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A

JOURNAL

OF A

RESIDENCE DURING SEVERAL MONTHS

IN LONDON;

INCLUDING EXCURSIONS

THROUGH VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND;

AND A SHORT

TOUR IN FRANCE AND SCOTLAND;

IN THE

YEARS 1823 AND 1824.

Hartford
BY NATHANIEL S. WHEATON, A. M.
RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD.

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DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the first day of January in the fifty-L. S. fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Nathaniel S. Wheaton, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit: "A Journal of a residence during several months in London; including excursions through various parts of England; and a short tour in France and Scotland; in the years 1823 and 1824. By Nathaniel S. Wheaton, A. M., Rector of Christ Church, Hartford."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages were written for the Author's own amusement and that of his friends, during a year passed principally in England; and to aid him in his recollection, at any future period, of the persons with whom he happened to be conversant, and of the objects and scenes which attracted his attention: but not with the slightest expectation that they would ever be laid before the public. As they were supposed, by some of his friends who perused them in manuscript, to contain information on the existing state of the Church of England, and the religious aspect of the metropolis, which might be interesting to Episcopalians in this country, he was easily prevailed upon to select large portions for publication in the EPISCOPAL WATCHMAN. His remarks having thus, in a degree, been made publick, there appeared to be no sufficient reason for withholding his consent to a proposition of his book-seller, to collect and publish the scattered "Notes of a Traveller" in a separate form. Whether they are worthy of the honour of being made into a book, is a point, which the author has allowed to be decided by others. His sensibility as to the reception his Journal may meet with, in its present form, is not excessive; as the reputation of authorship formed no part of his original design.

To the surprise, expressed by some of his readers, at the very qualified approbation bestowed on the pulpit talents and pastoral instructions of many of the English clergy, the writer has but one reply to make—that he has endeavoured to describe them as he found them ; nor is he conscious of having done less than justice in a single instance. His remarks were almost always written down on the spot, and while the impressions were yet fresh on his mind. It was his constant purpose to describe accurately what he saw, and what he heard ; and to indulge as little as possible in general inferences, which are very apt to be fallacious, and are always unsatisfactory. With a veneration, felt in common with most of his readers, for a church, which has trained and sent forth so many gigantic defenders of the Reformed Faith—so many eloquent heralds of salvation, he was perhaps prepared to expect too much from its living apostles ; and this may have given a colouring to his narrative which he would be the first to deprecate, if it should lead in a single instance to unjust conclusions. Still, he must believe, that to have been less sparing of the language of eulogy on living preachers, would have rendered his remarks less worthy of confidence.

Hartford, December, 1829.

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CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

VOYAGES to Europe have now become of such frequency, and are performed with so much celerity in the regular packets, that in ordinary cases, a journal of occurrences can excite little interest beyond the circle of private friendship. Yet, probably few persons have traversed any considerable portion of the globe, without wishing afterwards that they had preserved some memorial of their adventures, however wanting in novelty or general interest; were it only to enable them to restore impressions which are apt to fade from the memory, amid the busy scenes of life.

We sailed from New-York in the packet ship *Cortes*, De Cost, commander, on the 8th of September, 1823; but anchored within the Hook, the wind blowing strong from the eastward, and rolling in a heavy sea. Our spacious cabin is occupied by three passengers only; my ship companions being a Lieutenant of our Navy, and an intelligent young Englishman, returning from his travels through various quarters of the globe. After lying two days at anchor, waiting in vain for a change of wind, and growing somewhat tired of our repose, we heard with peculiar pleasure the cheerful cry of the men at the windlass; and a little after noon, commenced beating out of the channel. A few stretches brought us into the broken, tempestuous sea without the bar, which we soon exchanged for the longer and more regular swell of the ocean. By sun-set, the coast of New-Jersey exhibited only a faint purple streak in the western horizon; which had entirely disappeared the next morning, leaving nothing for the eye to rest upon but a wide waste of waters, flashing and sparkling under the beams of a brilliant sun. It was the first time I had been out of sight of land; and if some emotions of a pensive na-

ture came over my feelings, as I looked in vain for a trace of my native land, they were probably no more than thousands have experienced before under similar circumstances, and thousands will experience again.

For ten days after we left Sandy Hook, we had to contend with an adverse wind, and our progress was of course tediously slow. The weather was however for the most part delightful, and our long stretches away to the southward frequently carried us into the Gulf Stream. This is always indicated by a more elevated temperature, both of the water and of the atmosphere; and generally, by some irregularity in the swell of the ocean. Incidents we have had none to interrupt the monotonous regularity of our mode of life; and the few vessels we have passed were so distant as to appear like specks in the horizon. We observed one day several fish of the Nautilus, or Portuguese man-of-war species, steering their little barks over the waves, with a steadiness and skill which to me were highly amusing. I had no opportunity of examining them; but when seen from the deck, they appeared to be eight or ten inches long, and of a delicate purple colour, streaked and veined with pale red. A high dorsal fin, scalloped at the edge, and very much arched, extends the whole length of the fish, giving it at a distance the appearance of a delicate shell-fish floating on the surface. They are said to lie within a point or two of the wind, which they are enabled to do by their *moorings*, as the sailors call their long feelers; and in this position, the wind acting obliquely on their little sail, gives them a side-long motion, the only one of which they appear to be capable. One of them under the lee of the vessel I observed to capsize, as he was caught in the eddy of the wind made by the ship's sails; but after lying for a moment on his beam's ends, he righted and stood on his voyage. As I stood on the deck, watching the motions of these little navigators, probably the *first* who have spread their sails to the wind, I thought of the exclamation of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all," and fitted them for the stations they are designed to occupy.

Judging by my own experience, there must be something in a sea life peculiarly calculated to dissipate the mind, and unfit it for a sober application to study. The time passes heavily, because it passes unemployed; and few are capable of mental exertion, without an immediate exciting motive. While I am scribbling, one of my fellow passengers is practising the gamut with a flageolet, with which he had unluckily provided himself before leaving port; the other is dozing over a Review; and altogether, we exhibit a very edifying spectacle of idleness and ennui. Indeed, our living is strictly after the flesh. We eat, and drink, and sleep; and this is the sum of our occupations. Conversation "grows drowsy like the ticking of a clock," when the labour of thinking is felt to be a burthen. No friendly gale has yet visited us, to diversify the sameness of the scene, and interrupt the stagnation of our thoughts. We have delicious moon-light evenings; and a more delightful and inspiring scene can scarcely be imagined, than the calm hour of midnight, on ship-board, when the winds and waves are hushed, and the only sounds heard are the light rippling of the waters against the vessel's side, and the measured tread of the watch slowly pacing the deck.

On Friday, the 19th, the wind hauled round to the south, after blowing a fortnight from the eastward; and for the first time since leaving port, gave a *free course* to the ship. During this and the four following days, it held in the same quarter, and swept us along from eight to eleven knots an hour, over a smooth sea. On Saturday, we spoke two vessels, one from Bristol and the other from Liverpool, both bound to Nova Scotia. Read to-day the first, and part of the second volume of Las Casas Journal of events at St. Helena. How profound is his admiration of Bonaparte! He is another Boswell among biographers, only far more idolatrous. His hero, his model, his all-perfect man distinctly avows, that his "internal principles" present no obstacle to suicide; and this, on more than one occasion. He calls it only "going a little sooner to his God!!" What a thick moral darkness must have rested on that otherwise luminous mind! What

could such a being as *he* expect from an interview with his Maker; hastened too by his own hand, in defiance of the published canon against self-murder! His pride, and a faint hope of a turn in publick affairs, kept him from cutting his own throat! He would not gratify the English ministry so far as to take himself out of the way. His *internal principles* were, that *death is an eternal sleep*; in maintaining which, he seems to have forgotten his position concerning suicide,—that it was only going a little sooner to his God. And could he seriously believe, that the burning spirit which for fifteen years had kept Europe on fire, and consumed millions of its population—which had worked out human misery on a scale of such magnitude, that mankind absolutely forgot his atrocities in the grandeur of his conceptions—that *this* spirit would be allowed at death to sink into an everlasting sleep? The truth is, his thoughts on these subjects were wild, crude, and contradictory in the extreme—a chaos of tumultuary dreams, amidst which his agitated spirit found no certain resting-place. Of the existence of a book containing the Revelations of God, he seems scarcely to have been aware; and we therefore cease to feel surprise at the childishness and incoherency of his speculations.

Sunday, Sept. 21st. On reading the XIVth chapter of Isaiah, I was struck with the resemblance between the career and fate of the king of Babylon, and those of the modern hero. How terribly grand are the conceptions of the prophet! No sooner has the conqueror fallen, than praise and acclamation burst forth from the nations; “the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet; they break forth into singing.” Even the fir-trees and cedars of Lebanon rejoice over the fall of the destroyer. But the poetry rises in grandeur, when the dead hero descends to the shades below. The spirits of the mighty, aware of the crimes of his military career, had impatiently awaited his descent into their dreary domain. Hell from beneath is stirred up at his coming. The shades of kings and chief ones of the earth start up from their couches, and hail his approach with bitter taunts, and in a strain of irony which makes one’s blood thrill, as they bend their keen vision on the

overthrown man of blood. They affect surprise, that he, the mighty conqueror, the weakener of nations, had at length become like one of them; and as they move towards him in a procession of slow and mocking solemnity, as if to do homage to his greatness, how is the effect heightened by the *narrow and considering look* with which they regard him! How keenly reproachful is the half ironical, half serious exclamation of surprise, at seeing him there—"Is *this* the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness! All the kings of the nations, (the righteous ones, doubtless) even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house, (his grave;) but *thou* art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch—thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, *because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people.*" What a terrible dramatist was this prophet! What a lesson for conquerors! The worshippers of Shakespeare's genius may be safely challenged to produce a parallel, or any thing approaching it, in the characteristics of sublimity and terror. The scene is laid "in the nether parts of the earth;" the actors are the shades of kings and heroes; and the action represented is the descent of a spirit, stained with the crimes of ambition and conquest.

It is mid-day; and our friends in America are assembled for morning worship in the courts of the Lord. In England, the bells are chiming for evening prayers; but here, our ears are saluted only by the roar of waters. But why may we not join the Psalmist, in summoning the inanimate works of creation to praise God in the firmament of his power. "Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.—Let the floods clap their hands, and rejoice before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth."

Nothing can be more delightful than our progress to-day. The heavens are remarkably serene; the air bland and temperate; and a strong, steady breeze from the south-west urges us on at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, with very little rolling motion. About 2 o'clock, however, having reached the eastern borders of the Grand Bank, we were suddenly enveloped in a fog so thick, that we could scarcely

see the ship's length ; and our deck and rigging were drenched with mist. The bell is rung at short intervals, to give notice of our approach to any vessel that may happen to be in our way.

The reading of *Las Casas* yesterday, introduced a discussion relative to the hero of the tale, in which opposite sides were taken by the company. How is it possible that republicans, champions of political freedom and of the sovereignty of the people, can warmly vindicate the military career of that great enslaver, whose only grasp was at power, and who extinguished every kind of freedom but what depended on his own will ! For the sycophants of an absolute monarchy to laud him, is natural enough ; but for *republicans* to " throw up their caps, and utter such a deal of stinking breath," in praise of their idol, is a striking example of the strange inconsistency into which men are carried by their political prejudices, and their admiration of dazzling qualities, independently of their moral nature.

Monday.—The breeze continues to favour us, and we are gaining on our distance at the rate of two hundred miles a day, through a mist which almost turns day into night. We have made about 26° of Longitude, equal to a little more than a third of our voyage ; but with such prosperous winds as those with which we have been favoured latterly, we hope soon to greet the cliffs of Albion. I strive in vain to recall the feelings of enthusiasm, with which in my boyhood I regarded that country. Ten years ago, what ecstasy would have been in the thought of seeing Westminster Abbey, and ivy-hung ruins of castles, and mighty London, and Scotch glens—objects associated with our earliest reading and most lasting impressions ; but some how or other, " these visions flit less palpably before me," now that they are apparently so near being realized. But so it is. Pleasure, anticipated at a distance, is often entertained with a keener relish, than when the fruition of it is at hand.

Good resolutions.—A few days ago, my companions discussed a plan for a more profitable employment of time, which resulted in a resolution to rise at 6, and devote two

hours to French and Italian. Their operations began and were terminated on the following day; and now, the bell is resorted to, to summon them to breakfast.

While sitting to-day at dinner, the mate called out at the companion-way—*An ICE-BERG on our lee!* The table was cleared in an instant, and all ran upon deck for a sight of this unexpected phenomenon. The fog held up a little, and disclosed to our view a field of ice, about four or five miles to the northward. We could form no opinion of its extent, as it was concealed in both directions by the density of the fog. The same cause prevented us from deriving any assistance from the telescope; but as the fog was lifted up at intervals, we could see the surf breaking against the base of the pile. The mass towered to the height of two or three hundred feet, and appeared of a dirty white colour. The partial obscurity in which it was shrouded, added to its terrific grandeur. The irregular front, which was visible through the mist, must have extended along a line of a quarter of a mile, or more. We thought of the fate of the Liverpool packet, which a few years ago struck against an ice-berg, and went down in a few minutes, burying most of its passengers and crew in the deep; and felt thankful for our preservation. Had the floating pile lay in our way the night before, when we were running at the rate of ten knots an hour, in the midst of a dense fog, our destruction must have been inevitable. Ice-bergs are extremely uncommon in this latitude at this late season of the year, as they have generally crumbled away long before the summer has expired. The one we saw occurred in Lat. $45^{\circ} 50'$ and Lon. $43^{\circ} 20'$ —a little to the south-east of the Outer or False Bank.

Tuesday, Sept. 23d.—Notwithstanding some slight apprehensions on board, that the island we had seen might be one of a cluster—and there were not wanting indications that there were more in this region—we passed the night without alarm, still running eight or nine knots an hour. Early this morning we emerged from the dark cloud of fog which had enveloped us for the last two or three days, and once more hailed the cheerful beams of the sun. The air has had a ve-

ry perceptible icy feeling ; and our captain attributes the uncommon smoothness of the sea, though the wind has been constantly fresh, and the extreme density of the fog, to masses of ice to the windward. It was with singular emotions that I looked yesterday at our unwelcome visiter from the cold regions of the north ; and I shall long retain the recollection of that stupendous pile—

“The gathered winter of a thousand years”—

slowly and majestically drifting down to more temperate climes. It did not escape our observation, that when the fog dispersed, the temperature of the atmosphere rose considerably, and the regular swell of the ocean returned. These circumstances, taken together, afforded a strong presumptive evidence that we had passed to the leeward of a chain of ice-bergs, which the state of the atmosphere did not allow us to observe. We are now rolling, as usual,

“In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,”

with a fresh breeze from the south, and making all the headway we could wish. Passed a brig from Baltimore bound to Liverpool, and soon dropped her astern.

In a discussion with one of my companions on duelling, he acknowledged that it was infamous ; that the man who killed his antagonist in single combat, and on a private account, was a murderer in the eyes of God ; and that he who fell in a duel, fell in the act of committing a sin, which must inevitably draw after it everlasting punishment. Still, he contended that it was necessary for a young officer to fight when called upon. I enquired, what kind of necessity he meant. He replied, that the contempt and insult he would have to endure from his brother officers would oblige him to quit the service, and his society would be shunned by the other sex. And these were the evils which, allowing them in their fullest extent, were to be dreaded more than the eternal wrath of God poured out on the murderer's head ! I represented, that, let a young officer maintain a character decidedly religious, or even eminently moral ; and he might decline a duel with honour, even in the estimation of duellists ; and that, with regard to the opinion of the ladies, I should as soon think of com-

mending myself to the good graces of a tigress, as of one of the sex, to whom the reputation of a duellist would be a recommendation. My companion assented to the justice of these representations, but did not abandon his plea of necessity. To what inconsistencies are the advocates of this wretched custom driven! They tremble at the reproaches of a few unprincipled men and women; but dread not the damnation of hell!

The next day, we were visited with something like a gale, which obliged us to reduce our canvass, leaving hardly enough to keep the vessel steady. The sea looks broken and angry, and the foam is blown like feathers along the surface. One of the last accomplishments attained by a landsman, is the art of sleeping well in rough weather. Every change in the wind, by giving the vessel a new motion, causes him a night of wakefulness, until he has become accustomed to all the varieties of rolling, swinging, and pitching, of which a ship is susceptible. Then, there is, too, the noise of the waves chafing the side of the vessel within a few inches of his ears, like the rubbing of pebbles together; and ever and anon a sea thumping against it, like the stroke of an enormous beetle, and a clatter of blocks and tramping of feet overhead in getting the ship about—all conspiring to “frighten nature’s soft nurse” from his birth. We are now sailing, or rather *rolling*, eleven knots an hour, which compensates for many inconveniences. We have accomplished 227 miles the last twenty-four hours. The next day, our Latitude was $48^{\circ} 29'$, and Longitude 32° . A squadron of small porpoises, of a light brown colour, and slender form, came along side, and accompanied us for several miles, although the ship was running at the rate of nine knots an hour. They appeared not to be more than from three to five feet long, and with very sharp heads and pointed noses. They seemed delighted with an opportunity to display their agility before spectators, in darting from wave to wave, and playing their gambols under the bows and sides of the vessel. At one moment, half a dozen of them would place themselves in the foam under the ship’s bows, and then shoot away with the velocity of an arrow, and join us in another quarter. It

was not till after the closest inspection, that I could discover the slight, tremulous motion of their tails, by which they propelled themselves at so rapid a rate: they appeared to shoot forward in a straight line without any effort. The *fins* seem to be very little used in swimming, except to balance the fish, and enable him to direct his course upwards or downwards in the water. No sea-serpent has yet crossed our track; we have not even seen a whale or a dolphin; and we had too fine a breeze on the banks to stop and angle for cod-fish. How difficult to make out a journal amidst such a dearth of incidents!

The economy of the ship is regulated as follows, when not deranged by our habits of idleness. We breakfast at eight—those of us who happen to be out of our births; dine at three; and take our tea at half past seven. It cannot be denied but that we “fare sumptuously every day.” It is true that a sudden lurch sometimes empties a plate of soup, or capsizes a dish of tea into our laps; but our philosophy is not to be disturbed by such trifles. After breakfast, we go upon deck to inspect the state of the weather, practise gymnastics in the rigging, or play with *Rambler*, who regularly presents himself at the companion-way for a little fun. Then follow two or three hours of reading; and conversation, sleep, and idleness fill up the day. Yet our captain pays us the compliment of saying that we are the most industrious passengers he has ever sailed with.

