noblet's acting is full of grace and animation, without the least exaggeration. The elder Nourrit is an admirable Massaniello, though he, and he alone, sometimes screamed too loud. The costumi were models; but Vesuvius did not explode and flame properly, and the clouds of smoke which sunk into the earth instead of ascending from it, were a phenomenon which I had not the good fortune to witness when I 'assistai' at a real eruption of that mountain.

*Jan. 8th.*

A French writer somewhere says, "L'on dit que nous sommes des enfans;—oui, pour les faiblesses, mais pas pour le bonheur." This, thank God! I can by no means say of myself. 'Je le suis pour l'un et pour l'autre,' in spite of my three dozen years. I amuse myself here in the solitude of this great city uncommonly well, and can fancy myself a young man just entering the world, and everything new to me. In the mornings I see sights, saunter from one museum to another, or go 'shopping.' (This word signifies to go from shop to shop buying trifles, such as luxury is always inventing in Paris and London.) I have already collected a hundred little presents for you, so that my small apartment can hardly contain them, and yet I have scarcely spent eighty pounds sterling for them. In England it is the *dearness*, but here the *cheapness*, that is expensive. I am often constrained to laugh when I see that a cunning French shopkeeper thinks he has cheated a stiff islander admirably, while the latter goes off in astonishment at having bought things for a sixth part of what he had given for the very same in London.

I continue my scientific researches among the restaurateurs, which occupy me till evening, when I go to the theatre, though I have not time to complete the course either of the one or the other.

During my 'shopping' to-day in the Palais Royal, I observed an *affiche* announcing the wonderful exhibition of the death of Prince Poniatowski at Leipsic. I am loath to omit anything of this national kind, so that I ascended a miserable dirty staircase, where I found a shabbily dressed man sitting near a half-extinguished lamp, in a dark room without a window. A large table standing before him was covered with a dirty table-cloth. As soon as I entered he arose and hastened to light three other lamps, which however would not burn, whereupon he began to declaim vehemently. I thought the explanation was beginning, and asked what he had said, as I had not given proper attention. "Oh rien," was the reply, "je parle seulement à mes lampes qui ne brûlent pas clair." After this conversation with the lamps had accomplished its end, the cloth was removed, and discovered a work of art which very much resembled a Nüremberg toy, with little moving figures, but on the assurance of the owner was well worth the entrance money. In a nasal singing tone he began as follows: "Voilà le fameux Prince Poniatowski, se tournant avec grace vers les officiers de son corps en s'ecriant, Quand on a tout perdu et qu'on n'a plus d'espoir, la vie est un opprobre et la mort un devoir.

"Remarquez bien, Messieurs, (he always addressed me in the plural,) comme le cheval blanc du prince se tourne aussi lestement qu'un cheval véritable. Voyez, pan à droite—pan à gauche,—mais le voilà qui s'élance, se cabre, se précipite dans la rivière, et disparait." All this took place; the figure was drawn by a thread first to the right, then to the left, then forward; and at last, by pulling away a slide painted to represent water, fell into a wheelbarrow that stood under the table. "Ah!—bien!—voilà le prince Poniatowski noyé! Il est mort!—C'est la première partie. Maintenant, Messieurs, vous allez voir tout à l'heure la chose la plus surprénante qui ait jamais éte montrée en France. Tous ces petits soldats innombrables que vous appercevez devant vous (there were somewhere about sixty or seventy), sont tous vraiment habillés; habits, gibernes, armes, tout peut s'ôter et se remettre à volonté! Les canons servent commes les canons véritables, et sont admirés par tous les officiers de génie qui viennent ici." In order to give ocular demonstration of this, he took the little cannon off the carriage, and the sword-belt off the soldier, nearest to him, which was to serve as sufficient proof of his assertion. "Ah,—bien! vous allez maintenant, Messieurs, voir manœuvrer cette petite armée comme sur le champ de bataille. Chaque soldat et chaque cheval feront séparément les mouvements propres, voyez!" Hereupon the whole body of puppets, who had not moved during the first act, (probably out of respect for Prince Poniatowski,) now made two simultaneous movements to the sound of a drum which a little boy beat under the table: the soldiers shouldered their arms, and set them down again; the horses reared and kicked. While this was going on, the expositor recounted the French bulletin of the affair with increasing pathos,—and thus closed the second act. I thought there could hardly be anything better to come; and as a few fresh spectators had dropped in, and I found it impossible any longer to endure the horrid stench of two lamps which had gone out, I fled from the field of battle and all its wonders. Tragical enough was it, however, to see that gallant selfdevoting hero so represented.

I was much pleased at the Opera with young Nourrit's Count Ory. Connoisseurs may exclaim as they like against Rossini;—it is not the less true that in this, as in his other works, streams of melody enchant the ear,—now melting in tones of love, now thundering in tempests; rejoicing, triumphant, at the banquet of the knights, or rising in solemn adoration to heaven. It is curious enough that in this licentious opera, the prayer of the knight, which is represented as merely a piece of hypocrisy, is the very same which Rossini had composed for Charles the Tenth's coronation. Madame Cinti sung the part of the Countess very well; Mademoiselle Javoureck, as her page, showed very handsome legs, and the bass singer was excellent.

The ballet I thought not so good as usual. Albert and Paul are not grown lighter with years, and, except Noblet and Taglioni, there was no good female dancer.

In the opera, I remarked that the same actor who played one of the principal parts in the 'Muette,' sustained a very obscure one to-night in the chorus of knights. Such things often occur here, and are worthy of all imitation. It is only when the best performers are obliged to concur in the 'ensemble,' be the part allotted to them great or small, that a truly excellent whole can be produced. For this 'ensemble' much more is generally done in France than in Germany, where the illusion is frequently broken by trifles which are sacrificed to the ease and convenience of the manager or actor. Hoffman used to say, that of all incongruities none had ever shocked him more than when, on the Berlin stage, a *Geheimerath* of Iffland's, after deporting himself in the most prosaic manner possible, suddenly, instead of going out at the door in a human manner, vanished through the wall like mere air.

*Jan. 10.*

It is an agreeable surprise to find the Museum, after all that it has restored, still so abundantly rich. Dénon's new 'Salles' now afford a worthy station to most of the statues. It is only a pity that the old galleries are not arranged in the same style. Much would not be lost by the demolition of the painted ceilings, which have no great merit in themselves, and harmonize so ill with statues. Sculpture and painting should never be mixed. I shall not dwell on the well-known master-pieces; but let me mention to you some which particularly struck me, and which I do not remember to have seen before.

First: A beautiful Venus, discovered a few years since in Milo, and presented to the King by the Duc de Rivière. She is represented as *victrix*; according to the opinion of antiquarians, either showing the apple, or holding the shield of Mars with both hands. Both arms are wanting, so that these are only hypotheses. But how exquisite is the whole person and attitude! What life, what tender softness, and what perfection of form! The proud triumphant expression of the face has the truth and nature of a woman, and the sublimity and power of a deity.

Second: A female figure clothed in full drapery (called in the Catalogue 'Image de la Providence');—a noble, idealized woman;—mildness and benignity in her countenance, divine repose in her whole person. The drapery perfect in grace and execution.

Third: Cupid and Psyche, from the Villa Borghese. Psyche, sunk on her knees, is imploring Cupid's forgiveness, and the sweet smile on his lips shows that her prayer is inwardly accepted. Laymen, at least, can hardly look without rapture on the exquisite beauty of the forms, and the lovely expression of the countenances. The group is in such preservation, that only one hand of the God of Love appears to have been restored.

Fourth: A Sleeping Nymph. The ancients, who understood how to present every object under the most beautiful point of view, frequently adorned their sarcophagi with such figures, as emblems of death. The sleep is evidently deep; but the attitude is almost voluptuous:—the limbs exquisitely turned, and half concealed by drapery. The figure excites the thought rather of the new young life to come, than of the death which must precede it.[162]

Fifth: A Gipsy,—remarkable for the mixture of stone and bronze. The figure is of the latter: the Lacedæmonian mantle, of the former. The head is modern, but has a very charming arch expression, perfectly in character for a Zingarella, such as Italy still contains.

Sixth: A magnificent Statue in an attitude of prayer. The head and neck, of white marble, have the severe ideal beauty of the antique; and the drapery, of the hardest porphyry, could not be more light and flowing in silk or velvet.

Seventh: The colossal Melpomene gives its name to one of the new galleries, and below it an elegant bronze railing encloses some admirably executed imitations of antique mosaic by Professor Belloni. This is a very interesting invention, and I wonder to see it so little encouraged by the rich.

Eighth: The bust of the youthful Augustus. A handsome, mild, and intelligent head; very different in expression, though with the same outline of features, from the statue which represents the emperor at a later period of life, when the power of circumstances and the influence of parties had hurried him into so many acts of tyranny and cruelty, till at length his native gentleness returned with the attainment of uncontested and unlimited power.

Ninth: His great general, Agrippa. Never did I behold a more characteristic physiognomy, with a nobler outline. It is curious that the forehead and the upper part of the region of the eye have a strong resemblance to a man, who, though in a different sphere of activity, must be numbered among the great,—I mean Alexander von Humboldt. In the other part of the face the resemblance wholly disappears. The more I looked at this iron head, the more I was convinced that exactly such an one was necessary to enable the soft Augustus to become and to remain lord of the world.

Tenth: The last, and at the same time most interesting to me, was a bust of Alexander, the only authentic one, as Dénon affirms, in existence; a perfect study for physiognomists and craniologists: for the fidelity of the artists of antiquity represented all the parts with equal care after the model of nature. This head has indeed all the truth of a portrait, not in the slightest degree idealized,[163]—not even remarkably beautiful in feature; but, in the extraordinary proportions and expression, distinctly telling the history of the great original. The 'abandon' of the character, sometimes amounting to levity, is clearly betrayed by the graceful inclination of the neck and the voluptuous beauty of the mouth. The forehead and jaw are strikingly like those of Napoleon, as is also the entire form of the skull, both behind and before (animal and intellectual.) The forehead is not too high,—it bespeaks no ideologist —but compact, and of iron strength. The features are generally regular and well turned, though, as I have already remarked, they have no pretensions to ideal beauty. Around the eye and nose reigns acuteness of mind, united with determined courage and a singular elevated astuteness, and at the same time with that disposition towards sensual pleasures, which combine to render Alexander such as he stands alone in history,—a youthful hero, no less invincible than amiable,—a hero realizing all the dreams of poetry and fiction. Gifted with the same combination of qualities, neither Charles the Twelfth of Sweden nor Napoleon would have met their overthrow in Russia; nor would the one now be regarded as a mere Don Quixote, nor the other as a man who employed his powers only as a calculating tyrant. The whole forms a being whose aspect is in the highest degree attractive, and, though imposing, awakens in the spectator courage, love, and confidence. He feels himself happy and secure within the reflection of this wondrous countenance; and sees that such a man, in any condition of life, must have excited admiration and enthusiasm, and have exercised boundless influence.