Sunday, 28th.—The western horizon this evening presented a scene of perfect enchantment. Some bright clouds had settled in that quarter; and being tinged with pale green, yellow, and various other dyes, looked like a bright landscape in a fairy land. But these meteorological appearances, like the creations of a dream, will scarcely bear description.

Monday.—Gray’s letters to his friends, which I have been reading to-day, I consider to be among the most sprightly and graceful which our language affords. His consolatory epistles are also full of feeling and tenderness; but how did it happen that he should miss the only genuine topic of consolation under bereavement, viz. resignation to the ways of prov-

idence through Him, who came to "give rest to the weary and heavy laden?" What is revelation worth, if we will not be instructed by it, and make it the *sole* foundation of our hopes? Seneca would prove as good a comforter in sorrow, as Gray the poet. His letters written during his travels, one would scarcely think were the productions of the same pen. They are too exclusively descriptive to please.

The next day, our captain got an observation, by which the discovery was made that we were twenty miles *north* of the latitude of Cape Clear, instead of thirty miles *south* of it, as the captain had supposed. This was the more remarkable, as an observation had been taken but two days before. The discovery of the error was a very timely one, as we were standing in directly for the shore; and probably saved us from some unpleasant consequences. We sounded in the evening, and found bottom at one hundred fathoms.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st.—Our ears were greeted this morning with the delightful sound of LAND, O! from the man at the mast-head. The cry brought all hands upon deck; but it required the practised eye of seamen to discern at first the faint outline of mountains, whose forms were almost entirely hidden by the haze. Thus have we been but twenty days out of sight of land, during the first half of which time, the ship was never able to have a free course for six hours together. Before evening, we were standing in for St. George's Channel, with stiff, squally weather from the north, which brought us under close-reefed canvass. In the course of the day, we passed the "Old Head of Kinsale"—the scene of the catastrophe of the Albion; and the dreadful bulwark of cliffs which line the shore. What wonder that the image of that melancholy wreck rose before us! I thought, too, of a name dear to science and to worth, which was involved in the common calamity.

"—————Thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world."

The coast presents here a frightful range of precipices for

many miles in extent ; and it is matter of surprise, how any of the ill-fated passengers in the Albion should have escaped with life, while a mountainous sea was breaking against the cliffs.

We continued running along, about twelve miles distant from the shore, the hedges, and cottages of the peasantry, and green fields sloping down to the water's edge, being distinctly visible to the naked eye. This part of the coast is guarded by clusters of little rocky islands, among which the Saltees, the Scylla of mariners, are most conspicuous. Passing the beautiful Tuscar light in the night, we commenced beating up the channel, having the Welch and Irish coasts alternately in view. The most dangerous navigation between New-York and Liverpool, is doubtless that through the Irish sea. On the one hand, a reef of sunken rocks lines for a great distance the semi-circular sweep of Cardigan bay ; and on the other, the Arkloe sands present dangers equally formidable. We continued beating up the channel against strong head winds, and the worst sea we had experienced, until Friday morning, when we had weathered Holy Head, and were standing in for Liverpool. The weather was delightful ; and the returning light revealed to us the high mountains of Penmanmaur, rising in great majesty from behind the island of Anglesea. On our left, the Isle of Man was barely perceptible at a distance. Anglesea, the Mona of the ancients, and the scene of Druidical superstitions, presents a barren and uneven surface ; but to landsmen, who for weeks have seen nothing but the rolling billows of the Atlantic, the most sterile prospect is not without its charms. A few stunted hedges trace their green lines over the bosoms of the hills ; and here and there, a white spire or beacon glitters in the light. A long line of blue smoke, from a copper furnace, has a pleasing effect, relieved as it is by the dark mass of mountains in the back ground ; but on the whole, there is little in the scenery of the northern coast of Wales worthy of remark. The shore itself is a bluff, in many places precipitous, and of a reddish colour.

We came to anchor about eight or nine miles from the

town, on the outside of the bar, the state of the tide not allowing us to pass it; and embarked in a boat shaped much like a punch-bowl. About half way up, we were arrested by another bar, on which there was not more than four feet depth of water. I was not before aware, that Liverpool was so unapproachable at low water as we found it to be. The channel is narrow; the tide runs with great strength; and an extensive sand bank, bare at low water, stretches across the very entrance into the river; on which were lying a number of stranded vessels, fully attesting the dangers of the navigation. On quitting our *tub*, which, in truth, is no other than a machine for recovering lost anchors, at the outer bar, we took to a row boat, and were landed at the docks a little before sun-set, in a deluge of rain, on the 3d of October, 23 days after weighing anchor at Sandy Hook.

As it was just at the close of the "Musical Festival," it was impossible to get lodgings at any of the best hotels, which were all crowded with nobility and gentry from the neighbourhood; and we were obliged to content ourselves with second rate accommodations.

I pass over the vexations and delays of the Custom-house, and the rapacity of drunken underlings, which every passenger has experienced, and every journalist has described. As my trunk contained nothing, except a few books, on which duties could possibly be exacted, I did not have recourse to the usual mode of getting the passage of my baggage hastened; and was punished for my neglect by every possible delay. At length, when it was manifest that no bribe was to be expected, they proceeded to weigh, with the most scrupulous exactness, the few books I had put into my trunk to read on the passage; for every pound weight of which I paid upwards of a shilling sterling, besides the regular fees of the clerks. My companion had a large collection of Chinese curiosities, which he preferred leaving in the hands of the custom-house officers, to paying the enormous duties which were exacted upon them.

Having despatched this troublesome business, we called to pay our respects to the venerable Consul of the United States,

Mr. Maury, well known to all the Americans in Liverpool for the politeness of his attentions, and highly esteemed by all for the benevolence of his character. He was appointed to this station by Gen. Washington, and has not been in America since.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL—ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND—DOCKS, &c.

ON Sunday morning, (Oct. 5th) I went, with Mr. M——, my fellow-traveller, to St. George's Chapel, Everton, a village in the suburbs of Liverpool. A walk of about two, or two and a half miles, brought us to the summit of elevated ground, to the northward of the city, on which Everton is situated. Here we had a commanding view of the busy mart of commerce stretching along the banks of the Mersey, now hushed in the stillness of a Christian Sabbath; and of the opposite shore and mountains of Wales. In a clear day, the view must be delightful; but now, it was partially obscured by a drizzling atmosphere, and the dun smoke of mineral coal disgorged from ten thousand chimneys beneath us. Two or three streets winding along the brow of the hill, and rising by a steep ascent above each other, with elegant mansions and tasteful pleasure grounds, render Everton a desirable place of residence to the merchant, retired from the cares of business. The bell was ringing for service when we arrived; and through the politeness of one of the congregation, we were soon accommodated with a seat.

St. George's Chapel is remarkable for being the first ever erected, in which the ornamental parts were made of cast iron. The door and window frames, and mullions, the columns, ribs, groins, &c. are all of that material, and painted of a light oaken color. It was built in 1814; and from its elevated situation, is a land-mark for sailors entering the port of

Liverpool. The style employed is the modern Gothic, light, airy, and well proportioned, with a square tower in front. The walls are of hewn stone, similar in appearance to that found in the quarries at Chatham, in Connecticut. The ground glass in the windows has a most pleasing effect, in softening and obscuring the light, which is apt to be so annoying in churches built in the modern taste.

Mr. Buddicombe, the preacher at St. George's, is known in America by a volume or two of published sermons, distinguished by their eloquence, piety, and good sense. He was in his pulpit; and we heard him to advantage, as his discourse was an occasional one, in behalf of his Sunday School. He is apparently about forty, of low stature, with features expressive of benevolence, and strength of character. Although he used but little action, his enunciation was earnest and emphatic, and commanded a deep attention from an audience which, notwithstanding the bad weather, was very numerous. Perhaps the church-going people in England are less apprehensive of dangerous consequences from the weather, than those in America. We dropped our shilling into the plate, and returned to our lodgings through a drizzling rain, which, the inhabitants say, has fallen for six weeks, without a day's intermission.

In the afternoon, I went alone to St. Nicholas' church, where all the impressions I had received in the morning were reversed. A dropsical, gouty old man, whose infirmities seemed to be the fruit of good living, galloped through the service with a most indecent haste, and in a hoarse and scarcely audible voice. He was followed by a decent young man, who preached a decent sermon on the completeness of the Christian system, which could offend nobody. Indeed, there were few present to be either scandalized or benefited by his lucubrations. The chancel window is decorated by a beautiful painting, in stained glass, of our Lord's ascension. As this was the first specimen of the kind I had ever seen, my attention was forcibly arrested by the softness and richness of the colouring, which surpasses in effect the finest productions on canvass. A most melancholy occurrence took place at this

church, a few years ago. The stone spire, which was very lofty, gave way and fell upon the building during divine service, scattering terror and death among the congregation. Twenty-two persons were crushed to death on the spot by this accident.

My evening was spent at the church of the Asylum for the Blind—a noble institution, which reflects honour on the humanity of this commercial city. We had a sensible, but not very appropriate discourse, from the Rector. He had too much to say about infidels, and reason enlightened by revelation; and was too speculative for an audience composed of the Blind, or indeed for any congregation whatever.

We went, a few days after, to attend the anniversary of the institution, having been provided with tickets through the attention of our venerable consul. The inmates of the Asylum occupied the gallery, and the church was filled below with the gentry and wealthy inhabitants of Liverpool. The service is performed as it is in the cathedrals; that is, the whole of it is read in musical tones, the female voices just an octave higher than those of the men. The anthems and pieces of music, from Handel, and other eminent composers, were most delightfully performed by the sightless choir; accompanied by the organ, which also was played by a blind performer. When it is considered that the whole service, including the psalms for the day, was recited from memory, it affords a striking instance how much that faculty may be improved by use. There was no hesitancy, no mistake discoverable in the whole service. Some of the voices were very fine: the best was that of a lady of great personal beauty, save that

“————— A drop serene

Had quench'd her orbs, or dim suffusion veil'd

them with “clouds, and ever-during dark.” The effect of the performance was highly impressive. It was impossible, without emotion, to witness fifty or sixty of these unfortunate beings, among whom there was not a ray of vision, lifting up their voices in sweetest harmony, in a chorus of praise to their Creator.

The preacher for the day was the Bishop of Sodor and Man, a prelate of youthful appearance, and a countenance indicating gentleness and benevolence rather than strength of mind. "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind!" furnished an appropriate subject for a discourse, which, although correct, was wanting in force. As an appeal had been made to our charity, I was surprised to see the congregation dismissed and retiring from the church, without an actual demand being made upon our purses. Yet I thought they moved away very slowly. The thing was explained, however, on reaching the door. Breastworks had been placed in the vestibule, during the service, in such a manner as to admit of but one person passing at a time. Behind these stood certain high-born ladies, who with smiling faces and fair hands, offered the plate to receive the charity of each visiter. As the honourable and beautiful are selected for this service on any important occasion; and are attended by a group of their companions, under whose eye it is necessary to pass, the policy of the arrangement must be confessed, whatever may be thought of its propriety. Few, I observed, had the assurance to escape, without paying tribute to the silver plate.

The following two days were spent in surveying Liverpool and its environs, and examining whatever was most worthy of notice. The docks for the safety and repair of shipping are not among the least curiosities of the place. Some idea of the magnificence of the scale on which they are constructed may be formed from the dimensions here given. Besides the Old Dock, appropriated principally to the reception of East and West India ships; there is the King's Dock, 290 yards in length by 90 in width, with its long range of tobacco ware-houses; St. George's Dock, 250 yards by 100, reckoned the most commodious of any; Queen's Dock, the largest and best finished of these stupendous works; Prince's Dock lately completed; besides eight or nine graving and dry docks for the repair of vessels. The wet docks are opened an hour or two before high tide, and closed soon after the ebb has commenced. Within these basins, ships lie in the most

perfect security, and meet with every facility, on the spacious quays, for discharging and taking in their loading. All these works are constructed of free-stone, and in a most admirable style of masonry.

The Exchange, including the town-hall, is a noble, spacious building, erected at an expense of £80,000 sterling. It occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the area of which is near 200 feet square. None of the religious edifices are remarkable, though they are generally neat and creditable to the taste of the city. A new Gothic church is now partly erected, which promises to be the most ornamental structure in the place. We paid a hasty visit to the Botanical Garden, situated a little out of the town. It is spacious, and beautifully laid out, and rendered perfectly rural by a broad belt of thick shrubbery and trees, planted around the exterior boundary.

Liverpool is quite a modern city, as it was little known in the commercial world till the middle of the last century. Since that time, its population has increased five fold, and now amounts to nearly 100,000. To the Slave trade is owing its rapid rise from obscurity, the merchants of the place having formerly been engaged in that traffic to a great extent. Since its abolition, manufactures and foreign commerce have conspired to perpetuate the prosperity begun in so inauspicious a manner; and its growth in latter years has more resembled that of one of our new, American cities, than the tardy progress of the cities of the old world. It exhibits in general the appearance of opulence and refinement. The streets are well paved, and sufficiently spacious, with the exception of a few in the old and commercial parts of the town. The ground rises by a gentle slope from the river until it meets the base of the ridge, on which stands the delightful village of Everton, where a steep ascent commences, every step of which discloses new prospects over the city, the opposite shore of Wales, and the lofty broken country in the back-ground.

Having devoted what time we could spare to a survey of notable things, we packed up our trunks, and prepared to

take leave of this city of docks, fat men and fat women, coal-smoke, dirty streets, cast iron, mammon and mud.

CHAPTER III.

RIDE TO BIRMINGHAM—STAFFORD—WOLVERHAMPTON—BIRMINGHAM—
MUSICAL FESTIVAL—BRAHAM—MRS. SALMON—MISS STEPHENS—MA-
DAME CATALANI—RIDE TO LONDON—DR. PARR—WARWICK CASTLE
—OXFORD—LONDON.

ON a cold frosty morning, I found myself for the first time in my life, on the top of an English coach, whirling out of Liverpool, while night and day were yet disputing for the dominion. At first, I was quite unable to reconcile my station—on the top of the vehicle, eight feet from the ground, with a load of baggage piled higher than my head, and trundled along at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour,—with my preconceived ideas of personal safety. A novice in these matters might be forgiven for holding tight a little at first, and meditating a jump in case of an upset; for which, indeed, these machines seem admirably adapted.

Our road towards Birmingham lay through Warrington, Knutsford, Stafford, Bankwood, and Wolverhampton. Cheshire, so famous for its dairies, is a very level county, and almost wholly appropriated to pasturage. Few of the fields appear to have been disturbed for many years by the plough. As we entered Staffordshire, the country became more hilly, and apparently less fertile. A little after noon, we reached the ancient city of Stafford, very compactly built, but not very extensive. The extreme narrowness of the streets, and the jutting houses of timber and plaster, proclaim at once the antiquity of the place. While our coach-companions were snatching their hasty meal, we sallied forth to look at the churches, whose venerable appearance at a distance had attracted our notice. To find them was no easy matter, amidst such a labyrinth of crooked lanes. At length, we made our

way to one, rather by accident than design; but another, whose "antique towers" had arrested our attention, defied all our attempts to approach it, or even to find where it stood, so completely was it hidden by the irregular piles of old buildings in its neighbourhood. A blast from the bugle put an end to our researches; and we hastened back just in time to resume our seats.

As we emerged from the dark alleys of the city, the towers of Stafford Castle appeared to our right on an eminence, and partly embosomed among the trees. This old fortification, if I rightly remember, was often battered during the wars of the parliament. The main part of the castle is hidden by the trees; but two heavy circular towers, with projecting battlements, attract the eye of the traveller.

In the course of our ride this afternoon, we passed SPRING VALE ASYLUM, a retreat for lunatics, situated in one of the most delightful places imaginable. A narrow glen, with steep, irregular banks, penetrates the hill which skirts along the road; and about a quarter of a mile up this romantic vale, the building is situated. A brawling stream tumbles down the glen by a variety of cascades; and its waters are at length collected into an artificial bason, in the midst of which is a large jet d'eau. The banks are tastefully laid out in irregular winding walks; along which, a number of patients were sauntering, and amusing themselves with looking at the passengers below. No situation could have been more happily chosen for soothing the irritation of the maniac, or charming away the grief of melancholy, than that of Spring Vale Asylum.

Wolverhampton is a place of some note; old, dirty, with narrow streets, and black with coal-dust. From this to Birmingham, fourteen or fifteen miles, the road winds along among piles of coal and iron ore, rubbish thrown out from the mines, furnaces, and steam-engines, the number of which is incredible. It was now twilight: we rode under a thick canopy of smoke; and the fires blazing from countless furnaces for smelting, the creaking of engines, and the hundreds of sooty figures toiling in the yellow light of the burn-

ing piles, gave a strange and unearthly effect to the whole scene. One might easily fancy that he had passed the Styx, and got into the regions of Pandemonium. We did not fairly escape from the hubbub till we were almost ready to enter Birmingham : and on looking back, the whole horizon was in a glow with the light, reflected from the countless fires of "the Bilston Works." The Birmingham canal passes through them, and supplies the city with coal. Canals, indeed, are almost as numerous as roads ; we have been passing over, or diving under them, the whole day.

England is now lighted with gas. Every village has its line of leaden pipes twisted about under ground, creeping up the corners of houses, and spirting out their jets of flame for the convenience of the public. Churches, halls, dining-rooms, streets, shops—all are now made luminous by carburated hydrogen gas. We entered Birmingham in the evening, between a double row of gas-lights, just as the rain was beginning to descend copiously ; and not choosing to give half a guinea for a night's loding at "the Hen and Chickens," after a tiresome search which carried us over half the city, we found accommodations, such as they were, at a rate somewhat lower. The reason of this extortion was, that the Musical Festival was now holding at Birmingham, which had brought together a large concourse of strangers. It was with great satisfaction that I learned, that the piece to be performed the next day was the Messiah.

Going the next day to St. Philip's Church, we found the avenues guarded by horse dragoons, to preserve order among the multitude, who were assembled by thousands ; and paying our half guinea at the door, we were fortunate enough to secure an eligible place for hearing. The choir consisted of about two hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, the most eminent in the country. Braham commenced with the solo, "Comfort ye my people ;" and in about three hours and a half, I heard for the first time the whole of this divine composition.

Braham's voice is powerful, which I suspect has ever been its greatest recommendation. Some of its tones are still

sweet ; but others are rough and unmusical. He sings with an appearance of much effort, and his voice, I should apprehend, was losing its flexibility and grace.—Knyvett's falsetto voice, not loud, but clear and mellifluous, and Bellamy's bass solos, are justly admired. That of "The trumpet shall sound," echoed by the deep, startling tones of the trombone, had a grand, and even awful effect.

Among the female performers, setting aside Madame Catalani, of whom more anon, Mrs. Salmon is the greatest favourite. Her voice is one of great compass and sweetness, which she manages with admirable skill. That of Miss Stephens is soft, clear, and melodious, but not powerful. Her style of singing is rather quiet than brilliant. There is also an air of too much languor and *non chalance* in her manner, to fix the attention powerfully.

Who has not heard of Madame Catalani? Her reputation for being the best of all the tuneful choir in the world, may warrant a more particular notice of her. If her singing delighted me, I was disgusted with her affectation. At a pause in the performance, she was led forward, and took her seat ; and immediately commenced bowing and smiling to the genteel company which sat in the opposite gallery. Then she threw herself into a variety of postures, adjusting her dress, smiling, languishing, clasping her hands, throwing up her eyes, and *attitudenizing* in the most affected manner, till the organ began the prelude to the solo,—“I know that my Redeemer liveth ;” when she arose and commenced that strain, so full of pathos and trembling hope. But its effect was nearly lost on me ; I could not drive her fantastic airs out of my head sufficiently to enter into the spirit of the piece. The vast power, the richness, the compass and flexibility of her voice, however, were evident. She sang with sufficient simplicity, until she came to the penultimate syllable, to which she appended such a string of graces and embellishments, as to cause every one involuntarily to suspend breathing till she had got through. In her person she is tall and full formed ; with nothing Italian in her features, except her eyes, which

are full, soft, and dark : her dress was rather gaudy, and decorated with a profusion of jewels.

The Musical Festivals, which take place every year in England, are constituted on the following plan : A society exists, under the direction of a Board of Managers, consisting of Lords temporal and spiritual, for the collection of charities by musical exhibitions. The most eminent performers in England are engaged ; and during the autumnal months, they visit the large provincial towns, in each of which, they perform three or four days in succession. The exhibition necessarily brings together great numbers of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, and large sums are collected in this way. At York, the sale of Tickets during the Festival amounted to £15,000 sterling ; and the audience in the Cathedral is said to have exceeded 4000. The proceeds of the present exhibition are given to the Birmingham Infirmary.

We had no opportunity to look at the manufactories, for which Birmingham is so much celebrated ; nor did they, in truth, appear to be so numerous as has been often represented. We expected to see a city composed of smithies ; but after exploring a great many streets, we were still obliged to enquire,—where are the shops of the button-makers ? Birmingham presents to the eye of the traveller only a neat, well built city, savouring much less of coal-dust and smoke, than Liverpool. We dined with a friend after the Musical exhibition was over ; and early the next morning mounted the coach for London.

Leaving Birmingham as the day was beginning to dawn, we dashed away towards the south, at the usual break-neck velocity. Among the passengers was a jolly Scotchman, returning with his “gude wife” from a visit to his native mountains. He was one of those who, according to Dr. Johnson, thought the high road to London a more pleasant prospect than the glens and barren hills of “the land o’cakes.” He had emigrated at an early age ; and after a few years in London, and a few more in India, had made his nest in the south of England.—Such were the outlines of his personal history which he voluntarily gave us. I could not easily make

him believe that I had learned the English language in America ; and he eagerly enquired if all the Americans talked as I did. At Hatton, a little hamlet on the road, we drew up before a small, plain house, to take in a young Oxonian. A fat old gentleman, in a bob wig and clerical dress, with a long pipe in his mouth, came out to take leave of his former pupil. "Farewell, Charles ; God bless you, my dear fellow ;—take care of yourself ; farewell, farewell,"—said the old man shaking his young friend heartily by the hand. This was DOCT. PARR, the famous Greek scholar, whose name is familiar to the literati all over Europe. The young student gave us some anecdotes of the doctor, whom he spoke of with enthusiasm. He is Vicar of Hatton ; and his little church, capable of holding twenty families, is buried under a clump of elms, at a small distance from the road. His authority among his parishioners is unbounded ; and he employs it to the benevolent purpose of healing their differences, and advising them in all their little concerns. Instead of preaching his own sermons, he takes a volume of Barrow or Tillotson into the pulpit,—gives some account of the author,—reads a discourse,—explains as he goes along, and translates the hard words into more intelligible English. His salary is only £80 per annum ; and small as it is, he has no wish for preferment.*

A few miles farther brought us to Warwick, the shiretown of the county of the same name, and pleasantly situated on the bank of the Avon. The church, with its lofty tower, and elegant gothic architecture, is an attractive object. But what most forcibly arrests the attention is Warwick castle, with its broad and buttressed walls rising from the very margin of the river. Two pretty high circular towers, massy, and of unequal elevation and architecture, with loop-holes and battle-

* Dr. Parr is since dead. His being overlooked, in the dispensation of church patronage, was owing to his Unitarianism, and general laxity of religious principle ; of which he made little secret. For some time before his death, it was his custom to mutilate the liturgy—still retaining his living in the national church, to whose articles and formularies he had repeatedly subscribed his assent.

ments, project far above the trees of the park, and offer a resting place to the rooks, whose nests load the branches of the neighbouring trees. While looking on this venerable pile, —one of the most magnificent relics of the feudal ages in all England,—the mind naturally reverts to those days of chivalry and disturbance, when the Earls of Warwick acted so conspicuous a part in making and unmaking kings. Those times have passed away; and the mailed warriors, who once issued from the portals of the castle, to mingle in the frays and combats of that unsettled period, have slept their final sleep.

“The knights are dust,

“And their good swords are rust,

“Their souls are with the saints, we trust;”

although charity herself could scarcely subscribe to the last sentiment of the poet as an article of faith, if it be meant to apply to them all. Now, the stillness which brooded over the castle, and its shady walks and bowers, tinged by the rays of a bright morning sun, forcibly contrasted with the martial appearance of the fortress, and indicated how changed is the genius of the present times, from that of the period to which I have alluded. The Avon is here about fifteen or twenty yards wide; and by the gentleness of the current, is fully entitled to the epithet of “soft-flowing.” It winds along through a range of beautiful meadows; and “the sedge-crowned sisters” which haunt its margin, give a rural and neglected appearance to the stream immortalized by the genius of Shakspeare.

Nothing worthy of particular observation presented itself till we came in sight of the obelisk at Blenheim, four or five miles from Oxford, whence the spires and domes of that famous seat of learning were visible. It is unnecessary to say that all my powers of attention were called forth, as we drove into this city of colleges and chapels; and that I consented to leave it thus hastily only in the hope of revisiting it under circumstances more favourable for observation. Term time had just commenced, and gowns and square caps had begun to make their appearance in the streets. We stopped only long enough to change horses—a matter quickly despatched

with an English stage-coach—and as we left the city, crossed the muse-haunted Isis by a neat stone bridge. This is a very beautiful river, wandering through an expanse of meadow as level as a bowling-green. The road soon leads up a hill commanding a delightful view of the city and adjacent plain. The Thames, which gives name to the father of English rivers, is much smaller than the Isis, into which it empties. Our way now lay along a gently undulating country, rich with cultivation, and ornamented with villages, parks, and country seats. Henley upon Thames, once the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, before he became acquainted with courts, is charmingly situated in a deep valley. Night overtook us soon after passing Great Marlow; and the remaining places, however resplendent by gas light, would shine but little in description. We rattled over the pavements of Maidenhead, leaving Windsor Castle to the right, and Eton College to the left—skimmed Hounslow heath, no longer a heath, but enclosed and cultivated—routed the swine of Brentford—crossed Turnham Green, though we could neither see nor feel any thing but pavements—clattered along the narrow street of Hammer-smith—arrived at Kensington, not forgetting Swift's pun about the peas, and Kensington, and Turn 'em green—all the way for miles brilliant with gas-light—entered Piccadilly by Hyde Park—wheeled through certain intricate lanes into High Holborn, and were set down in the court of the “George and Blue Boar,” in the midst of London.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON—ST. PAUL'S—BOW CHURCH—ST. CLEMENT'S DANES—ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN—FULHAM—BISHOP OF LONDON—FULHAM CHURCH-YARD—TOMBS OF THE BISHOPS—WALK TO LONDON.

London has few *boarding-houses*, like those in the large cities in the United States. Strangers either establish themselves in the Hotels, if they can afford the expense; or in private lodgings, where they can live as quietly and econom-

ically as they please, bating the high rent at which apartments are let. We accommodated ourselves with the latter, in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river, for which we paid two guineas a week; and were soon at leisure to commence exploring the curiosities of this mighty metropolis.

A stranger naturally goes to St. Paul's among the first places he visits, attracted thither by the fame of the temple, and the fine cathedral music, if he has any taste for that science. Morning prayer was nearly concluded when I entered; and as the gates of the choir are always closed on the conclusion of the second lesson, I was shown into the gallery. Here, I counted about *one hundred* people assembled for worship in this vast building! The preacher's discourse was made up of common-place thoughts, expressed in very ordinary language, but delivered in a pompous style, as though the speaker was not unconscious of his fine voice and rhetorical abilities. An eye-glass, occasionally interposed, supplied the place of a pair of spectacles, but added nothing to the impressiveness of his delivery. There was little either in his manner, or the matter of his discourse, to edify or impress; and he was evidently complimented by a very small share of the attention of the audience.

After service was over, I spent a few minutes in looking at the statues, and surveying the proportions of this ecclesiastical pile—the glory of British architecture. The side-aisles, with their long succession of arches—the lofty ceiling of the nave—the beautiful mosaic pavement of white and blue marble, the echoing dome, with its gorgeous paintings, resounding to the slightest foot-fall of the spectator—the vastness of the space inclosed—all conspire to fill the imagination with wonder and delight. Monumental statues of Howard, of Dr. Johnson, of Nelson and Cornwallis, and other British worthies, who have fought the battles, or otherwise contributed to the fame, of their country, present their cold and motionless marble forms on every side; and from the base of the dome hang the torn banners of enemies overthrown in battle. Although it becomes a religious people to attribute

all the glory of success in war, to "the Lord of Hosts;" yet the propriety of displaying these mementos of "wars and fightings," which come of the unsubdued lusts of men, in a consecrated temple of the Prince of Peace, may perhaps be questioned. The associations connected with a sight of these trophies, gathered at Trafalgar, and on the well-fought field of Talavera, are certainly very little in harmony with the feelings suitable to a place of divine worship.

Only a small portion of the cathedral is used for divine service on ordinary occasions. The place assigned for the daily service is *the choir*—a space at the east end of the building, equal to the area of an ordinary church; and separated from the rest by a screen, or partition, about fifteen feet in height. This is decorated with rich carving in oak, representing fruits, foliage, the heads and wings of cherubim, &c. from the chissel of Grinlin Gibbons, whose fame in this species of work is unrivalled. The stalls of the Dean and Prebendaries, ranged around the sides of the choir, are exquisitely wrought of English oak—a species of wood admirably adapted for this purpose, by the closeness and hardness of its texture. Time and exposure to the air have changed its colour to a rich chesnut brown, than which, no colour can be more appropriate to the interior of a place of worship.

Neither the exterior of St. Paul's, nor that of any church I have yet observed in this country, presents that strong contrast of colours, which, in the plenitude of our bad taste, we are so fond of exhibiting on our churches in America. Most of them are built of the Portland stone; and as this material is used, and no other, for the whole exterior of the building a perfect uniformity of colour is preserved, from the foundation to the top of the spire. Any variety in this respect only gives the edifice a tawdry appearance, materially detracting from its elegance and simplicity. The hue of the Portland free-stone is however ill-suited to such an atmosphere as that of London—indeed, it is difficult to conceive of *any* colour except black, which can long preserve its identity, in an atmosphere perpetually charged with coal-smoke, which would speedily tarnish a palace of gold. The general hue of the

walls, originally of a pale cream-colour, becomes a dirty brown; and this has been the fate of the magnificent St. Paul's. On some of the projecting mouldings, and sides of pillars most exposed to the rains, the primitive colour of the stone is preserved; and here and there stripes of white are visible, where the water has coursed down the sides of the building; so that the effect of the architecture is seriously impaired by this motley appearance, for which there is no remedy. It is partly owing to this, and partly to the confined space about St. Paul's, that the *first* view of the cathedral is less striking than is anticipated. It is not till after a long acquaintance, that its majestic proportions, and fine combination of parts, are fully felt and acknowledged.

In the afternoon, I attended service at St. Mary-le-bow, Cheapside, where I was not more successful in finding a congregation. Seventy or eighty hearers below, and nearly as many charity children in the gallery, composed the whole audience, in a church capable of containing twelve hundred. The duty of making the responses, devolved on the clerk and charity children; and my ears were stunned with their harsh and tuneless voices, murdering the chants in a manner I had never witnessed.

On the following Sunday, (Oct. 19,) I paid my devotions in St. Clement's Danes, the rector of which is Mr. Gurney, almost the only Calvinistic preacher of the Establishment, in the metropolis. His place was supplied this morning by his son, a young man of about thirty. Although my seat was near the desk, I did not even hear the sound of his voice till he was considerably advanced in the service; nor could I clearly distinguish a whole sentence from beginning to end. The church, it is true, is most unfortunately situated for hearing, being placed in the middle of the Strand, one of the most public thoroughfares of London; but the preacher's voice was distinct enough in the *pulpit*, for which he had evidently reserved his strength. It would be difficult to vindicate the propriety of throwing the impressive service of the church into the back ground, to render the sermon more prominent and attractive. The preacher's discourse was animated and

impressive, though it had very little method. Like all the English preachers I have yet heard, and indeed, like most of our own, his delivery was wanting in freedom; or, as the Rev. Mr. Balwhidder would say, "it was too costive." He was hampered by his notes, which, it was obvious, he had studied very little. Here, too, the singing and responding were committed to the clerk and charity children; for what reason, it would be difficult to say. The former was harsh and discordant, and the latter drawing and monotonous. The audience was very numerous and attentive.

After going to several churches in the afternoon, where I found I was either too early or too late, I entered St. Andrews', Holborn, just after the preacher had named his text. His discourse on "walking in the Spirit" was animated, full of excellent matter, and delivered with singular eloquence to a thronged audience, who gave him the most profound attention. The talents, and piety of the preacher would entitle him to a place among the first of Christian orators; but to all my inquiries who he was? I only received for answer—"I don't know, *I'm sure*"—a mode of negation with which my ears are becoming familiar. The organ of this church has a most delightful tone; and when blended with the well disciplined voices of near two hundred charity children, the effect was most solemn and impressive.

St. Andrews is another monument of the architectural skill of Sir C. Wren, and of about the same date as St. Paul's. The chancel window of stained glass, representing the Lord's supper in the lower division, and in the upper one his ascension, is a most beautiful production of the art.

Having occasion to wait on the Bishop of London, I took the road, one fine morning, to Fulham, the country residence of the Bishop. The distance from the metropolis is six miles, and the palace stands about half a mile from Fulham village. A winding carriage-road, bordered on either side with venerable elms, leads over a perfectly level plain to the mansion, which is a plain brick edifice, grown dingy with age, and destitute of any pretensions to magnificence. It stands on the north bank of the Thames, in the midst of an extensive

park, over whose bosom are scattered innumerable clumps of trees ; but the grounds have a neglected appearance ; and the serpentine canal, which skirts along the road leading to the palace, was choked with weeds, and covered with "the green mantle of the standing pool." These circumstances, together with the seclusion of the spot, give it an air of rural quietness and beauty, the more striking from its proximity to the thronged metropolis. Here, the amiable Porteus expired, in 1809 ; and it is easy to conceive, that his mild spirit took peculiar delight in these peaceful shades, whenever his official duties would allow him to retire from the harassing occupations of his extensive charge. During my ride, which was through Chelsea, I had leisure to admire the immense gardens, replenished with fruit-trees, and vegetables of every description, for the markets of the metropolis. Hundreds of acres seemed to be under this species of cultivation ; with many a strip of board nailed to the walls, bearing the startling inscription :—" Beware of man-traps and spring-guns." These mementos, indeed, obtrude themselves on the sight from almost every garden and pleasure-ground in the island. They may be necessary for the preservation of game and fruit ; but their effect on the nerves of an American is far from agreeable.

I found the Bishop* at home ; and after sending up my card, was shown into the library. While he was perusing my letters, I had an opportunity of studying his features and appearance. His age is apparently near sixty—his complexion sallow and unhealthy, like that of a man of studious habits ; the expression of his countenance benevolent, rather than marked with lines of strong thought ; and his person thin and emaciated. He had on the usual episcopal dress, consisting of a bob wig, a cassoc, and straight-breasted coat, buttoned up to the neck. On his table lay a pile of letters, which he seemed to be perusing and answering ; but he pushed them aside, and immediately entered into conversation, putting a variety of questions relative to the church in the United States, and the state of literature amongst us. On the sub-

* Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

ject of Unitarianism, he was particularly inquisitive. Speaking of our literary men, he observed, "You have some able writers in your country.—I read the *North American Review*, and I think some of the articles admirably written, and with a juster judgement on the merits of the books reviewed, than is shown by our reviewers. But the mystery of reviewing here wants explaining. The writer, for instance, must not condemn a book, which stands on the shelves of his *publisher*.—Then, again, he considers to what religious or political *party* the author belongs, and the work is approved or condemned accordingly. The *Edinburgh Review* has often been highly inconsistent; sometimes depreciating, and then commending the same work, according to the immediate purpose to be answered. It is decidedly hostile to Christianity; but has now sunk almost out of notice in this country." After remaining near an hour, I rose to take leave; but he still detained me, standing and conversing, which led me to hope that my visit had not been unpardonably prolonged. His library is a small apartment, very plainly but neatly fitted up, and looking out on the Thames, which glides peacefully along a few yards from the windows. The impression I received from the interview was, that his lordship's talents are of a highly respectable stamp—his knowledge general, and his disposition amiable and benevolent. He talks much, but not fluently, nor always with a happy choice of expressions—appearing sometimes to be at a loss for proper words, and often stopping to change the form of a sentence. These defects disappear, however, before the kindness and affability of his manners.