I must mention one lovely bas-relief, and a singularly beautiful altar. The Bas-relief, for which, like so many others, France is indebted to Napoleon, is from the Borghese collection. It represents Vulcan forging the shield for Æneas: Cyclops around him, all with genuine Silenus' and fauns' faces, are delightfully represented. But the most delightful figure of the group is a lovely little Cupid, half hiding himself behind the door with the cap of one of the Cyclops. All in this elegant composition is full of life, humour, and motion, and the truth of the forms and correctness of the outlines are masterly.

The Altar, dedicated to twelve Deities, is in form like a Christian font. The twelve busts in alto-relievo surround it like a beautiful wreath. The workmanship is exquisite, and the preservation nearly perfect. The gods are placed in the following order: Jupiter, Minerva, Apollo, Juno, Neptune, Vulcan, Mercury, Vesta, Ceres, Diana, all separate; lastly, Mars and Venus united by Cupid. I wonder that this graceful design has never been executed on a small scale in alabaster, porcelain or glass, for ladies' bazaars, as the well-known doves and other antique subjects are. Nothing could be better adapted for the purpose; and yet there was not even a plaster cast of it to be found at Jaquet's (the successor to Getti, 'mouleur du Musée;') nor had he any of the subjects I have mentioned, merely because they are

not among the most celebrated; though some that are, are certainly not of a very attractive character. Men are terribly like 'les moutons de Panurge:' they implicitly follow authority, and suffer that to prescribe to them what they shall like.

In the picture-galleries, the forced restitutions would be considerably less remarked, if the places were not filled by so many pictures of the modern French school, which I confess, with very few exceptions, produce somewhat the effect of caricatures upon me. The theatrical attitudes, the stage dignity, which even David's pictures frequently exhibit, and the continual exaggeration of passion, appear like the work of learners, compared with the noble fidelity to nature of the Italian masters, and even make us regret the charming truth and reality of the German and Flemish schools. Of all these famous moderns, Girodet displeased me the most: no healthy taste can look at his Deluge without disgust. Gérard's entry of Henry the Fourth appears to me a picture whose fame will endure. The number of Rubens' and Lesueur's pictures which have been brought from the Luxemburg, but ill replace the Raphaels, Leonardo da Vincis, and Vandykes, which have disappeared. In short, all that had been brought here since the Restoration, whether new or old, makes but an unfavourable impression. This is not lessened by the bad busts of painters which have been placed at regular intervals, and which, even were they better as specimens of sculpture, are wholly out of place in a collection of paintings. The magnificent long gallery affords, however, as before, the most agreeable winter walk; and the liberality which leaves it constantly accessible to strangers cannot be sufficiently praised.

When I think how still more deplorable is the state of painting in England, how little Italy and Germany now merit their former fame, I am tempted to fear that this art will share the fate of painting on glass; nay, that its most precious secrets are already irrecoverably lost. The breadth, power, truth and life of the old masters, their technical knowledge of colouring,—where are they now to be found? Thorwaldson, Rauch, Danneker, Canova, rival the antique;[164] but where is the painter who can be placed by the side of the second-rate artists of the golden age of painting?

In a side court of the Museum stands the colossal Sphinx from Drovetti's collection, destined for the court of the Louvre. It is of pale-red granite, and the sculpture is as grand as the mass is stupendous. It is perfectly intact, except the nose; this had just been replaced by one of plaster of Paris, which had not received its last coat of colouring. The sight of it made me involuntarily laugh; and, thinking of the strange chain of events which had brought this giant hither, I internally exclaimed, "What do you here, you huge Ægyptian, after a lapse of three thousand years,—in this new Babylon, where no sphinx can keep a secret, and where silence never found a home?"

In the evening I went to the Théatre Porte St. Martin to see Faust, which was performed for the eightieth or ninetieth time. The culminating point of this melodrame is a waltz which Mephistopheles dances with Martha; and in truth it is impossible to dance more diabolically. It never fails to call forth thunders of applause,—and in one sense deserves it; for the pantomime is extremely expressive, and affects one in the same manner as jests intermingled with ghost stories. Mephistopheles, though ugly, has the air of a gentleman, which is more than can be said for our German devils.

The most remarkable part of the scenery is the Blocksberg, with all its horrors, which leave those of the Wolf's Glen far behind. Illumined by lurid lights of all colours, gleaming from behind dark pines and clefts in the rock, it swarmed with living skeletons, glittering snakes, horrible monsters of deformity, headless or bleeding bodies, hideous witches, huge fiery giants' eyes glaring out of bushes, toads as big as men, and many other agreeable images of the like kind. In the last act, the scene-painter had gone rather too far, having represented heaven and hell *at the same time*. Heaven, which of course occupied the upper part of the scene, shone with a very beautiful pale-blue radiance; but this was so unbecoming to the complexion of Gretchen's soul, as well as to that of the angels who pirouetted round her, that they looked more like the corpses on the Blocksberg than the blessed in heaven.—The devils, who danced immediately under the wooden floor of heaven, had a much more advantageous tone of colour, which they certainly deserved for the zeal with which they tore the effigy of Faust into pieces till the curtain fell.

The theatre itself is tastefully decorated with gay paintings and gold on a ground of white satin. The many-coloured flowers, birds and butterflies, have a very lively agreeable effect. The interior of the boxes is light blue, and the lining an imitation of red velvet. Besides the annoying cry of the limonadiers, who, to a German ear, make such singular abbreviations of the words 'orgeat, limonade, glace,' there was a Jew who wandered about with 'lorgnettes,' which he let at ten sous for the evening;—a trade which I don't remember to have observed before, and which is very convenient to the public.

This letter will probably travel to you by sledges, for we have a truly Russian climate, though unhappily no Russian stoves. Heaven send you a better temperature in B——!

Your L——

## LETTER XLVIII.

*Paris, January 12th, 1829.*

Dearest Julia,

It certainly is a fine thing to have such a walk as the Louvre daily at one's command, and to take refuge from snow and rain in the hall of gods, and among the creations of genius.—'Vive le roi!' for this liberality at least.

I spent my forenoon in the magnificent gallery, and also visited the Egyptian Museum, of which I shall tell you more anon. At dinner, I found an interesting companion in a Général de l'Empire, whom I accidentally met, and whose conversation I preferred to the theatre. He related a number of incidents of which he had been eye and ear-witness:—they give a more vivid picture and a deeper view of all the bearings and relations of things at that time, than are to be gathered from memoirs, in which the truth can never be revealed wholly without concealment or colouring. It would occupy too much time to repeat them all to you now; and besides, they would lose much of their vivacity: I therefore reserve the greater part for oral relations.—Only one or two.

It is not to be denied, said my informant, that many vulgarities were observable in the interior of Napoleon's family, which betrayed 'roture.' (By this he did not mean inferior birth, but a defective and ignoble education.) The greatest hatred and the most pitiful mutual intrigues reigned between the Bonaparte family and the Empress

Josephine, who at length fell their victim. At first, Napoleon took the part of his wife, and was often reproached for it by his mother, who called him tyrant, Tiberius, Nero, and other considerably less classical names, to his face. The General assured me, that Madame had frequently told him that Napoleon, from his earliest infancy, had always tried to rule despotically, and had never shown the slightest regard for any one but himself and those immediately belonging to him. He had tyrannized over all his brothers, with the exception of Lucien, who never suffered the least offence or injury to go unrevenged. She had often, she said, observed with astonishment how perfectly the brothers had retained their relative characters. The General affirmed, that Madame Letitia had the firmest persuasion that Napoleon would end ill; and made no secret of it, that she hoarded only against that catastrophe. Lucien shared in this persuasion; and as early as the year 1811, used the following remarkable words in speaking to the General: "L'ambition de cet homme est insatiable, et vous vivrez peut-être pour voir sa carcasse et toute sa famille jettées dans les égouts de Paris."

At Napoleon's coronation, the Empress-mother, in whose household the General held some office after he had quitted the military service (what, he did not tell me,) gave him strict charge to observe how many arm-chairs, chairs, and stools, had been placed for the imperial family, and to make his report to her unobserved as soon as she entered. The General, who had but little experience in court etiquette, wondered at this strange commission, executed it, however, punctually, and informed her there were but two 'fauteuils,' one chair, and so many 'tabourets.' "Ah! je le pensais bien," cried Madame Mère, red with rage, "la chaise est pour moi—mais ils se trompent dans leur calcul!" Walking quickly up to the ominous chair, she asked the chamberlain on duty, with lips quivering with passion, 'Where was her seat?' He motioned, with a deep bow, to the chair. The queens had already seated themselves on the 'tabourets.' To snatch hold of the chair, throw it down on the feet of the unfortunate chamberlain, who nearly screamed with pain, and to rush into the closet where the Emperor and Josephine were waiting, was the affair of a moment to the exasperated mother. The most indecent scene followed, during which the Empress-mother declared in the most vehement terms, that if a 'fauteuil,' were not instantly given her, she would leave the Salle, after explaining aloud the reason for her conduct. Napoleon, although furiously exasperated, was obliged to make 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu,' and got out of the scrape by throwing the whole blame on poor Count Ségur; "et l'on vit bientôt," added the General, "le digne Comte arriver tout effaré, et apporter lui-même un fauteuil à sa Majesté l'Empératrice Mère." It is characteristic, and a proof that the thing originated in no respect with Josephine, but entirely with the Emperor himself, that at the marriage of Maria Louisa the very same incident was repeated,—only that the humbled and intimidated mother had no longer courage to resist.

Napoleon was brought up a bigot; and although too acute to remain so, or indeed perhaps ever to have been so sincerely, habit—which exercises so strong an influence over us all—rendered it impossible for him ever to divest himself entirely of first impressions. When any thing suddenly struck him, he sometimes involuntarily made the sign of the Cross,—a gesture which appeared most extraordinary to the sceptical children of the revolution.

Now for one amiable trait of Charles the Fourth, whom the world would be so little apt to suspect of any delicate attention. Those who knew him intimately, however, know that he was liberal and kind, though weak and ignorant; and much better as a man than as a king.

When Lucien went to Spain as ambassador from the Republic, the General, my informant, accompanied him as secretary of legation. Lucien's predecessor had 'affiché' all the coarseness of republican manners, to the infinite scandal of the most formal and stately court in the world; and the Spaniards dreaded still greater rudeness and arrogance from the brother of the First Consul. Lucien, however, had the good taste to take the completely opposite course; appeared at court in shoes and bag-wig, and fulfilled all the duties of ceremony and etiquette with such punctuality, that the whole court was in a perfect ecstacy of delight and gratitude. Lucien was not only extremely popular, but the perfect idol of the whole royal family. He returned their friendship, the General affirmed, sincerely, and often earnestly warned the King against the Prince of the Peace, as well as against the insatiable ambition of his own brother, of whom he spoke on every occasion without the slightest reserve. The confidence, however, of the old King in his 'grand ami,' as he called Napoleon, remained unshaken to the last.