Wishing to enjoy new prospects, as the day was remarkably fine, instead of returning by the same route, I took the road to Fulham bridge, intending to cross and return on the Surrey side of the river. Recollecting that the churchyard contained the ashes of many of the Bishops of London since the Reformation, I could not resist the temptation to walk among the tombs of these illustrious dead, and to read on their monuments those names; which shall "be had in everlasting remembrance." A narrow, winding street,

brought me to the humble gate-way which opens into the church-yard, a space of about an acre and a half, irregularly intersected by gravelled walks. The place, secluded in itself, is rendered still more so, by the trees and shrubbery which surround it, disclosing, through an opening in the foliage, the river, which flows by at a little distance. The church is situated in an angle of the area ; and is one of those humble structures on which Time has laid his corroding hand, and whose breaches have been ill supplied by patches of modern masonry. Here is a richly carved window, of the ancient gothic proportions ; and there, one more light and modern presents its semicircular sweep, in bad accordance with the original style of the building. The place is darkly shaded with elms ; and no spot can be conceived better fitted for the last repose of the dead, or more calculated to awaken solemn reflections.

A groupe of monuments, near the chancel window, first arrested my attention ; and after a few steps, I found myself on the spot where repose the ashes of those prelates, most of whom, it is no judgment of charity to say, have received an unfading crown of glory, in exchange for an earthly mitre. Here sleep the mortal remains of Gibson, of Sherlock, of Terrick, of Hayter, of Lowth, of Porteus, of Randolph, with many others, whose names are dear to every Christian scholar. While the tombs of some are decorated with the crosier and mitre, the insignia of their sacred office, the feeling which inscribed the mausolea of others seems to have been—

“ His monument shall be his name alone.”

None of them can be called magnificent, and a few are quite unadorned. That of the illustrious Lowth is remarkable for its plainness, and the simplicity of its inscription ;—“ Robert Lowth, D. D. Lord Bishop of London, died Nov. 3d, 1784.’ This is all. That of another of his fellow sleepers simply bears on a plain marble slab, the following characteristic inscription—“ H. LONDON. *Εἰ μὴ ἐν τῷ σταυρῷ** MDCCLXII.”

* Only in the cross. Gal, vi. 14.

Observing a cluster of tablets in another part of the church-yard, I approached them, and read the names of John Owen, and Granville Sharp; the one the Secretary, the defender, and the historian of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and the* other, the unwearied champion of the oppressed Africans, while as yet there was no eye to pity them, and no arm had been raised in their defence. Here sleep this illustrious pair, side by side; with a square tablet of stone erected over each, exactly alike in form and size. That of Owen bears the familiar, and in this case, most appropriate inscription, "Blessed are the dead," &c. As I stood by their graves, with the smiling river gliding in full majesty before me, the pensive lines of the poet Collins occurred to my recollection, as applicable to each:—

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid thy gentle spirit rest.

At a little distance, I observed a monument erected over the grave of a young Frenchman, De La Bigne, with the appropriate motto from Pope's Elegy; "By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed," &c. There is, I know not why, a dreariness in the thought of dying on a foreign soil, although "by strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned." It is a natural feeling, not easily corrected by the obvious reflection, that it matters not *in what place* "the earthly house of this tabernacle" is taken down, since it must sooner or later be dissolved some where; nor from what point on this little globe the spirit takes its flight, provided it arrives by a safe passage at the long desired resting-place, in "the house not made with hands."

Having gratified my curiosity, and indulged, I would hope, a better and far different feeling, in this consecrated spot, I pursued my walk over the wooden bridge, to Putney, on the Surrey side. The road towards London lies along a gentle eminence, commanding in most places a delightful view of the valley, through which the Thames pursues its serpentine course. To have a right conception of the prospect, one

must imagine a plain, expanded to the width of three or four miles from north to south, through which the river makes its way to the eastward, but nearest the southern margin of the valley. Here commences a gently undulating country, along which, and considerably elevated above the plain, lay the road I was pursuing. On attaining an eminence, I stopped to survey a wide expanse of fertile meadows "clothed with flocks," marked with the dark green lines of the hawthorn hedge, and sprinkled with cottages and country seats. The elm, the willow, and numerous other forest trees, brought their glories to adorn the landscape; and on turning to the north-east, the dun drapery of London appeared hanging in the air, with the huge bulk of Westminster Abbey dimly descried through the atmosphere of smoke. Being still unsuccessful in finding a coach to London, although I met them in abundance, I pursued my walk, till I began to plunge again into the thronged streets of the city. Passing by Vauxhall, the seat and throne of plebeian dissipation; and threading "the Bishop's Walk," at Lambeth, a walled passage overhung with trees, I came to "the stairs" of Waterloo bridge; and ascending the terrace by just fifty steps, I stopped to admire this stupendous and beautiful work, as compact and immoveable as if it had been hewn out of the solid rock. There is, in fact, nothing but granite to be seen in the whole structure, save the appendages about the lamps. I paid my penny toll, and crossed to my lodgings with aching feet, having walked nine or ten miles with little intermission.

CHAPTER V.

HAMPSTEAD—STATUE IN HYDE PARK—A RADICAL PARSON—REV. T. H. HORNE—CHRIST CHURCH—PREACHER AT ST. ANNS—DR. RUDGE—MR. IRVING—DR. GASKIN—DR. WATTS.

Our street is enlivened every evening with serenades ; and while I am writing, clarionets, French horns, and the reed of Pan, are performing a concert under my window. A little boy with his harp often gives us some delightful airs, with almost the skill of a master, and with a wild and self-taught grace. A few evenings since, we had all the above mentioned instruments, with the addition of a drum, a Highland bagpipe, and an organ, performing together, though, unhappily for our ears, *not* in concert. The little harper prevailed ; and regaled us with some of the sweetest music, after his more noisy competitors had left the field. The expected guerdon of these roving minstrels is a handful of coppers.

Oct. 22.—After the rains, which have poured down incessantly since our arrival in England, we are now beginning to have some delightful weather. We yesterday availed ourselves of the respite, by making an excursion to Hampstead, to wait on the American Minister. The road lies across a plain, stretching about four miles to the north-west of St. Paul's, where an ascent commences, gradually increasing in steepness, till it terminates on the "Heath," above the village of Hampstead. The view from this point is at once extensive, and diversified with a great variety of grand and beautiful objects. London lay stretched out beneath us, obscured, as usual, by a vast cloud of smoke, above which, St. Paul's reared its huge dome, which seemed to be suspended in the air, or rather, to rest on the sea of vapour which was spread around its base. To the east and west, the eye ranged over that

" ——— vale of bliss, those softly swelling hills,
On which the power of cultivation lies ;"

and among which, the rural muse of Thompson so much delighted to rove. It is now a season of the year when the forests in America are clothed in that brilliant and many-coloured robe of fading foliage, which is exhibited, it is said, in no other part of the world. Autumn has here no such magical effects. The fields are still beautifully green, and the forests exhibit an almost unvaried mass of brown colour tinged with yellow. I am disposed to attribute this acknowledged sameness to a want of variety in the forest trees themselves. The elm, a different species from ours, predominates every where ; and of the lordly oak, there are here few varieties. I miss the bright scarlet of the sumac, the buttonwood, and the white oak ; and the pale yellow of the forest poplar, as well as the brown of the chesnut ; although the latter is seen in small quantities. There are some delightful little groves of elms about Hampstead ; and the sensation, in rambling over the broken ground, and breathing the pure air of the heath, was exhilarating. After tiring ourselves with exercise, and satiating our eyes with the glorious landscape, we descended to the village ; but were disappointed in not finding the Minister or his family at home.

We returned by the way of Hyde Park Corner, to look at the famous statue of "Achilles the Defender," lately erected by the British ladies to the honour of Lord Wellington, and to perpetuate the memory of his warlike achievements on the continent. It was cast from twelve twenty-four pounders, captured in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo—weighs upwards of thirty tons, and is eighteen feet high. The pedestal is of granite, and of nearly the same height with the statue. Achilles is represented in an attitude of combat, with his shield advanced so as to cover his body, and his right arm drawn a little back prepared to strike. Gigantic strength appears in the bold relief of the muscles, and determined resolution in the features. It was cast in the mould of one at Monte Cavallo, the original, it is said, being represented in the act of reining in a fiery steed ; but by a slight variation in the position of the arms, the statue was adapted to its present character. The monument

is so near Apsly House the residence of the hero of Waterloo, that his Lordship may have ever in view this memorial of his military achievements. Although erected by his fair country-women, they are said to complain that they are debarred from seeing it—their husbands and fathers alleging, as a reason for the prohibition, certain oversights in the disposition of the drapery, which, scanty as it is, need not perhaps have been *all* suspended from the left arm.

We dined with an Irish gentleman, where we met Dr. F.——, a radical parson, who is so much dissatisfied with abuses, both civil and ecclesiastical, in his own country, that he has taken up his residence at Ghent, only visiting his parish once or twice a year to collect his tithes. He spoke feelingly, and in no very measured terms of censure, of the dignity and state assumed by the Bishops; but did not appear to consider *non-residence* as one of the crying abuses of the times. After dinner, cards were introduced, and the radical Doctor made one of a quiet party at whist. I excused myself on the plea that I did not know one card from another; a plea which was courteously allowed to be valid.

A few days after, I walked to Islington to pay my respects to the Rev. Mr. Horne, whose “Introduction to the study of the Scriptures” has gained him so deserved a reputation among students in Theology. I found him in his little study, with piles of books occupying the table and floor in promiscuous confusion; and interrupted him in the midst of his preparation for the pulpit. It required but a few minutes to become acquainted with one so frank and communicative. I wished to draw from him some particulars relative to the compilation of his invaluable work, and turned the conversation that way. The “Introduction” was the fruit of twenty years’ labour; the time devoted to it being often subtracted from the usual hours of repose, while his *daily* exertions were otherwise bestowed for his own immediate support, and that of his parents and their numerous family. The sale of the *first* edition left him about £30 out of pocket; the *second* yielded him about £150; and the *third* between £600 and £700. This is all the remuneration he has received for

twenty years' intellectual labour! He did not receive a university education, his early life having been passed in the employ of booksellers; but this disadvantage was counterbalanced by his indefatigable industry and application to study. The publication of his work on theology first recommended him to the notice of those in ecclesiastical authority, and was the means of his obtaining ordination at the age of thirty-eight, as well as a diploma from the University of Cambridge. Ever since his ordination he has been curate to the Rev. Mr. Crowther, of Christ Church, Newgate-street; a station, in which little more is required of him than to preach a sermon every Sunday. These, and many other particulars of his life, and literary labours, were communicated with great frankness and simplicity. The only regret he felt was his inability to purchase books—his library not exceeding two thousand volumes, nine hundred of which are books of reference, in the various ancient and modern languages. To a remark made by him, that he had been requested to go as a missionary to the Cape of Good Hope, I replied, that he was serving the cause of religion more effectually by his pen, than he probably could in any other way. To this he assented; observing that his *forte*, if he had any, lay in that; yet were he without a family, he might think it his duty to go. With his great frankness of character, a certain ardor and liveliness of disposition, his love of piety wherever it exists, and the plain simplicity of his manners, it is impossible not to be pleased. His moderation has secured to him the esteem of all parties in the church. An Arminian in doctrine, his attachment to the established forms of worship and church government is of the most decided character, although without one particle of bitterness.

As I proposed extending my walk to Stoke-Newington, about three miles distant, he offered to show me the way; and we set off together through the fields over gravelled walks. Our visit was intended for the venerable Rector of the church; but as he happened not to be at home, we left our cards, and returned by a different rout. As we passed Newington Green my companion pointed out a small brick edifice, in which Dr.

Watts preached for many years while residing in the Abny family. It is scarcely capacious enough to accommodate two hundred persons. We separated at Islington, and I returned to my lodgings pretty well fatigued with my walk.

Oct. 26. Christ Church, Newgate Street, is a noble, spacious building, erected on the site of an ancient church of the Franciscans; and conceals beneath its pavements the ashes of many illustrious men of former times. I have already mentioned that Mr. Horne is curate of this church; and I went this morning to hear him. The congregation was very large, amounting to a thousand or twelve hundred, and uncommonly serious and attentive. The responses, contrary to what I had observed elsewhere, were loud and animated. How much does this add to the impressiveness of the service! But the reason is easily explained. Worship, according to such a ritual as ours, is strictly *social*; it is framed for the people as well as the preacher; and "the sound of many voices" is required, to give it all the effect of which it is susceptible. The present flourishing state of this congregation is ascribed, by Mr. H., to the faithful labours of the Vicar, Mr. Crowther. When he took charge of the parish a few years ago, he was accustomed to meet a congregation of not more than a hundred on the Lord's day; but by his spirited sermons and visits from house to house, he soon succeeded in re-collecting the scattered flock. I have nowhere seen an appearance of greater devotion during the performance of the service—the surest test, by which a stranger can judge of the state of piety in a congregation. An *eloquent preacher* will command the attention of an audience in which there is little or no religion, by the attractions of his genius independently of his subject; but to join heartily, and with one accord, in the prayers and praises and thanksgivings of the liturgy, can proceed only from devotional feelings. The discourse of Mr. H., on "the advantages of godliness," was plain, scriptural, and practical. The animation of the preacher appeared more in the intonations of his voice, than in rhetorical gesture, of which he used but little. I was amazed to hear the banns of marriage published between

forty or fifty couples of “bachelors and spinsters;” but the surprise lasted no longer than till I had time to recollect the extent of some of the parishes in London. Some of these comprehend a population of forty, fifty, and even sixty thousand souls; and all intentions of matrimony are to be proclaimed in “the parish church,” which accounts for the alarming number I heard on the present occasion.

Chance directed me in the afternoon to St. Ann’s Church, Soho. Here we had a pithy sermon enough, from a Dr. M’C. —, who was very sarcastic upon those who thought it their duty to have a little more religion than their neighbours. His harangue was as little edifying as can be imagined; and those who honoured him with their attention must have gone away fortified with the most laudable resolutions “not to be righteous overmuch.” The pungency of his matter, however, contrasted strangely with his dull and inanimate delivery; a discrepancy which naturally suggested a suspicion, that he might have been indebted to some “grand caterer and dry nurse of the church” for his homily. At least it would be charitable to hope so.

In the evening, I stepped into St. Sepulchre’s, Snow-hill. Dr. Rudge, a preacher of some note in the metropolis, is evening lecturer here; and we had a sermon from him in behalf of a parochial charity, by which fifty-one poor boys of the parish are supported and educated. He took occasion to remark, that his official situation, (as chaplain to Newgate) often led him to hear the confessions of malefactors, under sentence of death; and that in almost every instance, they ascribed their ruin to their desertion of the house of God, and the violation of the day of rest. His manner in the pulpit was singularly animated; but his discourse was rambling and immethodical, and the selection of topics by no means happy. In violation of all rhetorical propriety, he enforced the delivery of his text with gestures, and even used them in repeating the Lord’s prayer. The church is a very spacious one, and was filled this evening to overflowing. The organ is remarkable for the weight and power of its tones.

Among the strange things which have amused the Londoners for some time past, Mr. Irving, minister of the Caledonian Chapel, is not the least conspicuous. During the last summer, he had a run of popularity almost beyond any thing ever known in London, if popularity is to be measured by the numbers and rank of an audience. Even the carriages of Mr. Canning, Lord Liverpool, Earl Gray, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Lansdown, Aldermen, Barons bold and high-born ladies, graced the avenues which lead to the chapel in Hatton garden; and so numerous was the throng, that "tickets of exclusion to the poor," as the ballad hath it, were issued, one of which was necessary to obtain admission into the chapel. Mr. Irving's publication of his "Orations and Arguments" was considered by his friends an unfortunate step for his fame; as many things appear to advantage in the pulpit, which will not so well bear reading. The "scripta verba manent;" and the criticism, which is disarmed by animated gesture and affecting intonations of voice, collects itself to a cooler exercise of its powers, when the subject appears in the more tangible shape of a book. The result has been unfavourable to the reputation of the Caledonian preacher. The wags have now taken him in hand; and numerous are the parodies on his style, and the caricatures of his person, in which the obliquity of his eyes, and certain affectations of singularity in the arrangement of an enormous bush of hair, are not forgotten. So much has he been the rage, that not less than five or six different engravings of him adorn the windows of the print shops—to say nothing of "the extravagant and erring" caricatures, by which he has been exalted into unenviable distinction. He is now absent on an excursion to Scotland.

A few days after, I repeated my call on the venerable Dr. Gaskin, and passed an agreeable hour in his study. He is now far advanced in years; and resides principally at his parsonage at Stoke-Newington, of which he is Rector. Dr. G. has been extensively known as the active Secretary of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge—a post which he occupied for thirty-seven years. What exceeding-

ly gratified me was, the enthusiasm with which he spoke of the late Bishop Dehon, whose Sermons he had procured to be re-printed in England. He said he was an ornament to the church in America ; and would have been distinguished among the first divines, in any church whatever.

The house of the Abnys, in which the pious and gentle Dr. Watts was so long and so hospitably entertained, was pointed out to me ; and I felt a natural desire, prompted by a hundred early associations, to take a nearer view of a place consecrated as the residence of the children's poet. The mansion is a spacious, venerable structure of brick ; and stands a little withdrawn from the principal street, leaving room for an ample court in front, planted with shrubbery. The lofty walls of the building are half concealed by the foliage of creeping vines, with their clusters of red berries. A turret, surmounted by a large gilt ball, points out to the traveller the mansion, where lived one of the best and most useful of men. If he should happen to be an Episcopalian, and possessed of the candour of a Christian, he will heartily join in the encomium pronounced by Dr. Johnson,—“ that there was nothing in Watts to regret, but that he was a dissenter.” The Abnys no longer possess the mansion, which has now become the property of an eminent counsellor at the London bar.

I returned in time to dine with the radical Doctor F., whom I have mentioned before. Our host, with another clergyman, and a naval officer who helped to take the Guerrier from the French, which we afterwards took from the English, constituted the party at dinner. We were hospitably entertained ; but the enmities of the good Doctor, in regard to ecclesiastical matters, have in no degree abated. Yet when I reflected that he had a *living* where the tithe-pig on his table came from,—a *residence* at Ghent, and *lodgings* in London for the benefit of the Chadwell waters, I could not discover the cause of all the disapprobation he expressed of the church, to whose indulgence he stood so highly indebted.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON ATMOSPHERE—MURDER OF WEARE—POPULAR ENGRAVINGS—
CARICATURES—THE TEMPLE—TOMBS OF THE CRUSADERS—DEAN OF
WINCHESTER.

All strangers, I believe, are compelled to acknowledge the unfriendliness of a London atmosphere on their first arrival, at this season of the year. Both my companion and myself were seized with a violent catarrh, from which we have not yet recovered ; and we are told that few escape a similar fate. Whether it is to be attributed to the dampness of the air, or to the thick smoke inhaled—for the smoke, instead of rising, rolls down into the streets—is perhaps neither very easy, nor very important to determine. The effects are disagreeable in the last degree. London is now evacuated of its fashionable inhabitants, nor do they return till after New-year. The wealthy citizens go down to enjoy themselves at their country seats ; the sportsmen, to renew their amusements in the field ; and the statesmen, to recruit their strength against the approaching parliamentary contest.

Dr. Johnson remarked, I believe, that the full tide of London population was at Charing Cross. Possibly this is still the case during the season ; that is, when “the west end” is replenished from the country. At present, I should select High Holborn as exhibiting the greatest throng of passengers ; and next to this, the tide which rolls along eastward from Charing Cross through the Strand and Temple Bar, into Fleet Street ; and so on to Ludgate hill and St. Paul’s. Whoever will take the trouble to inspect the map of London, will perceive that these two streets, continued under different names, form the main channels of circulation to the westward of St. Paul’s. On Ludgate hill the throng is closely compressed by the narrowness of the passage ; and there are no smaller channels, leading round from the main artery, to relieve and facilitate the circulation. Would a person amuse himself with such a spectacle as can be seen probably

in no other part of the world, if a population dense as the throng assembled to gaze at some publick exhibition, yet all in motion, and pursuing only their ordinary avocations, let him take his station on Ludgate hill in the middle of a fair day. I have often paused in my walk to look at the rolling mass; and never without astonishment.

Nov. 5. No occurrence has so much agitated the public mind, since the Cato-street conspiracy, as the murder of Weare, and the horrible scene of iniquity disclosed by the legal investigations which are now going on. In this instance, Justice proved herself to be neither lame nor blind:—the discovery trod on the heels of the crime, and happened as follows: Mr. N——, at whose house I had dined a few days before, was the attorney of the deceased. While sitting at his table, a friend came in and enquired after Weare, as he had not been seen for some days. Mr. N. expressed his surprise at his absence; as he had expected him to sign some papers. The visiter then remarked, that three or four days ago, Thurtell had taken him to Watford in Hertfordshire on a shooting excursion, and persuaded him to leave his dog behind. Thurtell's bad character was known to Mr. N. He was a gambler and had once been convicted of manslaughter. Weare, too, was a gambler, and was known to have always about him a large sum of money. These, with some other circumstances, led to the suspicion that there had been foul play; and Mr. N. immediately set off in a post chaise for Watford, about sixteen miles from London. The gig, in which the parties rode, was traced into a retired lane—marks of violence were discovered—the hedge had been torn, and a pistol was found in it, with blood and hair on the lock. Thurtell, Probert, and Hunt, with some others, were then taken into custody. On dragging a pond near by, the body of Weare was found, with a handkerchief filled with stones tied to it. It appeared on examination, that Thurtell had fired a pistol at Weare as they rode together, the ball of which had cut his cheek. A desperate struggle ensued, in which Weare, though a small man, had nearly strangled his assailant; but the latter, when his strength was failing, opened his

pen-knife with his teeth, and cut the jugular vein of his victim.

This incident would deserve no particular notice, were it not for the complicated web of iniquity to which it furnished the clue, and which beggars all description. Weare was the first of *seventeen* victims marked out for slaughter by Thurtell and his fellow conspirators. But the whole of these seventeen were gamblers, swindlers, and villains by profession, although some of them held a respectable station in society. They had quarrelled among themselves; had accused each other of *cheating and ungentleman-like conduct!* and a few of the most daring, with Thurtell at their head, had sworn the death of the rest. To execute their purpose, they had taken houses in various parts of the city, whither it was their intention to inveigle one victim after another, and satisfy themselves at once with booty and revenge. One Wood was made the subject of the first experiment: but his suspicions had been awakened, and he narrowly escaped for that time. Contrary to the usual course of things, the names of the proscribed are covered with infamy. To have been devoted to death by Thurtell, is evidence of having been concerned with a knot of wretches, who had conspired to plunder those whom they could allure to the card table, and who had not even the proverbial faithfulness which is said to bind together a gang of thieves. The murdered man was a gambler; and Thurtell, in prison, ascribes his ruin to cards and the dice-box. A text like this needs no comment: but the lesson it speaks to the *young beginner* in this bewitching vice, is an obvious one. Let him take it as an axiom, that there is *no* height of iniquity to which he may not reach—*no* act of atrocity for which he may not be gradually prepared,—by indulging a passion for the gaming table.

Nov. 8. The thickness of the atmosphere this morning is truly astonishing. My room opens by large windows into a spacious street—it is now ten o'clock, and I am writing by candle-light. Nothing but a dim outline of St. Paul's is visible at a distance of a hundred yards. This phenomenon, with which one soon grows familiar, is evidently caused by a

rarified state of the atmosphere ; the *smoke* being of greater specific gravity than the air rolls down into the streets, and produces this unnatural darkness. It is not—what the English usually call it—a *fog*, nor any thing like it ; it is nothing but the smoke of their own chimneys, soiling every thing with which it comes in contact.

The print shops in London furnish a never-failing source of amusement to the admirers of the imitative art. As national character is said to be truly illustrated by popular *songs*, I cannot help thinking that much may be gleaned to the same purpose from the popular engravings, and particularly the caricatures, which meet the eye in almost every street. What Hamlet said of the *actors*, may with more truth be applied to the *caricatures*, in which the English so much delight ; “they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times.” One has only to make a diligent use of his eyes in walking the streets, to convince himself, that the English are a fox-hunting, horse-racing, tandem-driving, shooting, boxing, people. The illustration of these amusements gives full employment to the pencil of the painter, and the graver of the caricaturist. The productions of the latter are wonderfully illustrative of the broad humour of the English people. No occurrence, a little out of the ordinary course of things, escapes them ; especially if it happens to border on the ludicrous ; nor are private feelings much respected, in the exposure of whatever is ridiculous in itself, or capable of being made so. It is incredible how many artists find support in engraving, frequently in the most finished and costly manner, the portraits of favourite race-horses, hounds, spaniels, &c., which could happen only in a nation, where the honors of the turf and of the field were held in high repute ; nor would any people think of immortalizing such contemptible creatures, as Crib, Belcher, Molineaux, and gipsev Ben, but those, among whom the pugilistic science was held in great estimation.—Wilkie’s designs from low life are much celebrated ; and Burnet’s merit, both as a delineator and engraver of similar subjects, is far from being contemptible.

Sunday, Nov. 9. This morning I went to the Temple to hear the Dean of Winchester, Dr. Rennell. The Temple Church was erected as early as the reign of Henry the Second, and in the Gothic style prevalent in that age; but in the repairs it has undergone, not much attention appears to have been paid to the original design. On turning down from Fleet Street, through one of the dark alleys of the Temple, you suddenly come to a beautifully carved Saxon arch, which opens into the vestibule of the church. The porch is spacious and circular; and the dome rests on six clustered columns, branching off into arches above. The walls and columns of the vestibule are adorned with monuments of the illustrious dead; among which, the names of Plowden, Selden, Thurlow, and other disciples of the British Themis, are conspicuous.

But the most striking objects are the tombs of the crusaders, who fought the Paynims in the Holy Land. Their effigies cut in marble, as large as life, and clad in armour, with their helmets, shields, and gloves of mail, lie stretched at full length on the pavement; and to me had a singularly solemn and impressive effect. The "Red Cross knights who fought in the Holy Land" are distinguished from the rest by having their legs *crossed*—their feet resting on a lamb, the emblem of their order. Their names have perished with them; and even the marble effigies of their iron frames are slowly yielding to the corroding hand of time, and crumbling into decay. "There they lie, with the mighty, gone down to hell* with their weapons of war, though they

* It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the word *hell* is a translation of *sheol*; and means in this place, *the grave*, or more properly, *the catacombs*, in which the Egyptian warriors, whose fate was announced by the prophet, were buried. The xxxii. chapter of Ezekiel, from the 17th verse to the end, is in a strain of the most terrible sublimity. The fall of the Egyptian King and his warriors is the subject of this prophetic ode. A place is ordered to be prepared for them "in the nether parts of the earth"—the prophet delivers his message, pronounces their fate, and commands those who buried the slain, to drag the "young lion of the nations" and his armed host, to the subterraneous

caused their terror in the land of the living :—they have laid their swords under their heads ;—they lie with them that are slain with the sword ;—

- “ Where they an equal honor share,
 “ Who buried or unburied are.
 “ Where Agamemnon knows no more
 “ Than Irus, he condemned before.
 “ Where fair Achilles and Thersites lie,
 “ Equally naked, poor, and dry.”

The feelings inspired by these mementos at the entrance of the church were not ill suited to the subject of the good Dean’s discourse :—“ For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.” The age and infirmities of the preacher did not hinder him from delivering his discourse with great animation. Many passages were replete with genuine pathos and Christian feeling, and caught a moment’s attention from the young Templars, who in part composed the audience. They appeared generally to be thinking

mansions made ready for their reception. At the tumult and commotion which this mighty work occasions, the shades of the dead are roused from their couches to enquire the cause. They see the king of Egypt, and welcome his arrival among them, with such congratulations, as proud spirits, suffering under hopeless torture and disgrace, may be supposed to use. Pharaoh being now introduced into this congenial company, the prophet leads him all around the sides of the pit ; shows him the gloomy mansions of former tyrants ; tells their names as he goes along ; alludes to the former terror of their arms, only to contrast it with their present abject, helpless condition, declares that these oppressors were not only cut off from the land of the living, but had gone down into the pit *uncircumcised*—that is, they had died in their sins, and would have no resurrection to life eternal ; and finally shows to the astonished king the place destined for him in the midst of the *uncircumcised*, and of them that had been slain with the sword. The imagery of this prophetic ode is more than sublime—it is truly terrific ; and no reader of taste can accompany the prophet in this funeral procession through the gloomy mansions of Hades, without a sentiment of awe amounting almost to horror. The passage was naturally brought to mind, by a sight of the tombs containing the ashes of the once proud and warlike Templars.

of other matters, and went through the service very carelessly.

The Temple is not what its name imports, a single building ; but a large cluster of them, situated between Fleet street and the Thames, and stretching for some distance along the river. These are very plain brick edifices, thrown together without any regularity, with innumerable courts and alleys between. They are wholly occupied by gentlemen of the robe and students at law, and have a very bachelor-like appearance. The name is derived from the Knights Templars, who formerly occupied this quarter of the city. On the suppression of their order, the Temple was purchased by the professors of the common law, and converted into inns.

I had, soon after, the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Dean of Winchester, and of dining with him at his hotel. There are some very strong traits of originality about him. He has the character of being very learned ; he is often absent, and consequently, forgetful of persons, places, and things ; and his memory is so plentifully stored with Latin and Greek, that he pours forth long quotations from the poets and orators of antiquity, in his ordinary conversation. His reputation as an eloquent preacher has been long established ; and all speak highly of his piety and goodness of heart. The ardor and vivacity of his disposition will appear from the conversation which took place. He was eager in his enquiries about America ; and snatching up his pen, began to note down my replies. "Where could he find the best account of the United States—of the state of society—who had written the best history ?" "Ramsay has written the history very well ; and Marshall's *Life of Washington* records the events of the revolution ; but his style is not inviting."—"I don't care for the style—I want facts"—and he dashed away with his pen.—"President Dwight has written on the manners and habits of the people of New-England ; and the most candid and correct account given of us by a *foreigner*, is contained in a series of letters published in the *Christian Observer*. Rev. Mr. H.—"The *Christian Obser-*

ver ! Isn't there something wrong about that work ?” The Dean.—“ Have you any Roman Catholics amongst you ? Are they increasing ?” “ We have a few ; and they increase only in the ratio of the population. There is a schism amongst them—they are divided into two parties ; the *liberal*, who would have been burnt as heretics in Spain, a few years ago ; and the *bigotted*, who would keep their flocks, the lowest of them at least, in ignorance.” The Dean I am told, had nearly been ensnared by their sophistries while a young man, and now views them with a species of horror. His questions followed each other so rapidly, and were so unconnected, that his sheet of notes must have been a curious medley. He often spoke of his son, the vicar of Kensington, with all the pride and affection of a gratified father. I said, his name was not unknown in America—we were acquainted with his work on skepticism, in opposition to the materialism of Lawrence and Bichat. At this intelligence, he expressed himself extremely gratified. He said that the see of Calcutta had been offered to his son, but that he felt it his duty to decline it.* I parted from the Dean, no less delighted with his frankness and originality, than with the ardor and vivacity of his feelings.

* This distinguished young man, in whom the Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar were united in no common degree, died a few months before I left England ; and his death was felt as a public loss. He had been married but a little time ; and had his life been spared, he would have undoubtedly attained a high station in the Church he was so well qualified to adorn.

CHAPTER VI.

JEWES OF LONDON—SIR J. A. P.—ANECDOTES OF LORD THURLOW AND BISHOP HORSLEY—MAGDALEN HOSPITAL—BISHOP OF DUKHAM—HARROW—AUTHOR OF THE VELVET CUSHION.

Nov. 10. My companion has left me for France, and I have taken up my quarters in Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, quite in the "west end" of the town. Among the nuisances of London to which I have not yet got reconciled, is the monotonous, interminable cry of the collectors of old clothes, which respectable fraternity is almost wholly composed of the sons of Israel. They emerge from their smoky burrows in the purlieus of Houndsditch, in the gray twilight of the morning, with a coarse bag under their arm, and give no rest to their feet or their throats, while there is a citizen out of bed. One may observe their twinkling black eyes peering at every window from the basement to the garret, as they trudge along, expecting a prize in the shape of a greasy hat, or a rusty pair of trowsers. In the mean time, the ceaseless cry,—*clothes, clothes*—goes on, forming a kind of running bass to the tenor, alto, contralto, and baritono, of the hawkers of every kind of commodity,—all of which together make up such a concert as has not been heard since the tower of Babel was abandoned. Many of the Jews are fine looking young men, but seem not to have an idea beyond their paltry traffic. Surely, if they are a despised people, it is not without reason.

19th. I had the pleasure a few days after of dining, with a small company, at the table of Sir J—A—P—, Chief Justice of the court of Common Pleas. Dinner conversations are not apt to be very interesting in detail; but no apology can be necessary for putting down anecdotes, illustrative of customs, and the characters of eminent men. Sir J. is a Scotchman, who has raised himself to his present station by his merit alone; a most lively, intelligent man, full of anecdote,

and as good as he is agreeable. He had an indifferent opinion of the late Bishop Watson, of whom, and Bishop Horsley, he related the following anecdote. Bishop W. had published a Tract on Confirmation, which the Committee of Bartlett's Buildings recommended to be placed on the Society's catalogue for publication. Bishop Horsley was in the chair. Sir J., who was then young, but a serious man, and well informed on such subjects, opposed it strenuously; in which he was seconded by a clergyman unknown to him, with so much effect, that the recommendation of the committee was set aside. Bishop H. rose, and observed, "that the circumstance, that two intelligent individuals, the one a clergyman and the other a layman, had, without any concert, formed the same judgment, was conclusive with him. He, too, had read it, and he thought as they did." The motion was carried against the Treatise. "Gentlemen," said the chairman, in his strong, coarse manner, "the noes are 40, and the ayes are 4; and thus, an extinguisher is forever put on this stinking candle." All were surprised at the boldness of the remark, and the contemptuous manner in which it was pronounced.

An anecdote was related of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow. When the Scotch Episcopalians were applying for a toleration, Lord Thurlow opposed it vehemently. He had no conception that a Bishop, *in spiritualibus*, could exist, without the king's mandate. Sir J. maintained the contrary, and said he had very high authorities for his opinion.—"Who says they can be Bishops?"—"Since you ask for my authorities, I will give them. They are the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishops Horsley and Horne."—"I'll speak to them about it." The reply of the latter was,—"I'm afraid the Scotch Bishops are much better Bishops than myself."

Another anecdote relating to Thurlow and Horsley is worth mentioning. The Lord Chancellor had determined to stop a bill for raising the poor stipends of the Rectors of Churches in London. It was late in the session, and all the bishops had gone to their Dioceses, except the Bishop of Salisbury, and Bishop Horsley; Bishop Porteus also was present.

They were in great trepidation, and applied to Sir J. to advocate the bill in the house of Lords ; but Thurlow would hear no counsel. On the morning when the bill was to be called up, Sir J. was sent for to the robing room, to advise what they should do. "Do? Why oppose Thurlow, tooth and nail. He's wrong and you are right ; and you understand the merits of the bill better than he does." Thurlow's opposition was always to be dreaded. He was strong, rough, and imperious. Porteus.—"I'm growing old, and feel hardly able to undertake this business." Bishop of Salisbury.—"I'm at a loss what to do. You know I am not accustomed to this off-hand debate." Sir J.—"Horsley why don't you take it up?" "Do you think it would do any good for me to fight the Chancellor?" "Yes ; oppose him with all your might, and you'll beat him down, I'll answer for it."—"Then I'll fight him." He went in, unprepared as he was, and made what Sir J. pronounced one of the ablest speeches he ever heard. The chancellor opposed in vain ; Horsley had turned the tide against him. The Duke of Norfolk advocated the bill ; others followed on the same side, and it passed by a great majority.

The account given by Sir J. of the expense of a circuit would be somewhat alarming to our republican judges. "The dinners we give to the sheriffs and members of the bar on the circuit, cost me and my brother judges about £700 per ann. each. We are obliged to travel in our own carriages, with abundance of footmen ; and we have two cooks in our train." The salaries of the judges are £4000 a year. They are attended by four or five sergeants, who differ from other lawyers, in their being able to plead in *all* courts in the kingdom, and have the *sole* right of practising in that of Common Pleas. No one can be elected to the bench, till he has passed through that degree. It was remarked, that the bar does not shine now as in times past. Erskine is in his dotage—Gibbs is gone ; and Garrow makes little figure on the bench, for which station he is ill qualified. He has great eloquence, but is deficient in legal knowledge : he is out of his place. Brougham is great without doubt, but totally unprincipled.