Before his departure, Lucien crowned his popularity by a magnificent fête, the like of which had never been seen in Spain, and which cost nearly four hundred thousand francs. The highest persons about the court, a number of grandees, and the whole royal family honoured it with their presence; and the latter seemed not to know how sufficiently to express their attachment to the ambassador. A few days afterwards, all the members of the legation received splendid presents; the ambassador alone was omitted; and republican familiarity permitted many jokes upon him in the palace of the embassy. Meanwhile the audience of leave was over, Lucien's departure fixed for the following day, and all hopes of the expected present at an end, when an officer of the Walloon guard came with an escort to the hotel, bringing a large picture in a packing-case, as a present from the King to Napoleon. When Lucien was informed of this, he said, it was doubtless Titian's Venus, which he had often admired in the King's presence, and which was certainly a very valuable picture, but that the carriage of it was inconvenient to him, and he must confess he had rather the King had not sent it. However, the officer was most politely thanked, and dismissed; and Lucien, taking out a valuable shirt-pin from his breast, begged him to accept it. The ambassador now ordered the case to be unpacked, the picture taken out of its frame (which could be left behind), and rolled so that it could be carried on the imperial of a carriage. The secretary did as he desired:—scarcely was the wrapping-cloth raised, when, instead of the admired Venus, a face anything but beautiful—that of the King himself smiled upon him. He was just flying off in mischievous delight to inform the ambassador of the comical mistake, when on entirely removing the cloth, a yet greater surprise detained him:—the whole picture was set round like a miniature with large diamonds, which Lucien afterwards sold in Paris for four millions of francs. This was truly a royal surprise, and the ambassador speedily recalled his order for leaving the frame.

The General asserted that Lucien was very intimate with the Queen of Portugal, who gave him a political rendezvous at Badajoz. He thought D—— M—— was the result of this meeting. Certain it is, as you may remember I wrote you from London, that that prince is strikingly like Napoleon.

*January 13th.*

The turn of the Gaiété came to-day in my inspection of theatres, and I make bold to declare that I was very much amused. These little melodrames and vaudevilles are now—the French may be as grand about it as they please—their real and proper national drama; and perhaps they are not altogether innocent of the striking defection of the

public to the romantic banner. People were heartily tired of the meagre fare of the

"———————————— pathos tragique
Qui longtems ennuya en termes magnifiques."

There was one evening on which I gave you no theatrical intelligence. The cause of this was the horrible ennui I had suffered at the Théatre Français. Mademoiselle Mars did not play, and I found the parts of the great and matchless Talma and Fleury sunk into the most deplorable hands. In full contrast with this classical dulness, was the excellence of the melodrame of the Gaiété; and in spite of all the long litany that may be repeated by classicists as to coarse colouring, 'coups de théatre,' improbabilities, and so forth, I am persuaded that no unprejudiced fresh mind could see it without lively interest.—Let us now go back to the Théatre Français.

After a Greco-French tragedy, in which antique dresses vainly strove to convert Frenchmen into Greeks, in which the provincial hero Joanny vainly tried to exhibit a faint copy of the godlike Talma, and Duchesnois, who is now really 'au delà de la permission' ugly, with whining, antiquated and stony manner, vainly quivered out the end of every sentence with her hands in the air (also à la Talma,) while all the rest exhibited a truly hopeless picture of mediocrity, the 'Mercure galant' was given as a conclusion. The faded embroidered silk clothes, as well as the awkwardness with which they were worn by the modern actors, spoke of the remote date of this piece. The ladies, on the other hand, had dressed according to their own taste, and were in the newest fashion. The comedy is utterly without plot, and the wit flat and coarse.

Setting aside 'que tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux,' the contents of this latter piece were really better fitted to a booth in a fair. What appears still more extraordinary is, that this stately, classical, national theatre, has itself been driven to give melodrames, (as to their contents at least,) though without music; and that these are the only representations which draw audiences. The only profitable modern piece, L'Espion, is a sufficient proof of this.

Thus does one theatre after another plant the romantic standard with more or less success; and tragedies and plays 'a la Shakspeare,' as the French call them, daily make their appearance, in which all the time-honoured unities are thrown over the shoulder without any more qualms of conscience on the part of authors or the public.

The revolution has regenerated France in every respect,—even their poetry is new; and ungrudging, never-envying Germany calls out joyfully to her, "Glück auf."

*January 14th.*

To-day I visited some new buildings; among others the Bourse. It is surrounded with a stately colonnade, whose magnitude and total effect is imposing; but the long narrow-arched windows behind the pillars are in very bad taste. Modern necessities harmonize ill with ancient architecture. The interior is grand, and the illusion produced by the painting on the roof complete: you would swear they were bas-reliefs,—and very bad ones.

I remarked to-day for the first time how much the Boulevards are improved by the removal of several houses: the Portes St. Martin and St Dénis are seen to much greater advantage than before. Louis the Fourteenth deserves these monuments; for in truth, all that is grand and beautiful in Paris may be ascribed to him or to Napoleon. The rows of trees have been carefully preserved; and not, as on the Dönhofsplatz in Berlin, large trees cut down and little miserable sticks planted in their stead. The numerous 'Dames blanches' and Omnibuses have a most singular appearance. These are carriages containing twenty or thirty persons: they traverse the Boulevards incessantly, and convey the weary foot-passenger at a very moderate price. These ponderous machines are drawn by three unfortunate horses. In the present slippery state of the pavement I have several times seen all three fall together. It is said that England is the hell of horses: if, however, the metempsychosis should be realized, I beg leave to be an English horse rather than a French one. It rouses one's indignation to see how these unhappy animals are often treated, and it were to be wished that the police would here, as in England, take them under its protection. I remember once to have seen a poor hackney-coach horse maltreated by a coachman in London. "Come with me," said the Englishman with whom I was walking; "you shall soon see that fellow punished." He very coolly called the man and ordered him to drive to the nearest police office. He alighted, and accused the coachman of having wantonly maltreated and tortured his horse. I was called on to give evidence to the same effect; and the fellow was sentenced to pay a considerable fine; after which we made him drive us back:—you may imagine his good humour.

Omnibuses are to be found in other parts of the city, and the longest 'course' costs only a few sous.—I know few things more amusing than to ride about in them in an evening, without any definite aim, and only for the sake of the rich caricatures one meets with, and the odd conversations one hears. I was often tempted to believe that I was at the Variétés; and I recognised the originals of many of Brunets and Odry's faithful portraits. You know how much I like to wander about the world thus, an observer of men and manners; especially of the middle classes, among whom alone any characteristic peculiarities are now-a-days to be found, and who are also the happiest,—for the medal is completely reversed. The middle classes, down to the artisan, are now the *really privileged*, by the character of the times and of public opinion. The higher classes find themselves, with their privileges and pretensions, condemned to a state of incessant opposition and humiliation. If their claims be adequately supported by wealth, their condition is tolerable; though even then, from ostentation,—the hereditary vice of those among the rich who are not slaves to avarice,—their money procures them far less substantial enjoyment than it does to those a step or two below them. If their rank is not upheld by property, they are of all classes in society,—except criminals and those who suffer from actual hunger,—the most pitiable.

Every man ought therefore maturely to estimate his position in the world, and to sacrifice nothing to vanity or ambition; for no epoch of the world was ever less fertile in rewards for such deference to the bad and frivolous part of public opinion. I do not mean, of course, the ambition of true merit, which is rewarded by its own results, and can be adequately rewarded by them alone. We nobles are now cheaply instructed in wise forbearance and practical philosophy of every kind;—and Heaven be thanked!

With such thoughts I arrived in a 'Dame blanche' at Franconi's theatre, to which a blind man might find his way by the scent. The performances are certainly in odiously bad taste, and a public which had no better amusements must end by becoming but one degree above the animals they look at. I speak of the senseless dramatic pieces acted here;—the mere feats of activity and skill are often very interesting. I was particularly delighted with the slack rope-

dancer called Il Diavolo, who outdoes all his competitors as completely as Vestris surpasses his. A finer form, greater agility and steadiness and more finished grace, are hardly conceivable. He is the flying Mercury descended again on earth in human shape; the air appears his natural element, and the rope a mere superfluity, with which he enwreathes himself as with a garland. You see him at an enormous height lie along perfectly at his ease when the rope is in full swing; then float close to the boxes with the classic grace of an antique; then, with his head hanging down and his legs upwards, execute an 'entrechat' in the clouds of the stage-heaven. You may suppose that he is perfect master of all the ordinary *tours de force* of his art. He really deserves his name; 'Il Diavolo non può far' meglio.'

*Jan. 14th.*

As appendix to my yesterday's letter, I bought you a 'Dame blanche' filled with bonbons; and, as a present for Mademoiselle H—— next Christmas, a bronze pendule with a running fountain at its foot, and a real working telegraph on the top. Tell her she may use the latter to keep up conversations which none but the initiated can understand. Paris is inexhaustible in such knicknacks: they are generally destined for foreigners; the French seldom buy them, and think them, justly enough, 'de mauvais goût.'

To have done with theatres I visited three this evening. First I saw two acts of the new and most miserable tragedy, Isabelle de Bavière, at the Théatre Français. My previous impressions were confirmed; and not only were the performers (with the exception of Joanny, who acted the part of Charles the Sixth pretty well) mediocrity itself, but the costumes, scenery, and all the appointments were below those of the smallest theatre on the Boulevards. The populace of Paris was represented by seven men and two women; the 'Pairs de France' by three or four wretched sticks, literally in rags, with gold paper crowns on their heads, like those in a puppet-show. The house was empty, and the cold insufferable. I drove as quickly as I could to the 'Ambigu Comique,' where I found a pretty new house with very fresh decorations. As interlude, a sort of ballet was performed, which contained not a bad parody on the German Landwehr, and at any rate was not tiresome. I could not help wondering, however, that the French do not feel about the Landwehr and the Prussian horns, as the Burgundians did about the Alp horns of the Swiss, whose tones they were not particularly fond of recalling; for, as the Chronicle says, 'à Granson les avoient trop ouis.'

My evening closed with the Italian Opera. Here you find the most select audience; it is the fashionable house. The theatre is prettily decorated, the lighting brilliant, and the singing exceeds expectation. Still it is curious, that even with a company composed entirely of Italians the singing is never the same,—there is never that complete and inimitable whole, which you find in Italy: their fire seems chilled in these colder regions,—their humour dried up; they know that they shall be applauded, but that they no longer form one family with the audience; the buffo, as well as the first tragic singer, feels that he is but half understood, and, even musically speaking, but half felt. In Italy the Opera is nature, necessity; in Germany, England, and France, an enjoyment of art, or a way of killing time.

The Opera was La Cenerentola. Madame Malibran Garcia does not, in my opinion, equal Sontag in this part: she has, however, her own 'genre,' which is the more attractive the longer one hears her; and I do not doubt that she too has parts in which she would bear away the palm from all competitors. She has married an American; and her style of singing appeared to me quite American,—that is, free, daring, and republican: whilst Pasta, like an aristocrat, or rather like an autocrat, hurries one despotically away with her; and Sontag warbles forth melting and 'mezza-voce' tones, as if from the heavenly regions. Bordogni, the tenore, had the difficult task of singing without a voice, and did all that was possible under such circumstances: Zuchelli was, as ever, admirable; and Santini his worthy rival. Both acting and singing had throughout more of life, power and grace, than on any other Italian stage out of Italy.