Not long since I attended divine service on a Sunday morning at the chapel of the Magdalen Hospital, on the Surrey side of the river. This was founded about seventy years ago, principally through the exertions of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, as a refuge for those unfortunate females who wish to return to the bosom of virtuous society. Between four and five thousand have already received the benefits of the institution, and the present number of inmates is about seventy. They remain here for a time on trial; and if they give sufficient evidence of reformation, employment is found for them, and they are dismissed, with recommendations from the governors of the hospital. Few of them, it is said, return to their former course of life. The collections made at the door of the chapel amount to about £2000 annually. The chapel is a neat octagonal building, capable of holding about nine hundred persons, and on this occasion was completely filled. The inmates of the hospital occupy the gallery, and are shielded by a screen from the public gaze. The theme on which the young preacher exercised his descriptive talents, was the fall of Babylon, and his sermon appeared to be a *continuation* of the same subject. It is to be hoped he sometimes chooses a higher argument, and tells his hearers of the joy there is in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

Having letters to the venerable Bishop of Durham, I called one day at his house in Cavendish Square, and sent in my card; and was soon after shown into his study. I found him busily engaged in writing letters, which he laid aside on my entrance. It was not difficult to recognize at once, in his noble features, the resemblance I had seen and admired in his engraved portrait; and although he is now, as he said, in his ninetieth year, his stature is erect, his look commanding, and his mental faculties apparently in full vigour. He said he was still compelled to devote a great deal of time to business, notwithstanding his extreme age; but hoped he should be found faithful at last. Speaking of the United States, he adverted to the war of the revolution; and said that his brother Lord Barrington, then one of the Secretaries,

wished that hostilities might be confined to the sea ; it would exasperate less, would spare the effusion of blood, and the war might terminate without the separation of the colonies. But finally he observed, a separation was inevitable. He enquired, whether the hostile feeling (he corrected the expression : he would not call it hostile, but *unfriendly*) towards England, had subsided since the last war : I said, I thought it had ; that setting those aside, whose heads were heated with party politics, the general feeling of Americans towards the country of their ancestors was warm and friendly. He rejoiced to hear that this was the case—it could not well be otherwise, considering that, but a few years ago, we were one people. It was a subject of regret, that a degree of alienation was still kept up by the scribblers in newspapers and reviews, who had more influence in both countries than they deserved. Referring to Harvard University, he said he thought it was once correct in its theological views : an intimate and excellent friend of his, the son of a former governor of Massachusetts Province was educated there—but he was now no more. I gave him a short history of the change of religion in that university ; which led to other enquiries, whether the Professors weremen of ability — whether they were of the clerical order—amongst what denomination of Christians Unitarianism prevailed—by whom their clergy were ordained ? &c. It was no subject of surprise, that those Unitarians who maintain the absolute non-existence of a clerical order, should quit the pulpit for other more congenial pursuits, when it suited their convenience. The Bishop spoke in high terms of the sermons of the late Bishop Dehon, which he had read through. They did honour to the church in America.

Nov. 27. This morning I took a coach to Harrow-on-the-Hill, to pay my respects to the author of the Velvet Cushion, for whom I had letters. The road leads away from the north-western angle of London through a very open country, in an indifferent state of cultivation, which is what one would hardly expect in the immediate vicinity of London. No village, and scarcely a hamlet occurs, in the whole distance to Har

row, ten miles from the metropolis. I found Mr. Cunningham in his study ; and recognized, in the sprightly, *piquant* syle of his conversation, the lively author of the Velvet Cushion and the Proverbialist. The affliction he sustained two or three years ago, in the loss of a beloved wife, still lies heavy upon him. He recurred to it two or three times in the course of the conversation ; and it was evident, from the occasional absence of his manner, and the shade of melancholy on his countenance, that neither time, nor the consolations of religion, had done more than alleviate the sorrow, which will never be wholly effaced. I asked him if I was right in my conjecture, that the late Rev. John Venn of Clapham was the prototype, from which he drew the character of Berkeley in the Velvet Cushion ? He said I was. The famous school of Harrow is but a few rods from the parsonage ; and is now in a very flourishing state. The following anecdote is somewhat illustrative of the national character, as well as of a prevalent custom at the public schools. Mr. C. mentioned, as a proof of the good discipline at Harrow, that few quarrels and rencounters happened among the boys. To a remark that we in America were a little disposed to wonder at the boxing propensities of the English, and that the custom was entirely discountenanced amongst us as vulgar and disgraceful ; he replied, that at their schools, it was impossible to get along without some fighting. When he first sent his son, a lad of ten or twelve years old, to school, he charged him to avoid quarrels, and to suffer any injury rather than fight. The boy adhered to his father's commands ; and the consequence was, that he was insulted, kicked, and treated with every indignity ; the boys thought him fair game—his father being a *Methodist*, and he necessarily destitute of spirit. He at length with tears in his eyes, begged his father to let him fight, or take him away from the school. Mr. C. advised with some of his friends ; and it was determined that an engagement was necessary, as the only remedy for the evil. Young C. repaired to the school with great alacrity—challenged “ the proudest of his oppressors ;” and after a tough battle in which he came off victorious, was allowed to be a

lad of spirit, and had the ban of excommunication taken off. Contests of this kind are not unfrequent at the public schools, and are all settled according to the strictest laws of the science. Each champion has his *bottle-holder*, and sits on his knee to recover breath between the *rounds*. The whole school forms a ring, and the parties shake hands in token of the absence of all malice, before a *set-to*. In short, it is as much an affair of honor as any of those settled at Bladensburg or Hoboken, with the trifling abatement, that neither of the parties is shot through the lungs.

Harrow is beautifully situated on the top of a woody eminence overlooking the country for a great distance round. The village is small but neat, and the situation retired from any of the great thoroughfares which lead from the metropolis into the country. There being no return coach before evening, I finished my excursion on foot.

CHAPTER VII.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, BEDFORD ROW—RIDE TO ELY—WARE—CAMBRIDGE
—ELY—CHAPEL OF OUR LADY—REMAINS OF CONVENTUAL CHURCH, &c.

November 30.—Sunday. I went this morning to St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, in the hope of hearing the Rev. Daniel Wilson—but was disappointed. The Chapel, which is a decent building of a moderate size, was crowded to excess, and the congregation apparently devout and attentive. Mr. Wilson's place was supplied by a young clergyman, Mr. D. who performed the service with great propriety, and preached a very faithful and impressive discourse. Mr. Wilson is spoken of as one of the most sensible and efficient preachers in the metropolis—a character to which he seems justly entitled, if we judge by his volume of published sermons. They are distinguished more by a strain of manly reasoning, than by any exuberance of fancy—have more of Barrow's terse-

ness, than of Taylor's redundancy of metaphor. The lively and original Mr. Cecil was the predecessor of Mr. W. in the chapel at Bedford Row.

Having been kindly invited by Dr. G. to pay him a visit at Ely, during his two months' residence there as Prebendary of the cathedral, I took coach on the first of December, and set out for that place. For the first twelve miles, the road may be said to pass through one continued village, the houses being generally small, ancient, and inelegant; nor was the prospect rendered more cheering, by the dark and heavy gloom of a December atmosphere, which alternately sifted down a drizzling rain, or wrapped us in "the palpable obscure" of an English fog. Stoke-Newington, Stamford hill, Tottenham Cross, and Waltham Abbey, the latter twelve miles from London, were soon left behind; and at length, descending into a valley, and skirting along a beautiful canal, which connects Ware with the metropolis, we arrived at Ware, twenty-one miles from the city. Ware is remarkable for its numerous malt-houses, which shoot up their white, semi-conical tops, giving the village at a distance the appearance of an encampment. The place, which may contain five or six thousand inhabitants, is old, and miserably built, with very narrow, crooked, and dirty streets. The canal was covered with boats, loaded with bags of malt for the London breweries. On leaving the village, we struck across an extensive, undulating common, in appearance not unlike the "old fields" in the southern part of the United States. The soil is chalky, and interspersed with nodules of flint, which are broken up and used in the construction of the roads. For many miles, a wide scene of barrenness and desolation was spread around; the enlivening green hedges had disappeared, and the bleak blast swept across the plain with a vehemence, which to us outside passengers was not a little uncomfortable. Passing by Newell's Lodge, the seat of Lord Selsey, on the left, we came to Foulmere, a hamlet of thatched houses, whose roofs were so verdant with moss, that they looked like a group of hay-staks. At Trumpington, the sight of gowns and square caps proclaimed that we were

drawing near to one of the grand seats of learning; and soon, the pinnacles of King's College Chapel, and the numerous spires of Cambridge became visible. Changing horses in the suburbs, we rattled through the city with a velocity which allowed us only a glimpse of the Colleges and the shady groves on the banks of the Cam, and were soon again in an open, thinly populated country. Chesterton and Waterbeach, inconsiderable villages, lay at a distance on our right, and Landbeach to the left. Denney Abbey, once an extensive religious foundation, but suppressed by that unwitting instrument of the Reformation, Henry VIII., stood near the road we were travelling; but scarcely a wreck of the establishment now remains. We descended to a low, oozy plain, through which the Ouse meanders in its way towards the sea, and crossed this sluggish stream a little above its junction with the Cam. At Streatham, the magnificent tower of Ely cathedral began to disclose itself through the twilight; and on arriving at the hotel, I found the good Doctor's servant waiting to conduct me to the Prebendal house. After dinner, which we took with Dr. K.—, another Prebendary, in a very bachellor-like way, the trio separated—Dr. K. to pass the evening among the ladies and music; and my host and myself in the way we liked best.

Ely was one of the religious establishments founded by the piety or the superstition of the age of the Saxton Heph-tarchy. Its history when stripped of every thing fabulous, if so visionary a being as Jeremy Bentham is capable of recording plain matters of fact, is simply as follows: Etheldreda, the daughter of an East Anglian king, fleeing from the misery of a forced marriage to the consolations of religion, such at least as those times afforded, took refuge in the "Isle of Ely," and there founded a religious house, of which she became the first Abbess. This happened about the year 670. Two hundred years later, the riches of the monastery attracted the cupidity of the piratical Danes, who, in one of their excursions, fell upon the unarmed monks and slaughtered them without mercy. A scene of plunder and dilapidation followed, and Ely was reduced to a heap of ruins. After the in-

vaders had withdrawn, the secular priests repaired and occupied some of the houses; but the restoration of the monastery to its former splendor was reserved for Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in the reign of king Edgar, about the year 970. One hundred years later, the foundation of the present cathedral was laid, and in 1106 it was consecrated. From that time down to the reformation, it was constantly receiving additions and repairs; and as these were executed according to the prevailing taste of the age, and not in conformity to the original plan, Ely cathedral exhibits all the varieties of architecture, from the heavy, massive Norman, down to the light and florid Gothic or Arabesque. At the time of the Reformation, Henry seized on the revenues of the monastery, turned the monks adrift, and put a Dean and Chapter in their place; which establishment now remains. There are now attached to the cathedral a Dean, eight Prebendaries constituting the chapter, four minor canons, and the choir. One of the Prebendaries must always reside on the spot, which duty is performed in rotation. The minor canons, and the choir, consisting of from eight to ten singing boys, are required to be always present, for the performance of the daily service. The Dean and Prebendaries have each a house at Ely; and derive an income, as well as the Bishop of the See, from large landed estates in the Isle of Ely. They meet in chapter two or three times in the year, for the transaction of business.

After a night of sound repose, for aught I knew, over the bones of slaughtered monks, I accompanied my friend to the cathedral to attend the morning service. On entering at the western porch, one is instantly arrested by the sublimity of the view before him; nor shall I soon forget the impression made on my mind the first time I passed beneath the roof of this "solemn temple"—one of the largest and most richly ornamented in the kingdom. The eye ranges between a double collonade of clustered columns, to a distance of more than five hundred feet:—three stories of short pillars, with corresponding Norman arches, support the roof, which seems to be lifted into another region. The great lantern tower, resting on eight clustered columns at the intersection of the

nave and the transept, discloses to the eye turned upwards, groined arches springing to an immense height, but so proportioned and arranged as, notwithstanding their enormous dimensions, and the prodigious weight they sustain, to appear light, airy, and graceful. A screen, supporting the organ, divides the choir from the nave of the cathedral; in the former of which the daily service is performed. Having entered the choir and taken our seats, I had leisure to examine more minutely the rich designs and beautiful carving of the screen, and the lofty, ribbed ceiling, suspended at a fearful height in the air. The elements too, conspired to heighten the solemnity of the place and the scene. It was a dark, lowering December day—the wind sighed through the arches of the temple, waving to and fro the dusty banners which depended from the walls—the rain pattered against the chequered, fretted windows; and nothing seemed to be wanting to complete the enchantment, but for the hooded monks to arise from their narrow cells, and assist at the matins. I felt that I had never been in a place, where the *religio loci*—the solemnity of the feelings called forth by external objects and moral associations—was so deeply impressed.

After service was concluded, we took a more particular survey of the cathedral. The side aisles, near the choir, are decorated with the monuments of the illustrious dead. Here are the monumental statues of warriors reposing on their marble beds—mitred bishops, with clasped and uplifted hands—abbots, priors, and monks, who fell victims to the rage of Scandinavian pirates, a thousand years ago: and “*orate pro anima mea*” is the pious injunction laid on the passing traveller, soliciting the efficacy of his prayers for the departed soul. Of more than fifty bishops of Ely, thirty-five have been buried here; and the names of Patrick, Fleetwood, and Tyn-dall occurred, amongst others not inscribed on the roll of fame. The side aisles are terminated by two small chapels fifteen or twenty feet square, most gorgeously decorated with tracery and fret work, which look more like the productions of frost than of the chisel.

We now passed through a beautifully wrought gate-way, opening through the side of the cathedral, into the "Chapel of Our Lady." The decorations of this chapel, the screens and tracery, were once in the most florid style; and notwithstanding the ravages of time and fanatical depredation, it is still a most beautiful building, of perhaps 90 feet in length by 60 in breadth. The finer decorations are cut from a substance of about the hardness of alabaster; and as they are profusely disposed about the chapel, the effect, when they were in perfect preservation, must have been exquisitely rich. The chapel is now used as a parish church, except on festivals, when all the inhabitants of Ely assemble in the cathedral. The few remnants of stained glass which still adorn the windows of the cathedral only deepen the regret one feels for the sturdy intolerance of the Oliverian zealots, who deemed it an act of pious duty to demolish with hammers and with brick bats "the beautiful carved work of the sanctuary," lest it should prove an incentive to idolatry. Even the harmless, uncouth images, wrought in the bosses and corbels of the architecture, did not escape mutilation, although in situations apparently inaccessible. Few of them escaped without the loss of a nose or the fracture of a chin.

Having wearied rather than satisfied my curiosity in surveying this venerable pile, I accompanied my guide to the remains of the conventual church, which existed before the incursion of the Danes. The carriages which now drive along in front of the prebendal houses, pass over the nave of the former church, the Saxon pillars and arches of which are still standing, and wrought into the walls and buildings on either side. The prebendal houses are, in fact, built on the ruins of the old conventual church; and the builder availed himself of the remaining walls, as far as they could be pressed into his service. We visited the Deanery, and one or two other houses, where there were the most abundant remains of the architecture of the Saxon Heptarchy. Long dark passages; crypts, with groined ceilings, supported by short, sturdy pillars; vaulted cellars, and walls of the most substantial masonry enclosing the cells of the monks, occur-

red every where, affording ample scope for the lucubrations of the antiquarian.

In one of the prebendal houses are shown the remains of "Prior Crauden's Chapel," now transmuted into a couple of spruce bed-rooms, nicely carpeted and whitewashed. The arches of the windows are most profanely intersected by a floor and ceiling, to add another story to the building; and the chapel is divided by a partition, so that its fine decorations can be seen only in parts. On lifting up the edge of the carpet, I found lions and griffins, and dragons and flowers, strangely intermingled in the mosaic pavement of the floor; and the officious house-keeper triumphantly pointed our attention to "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," entwined by a serpent with a man's head, and Adam and Eve biting apples, in brick-work. There was formerly a covered way leading from a chapel to a door of the cathedral, which is still called "the Prior's entrance." This is a Saxon arch, profusely ornamented with dogs, rabbits, frogs, monkies, and all sort of four-footed beasts and creeping things. This Prior Crauden seems to have been a man eminent for his sanctity; and the odour of his name and good works is still fresh in the ecclesiastical annals of Ely. In the house of the Dean is a very spirited head of St. Paul, in stained glass; and another of St. Etheldreda, which if it does justice to her ladyship, conveys no unfavourable idea of her beauty.

After completing our survey, we went to pay our respects to Dr. Sparke, Bishop of Ely, at his palace near the cathedral. He is said to have owed his elevation to the Rutland family, in which he was once a tutor; although he is generally acknowledged to be a man of talents and extensive learning.

The pedestrian energies of my companion being exhausted, I took the key of the gate, and went to examine an artificial eminence a little to the south of the town. When it was thrown up, and who toiled at the work, it is impossible now to decide. Tradition assigns it to the time of the Danish invasion, and it was probably erected for purposes of defence. From the top of this mound, I had a most commanding view of

the Ouse to the south, with a panorama of fens, and ditches, and windmills to pump up the water, and throw it within the dykes which confine the river. On the other side stood the huge bulk of the cathedral, basking in the radiance of a clear and glowing sun. The top of the hill is crowned by a neat summer-house, with a clump of trees, and a pillar of rather slender proportions, inscribed with the name of Jeremy Bentham, who wrote the annals of Ely,—*quæ prosint seculo posteriori.*

In the evening, we had a visit from Arch-deacon Cambridge, an elderly gentleman of excellent sense and unaffected politeness. He is one of the most active members of the committee for multiplying and enlarging churches, with the million appropriated by parliament for that object; an employment, for which he is said to be eminently qualified by his practical knowledge of business, and taste in architecture.

The next morning, I beheld, for the first time since leaving the ocean, the spectacle of the rising sun. He appeared without a cloud, emerging from the fens of Suffolk. The people on this side of the island, I believe, are much better acquainted with the sun than those on the western coast, where the vapours of the Atlantic are first condensed. Indeed, the clear blue of the atmosphere in this place has more than once reminded me of *another* country; and that, in a much stronger degree than could be expected from a circumstance so trivial. We went again to the cathedral to attend the morning service—the whole audience consisting of three or four decrepit old men, who probably find a satisfaction in daily resorting to “the place where prayer is wont to be made.”

Ely is a city with a population of 5 or 6,000, occupying a part of the brow and base of a hill, which emerges from a wide extent of marshy country, formerly much overflowed by the Ouse and its tributary streams. Hence, it obtained, in early times, the appellation of “the Isle of Ely,” which it still bears. It forms a sort of independent principality, the origin of which it would be difficult to trace;—the Bishop, who is “Lord of the Franches,” exercises a civil jurisdic-

tion over the Isle, which is known in no other diocese. His domain is nearly thirty miles in length, by a breadth somewhat narrower. The Episcopal estates are large, and in the course of modern improvement, have become highly productive. It is a peculiarity of the Ecclesiastical constitution of this country, that a Bishop cannot lease, or otherwise dispose of, the estate of the See, without the consent of the Dean and Chapter, who, in the quaint language of the law, are appointed "to advise him in spiritual things, and restrain him in temporal." As to the former, he acts pretty much after the counsel of his own will; and the chapter yields to his wishes in regard to the latter, as a matter of course, provided they are of a nature not to affect permanently the revenue of the See.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAMBRIDGE—PROFESSOR SMYTHE—LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY—
FEAST OF THE AUDIT—REV. CHARLES SIMEON—PROFESSOR LEE.

Having seen most that is worth seeing at Ely, and my venerable friend being about to return to London, we took a post-coach to Cambridge, where we arrived about 3 o'clock. We passed an hour in rambling about the quadrangles of the different colleges, after which he insisted on my accompanying him to the lodge of the Master of Trinity, where he was engaged to dine. Here I was introduced to the Master, Dr. Wordsworth, the brother of the poet; from whom I received an invitation to dinner, which I accepted, and a polite request to lodge at his house during my stay in Cambridge, which I declined. Among the guests at table were the Woodwardian Professor, the Hulsean Lecturer, and the Bursar of Trinity; all of whom proved on acquaintance to be men of most polite and agreeable manners, as well as intelligent and accomplished scholars. They had nothing of the stiffness and formality of the cloister, but the easy, frank

deportment of men, who had mixed in the best society. The next day was to be "the Feast of the Audit," when the master, professors, fellows, tutors, &c. all dine together in the hall of Trinity; and I was gratified with an invitation to be present. The Master of St. John's was so obliging as to procure admission for me to the Lectures of Professor Smythe on Modern History, the only ones which are now in a course of being delivered; and the next morning, showed me the way to the Lecture-room. The number of students attending the course is about forty. The Professor has the reputation of being one of the most eloquent lecturers in the University; and as a writer of genius, and a lyric poet, he stands pre-eminent among the Cambridge wits. Even Lord Byron has honourably exempted him from the sweeping censure he has fulminated against the bards of Granta—

"So sunk in dulness, and so lost in shame,
That Smythe and Hodgson scarce redeem thy fame."

The age of Louis XVI., and the causes of the French revolution, came under the learned Professor's notice this morning, and his manner of treating his subjects was highly philosophical.

After the lecture, the Professor introduced himself to me, and entered at once into conversation, which terminated in an invitation to tea at his rooms. He said, the subject of the American war would come up to-morrow, and would be continued to the end of the course; and that, if I felt interested in knowing what an Englishman and a Whig thought of that event, he hoped I would come and hear him through. After this, I was a constant auditor at his lecture room, and was no less delighted with the soundness, and independence, and liberality of his principles, than charmed with his eloquence.

In the discussion of his subject, he took a comprehensive view of the causes which led to the war. Among those which were *creditable* to the mother country, he observed, that it had protected the colonies against their enemies during the infancy of their existence—that it had an undoubted right to frame laws and regulations for them, not inconsistent with civil and religious liberty, they being British subjects;

and that resistance was adding ingratitude to rebellion. The causes, which must be reckoned *discreditable* to the parent country, were mistaken calculations of political economy—a mercenary disposition to derive a petty revenue from a young country whose trade with the parent nation already amounted to £2,000,000 per ann.—an over-weening national pride, which led the ministry to think that nothing could withstand the terror of the British arms; and a narrow and vulgar mode of thinking on political subjects, existing in the ministry, as well as among the populace. He traced in historical succession the oppressive acts which paved the way for a separation; and quoted largely from the writings of Chatham, Burke, Fox, Gov. Pownal, and the examination of Dr. Franklin before the house of Commons. He was particularly severe on the vulgar policy of North and Grenville;—a policy, of which the political foresight of Chatham, and others in the opposition, enable them to foretell the issue with so much certainty. He adverted, in a highly rational and philosophical manner, on the impossibility, that a distant country like this, should long remain an appendage to the parent state; maintained that it must finally become independent; and that the true policy in such a case was, to govern with mildness and equity, and endeavour to rivet by the bonds of affection the allegiance, which could not be secured by compulsory measures, when a colony so distant had begun to feel and estimate its own strength. “Why, said he, should a country, whose brave and hardy population was multiplying at an incalculable pace—a country, whose forests would overshadow the kingdoms and principalities of the old world—a country, abounding in inland seas, into which this whole island might be thrown and buried—a country, whose water-falls and cataracts would sweep our cities from their foundations in an instant, without leaving a mark or a monument to tell where they stood—in comparison with whose *descending seas*, our mightiest rivers are but as petty rills—why should a country like this have its giant limbs forever manacled, by the impotent and mercenary laws of a little island, planted three thousand miles off in the bosom of the ocean?”

It would be difficult to find, in any of the political discussions of the American patriots of those times, a more severe and indignant reprobation of the measures of the Grenville, and other ministerial parties of that period, than that expressed by the Professor. High Tory principles are an abomination in his sight. If he does not altogether approve of our political institutions, he is evidently struck with admiration at contemplating "a vast empire emerging from the shades of our forests."

In commenting on the views taken, both in England and America, in relation to the events which led to the struggle for independence, he was unsparing in his censures of the narrow-minded policy of Lord North, whose character as a statesman he estimated very low. The views expressed by Gibbon, in his private letters to his friends, showed him also to have floated along the current of vulgar opinion. Dr. Johnson's pamphlet on the same subject was unworthy the high character of the author;—Dean Tucker's was written with more political ability, though he held some very incorrect notions relative to American policy. The Professor adduced many quotations from Ramsay, and other American writers, to show the state of public feeling at this time in the colonies; and commented briefly, but with much spirit, on the blundering conduct of the ministry in directing the operations of the contest. "The events of the first campaign, said the Professor, are very soon detailed. A well-appointed army of 10,000 men, furnished with artillery, provisions, military stores, &c., and attended by a strong naval armament, is sent out on the foolish errand of conquering America; and the first campaign is terminated by the dreadful battle of Bunker's Hill, when the army has conquered—what? Just as much ground as is covered by their dying and their dead." After all, he considered it a problem whether the chances of success were sufficient to justify the American rulers in hurrying the country into a war, with such inadequate means of carrying it on; and he thought the independence of America was achieved with less carnage and suffering, than they had any right to expect. He considered the blame of inefficient

military operations as lying between Lord Howe, and the Secretary Lord George Germain. He reprobated in severe terms the selfish and narrow policy of the American Congress towards Washington and his army. "This, he said, was the vice of Democrats and Democracies." Nothing surprised him more than the calm and persevering temper of the hero of American independence, under all the discouragements and crosses of every kind he met with from that body.

America is evidently a favourite subject of contemplation with him ; and his lessons are intended to inculcate the cultivation of liberal feelings and good will towards the rising republic. I thought, too, that I could discover, in the strain of his general remarks, a wish to prepare the minds of his pupils to look for the independence of some of the colonies now attached to the mother country. India has already become a vast empire ; and to suppose that it will always continue to receive its laws from a company of merchants in Leadenhall street, is absurd. That a nation, great and glorious in arts and arms, will arise in time from the colony of convicts in New South Wales, is not improbable, when we recollect that Rome was founded by a horde of banditti.

The lectures are attended both by graduates and undergraduates, whose grave and decent demeanour, and profound attention to their instructor, are worthy of particular notice. The enthusiastic expression of his Whig principles sometimes calls forth a smile from his auditors, but he is evidently regarded by them with love and veneration. I found him as interesting in conversation, as he is eloquent in the lecture-room, and was gratified with two or three interviews with him at his lodgings. He wished to know whether he was right in his opinions relative to the war of the revolution, and whether they agreed with the estimate generally formed of it in America. He is well acquainted with our literature ; and justly observed, that the English works re-published in the United States were principally theological, and the light and entertaining productions of the day. He remarked, that Sir Walter Scott was undoubtedly the author of the Waverly Novels, although his brother John might have furnished

the rough sketch of some of the earlier ones. Few men exhibit in conversation more traits of an ardent and accomplished mind, or deliver their opinions with more manly freedom, than the Professor of Modern History.

At the proper hour, we waited on the Master of Trinity, and accompanied him to the College Hall, to partake of the "Feast of the Audit." The Professors, Fellows, Tutors, and Fellow-commoners, were seated around an elevated table at the head of the hall. A long grace in Latin was read from a printed tablet, by the Master and Vice-master, during which, the servitors were bringing in the dishes, and the conversation went on without interruption; and the same ceremony was repeated after dinner. Whatever it might be in point of fact, it had but little the appearance of being a religious rite, and the blessing must have been inaudible to most of the guests. The dinner, which consisted of two courses, was excellent, and the "college ale" deserved all the commendation it is accustomed to receive. Two customs, said to be of feudal origin, may be mentioned, to show the popular regard for the usages of former days. After the cloth has been removed, a richly embossed silver urn, of the capacity of a gallon, is filled with college ale, and "Trinity College" is drunk from it by all the guests of the upper table, standing. The enormous goblet commences its journey from the Master, and makes its way by a zig zag course to the bottom,—each one pronouncing the venerated name as he wets his lips with the beverage. This is followed by a capacious salver of plate replenished with rose-water, from which each guest dips a spoonful into his wine-glass, and wets his fingers and lips, using the table-cloth for a napkin, which never appears a second time on the table. Another remnant of feudal times is the use of a large grate of charcoal in the middle of the hall, instead of a stove or an ordinary coal fire. While chimneys as yet were not, the banqueting halls of the Barons were warmed with a fire kindled on a hearth in the midst of the room, an aperture in the roof being left open for the escape of the smoke. A light, elegant lantern now encloses the opening in the roof, and a cast iron grate immediately

beneath supplies the place of the ancient hearth. The hall is decorated with portraits of Sir Isaac Newton, whom it is the boast of Trinity to have once enrolled among its fellows—of the Duke of Gloucester, the present Chancellor of the University, of which he was once a member; and of many other worthies, ancient and modern; but they generally hang in so bad a light, that their features are scarcely discernable. After dinner, the officers withdrew to the “combination room,” where we found a table covered with wine, fruits, &c. Here it is, that these cloistered fellows and tutors enjoy the noctes cœnæque Deorum—the pleasures of unreserved intellectual intercourse, enlivened by a moderate participation in the generous fruit of the vine. I had the pleasure of an introduction to most of the members of the faculty, and shall long retain a remembrance of their politeness and conversational powers. It would be difficult to find in any place an equal number of agreeable, as well as intellectual men. After coffee had been brought in, the company broke up, and thus ended the first day of “the feast of the audit.” I was present on the two following days, by invitation from some of the fellows; but college dinners supply few topics worthy of description.

My venerable friend Dr. G. soon left me, to return to London; but the politeness of the gentlemen connected with the University supplied me with every facility I could wish, in seeing all that was worth seeing. To the attentions of the Rev. Messrs. Franks and Hawkes, the former the Hulsean Lecturer, and the latter a Fellow of Trinity, I was particularly indebted during my stay in Cambridge.

The Rev. Charles Simeon, of King’s College, is well known in the Christian world by his theological publications, and by the association of his name with that of Martyn the missionary, and of H. K. White, in the memoirs of those extraordinary young men. I waited on him at his apartments in the college, with letters from his friends in London, and found him in the act of taking leave of two young divines, who had been trained up under his care. One of them was about to sail for a foreign land as a missionary; and the good old man was moved to tears as he gave him his parting bene-

diction. After their departure, he entered into conversation, and spoke of the time as near at hand when he must cease from his labours. He said he published 22,000 copies of his "Horæ Homileticæ," at his own expense, which did not fall short of £5,000; and that he was now preparing a complete edition of his works in twenty volumes, which would be the last of his labours for the press. It was impossible to be long in his company without thinking and speaking of Martyn, to whom he was a friend and a patron. On mentioning his name, he led me into his parlour, where hung a fine half-length portrait of that modern Paul. Mr. Simeon's *veneration* for his former pupil is unbounded. He has been at the pains to have an engraving of the portrait made, both of which he pronounced to be striking likenesses. I rejoiced his heart when I told him how well known was Martyn's character in America, and in what esteem it was held there. Two or three editions of his Memoirs had already been issued from the American press, and his volume of sermons had been widely circulated. At this intelligence his countenance lighted up, and he expressed himself highly gratified.

Among those who take a leading part in the extensive projects of benevolence which exist in the country, Professor Farish is not the least active. I waited on him in company with Dr. G., and passed an agreeable hour at his house. His department is that of mechanics; and his models of instruments and machinery to illustrate the combinations of mechanical powers, form a very extensive collection.

One of the most extraordinary men of the age, however, is Professor Lee; whose history presents a singular instance of the triumph of native talent and persevering industry over obstacles, which would have repressed a spirit less ardent than his. He was brought up to the trade of a carpenter; and in that humble station, by his own unaided exertions, he not only became master of the classical languages of antiquity, but acquired a respectable knowledge of the Hebrew, and other oriental tongues. The first patron he found was a village schoolmaster, by whose interest he was promoted to a station in the same humble employment; but his extraor-

dinary merits becoming more extensively known, he was sent to the University, where his progress in the languages fully justified the choice, which made him an object of noble patronage. Such at least was the account given me of the first Oriental scholar of the age. On finishing his collegiate course, it was deemed an object of so much importance to secure the benefit of his talents to the university, that an act passed the Senate, and obtained the royal imprimatur, appointing him Professor of Oriental Literature, before he was of the statutable age. He is said to be master of *sixteen* different languages; and if his knowledge is less extensive than that of the late Sir William Jones, it has the advantage of being more accurate and thorough. It is incredible what an amount of labour he contrives to accomplish. Besides superintending the studies of twenty pupils in the Oriental languages, to whom he lectures every day, he corrects the press of the Bible Society in their editions of the Scriptures in the languages of the East—a herculean labour, demanding an accurate and critical knowledge of those tongues. All the tracts, pamphlets, and controversial writings, intended for the Arabs, Persians, &c. pass under his revision; and his pen has just been employed in composing a reply to the Persian Doctors, in the controversy begun by Henry Martyn. This, he said, had proved to him a work of great difficulty; for in Persian Theology, there was a vast number of technical terms, not to be found in the Lexicons, whose meaning must be sought by inspecting and comparing a great variety of passages in which they occur.

My first introduction to Professor Lee was by Mr. Franks, who called with me at his rooms; and I was also provided with letters to him from his friends in London. My imagination had pictured to me a man, grave, abstracted, meditative, difficult perhaps of access, and impatient of having his cogitations interrupted; but nothing could be farther from the reality. He received me with a cordiality which I could have expected only from an old acquaintance; and began to turn over the proof sheets on his table to show me what he was about. Here lay pages of Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac,

Persian, Hindoostanee, Orissee, and I know not what, in great confusion, with scraps of paper inscribed all over with the mysterious characters of Oriental lore. Having tumbled over the chaotic mass on the table, he handed down from the shelves of his library a variety of volumes and manuscripts; and in the space of a minute, I had put into my hands Martyn's New Testament in Hindoostanee, the Scriptures in Chinese, copies of the Bible printed in Calcutta, in Serampore, in St. Petersburg, with a variety of Polyglots of the Scriptures, and of the Book of Common Prayer. In short, I found myself in company with one of the most active and enthusiastic spirits of the age. He showed us some proof-sheets of Martyn's controversy with the Persian Moolahs, which he has translated into English, and is now publishing. The Persian Doctors, he observed, had more to say for themselves than was generally imagined;—they had made the most of their cause, and only had the misfortune to be on the wrong side. It is needless to say, that in conversing on his favourite subjects, he displays those rare gifts which he is known to possess. His mind appears to grasp the whole of its subject in an instant, and to pursue it with a rare combination of judgment and enthusiasm. It is the property of such minds to break down obstacles or leap over them, in the pursuit of their objects. At another visit, I found this walking Polyglot playing Scotch reels on a flute. He had just got a book of them and was playing it through. With all his vast biblical learning, and severe attention to study, he is one of the most cheerful men living, and has a placidity and evenness of temper which nothing can disturb. On my expressing a desire to be present at one of his lectures, he readily assented, and mentioned the hour when he was to meet his class. The subject happened to be the book of Jonah. He took the original Hebrew, reading and translating, while the students followed him on the pages of their own Hebrew Bibles. He stopped to explain difficult passages, and to correct what he considered to be mistranslations of the Septuagint. He supposed the *sleep* of Jonah in the storm to be a *stupor* of the faculties produced by despair, and the severe

rebukes of his conscience for endeavouring to evade a special commandment of God—a trance, or state of lethargy, which is often the effect of deep and overpowering sorrow. He did not consider the 120,000 persons in Nineveh “who could not discern between their right hand and their left,” as so many *children*, as some interpreters have done, and inferred from thence a most incredible population in the city; but he thought it a proverbial expression to denote the heathenish ignorance of the adult inhabitants. Half a million was probably the extent of the population, most of the space within the walls being appropriated to the support of the “much cattle,” within the city, which was not solidly built, like the cities in modern times. The lecture was highly interesting; and the students present exhibited, by the pertinency of their questions and remarks, no small share of acuteness and proficiency in Biblical learning.

CHAPTER IX.

CAMBRIDGE—LIBRARIES—UNION SOCIETY—SUNDAY—CATHERINE HALL
 —GOVERNMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY—DESCRIPTION OF CAMBRIDGE—
 KING’S COLLEGE CHAPEL—ANCIENT TOWER—OBSERVATORY—HOB-
 SON.