On my return to my hotel, I was surprised by one of those Parisian 'agrémens' which are really a disgrace to such a city. Though my hotel is one of the most respectable, and in the most frequented part of the town, I thought I was alighting at a 'cloaque.' They were clearing certain excavations, an operation by which the houses here are poisoned twice a year.

I have already burned a dozen pastiles, but can create no radical reaction.

*Jan 15th.*

I seated myself in a cabriolet early this morning, to make a wider excursion than usual. I directed the driver first to Nôtre Dame, and regretted as I passed the Pont Neuf that this spot had been assigned to the statue of Henry the Fourth. It stands most disproportionately on the naked base of the obelisk which Napoleon had projected, and for which the spot was chosen with great sagacity; whereas now, surrounded by the broad and high masses of building which form the back-ground of the little statue and enclose it in a colossal triangle, the prancing horse looks like a skipping insect. While I was following this train of observations, and thinking what Paris would have become had Napoleon's reign been prolonged, my driver suddenly cried out "Voilà la Morgue!" I told him to stop ('car j'aime les émotions lugubres),' and entered this house of death, which I had never before seen. Behind a lattice is a clean little room with eight wooden biers painted black, placed in a row, the heads turned to the wall, the feet towards the spectator. Upon these the dead bodies are laid naked, and the clothes and effects of each hung upon the white wall behind him, so that they can easily be recognised. There was only one; an old man with a genuine French physiognomy, rings in his ears and on his fingers. He lay with a smile on his face and open eyes like a wax figure, and with exactly such a mien as if he were about to offer his neighbour a pinch of snuff, when death surprised him. His clothes were good,—"superbes," as a ragged fellow near me said, while he looked at them with longing eyes. There were no marks of violence visible on the body; so that the stroke of death had probably surprised the old man in some remote part of the city, and was still unknown to his relatives: misery seemed to have no share in his fate.

One of the guardians of the place told me a curious fact;—in winter, the number of deaths by drowning, which is now the fashionable mode of self-destruction in Paris, is less by two-thirds than in summer. The cause of this can be no other, however ridiculous it may sound, than that the water is too cold, for the Seine is scarcely ever frozen. But as trifles and every-day things govern the great events of life much more than we are apt to think, so they appear to exercise their power even in death, and despair itself is still 'douillet,' and enthralled by the senses.

You remember the three portals of Nôtre Dame, with the oaken doors ornamented with beautiful designs and arabesques in bronze, and how striking is the whole façade, how interesting its details. Unfortunately, like the temple at Jerusalem, the interior is defaced by stalls and booths. This interior, always so unworthy of the exterior, is

rendered still more mean by a new coat of paint.

Continuing my drive, I alighted for a minute at the Panthéon. It is a pity that the situation and *entourage* of this building are so unfavourable. The interior appeared to me almost too simple and bare of ornament, which does not suit this style; and Girodet's new ceiling is hardly visible without a telescope. The opening of the cupola is too small and too high to enable one to see anything of the painting distinctly. I saw a piece of carpet hanging to one of the pillars, and asked what it meant: I was told that it was the work of the unhappy Marie Antoinette, and presented to the church by Madame. Over the side altar was written 'Autel privilégié.'

The association of ideas which this inscription suggested, led me to the neighbouring ménagerie, and I drove to the Jardin des Plantes. It was too cold for the animals, and almost all, living and dead, were shut up, so that I could only visit a Polar bear. I found him patiently and quietly clearing out his den with his fore paws. He did not suffer my presence to interrupt him in the least, but went on working like a labourer. He used his paws as brooms, then brought the straw and snow into his hole to make himself a comfortable bed, and at length with a sort of grumble of satisfaction slowly stretched himself out upon it. His neighbour Martin, the brown bear who once on a time ate a sentinel, is quite well, but not visible to-day. On my way back I visited a third church, St. Eustache. The interior is grander than that of the Panthéon or Nôtre Dame, and is enlivened by a few painted windows and pictures. There was indeed a sort of exhibition of the latter, on occasion of some festival: I cannot say that much good taste was conspicuous in it. A more agreeable thing was the fine music, in which the trumpets produced an overpowering effect. Why is not this sublime instrument oftener introduced into church music?

As I drove across the Place des Victoires, I sent up a sigh to Heaven over the nothingness of fame and its monuments. On this place, as you well remember, stood Désaix's statue, which he had really deserved of France. Now it is thrown aside, and a Louis the Fourteenth in Roman armour, with a long wig, and mounted on a horse which looks like a wooden one, occupies its place. I had some difficulty in silencing the melancholy moralizings which this sight excited in me, by the more sensual impressions I received in the 'salon des Frères Provençaux,' from excellent truffles, and the perusal of a somewhat less praiseworthy fashionable novel. I was even forced to drink a whole bottle of champagne before I could exclaim with Solomon, "All is vanity!" and add, "Therefore enjoy the present moment without thinking too much about it." In this good frame of mind I passed through, for the last time, the Palais Royal, where so many gay 'colifichets' and new inventions sparkled upon me from the well-lighted shops, that I almost took the full moon, which hung small and yellow over one of the opposite chimneys, for a new toy; and should not have been much surprised if the man in the moon or Mademoiselle Garnerin had stepped out of it, and vanished again down one of Véry's chimneys. But as nothing of this sort happened, I followed the brilliant front of the Variétés, which eclipsed the dim oil lamps around, and entered, 'pour y faire ma digestion en riant.' This end was perfectly attained; for though the little theatre has lost Potier, it still retains its power over the risible muscles. It has gained—for the eyes at least—an extremely pretty little actress, Mademoiselle Valérie, and a much better and fresher exterior than formerly. Among the agreeable novelties is a drop curtain of real cloth, instead of the usual painted draperies. The rich folds of dark blue contrasted well with the crimson, gold, and white, of the theatre. It is not rolled up stiffly and awkwardly like the others, but draws back gracefully to either side. The great theatres would do well to imitate this.

*Jan. 16th.*

Formerly *Anas* were the fashion; now it is *Amas*, 'et le change est pour le mieux.' To these *Amas* I dedicated my morning, and began with the *Ama* of geography, the Georama. Here you suddenly find yourself in the centre of the globe,—which Dr. Nürnberger has not yet reached with his projected shaft; but in which you find the hypothesis of a sea of light confirmed, for it is so light that the whole crust of the earth is rendered transparent, and you can distinctly see even the political boundaries of countries. The excessive cold somewhat chilled my curiosity, so that I can only tell you that no globe elucidates geography so well as the Georama. It were to be wished that all Lancasterian schools could be thus introduced into the bowels of the earth: such a company too might warm themselves 'mutuellement.' The lakes appear, as in reality, beautifully blue and transparent, the volcanoes little fiery points, and the black chains of mountains are easily followed by the eye. I was amused to see that the great lakes in China had the precise outline of the grotesque and frightful faces of Chinese gods. The largest was really, without any effort of the imagination, the exact copy of the flying dragon so frequent on their porcelain. I hug myself amazingly on this discovery;—who knows if it will not throw some light on Chinese mythology? I was much displeased at seeing no notice taken of the recent discoveries at the North Pole, in Africa, and the Himalaya mountains. The whole affair appeared to me somewhat 'en décadence.' Instead of the pretty woman who generally sits at the bureau of all exhibitions of this sort in Paris, there was a terrific person who might have passed for the Lépreux d'Aosta.

The Diorama, a mile or so further, on the Boulevards, contains views of St. Gothard and of Venice. The former, on the Italian side, which I have seen 'in naturâ,' was well painted and very like; but as there is no change of light and shadow, as in the far superior Diorama in London, there is not the same variety and charm. Venice was a bad painting, and the light so yellow that it looked as if its just indignation at the French, who destroyed its political existence and then did not even keep it, had given it the jaundice.

The Neorama places you in the centre of St. Peter's; the illusion however is but faint, and the crowd of motionless figures, in a thing which pretends to perfect imitation, tends to break it. Only the sleeping or the dead can be appropriately introduced into such a scene. The festival of St. Peter is represented. Pope, cardinals, priests, and the Pope's guard 'en haye,' fill the church; and are so badly painted to boot, that I took His Holiness for an old dressing-gown hung before the Jove-like statue of Peter.

Passing over the well-known Panoramas and Cosmoramas, I bring you at last to the Uranorama in the new Passage Vivienne. This is a very ingenious piece of mechanism, exhibiting the course of the planets and the solar system. I confess that I never had so clear an idea of these matters as after the hour I spent here. I shall tell you more about it by word of mouth. If you like to spend twelve hundred francs, you can have a small model of the whole machine, which every good library ought to possess.

Thus then I began with the central point of the earth, then admired the various glories of its surface, and after a cursory visit to the planets, left off in the sun. There wanted nothing but a final *Ama* representing the seventh heaven and the houris, to complete my journey: I should have seen more than the Egyptian dervise in the five

seconds during which his head was immersed in the pail of water.

It is better that I drop the curtain here over my sayings and doings. When it is drawn up again in your presence, I shall stand before you. After I have refreshed all the powers of my mind there, I shall tell you my further plans;—to dream away a winter amid pomegranates and oleanders; to wander awhile under the palm-trees of Africa, and to look down on the wonders of Egypt from the summit of her pyramids. Till then, no more letters.

Yours most faithfully,

L——.

THE END.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[1] The words or sentences in single inverted commas are those which occur in the original in any language other than German.—Trans.

[2] The North Germans are distinguished for energy, activity, acuteness, and high mental culture; the South Germans for easy good-nature, simplicity, contented animal enjoyment, and greater obsequiousness. In Vienna they call every gentleman Euer Gnaden, 'Your Grace,' and he is of course Gnadig, when he is kind or civil. But perhaps the author here alludes rather to a certain ceremonious stiffness of the burghers of Frankfurt, proud people who give their superiors their due, as they expect it of their inferiors.—(*Reichsstadtisches Wesen*). What is clear is, that he means that the inhabitants of the South are not so superior to antiquated distinctions as those of the North. The Prussians have been called the French of the North.—Trans.

[3] Sir Walter Scott's official declaration, that all the works here alluded to were by him alone, was not then made public. —Edit.

[4] I have striven to preserve the colouring, as well as the substance of Göthe's conversation. To those who have any conception of his merits, it cannot but be interesting to see, as nearly as possible, the very words which fell from lips so inspired and so venerable—Trans.

[5] I cannot help almost suspecting that my departed friend has here put his own opinions into the mouth of Göthe.—Edit.

[6] I do not think that the exalted old man will be offended at the publication of this conversation. Every word—even the most insignificant—which has fallen from *his mouth*, is a precious gift to many. And even should my departed friend in any respect have misunderstood him, or have reported him inaccurately, nothing has been here retained, which, in my opinion, can be called an indiscretion.—Edit.

[7] German miles.—Transl.

[8] A gulden is twenty-pence.—Transl.

[9] I remember to have read of a Greek monastery in Wallachia, the four towers of which appeared as if they would every moment fall in; yet this optical deception was produced only by the inclination of the windows, and of the friezes which run round the towers.

[10] Here follows the well-known story of Mrs. Montague's May-day entertainment of the chimney-sweeps, and the incident to which it is usually said to have owed its rise.

After this comes an account of the mad attempt of Mr. Montague, the ci-devant sweep, together with a Mr. Barnett, to descend the falls of Schaffhausen in a boat, where both were of course lost. All this, being both familiar to us, and inaccurately told, has been omitted. The cicerone, who professed to have been a servant of this Mr. Montague, had probably heard the incident related of Mr. Sedley Burdett and Lord Frederick Montague. It only proves how necessary was the author's disclaimer of responsibility.—Transl.

[11] English physicians expect a guinea at every visit.—Editor.

[12] Let me take this opportunity of advising those of my Berlin friends who mean to run horses, to have them trained by well-recommended English grooms; for it is far from being the fact, that every English groom without exception understands the business, as I have satisfactorily convinced myself. They think they have trained a horse, when by blood-letting, medicine and exercise, they have reduced him to a skeleton, and taken away all his strength, which real training increases tenfold. Both the well and ill trained are equally thin; but in the latter it is the leanness of debility and exhaustion; in the former, the removal of all unnecessary flesh and fat, and the highest power and developement of the muscles.—Editor.

[13] The art of carving, which is too much neglected in Germany, forms part of a good English education.

[14] When leaving the presence of the King, ladies are compelled to go out backwards (as one of them assured me.) It is against the laws of etiquette,—the observance of which is, particularly, so extremely rigorous in England,—to turn their backs upon Majesty. This has been reduced to a regular military evolution, sometimes very embarrassing to a new recruit. The ladies take close order with their backs to the door, towards which they retreat in a diagonal line. As soon as the fugel-woman reaches it, she faces to the right about, passes through, and the others follow her. Lady C—— commands.

[15] Probably *Berliners*. This accords with what has been said in the note p. 5, as to the North German acute and satirical character, as contrasted with Southern *bonhommie*.—Transl.

[16] A very useful piece of furniture to introduce at Court.—Editor.

[17] *Idee des Wildes*:—The double sense of the word *wild* in German,—which when used substantively, exactly corresponds to our *game* (feræ naturæ,) though adjectively it is the same as the English adjective,—makes it impossible to render this.—Trans.

[18] The reader will see that there is great confusion in this account of the state and tenure of landed property in England, which, indeed, it is extremely difficult to make a foreigner understand. It cannot be too often repeated, that no attempt is made to correct the author's impressions or statements. To do so, is not to translate but to forge. The mistakes and misrepresentations are numerous,—almost as numerous as those in English works on Germany, which is saying a good deal. —Transl.

[19] Some letters which contain only personal anecdotes are here suppressed. I remark this only to account to my fair readers,—who must have been delighted at the punctuality with which the departed author devoted the close of every day to his absent friend,—for a silence of twenty days.—Editor.

[20] I must remark, that ever since Prussia was promised a Charter, (*Charte*,) my departed friend, to be more accurate, made an orthographical distinction, spelling charts, *Carte*, and playing cards, *Karte*.—He hopes this caution will not be thrown away.—Editor.

[21] *Rechnung*.—Account, reckoning, bill. The reader, if he happen to know the fact, may apply the right word.—Transl.

[22] The author's feelings towards Englishmen are evidently so bitter, that his testimony must be received with great allowance. On the other hand, it will be confessed by all who are not blinded by intense self-complacency and insular conceit, that it is extremely rare to find a foreigner of any country, who has encountered English people either abroad or at home, without having his most honest allowable self-love wounded in a hundred ways.—Transl.

[23] Let me here remark, that those who judge of England only by their visit to it in 1814, form extremely erroneous notions. That was a moment of enthusiasm, a boundless joy of the whole nation at its deliverance from its most dreaded enemy, which rendered it peculiarly kind and amiable towards those who had contributed to its destruction.

[24] English-German readers will probably find the original of these lines without difficulty.—Transl.

[25] The traditional personage whom we call the Wandering Jew, the Germans call *der ewige Jude*, the eternal or everlasting Jew.—Transl.

[26] It is true that our charming Sontag, the queen of song, has lately done nearly the same thing, having contracted a left-handed marriage with Count R——. Editor.

[27] As the biography of Punch seems becoming rather diffuse, and is tolerably well known here (though not so well as might be imagined), this is omitted.—Transl.

[28] My deceased friend executed a singular idea, and left a relic which his survivors preserve with melancholy pleasure. He had filled several large folio volumes with drawings, prints, autographs, and even small pamphlets; not as is commonly the case with 'scrap-books,' all sorts of things 'pèle mèle;'—he inserted only those things which he had himself seen and witnessed, in the same order in which he had seen them. Every sketch or engraving was accompanied by a note, the sum of which notes gives a consecutive sketch of his whole career in this world; a perfect *atlas of his life*, as he often called it.—Edit.

[29] It is a very characteristic trait of the gay careless character of this amiable old man, that he let a number of large boxes, containing his effects, stand at Dresden from the time he quitted it. At length he was induced to intrust some one with the charge of overlooking the contents. This person, who knew his very narrow circumstances, was not a little surprised at finding the presents made to him as English ambassador, set with jewels of considerable value, still in their packing cases.

[30] How may this be effected? Only when a man brings himself to acknowledge that religion is entirely and solely an affair of the heart and feelings; to which the head can be profitable only by standing as watchman of the sanctuary, and guarding it with the sword of reason from its two hereditary foes, superstition and intolerance. If he cannot be satisfied with this, if he will insist upon understanding what our nature forbids us to understand, he must fall into one of two difficulties; either he must take refuge in a so-called positive religion, or in a system of speculative philosophy. Both are unsatisfactory, as soon as he seeks to find more in them than an interesting sport of the fancy or of the intellect. While the profound innate sentiment of God, of Love, and of the Good, in every healthy state of the mind, stands with a steady irrefragable security, as clear to the lowest capacity, as to the highest, not merely as a belief, but as the true essence of his being,—his proper individual self. And this, without either reason or understanding being brought into immediate activity;—though both, when reflection is called in, must entirely confirm the sentiment.—Editor.

[31] It is very problematical which is the worst in the eyes of the pious,—to have no religion at all, or one different from their own. Louis XIV., who was unquestionably a champion of religion, decided for the latter opinion. The Duke of Orleans proposed to him an ambassador to Spain, whom he accepted, but the next day recalled, because he had heard he was a Jansenist. "By no means, Your Majesty," said the Duke; "for, as far as I know, he does not even believe in a God." "May I depend upon that?" asked the king gravely. "Certainly," replied the Duke, smiling. "Well, then, let him take the post, in God's name."

[32] Bourienne's Memoirs have unfortunately furnished us with fewer materials for forming a judgment on Napoleon's real character than was expected. Bourienne paints Napoleon as Bourienne, and if the dwarf had run around the feet of the giant for a century, he could never have looked in his eyes. In one thing, however, which was quite 'à sa portée,' he was right; namely, that the grand enemy by which Napoleon was overthrown, was the commercial class, so impoliticly driven to extremity; a class now-a-days far more powerful than church or army, and which will yield only to the still stronger power of public opinion, if ever they should come into collision.—Editor.

[33] This is no exaggeration, as those who have had any opportunity of observing the strong personal attachment of the Prussian people to their present King can attest.—Trans.

[34] By 'romantic' the author apparently means the style of the domestic architecture of Elizabeth's and the succeeding reigns, which affected nothing like the air of places of defence—Transl.

[35] I know not whether the reader will admit this apology.—Editor.

[36] It would have been but an act of justice had the author added, that *under these very circumstances*, not only the head of the family, but those who bear his illustrious name, and are destined to inherit his honours, are singularly free from the *morgue* and arrogance with which he justly charges the English aristocracy—Transl.

[37] There are so many pictures of Henry and Elizabeth in England, that you must forgive my frequent mention of them. There are shades of difference in all.

[38] The description is abridged. It is feared the English reader has already been sated with parks and houses.—Transl.

[39] Literally, 'Little rooms to let;' I think we call the game, 'Seats,'—Transl.

[40] German for 'Cock-a-doodle-doo.'—Transl.

[41] Cases moreover do occur, in which the conscience is, so to speak, right and wrong at the same time. An act may be necessary, which is unquestionably, viewed on one side, culpable, but which is chosen as the lesser of two evils; in which case no reasonable moralist will contend that it is unpardonable. In telling a compulsory lie, for instance, we must ever make a considerable sacrifice of our moral dignity, though by refusing to tell it, we might be guilty of the basest treachery to parents or friends.—Editor.

[42] I must explain this exclamation. When Napoleon, after the defeat at Aspern, put off in a frail boat with a few followers for the Island of Lobau, General Tchernicheff, then a very young man, was by his side. He relates, that the Emperor sate profoundly absorbed in thought, spoke to nobody, and only now and then broke into the half-suppressed exclamation, 'O monde, O monde!' He might, perhaps, silently add, 'tu m'échappes'—as a few years more verified.—Editor.

[43] And is still.—Editor.

[44] It is natural enough that it should be difficult for the English, who trouble themselves so little about anything non-English, to distinguish the respective ranks of German, Russian, and French princes, and that they therefore place them sometimes too high, sometimes too low. In England and France, there are properly no Princes but those of the blood royal. If Englishmen or Frenchmen bear such titles, they are foreign ones, and were given to the younger sons of noble families; for instance, the Prince de Polignac, as second son, bears the Roman title of Prince; the eldest, is Duke de Polignac.

With the exception of a man of very exalted merit, there are no Princes in Germany who are not of old family and high rank, with the appurtenant rights and privileges; therefore Princes have in that country the first rank immediately after the reigning houses. In Russia, on the other hand, the title of Prince is as good as nothing, since the service alone gives rank, privilege or importance; and in Italy, the title is not worth much more. The English mix all this up together, and seldom know what sort of tone to take with a foreigner, or what place to assign to him.

[45] My departed friend was possessed with a sort of fixed idea that a new Church was at hand. What a pity that he did not live to witness what is now forming! I have just read the following consolatory announcement in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:—

"To the Unknown.

"In these pages, hard words have, as I hear, been applied to me and to the new Church. Strike, my friends, but hear. Only one word, to warn you of the sin. Again I say, it draws near, raising up the veil more and more,—a glory which the tongue of man cannot express, and the spirit of man can only faintly imagine. If we can scarcely conceive that *all* will become new, how can we so suddenly conceive a new *All*? But to fall violently on the vanguard, and to insult the banner, before we know the hosts which are approaching, and the mighty men who lead them, is not advisable. Beloved brethren, how were it with you, if, with scoffing still on your lips, you recognized Him? He comes in an hour when ye think not."—Editor.

[46] In this case it were, indeed, desirable that our laws should be brought nearer to the comprehension of the people; that instead of a hundred different provincial and local laws, we had *one* code for the whole monarchy; so that an act should not be legal in one village, which ten miles off is illegal; in short, that the P—— Jurists should at length become workers in bronze, and not tinkers.—Editor.

[47] 'Art living, dearest, or dead?'

[48] *Jahrzehende*, *Jahrhunderte*, *Jahrtausende*, from *Jahre*. Corresponding to these convenient forms, we have only *centuries*. It is to be remarked, too, that each has its adjectival and adverbial form. The poverty of the English, and still more of the French language makes it impossible to translate adequately into them from the German.—Transl.

[49] The account of the intermediate days has been suppressed.—Editor.

[50] A note explanatory of this word is omitted, as unnecessary in England.—Trans.

[51] This is quite contrary to what the author has himself remarked on the picture of Seneca, and contrary I think to the fact.—Transl.

[52] As there are quarter, half, three-quarter, and whole blood horses in England, just so, and into even more subtle distinctions, is the fashionable world divided.

[53] The reader may be curious to see this fine passage in its spirited translation. I have not been able to prevail on myself to attempt to translate it back into other English than that of the speaker.—Trans.

"Nicht um Plätze zu erlangen, nicht um Reichthümer zu erwerben ja nicht einmal um den Catholiken unsres Landes ihr natürliches und menschliches Recht wiedergegeben zu sehen, eine Wohlthat, um die ich seit 25 Jahren Gott und die Nation vergebens anrufe, nicht für alles dieses habe ich mich dem neuen Ministerium angeschlossen, nein, sondern nur, weil, wohin ich mein Auge wende, nach Europa's civilisirten Staaten, oder nach Amerika's ungeheurem Continent, nach dem Orient oder Occident, ich überall die Morgenröthe der *Freiheit* tagen sehe,—ja, ihr allein habe ich mich angeschlossen, indem ich dem Manne folge, der ihr Vorfechter zu seyn, eben so würdig als willig ist!"

[54] This, we find, was only a figure of speech.—Edit.

[55] This declaration of the Duke has frequently been alluded to since, even in the Lower House. The following, which I heard from the amiable lady to whom it was addressed, is less known.—In the month of November of this year, (1830,) the Premier was conversing with Princess C—— and the Duchess of D——, on various characteristics of the French and English nations, and their respective advantages. "Ce qui est beau en Angleterre," said the Duke with evident self-complacency, "c'est que ni le rang, ni les richesses, ni la faveur ne sauraient élever un Anglois aux premières places. Le génie seul les obtient et les conserve chez nous." The ladies cast down their eyes; and in a week from that time the Duke of Wellington was out of office.—Editor.

[56] How little did my departed friend suspect that this badly organized head was destined to bring such evils upon the world! Good will indeed arise out of that, as out of all evil; but *we* shall hardly reap the fruits.—Editor.

[57] Daughter of the lady to whom these letters are addressed, by her former husband, Count Pappenheim—Transl.

[58] *Eine alte Freiheit.*—At the great Councils of the Church, the political meetings, such as coronations and the like, and other assemblages in the middle ages, a part of the city or encampment where they were held, was appropriated to the persons of forbidden professions who resorted thither; such as jugglers, gamblers, light women, &c. This part was called the *Freiheit* or Free Quarter.—Transl.

[59] *Mid dem todten Mann*, I believe is Englished as above—Transl.

[60] I thought of omitting this part, which certainly belongs too much to confidential correspondence to interest the generality of readers. But as it really paints the departed author with uncommon fidelity, and he often refers to it in subsequent letters, I hope I shall be forgiven for retaining it.—Editor.

[61] A word difficult to translate. Foresight (*Vorsichtssinn*) does not express it adequately; it is rather the power of calling to mind in a moment everything that can possibly result from an action; and thus, almost involuntarily, of painting it from every point of view, which often cripples the energy.

[62] The individual in question is Dr. Herschel, of whose head Mr. Deville possesses two casts corresponding to the description above. Mr. Deville bears testimony to the accuracy in the main of the above report, though the language is, he says, considerably more ornate than that which he is likely to have used.—Transl.

[63] It is a matter of history that even the true old German knights had contracted the bad habit of occasionally interlarding their discourse with French phrases.—Editor.

[64] *Fässer. Fass*, a butt, barrel, tun, tub, &c.—*Grosse Quart.* I do not know whether these measures correspond to the English words, or whether I have used the appropriate technical expressions—Transl.

[65] Literally, *Das Kind mit dem Bade verschutten*—"To throw out the child with the bath;" a common German proverb. —Transl.

[66] Misspelt in the original.—Transl.

[67] Here follows a short passage which I have not been able, on a hurried search, to find.—Transl.

[68] I do not know the exact equivalent of these titles. *Hofdamen*, literally is Court-ladies.—Transl.

[69] *Nadelholz*: a generic word including all trees with leaves like a needle,—pine, fir, larch, &c.—Transl.

[70] The minute description of the arrangements of the light-house is omitted, as most English readers are acquainted with them.—Transl.

[71]

A boy born in the month of October
Will be a critic, and a right surly one.—Transl.

[72] Judging from the results, he must have seen cause to alter his opinion.—Editor.

[73] I make no attempt to translate this, because the mere words would convey no idea to English readers; and I have no inclination to write, nor probably they to read, a commentary.—Transl.

[74] The Germans do not say *original sin*, but *hereditary sin* (*Erbsünde*).—*Erbadel* (hereditary nobility) being formed exactly in the same manner, there is a sort of *jeu de mots*, which the words in use here will not represent.—Transl.

[75] For the curious in Austrian philosophy and philology, I subjoin the original of the above, which loses, unhappily, its zest in plain English, as it would in good German.—Transl.

"Nix is halt dümmer," sagte er, "als sich um de Zukunft gräme! Schaun's, als i hierher kam, war's grade Sommer, und die Season schon vorbei. Nu hatt' en Andrer sich gegrämt, grad in so schlechter Zeit herkommen zu seyn; aber i dacht, 's wird sich schon hinziehen, und richtig, 's hat sich bis zum November hingezogen! Unterdessen hat mich der Esterhazy ufs Land genemmen, wo i mich gar herrlich amüsirt hab, und nu is noch a Monat schlecht, dann wird's wieder full, die Bälle und die Routs gehn an, und i kann's nie mehr besser wünschen! Wär' i nu nich a rechter Narr gewesen, mi zu gräme ohne Noth? hab i ni recht? Man muss in der Welt grad wie ne H—— leben und nimmer zuviel an die Zukunft denken."

[76] '*Ihren Kindern den heiligen Christ bescheerte.*' The presents which it is the universal custom in Germany to make to children on a Christmas eve, are given in the name of the infant;—the *Christkindchen* so dear to all German children.—Transl.

[77] *Befreiungskrieg.* The war against Napoleon is commonly known by that name in Germany.—Transl.

[78] A *parforce jagd* is, in one word, *a hunt*; for *jagd*, like *chasse*, includes shooting and other field-sports; but, as will be seen, I could not leave out the *parforce* without destroying the sentence.—Transl.

[79] This refers to the ancient fable of *Reinecke Fuchs*.—Transl.

[80] The Germans say, "*Sand in die Augen streuen*," to scatter *sand* (not dust) in the eyes. Here, as in so many other cases, difference of idiom destroys a 'jeu de mots.'—Transl.

[81] Adelaide, Princess Carolath, born Countess von Pappenheim; daughter of the Noble Lady to whom these letters are addressed, by the Bavarian General-of-division Count von Pappenheim, and mentioned in a former part of the work under the name of Emily.—Transl.

[82] A learned antiquarian once told me that the old painters generally painted on a ground of chalk, and used preparations for fixing their colours, whence they are so permanent, fresh, and brilliant. Strange that people don't give themselves the trouble to try this experiment!

[83] The verses alluded to are these:

"Oh what were Love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee—whatever thou art."

[84] The translation seems to be inferior to the others by the Author and hardly worth copying.—

[85] "*Uns in ihrer Nationalität hineinzudenken*," (to think ourselves forth into their nationality);—a compound word which may give some faint idea of the advantages a writer in the German language must ever possess over his translator.—Transl.

[86] Of German money, of course, is meant.—Transl.

[87] Owing to the adoption of the French word *pigeon*, instead of the English word *dove*, this sentence loses its point. I did not however venture to astonish my readers by translating *Tauben-club*, Dove-club, though that would have done more justice to the author's meaning. In Norfolk and Suffolk, where some very pure English is still preserved among the 'vulgar,' *dove*, or as they call it *dow*, is still the common appellative of the whole genus,—as in the cognate language.—Transl.

[88] The peculiar Alpine cry at the end of the Tyrol songs, which is heard to an immense distance, is called the *Jodle*. —Transl.

[89] It is very extraordinary that English writers should constantly torture themselves to discover the causes of the enormous poor-rates, and of the more and more artificial and threatening state of the working classes, when there exists so obvious a discouragement to the outlay of capital and industry on land, (some of which with us would be called good, but here is esteemed not worth cultivation,) as tithes:—a man does not care to devote his capital and his sweat to a priest.—Editor.

[90] *Hauslichkeit.* We have not the word—unhappily.—Transl.

[91] The curious in such matters may find some amusement in the inquiry, whether or not there exists in England one drop of *stiftfähiges blut*—of that sort, namely, common throughout Germany, which can prove its seventy-two quarterings. —Transl.

[92] Certainly the motto of the Paris Society, 'Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera,' has never been carried so far 'in praxi.'—Editor.

[93] It is one of the greatest beauties of English landscape, that during the whole winter almost every house is adorned with the luxuriant blossoms and garlands of the monthly rose.

[94] Count Brühl is inspector of Theatres at Berlin, and in virtue of that office exercises *surveillance* over the costumes, on the correctness of which he piques himself.—Transl.

[95] Where the contrary is not specified, the reader will understand English miles, four and a half of which go to a German mile.—Editor.

[96] *Inexpressibles* is the name which this article of dress has received in England, where "in good society" a woman sometimes leaves her husband and children and runs off with her lover, but is always too decorous to be able to endure the sound of the word *breeches*.—Editor.

[97] A mountain spirit. See Musaus's Popular Tales.—Transl.

[98] By S——, the author apparently means Berlin.—Transl.

[99] In every nation the post ought to be extra-post. Many people indeed regret that the greater part of the State-machine is not driven by it. This might give it a jog, and put an end to the halt which it has made for half a century.—Editor.

[100] The English reader must be told, what to him will sound strangely enough, that "Wohlgeboren" is a higher title than "Edelgeboren."—Translator.

[101] I am acquainted with other qualities of this 'artiste,' which would do honour to many of the 'industriel' noblemen of our time. For instance, he sends in his bill only once in five years, and is the most magnanimous of creditors. 'Avis aux lecteurs.'

[102] N. B. When the nobility is fitly constituted; that is to say, when it is a true national nobility, such as England in part possesses, or such as Gravell well describes in his "Regent."—Editor.

[103] My departed friend doubtless means to apply this to a certain class of functionaries, who, for good reasons, love nothing so well as mediocrity; for if I guess the scene aright, no where is merit more nobly honoured in the highest places. Of this the whole nation recently saw a most gratifying example in the affectionate respect paid to a revered statesman, whose merits are as exalted as his station. If there is a man who doubts of the former, it can be no other than himself.—Editor.

[104] If I were not certain that my friend wrote this passage in the year 1827, I should take it to be a reminiscence of President Jackson's first speech. The President proposes that all the public officers of the United States (with very few exceptions) be changed every fifth year. "Eheu jam satis!" What would our *Regiérungs Räthe* (Government counsellors) say to such a scheme? Entire general commissions broken up, in the fullest sense of the word, at a blow! For who knows whether, at the end of five years, they would be thought worth the money they cost, and renewed at all?—Editor.

[105] Privy counsellors who have any functions, are distinguished from those who have none, by the addition to their title of *wirklicher* (real, actual).—Transl.

[106] The intention of this law was noble and liberal, though it cut the knot rather roughly. But how has it been executed? A book might be written, *ought* to be written, on this subject. The execution of this business is precisely in the style of a certain Herr von Wanze, who, in the disguise of a farmer, taught the opulent peasant Pharao at Kirmesse.{*}

{*} village festival.—*Transl.*

"You put down your money," said he, "and I deal the cards right and left. What falls to the left I win; what falls to the right you lose."—Editor.

[107] It is but fair, however, to say that the exceptions to this description are many. When for instance Göthe does not disdain to send forth "a man of forty" among the minors; when Tieck takes pity upon us, and gives us a *real genuine "Novelle"*; L. Shefer moves our heart and spirit by his wild lightnings; Kruse makes a criminal trial graceful and attractive; or some Therese, Friederike, &c. discloses the otherwise impenetrable mysteries of the female heart (not to mention the varied merits of our other best tale-writers);—it is evident that there are workmen who could supply excellent and perfect wares it the whole manufacture were not spoiled by the established machinery.—Editor.

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[109] It is only in English that the word *artist* is absurdly restricted to painters, sculptors, and engravers. An artist is, in the German sense, a man who cultivates the fine arts,—poetry, painting, music, &c.—Transl.

[110] This pendulum may be used by acute servants as a sort of thermo- or hygro-meter of the patience of their respective masters and mistresses.—Editor.

[111] The inhabitants themselves cannot perfectly decide which termination is the right.{*}

{*} This is a joke which will be understood only by those who are acquainted with the peculiarities of the Berlin dialect. The inhabitants continually confound verbs which govern the dative *mir* (to me,) with those which require the accusative *mich* (me); for which they are much laughed at by the rest of Germany. The first syllable of course alludes to the sandy plain in which Berlin stands.—*Transl.*

[112] N.B. Not to forget to ask our learned Professor Blindemann what he thinks of this interpretation.

[113] Among others, to the Commissioners of the Elbe Navigation, who have just made such a noble end of their labours, and have all received Orders for the same. I wonder whether Providence also will bestow an Order on me?

[114] To add a word in earnest: I would ask, who does not honour the humane motives which gave rise to the Bible and Missionary societies? But are these, even were they not subject, as unfortunately too often happens, to the most scandalous abuses, the right means to the end? The result in almost every case teaches us the direct contrary. It ought to be considered that God sent Christianity as the *second* covenant; the *first* was based entirely upon *earthly* interests and *despotic power*.

If I did not fear to appear to treat the matter too lightly, I should almost be inclined to say that we ought to begin by converting savages into Jews, before we attempt to make them Christians. This would also harmonize in a peculiar way with that powerful lever, commercial interest. Men would be civilized much more quickly by the business of buying and selling, than by Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.

This might also serve as an index or guide; and the conformity of such a course with the laws of nature would be proved

by repeated experience, wherever the same process were to be gone through. To try to make men Christians who are in so low a state of civilization as the almost merely animal inhabitants of parts of Africa, appears to me nearly as unreasonable as to send teachers of the European languages to the apes. To this stage of human culture two things are applicable, self-interest, and force beneficently employed: and in this point of view, even conversions by the sword are not so injudicious and absurd as those by Bible Societies; always provided, that they are accomplished without unnecessary cruelty, and undertaken from truly benevolent motives.{*}

> {*} It cannot be denied that the most efficient attempts at conversion, and those which left the most permanent consequences, were those of Charlemagne, and of the Spaniards in South America. It was only a pity that the Spaniards forced their own idolatry upon men who were, in fact, better Christians than themselves.

(It is assumed, be it observed, that we have a vocation and a right to endeavour to raise people to our state of civilization without any will of theirs; but this we shall not discuss here.)

The other method, namely, to work upon savages by their own present and obvious interest, can be accomplished only by trade, and appears to be the most just and mild of all; but it must also be accompanied by a certain degree of compulsion and constraint, to produce any rapid and permanent results. The worst effect of the attempts to hasten on the universality of Christianity is doubtless this; that as soon as the savage comes in collision with Christians, they must perceive that the latter, —whether governments, corporations, or individuals—while they preach benevolence, do in fact, in almost every case, act hostilely both to each other and to them. Their simple understandings, which are not rectified by higher culture, can in no way reconcile this contradiction. And as they, like children, take in little of a new faith but the mythos, it is not much to be wondered at if the liberals or free-thinkers among them exclaim, "Fable for fable, murder for murder, slave-dealing for slave-dealing, where is the difference?" Had the Christian powers *really* abolished the slave-trade, and destroyed the nest of robbers which, to the shame of Europe, still exist on the coast of Africa; had England, instead of sending one solitary traveller after another (men who made themselves ridiculous and contemptible by displaying their Anglo-Christian arrogance without the means of supporting it,) to be assassinated by the natives, or to die of the climate,—sent into the interior an expedition fitted to command respect, and seasoned by previous residence on the coast;—had this expedition been so constituted as, by its dignity and by beneficent compulsion, to give a more humane character to trade; and had it sought to remove all obstacles to this object, even were it sometimes by force of arms;—it is indubitable that a great part of Africa would at this moment be infinitely more civilized than it will be by centuries of missions and Bible importations. Some may ask, 'A quoi bon tout cela?' others, what right have we to meddle in other people's affairs? The answer to these questions would lead us too far. For my own part, I confess I so far agree with the Jesuits, that I acknowledge that a noble end,—that is, a project calculated for the greatest possible advantage of others, and united with the power of carrying it into effect,—sanctifies all appropriate means which are, in the same sense, noble, so far at least as open force is concerned; for deceit, treachery, and dishonesty can never lead to good.—Edit.

[115] In German all substantives begin with a capital letter.—Transl.

[116] A fictitious name, which might be Englished, Mr. Cant.—Transl.

[117] It is a great mistake to think that this is a subject only for ridicule or for rational indignation. The alliance of the so-called SAINTS, is not without danger to all men of large and liberal opinions. There is a fermentation of Jesuitical masses, who avail themselves of the form of Protestantism, because Catholicism will no longer answer their purpose. They are guided by the same principles to which the Jesuits owed their power, governed by the same 'esprit de corps,' constituted according to a like regular organization; instead of the 'aquetta,' indeed, they use, and with signal success, the ten times more formidable poison of calumny, which, like other instruments of darkness, is so easily employed by a secret association.—Germany has much more to dread from such *saints*, than from the dreams of freedom, promulgated by a set of enthusiastic young students on the Wartburg.—Edit.

[118] *Wappenvögel* (armorial-birds,) an expression which appears affected in English, though the passage is unintelligible without it.—Transl.

[119] A warning to all makers of puns and *jeu de mots* to know their tools. Our author probably is still in blissful ignorance of the *i* which spoils his joke.—Trans.

[120] "To come out," as applied to young girls in England, means to go into the world. Parents sometimes let them wait for this happiness till they are twenty, or even older. Till then, they learn the world only from novels; in later life they consequently often act upon them, where the principles of domestic virtue (for there is such a thing now and then in England) have not been deeply and firmly laid.—Editor.

[121] Nothing can be more ridiculous than the declamation of German writers concerning the poverty which reigns in England; where, according to them, there are only a few enormously rich, and crowds of extremely indigent. It is precisely the extraordinary number of people of competent fortune, and the ease with which the poorest can earn, not only what is strictly necessary, but even some luxuries, if he chooses to work vigorously, which make England independent and happy. One must not indeed repeat after the Opposition newspapers.

[122] Probably presented by Macpherson himself.—Editor.

[123] The common people in England put the knife as well as the fork to their mouths. The higher classes, on the contrary, regard this as the true sin against the Holy Ghost, and cross themselves internally when they see a foreign Ambassador now and then eat so;—it is an affront to the whole nation.

[124] In a more loose and general sense, every man of respectable appearance is called a gentleman.

[125] This has nothing to do with morality, only with '*scandale*.'

[126] So the Irish delight to call him, proud of his '*landsmannschaft* (countrymanship).

[127] This is no exaggeration. I have heard such things here, proved by legal evidence, and seen such misery as never were witnessed in the times of villanage in Germany, and are hardly to be paralleled in countries where slavery now prevails. —Editor.

[128] I have often had occasion to remark, that the love of music in England is a mere affair of fashion. There is no nation in Europe which plays music better or understands it worse.

[129] "*Böhmische Dörfer.*" The *jeu de mots* is inevitably lost.—Transl.

[130] An excellent dish! the receipt, *vivâ voce*.

[131] Eligible to certain chapters and ecclesiastical orders, to which none could be admitted who could not prove their seventy-two quarterings.—Transl.

[132] The maître d'hotel who lately published Memoirs of Napoleon, vindicates the Emperor from this reproach with indignation. His memoirs are certainly most flattering to that great man, for they prove 'qu'il est resté héros même pour son valet de chambre.'—Edit.

[133] *Poetry and Truth*,—the title of Göthe's auto-biographical work.

[134] "I purpose to take a long sleep."

[135] All the Catholic children in Ireland are carefully instructed, and can at least read; while the Protestant are often utterly ignorant. The morals of the Catholic priesthood in Ireland are every where exemplary, as were those of the Reformers in France. The oppressed Church is every where the most virtuous; the causes of which are easily found.—Editor.

[136] The wish of my departed friend is already in part fulfilled, and the future is big with yet greater changes.—Editor.

[137] The translation of the title of the book is of a piece with all the rest. *Leiden* does not mean *sorrows*, but *sufferings*. —Trans.

[138] 'Sportsman'—'sport'—are as untranslatable as 'Gentleman.' It is by no means a mere hunter or shooter; but a man who follows all amusements of that and the cognate kinds, with ardour and address. Boxing, horse-racing, duck-shooting, fox-hunting, cock-fighting, are all 'sport.'—Editor.

[139] Nothing important or solemn can go on in England without a dinner; be it religious, political, literary, or of what kind it may.—Ed.

[140] These disabilities have, as is universally known, been since removed.—Editor.

[141] A piece of the true cross was kept here, and gave its name to the monastery. Every separate building, was, for this reason, ornamented with a lofty cross of stone, of which only one is preserved.—Editor.

[142] A Moor, who was a very enlightened man for his country, and resided a long time in England, said to Captain L——, "I should not like to serve so powerless a monarch as the King of England. How different a feeling it gives one to be the servant of a sovereign who is the image of God's omnipotence on earth, at whose nod a thousand heads must fly like chaff before the wind!"—'Il ne faut donc pas disputer des goûts.'

[143] 'Your Grace' is the title of Protestant archbishops in England, and is given by all well-bred people, by courtesy, also to the Catholic archbishops, although the English law does not recognise their rank.

[144] These, as my departed friend often declared, were remarkably well prepared in Ireland. They consist of poultry boiled dry, with Cayenne pepper, or served with a most burning and pungent sauce.—Editor, (addressed to gourmands.)

[145]

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

[146] Much has lately been done towards improving, I might say humanizing, the music in the churches in Prussia; and the influence of this improvement on the congregations have been universally found to be very beneficial.—Editor.

[147] Nothing can be a more astonishing proof of the difficulty of comparing the moral and intellectual character of two countries than this remark. Every Englishman accustomed to the cultivated society of his own country, must be struck by the extraordinary inferiority of German female education, in proportion to the high superiority of that of men. The solution is probably this:—The Author was chiefly confined to fashionable society here, and mixed little with the more instructed classes. In Germany, it is precisely the women of the middling classes who are so lamentably deficient in education,—a defect, of course, there as every where attributable to those who govern their destiny, and who profess sentiments even more unworthy than those here attributed to Englishmen. The motive ascribed to the latter is surely more strong and more noble than the desire of possessing a thorough cook or a contented drudge.—Trans.

[148] We ought perhaps to apologize for suffering this and other similar passages to be printed. But whoever has read thus far, must interest himself in some degree for or against the Author: and in either case these unrestrained judgments upon himself cannot be wholly unwelcome to the reader who likes what is characteristic. Those who like only facts, may easily pass them over.—Editor.

[149] This is seldom to be met with in fashionable society, from the tyrannical demands of English education, which have a very wide influence in the three kingdoms. You observe, therefore, that I often confound English and Irish under one common name; I ought more properly to call them British.

[150] Even religion and morality do not reach all the intricate circumstances and cases which occur in human society:—witness that conventional honour which is frequently at war with both, and whose laws are yet obeyed by the best and wisest of men.

[151] Nach ihrer Decke strecken.

[152] The German name for the system of gymnastics introduced by the celebrated Dr. Jahn, and mixed up, by the young men who cultivated them, with the political opinions designated by the governments as '*Demagogic*.'—Trans.

[153] The Prussian Landwehr system also forms perfect soldiers, horse or foot, in two years.—Editor.

[154] It is perhaps hardly worth remarking, that at the time in which eternal hell-fire was the most sincerely and generally believed in, morality was at the very lowest ebb, and the number of great crimes a thousandfold what it now is. —Editor.

[155] Our *Eilkutschen* will never approach the English stage-coaches till the post is entirely free, and till there is an equal competition of travellers: neither is to be expected.—Editor.

[156] Few persons will agree with this position of the Author. If it be true, how doubly discreditable to English translators is the comparison of their performances with such translations as Voss's Homer, Schleiermacher's Plato, Schlegel's Shakspeare and Calderon, &c. For any approach to these wonderful transfusions, where are we to look? At the abortive attempts at presenting to England any idea of Göthe?—Trans.

[157] 'Popish mummery' is the name given by English Protestants to the Catholic worship;—their own fully answers to the same description.—Editor.

[158] The decorated well-replenished table well set out in every family on Christmas eve.—Trans.

[159] The description in detail is omitted, as familiar to the English reader.—Trans.

[160] The letters alluded to belong to the first part, which see.—Editor.—(See Preface.)

[161] *Ländlich, sittlich,*—a German proverb, to which I do not recollect any corresponding English one.—Transl.

[162] Thus should we ever regard, represent, and treat death. It is only a perverted view of Christianity (perhaps the Jewish groundwork of it), which has made death so gloomy, and with a coarse animal feeling, as unpoetical as it is disgusting, chosen skeletons and marks of decomposition as its emblems.—Editor.

[163] As Napoleon said of his own head: "Carrée, autant de base que de hauteur."—Editor.

[164] A countryman of August Wilhelm Schlegel ought to take shame to himself for the omission of the illustrious name of Flaxman, whose genius was cast in a mould far more purely, severely and elegantly *Greek*, than that of any modern sculptor whatever.—Trans.

**Typographical errors corrected by the etext transcriber:**

over fastidiuot=> over fastidious {pg xiv}
over fastidiuot=> over fastidiuos {pg xiv}
neices=> nieces {pg xv}
surgcial instrument=> surgical instrument {pg xv}
Il est d'angereux=> Il est dangereux {pg 1}
Est ist doch schön=> Es ist doch schön {pg 7}
description of his travels=> descriptions of his travels {pg 4}
self-controling=> self-controlling {pg 9}
á peu de chose près=> à peu de chose près {pg 28}
bow you head=> bow you head {pg 28}
Göethe=> Göthe {pg 29}
Ist gleich bie trübe=> Ist gleich die trübe {pg 41}
travelled a ceriain prescribed=> travelled a certain prescribed {pg 37}
une mine de dolèance=> une mine de doléance {pg 51}
Duke d'Enghein=> Duke d'Enghien {pg 59}
artifical rockeries=> artificial rockeries {pg 66}
Liecester=> Leicester {pg 77}
a la fourchette=> á la fourchette {pg 82}
Opposito to the=> Opposite to the {pg 82}
aud refreshed=> and refreshed {pg 90}
c'est a y revenir demain=> c'est á y revenir demain {pg 92}
piana-forte=> piana-forte {pg 106}
so ageeeable=> so ageeable {pg 108}
exrmples of=> examples of {pg 114}
neice=> niece {pg 136}
Ernst is das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst=> Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst {pg 127}
must have suck fast=> must have stuck fast {pg 131}
celebrathed=> celebrated {pg 135}
the conseqence=> the consequence {pg 137}
Nicht um Platze zu erlangen=> ish überall die Morgenröthe {pg n. 136}
c'est qui ni le rang=> c'est que ni le rang {pg n. 138}
saurient eléver=> sauraient éléver {pg n. 138}
in extravance=> in extravagance {pg 146}
frightful sqeeze=> frightful squeeze {pg 157}
conscientiousnes=> conscientiousness {pg 160}
judging of a scull=> judging of a skull {pg 160}
down to the clear steam=> down to the clear stream {pg 162}
too long absorded=> too long absorded {pg 164}
Ich emfehle mich unterthänigst=> Ich empfehle mich unterthänigst {pg 167}
Fasser=> Fässer {pg n. 168}

Madame von Furstenburgh=> Madame von Furstenburg {pg 174}
leaned over to Napaleon=> leaned over to Napoleon {pg 177}
auf des Stromes tiefunsterstem Grund=> auf des Stromes tiefunterstem Grund {pg 177}
or eatables=> for eatables {pg 178}
which you fancy your hear=> which you fancy you hear {pg 198}
cenceive=> conceive {pg 202}
its grearest breadth=> its greatest breadth {pg 202}
vous êtes trop poli=> vous êtes trop poli {pg 205}
crowed=> crowd {pg 208}
the operatious=> the operations {pg 208}
number of curiosites=> number of curiosities {pg 210}
bien que l'éspérance=> bien que l'espérance {pg 212}
artifical=> artificial {pg 212}
of which there not more=> of which there were not more {pg 212}
its is advantageous=> it is advantageous {pg 212}
in the syle=> in the style {pg 215}
dans l'orielle=> dans l'oreille {pg 216}
Tbe actors=> The actors {pg 217}
dictinctly=> distinctly {pg 218}
magnficence=> magnificence {pg 226}
exhibiton=> exhibition {pg 226}
war er=> was Er {pg 228}
appetit=> appétit {pg 232}
soms time=> some time {pg 233}
accuratety=> accurately {pg 235}
would he a poor=> would be a poor {pg 238}
contatenation=> concatenation {pg 239}
ths scissars=> the scissars {pg 239}
where he lives, at formerly=> where he lives, as formerly {pg 242}
thousend=> thousand {pg 244}
hnge=> huge {pg 246}
thomselves=> themselves {pg 247}
indvidual=> individual {pg 248}
noble mein=> noble mien {pg 249}
Cardinel Wolsey=> Cardinal Wolsey {pg 256}
dèjeunè champêtre=> déjeuné champêtre {pg 261}
viel=> veil {pg 269}
autorite sans replique=> autorité sans replique {pg 270}
assassinated=> assassinated {pg n. 291}
this expedtion been=> this expedition been {pg n. 291}
monkies=> monkeys {pg 297}
justisfy=> justify {pg 299}
at the last dry=> at the last day {pg 299}
most vehements thanks=> most vehement thanks {pg 305}
wholly unmixep=> wholly unmixed {pg 308}
jeau de mots=> jeau de mots {pg n. 316}
bad chacacter=> bad character {pg 327}
coucluded=> concluded {pg 329}
edler Man=> edler Mann {pg 334}
jeau de mots=> jeau de mots {pg n. 316}
Voila ce que c'est que la foi=> Voilà ce que c'est que la foi {pg 318}
the dinner=> the diner {pg 342}
it more poetical=> is more poetical {pg 353}
Bohmische Dorfer=> Böhmische Dörfer {pg n. 353}
too see over=> to see over {pg 357}
stiftsfähiges blut=> stiftsfähiges Blut {pg 368}
snow-white form=> snow-white foam {pg 370}
resté heros=> resté heros {pg n. 375}
imposible to pass=> impossible to pass {pg 382}
the ancients kings=> the ancient kings {pg 384}
a la lettre=> á la lettre {pg 386}
In in instant=> In an instant {pg 387}
inkeeper's daughter=> innkeeper's daughter {pg 389}
to approach near the earth's=> to approach nearer the earth's {pg 391}
its quiet enough=> it's quiet enough {pg 402}
priests here assembed=> priests here assembled {pg 409}
une réligion=> une religion {pg 411}
tous les ages=> tous les âges {pg 419}

find old man=> fine old man {pg 419}
attrocities=> atrocities {pg 429}
aid-de-camp=> aide-de-camp {pg 432}
could he believed=> could he believe {pg 411}
recieve their various marks=> receive their various marks {pg 442}
non de guerre=> nom de guerre {pg 451}
abrubtly=> abruptly {pg 456}
Hir air was=> His air was {pg 478}
eusuite=> ensuite {pg 478}
Helas=> Hélas {pg 478}
be too wore=> he too wore {pg 479}
le sécret=> le secret {pg 483}
moutous=> moutons {pg 483}

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TOUR IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE, IN THE YEARS 1826, 1827, 1828 AND 1829 ***

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