Each of the colleges in the University has its own library, and some of them are very extensive and valuable. One of the gentlemen, to whose polite attentions I was much indebted, took me to the library of Trinity. This is one of the largest, and occupies a long, lofty room, extending along the whole of one side of the quadrangle. The books are ranged in stalls on each side of the hall, which is ornamented with busts in marble of Sir Isaac Newton, Bacon, and others, by Roubilliac. That of Ray, the author of the work on creation, is by the same accomplished artist. One extremity of the room is terminated by a painted window, in

which Newton, Bacon, and George III. by a most unaccountable anachronism, are made cotemporaries, and grouped in the same picture. Among other curiosities, I observed a couple of mummies brought from Egypt, I believe by Belzoni; one of which was denuded of its wrappings, and exhibited a most disgusting spectacle of what the mortal frame of man must come to, even when art has done its best to preserve it. The flesh was shrunk to nothing, and the dried and blackened skin lay in wrinkles on the bones. The woolly hair was still perfect; but the visage—no one feature of “the human face divine” was left in its proper place. The black skin was plaited in a thousand wrinkles, and the lips were drawn into a diagonal line with the face, disclosing a set of irregular yellow teeth. It was altogether a revolting sight.

In one of my rambles I looked into the senate house, where the Vice Chancellor was conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on two candidates. The ceremony would have been impressive, but for the disturbance produced by the spectators walking up and down the pavement, and conversing all the time. This is a magnificent room, of Grecian architecture, capable of containing four or five hundred persons, with a marble floor in Mosaic. It is decorated with noble statues of George the first and second, a fine one of Pitt, and another of a nobleman, whose name I do not remember.

Mr. F. honoured me with an invitation to dinner at his rooms, where I found twelve or fourteen fellows and tutors of the different colleges assembled. The dinner, although in a bachelor's room, and within the walls of a college, was uncommonly good, and the evening passed away most agreeably. A great proportion of the guests were clergymen. Professor Lee brought all his good humour to enliven the party: it is impossible not to love him for his singleness of heart, and the unsophisticated benevolence of his disposition. One of the guests was very difficult to be persuaded, that we had no occasion for Arch-bishops in our republic, and thought it singular that our Bishops were not addressed by the title of *my Lord*.

On the following morning I breakfasted with Mr. Robinson, a tutor of St. John's, and went to view the library of that College. A portrait of Bishop Middleton hanging in his study, led to some conversation relative to that extraordinary man, who I learned had been the intimate friend of Mr. R. He said he was one of the most agreeable of companions, as well as a brilliant and accomplished scholar and divine. He had formerly been of St. John's, where his memory is still cherished with no common regard; and the loss which the Anglo-Indian church has sustained by his early death, will not be easily repaired.

We could devote but little time to the library, Mr. R. being called away soon to attend the examination which was then taking place. Twenty-four thousand volumes arranged in stalls around the room make a goodly show; and it is a circumstance worthy of being borne in mind by the patrons of literature and science in our young republic, that the noble libraries which are the pride and boast of the English Universities, have been principally made up *by the donations of private individuals*.

Wishing to avail myself of every opportunity to gain information respecting the Cantabs, I accepted an invitation to attend the debates of the "Union Society," an association of the members of the University for the discussion of literary subjects. Were I to judge solely by the specimen of their proceedings this evening, nothing could be more inappropriate than the title assumed by the club; for a scene of greater turbulence and confusion I have rarely witnessed. It appeared in the course of the debates, and from the intelligence furnished by the member who introduced me, that an aristocratical minority, consisting partly of young noblemen and gentlemen commoners, had attempted by various arts to controul the proceedings of the Society;—that the plot had been discovered and exposed by the *ministerial* party;—that the *outs* had offered two or three remonstrances against certain proceedings; and that another had been presented at the last meeting, severely censuring the conduct of the President, Mr. R., on a late occasion. The acceptance or rejection of this re-

monstrance formed the subject of debate. Mr. Secretary P—d seemed to be the leader of the opposition, while the ministerial party was supported by H—d, a speaker of uncommon vehemence. The President having absented himself from motives of delicacy, the Secretary assumed the chair as a matter of right. This was opposed by H—d, “who had certain questions which he wished to put to the honourable gentleman;” and the chair was at length filled by a son of Sir Richard Steele. After some desultory, and rather inflammatory conversation, the debate on the acceptance of the remonstrance was opened by Mr. T—n, who spoke with a good deal of pith—quoted old ballads and scraps of poetry with a very happy effect, and went on for a quarter of an hour in a strain of irony which kept the house in a roar of laughter. H—d followed him, but with far less command of temper. His action was violent in the extreme; his remarks were inflammatory and personal; the usually cautious Secretary was for a moment thrown off his guard, and made some observations which he was immediately obliged to retract. A nephew of Lord Clarendon followed on the side of the opposition; and although his manner was ungraceful and embarrassed, his remarks were pertinent and pithy when he had recovered his self possession. Others followed on the ministerial side; to all of whom, the secretary, who had been entrusted with the defence of the cause of the remonstrants, replied in a most rapid speech. This young man is reckoned the most eloquent member of the University; but his excited feelings, and the shortness of the time allotted to each speaker, rendered his manner hurried and his enunciation too rapid. His ideas and expressions burst from him in a torrent; and although he had a great variety of objections and insinuations to answer, his memory supplied him with every thing, and he was never for a moment at a loss. The debate resulted in the complete discomfiture of the aristocratical party, as their remonstrance was lost by a majority of 130 to 62. I never witnessed a scene more turbulent, although every thing was conducted according to parliamentary prescription. Cries of “hear, hear—order—chair—chair—

tired—yes—no—sit down,” &c. after the fashion in St. Stephen's, were heard over the hall; the members scraped, coughed, applauded, and hissed; the room, in short, was in a perpetual uproar. Still, they addressed each other as “honorable gentlemen—my honourable and learned friend,” and “the noble Lord last up.” I have heard far worse speeches in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, than I have heard to-night from the gownsmen of the Union Society. Some of the speeches abounded in the keen and delicate strokes of irony,

“The tart reply,

“The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,

which are admired in the popular harangues in the British parliament. I was indeed surprized at the readiness and self-possession of the speakers, no less than at the nice and difficult tact which teaches an orator how far he may go in personal allusion and insinuation, without subjecting himself to the necessity of an explanation. It was past midnight when the club adjourned, the popular party no doubt highly gratified by a result, which ascertained the solidity of their power.

An evening which I passed at the chambers of the philosophical Society supplied far less matter of amusing recreation. The reading of a long, tedious paper on fluxions, aided by the operation of the good Port of the combination-room, disposed the members to a very quiescent and dreamy state, in which it was not difficult to decide, whether the nods were tokens of assent to the accuracy of the calculations, or of an involuntary homage to the peaceful god. Some new members were elected, by each member's thrusting his arm into a box, and depositing a bean on the *yes* or *no* side. Professor Cummings exhibited a pleasing experiment of the spontaneous combustion of a stream of hydrogen, directed on finely granulated platina. He explained the phenomenon, by supposing that the platina absorbed and condensed the gas in great quantities, and that the latent heat given out ignited the metal, whence the stream of hydrogen took fire. The discovery was lately made by a German chemist.

During my stay in Cambridge, I frequently attended morn-

ing and evening prayers in the various chapels, but most frequently in that of King's College, where the full Cathedral service is performed. The journal of a Sunday in Cambridge may not be uninteresting. Putting myself under the guidance of Mr. F., who is about to leave the university for Huddersfield, of which he has lately been made vicar, I went at half past nine to the morning service in King's College Chapel. The choir here consists of about twelve, eight of whom are boys under fourteen or fifteen years of age. They are ranged on opposite sides of the chapel, and chant the verses of the psalms alternately, except in the Gloria Patri, which is chanted by the whole in chorus. The chanting however is too rapid to produce a solemn effect, an error which appears to proceed from the length of the service. At the conclusion of the litany, an anthem from the lighter compositions of Boyce, Tallis, Clarke, or some other standard composer, is performed in a style eminently beautiful and impressive. King's College and Eton School constitute but one foundation; and as the students are all Eton boys, they are necessarily few in number. As they all appear on Sunday in white surplices worn over their college dress, the effect is highly pleasing and impressive.

Prayers being over, we went, at eleven, to St. Mary's, the University church, where the heads of all the colleges usually attend, and those students who do not prefer going to the other churches. Here are no morning prayers, they having been already performed at the different chapels. The discourse by Mr. G. was barely respectable. So learned an audience as that which assembles on a Sunday morning at St. Mary's, consisting of almost all the officers in the University, is no where to be paralleled, except in a seat of literature and science.

From St. Mary's we went a little before twelve to Trinity Chapel, the parish Church of the Rev. Mr. Simeon. The service was just over, and the church was crowded to excess. Mr. Simeon occupied his own pulpit, and delivered his discourse from short notes. Extemporaneous sermonizing, however, is not his *forte*. He wants fluency of utterance;

and although his divisions were judicious, his remarks under each head were too much of the nature of detached sentences. In his written sermons before the University, I am told that he avoids those peculiarities of diction, which in his extemporaneous preaching, appear too coarse and familiar. In his delivery, he has a great deal of action, which is rather ungraceful and embarrassed; but he is much in earnest, has many striking and eloquent passages, and has been eminently successful in elevating the tone of piety in the University.

Sermon being over, I took a hasty dinner with my companion at his rooms, and went at three to attend the afternoon service at the King's Chapel; and at six to the Chapel of Trinity, where I saw four hundred young men ranged along the seats, all dressed in their white surplices. On Sundays, and on all religious festivals, this is the dress of the whole University; and the effect of such an assemblage is most striking. We had the Cathedral service here as in the King's Chapel, but the number of singing boys was fewer. We passed the evening at the house of a gentleman in town, whose lady, a most intelligent and agreeable woman, is the daughter of an Irish Bishop. Here we met Professor Lee, and two or three young clergymen, about to depart to take charge of their parishes. It is needless to add, that in such company, enlivened by the presence of the accomplished daughters of Mrs. L., the evening passed away most agreeably.

Mr. Scholefield, the Rector of a parish in Cambridge, and a fellow of Trinity, is reckoned one of the most eloquent and evangelical preachers of the University. I heard him on a following Sunday at St. Mary's, and heard him with pleasure. Before any other audience than the one he was addressing, his style might be thought too chastened and refined to be very impressive. As a parish clergyman, I am told that he is eminently useful.

I accepted an invitation one day to dine in Catharine Hall. Mr. Corrie, to whose politeness I was indebted for this mark of attention, is a Tutor in this College, and brother to the Senior Chaplain of the East India Company, whose name is

so frequently and honourably mentioned in the biography of Henry Martyn. Our company at table consisted of the Vice-master, H—d the fiery orator of the Union club, a young baronet and fellow of Trinity, with two or three fellows of Catharine. We adjourned, as usual to the combination room, where we passed an hour in agreeable conversation. Catharine Hall is one of the smaller foundations, and contains but few students ; indeed, Trinity and St. John's have nearly as many as all the rest. After prayers, I went to drink tea with Professor Smythe, with whom I am more and more delighted. He spoke of Gen. Washington as "the first of the rulers of men." Here I met P—d, the champion of the expiring aristocracy of the Union club. He said he had shaken hands with his antagonist, and that they had buried their animosities in oblivion.

After various attempts to obtain exact information concerning the interior economy of the different colleges, I was obliged to be satisfied with only a very partial degree of success. Few of the officers appeared to be acquainted with any system except that of their own college ; at least to a degree sufficient to enable them to satisfy my enquiries. The University is, indeed, a collection of colleges, each of which forms a separate principality, independent of all the rest in matters relating to internal organization and government ; and as the usages are as various as the number of separate foundations, it is not surprising that I could obtain from no one individual the information I desired. Were most of the Colleges in the United States to be brought together in one place, and the different presidents, professors, &c. to assemble at stated times, to consult the good of the whole, while each institution was left as it now is to make its own internal regulations, this loosely federated literary republic would bear a stronger resemblance to one of the English Universities than any one institution amongst us. Still, there would be many striking points of difference. The whole city of Cambridge is under the *civil* jurisdiction of the University, which has its courts and judges, to which all the inhabitants are amenable, and whose power is sufficiently extensive to

protect the interests, and secure the well being of the University. In no other way would it be possible to maintain order in a body of nearly 2,000 young men, brought together in one spot, and removed from the eye of parental control.

The students are a race of fine looking young men. One may observe amongst them the fresh and ruddy complexions, tall forms, and muscular limbs, which appear in the healthiest parts of New-England. It is a remark of that sensible traveller, Simond, that the *officers* of the English army are men of better stature than the common soldiers; which he accounts for by the fact, that the former, being for the most part men of family and fortune, have been subjected in their childhood to none of the hardships and privations which are known to check the human growth. The same remark applies with equal force to the great body of the students, who, with few exceptions, are taken from the superior classes of society. Yet it is not difficult to find here and there a youth, whose ruddy complexion has faded away during his vigils over the midnight lamp; and I was gravely informed by a plethoric, pursy Vice-master, as he sipped his glass of Port, that *dispepsia* had found its way into their halls and cloisters.

In former years, the mathematics have been held in higher repute at Cambridge than at the sister University. Before the election of Professor Lee, little comparatively had been done in classical learning; and Oriental literature had been still more neglected. An important revolution has already taken place in favour of classical studies, which are now pursued with an ardor that every day diminishes something of the distance between Cambridge and Oxford, in the contention for superiority in elegant literature.

We have the most delightful weather imaginable. With the exception of now and then a drizzling day, and occasionally a blustering one, like some of our November days, the sky is serene, and the air of an agreeable temperature. The season is uncommonly fine for England. It is now almost the middle of December, but not a flake of snow has appeared—the fields still look green, although the trees have shed their foliage; and I could easily imagine myself enjoying a

ramble in America on one of our fine mornings in October, were I not reminded by the hedges, antique buildings, and distant Gothic turrets which bristle over the city, that I am "a stranger and a sojourner" here.

Cambridge stands on a plain bounded by hills of a very moderate elevation, except on the northern side, where it gradually slopes into the flat and fenny ground, along which the sluggish Ouse meanders in its way towards the sea. The streets of the *old town*, where most of the colleges are situated, are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and the houses generally old and decaying. On the eastern side, some streets have been added in a style of English neatness and comfort. The population may amount to 12,000. All the parish churches are of an ancient date; and having been enlarged and repaired at different times, without much attention to uniformity of style, their appearance is often strangely grotesque.

The Cam, which winds along the North-western border of the city, would be a very pleasing object, had it not experienced the usual fate of English rivers—that of being trimmed, and straitened into a canal. So much has our imagination been carried away by poetical allusions to this classic stream—by the songs of bards and the declamations of orators, that its name suggests nothing but images of rural retirement and hallowed meditation—shady walks, where the stillness is broken only by the rippling of the waters, and the soft tread of the solitary musing student. How then are we disappointed, when we find, in the place of this fair creation of the fancy, a narrow, muddy canal, spanned by half a dozen bridges, dammed up with locks, and defiled by coal-barges? Such is the reality. Nevertheless, a care-worn student could scarcely desire a more inviting retreat, than the elm-groves and gravelled walks, which extend along both banks of the river in the rear of Trinity, Clare Hall, and St. John's. These grounds communicate with the above mentioned colleges by many an arched stone bridge; and are secured from vulgar intrusion by thick hedges and borders of trees. The colleges themselves are seen to the best advantage from this

quarter, where all the glories of King's College Chapel stand revealed.

Among all the buildings of the University, none can pretend to vie with this. Its extreme length, and tall form towering above all the surrounding buildings—its projecting buttresses and pinnaced roof—its gorgeous windows and endless carving within and without, not to mention the vaulted ceiling of solid mason work, whose construction is yet a mystery to modern architects—all these have been so often described that a repetition is needless. I paced its length, which on two trials I made to be upwards of 300 feet; while its breadth at the base cannot exceed 90, and that of the clere-story, 60. Its extreme length is the more striking to the eye, because it is unbroken by a transept, after the fashion of the cathedrals. I entered it one evening during the performance of the service. The sun was going down; a deep and solemn gloom filled the building, heightened by the distant swell of the choral service; a thousand rich and mellow tints were thrown on the eastern wall, from the setting sun streaming through the opposite windows, and the whole appeared like a scene of enchantment. The effect is best obtained, by the spectator's placing himself near the chancel at the eastern end, whence he has before him a room 300 feet in length, unbroken through the whole extent, save by the screen about twelve feet high, which divides off the choir. Along a double row of seats on either hand, he sees the white-robed students and chanters, all arrayed in their surplices, with a line of lights burning before them. Casting his eyes upwards, he discovers a vaulted and groined ceiling, adorned with carving and tracery of the richest kind; while the lofty windows in the sides are stained with the figures of gorgeous temples, landscapes, and groups of apostles and martyrs kneeling in prayer, or "suffering for righteousness sake." Then, the organ, one of the finest that can be conceived, rolls its deep mellow tones, the echoes of which are prolonged long after the sound has ceased. Often, when placed in the situation I have described, has the well-known passage of Milton been

brought to mind, and with a force and beauty which cannot be felt without the aid of a little experience.—

“ But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars, massy proof;
 And storied windows, richly dight,
 Casting a dim, religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.”

Such lines as these could have been indited only by one, who had an ear and a soul to enter into the sublilities of cathedral music; and such were Milton's, notwithstanding his anti-episcopal prejudices.

The sound of the axe and the hammer is heard in the precincts of the University. Trinity, Pembroke, and Downing, with some others, are either undergoing extensive repairs, or receiving large additions, which will give quite a new aspect to the city. The stone in use is the Bath, Portland, and Katton—all of them a species of sandstone, differing only in colour and various degrees of hardness. A dirty white with a yellowish tinge is the prevalent colour, and the material is wrought with as much ease as wood, and with similar instruments. Did it not harden by exposure to the air, it would scarcely be fit for building. In some of the old collegiate structures, Gothic and Grecian are strangely jumbled together; but all the new buildings are constructed with a view to uniformity.

The rooks and crows in this country are privileged birds, and great frequenters of seats of learning. They never seem so happy as when they are skimming around old steeples and towers, or holding a grand council in the top of a neighbouring elm. One of their favourite resting places is on the vane of old St. Bennet's, in front of my hotel,

“Where, bishop-like, they find a perch,
“And dormitory too.”

Walking in the groves of elms, whose tops are quite blackened by their nests, one sees them perpetually wheeling about in the upper regions; while even at this late season of the year, the bulfinch warbles his notes from the thickets with which the walks are planted.

Cambridge is not wholly without its antiquities. About a quarter of a mile to the north of the city are the remains of a low, square tower, which tradition assigns to William of Normandy. Hard by is an artificial mound of forty or fifty feet elevation, encompassed by a deep moat and embankment with salient and re-entering angles, indicating that the work was constructed for the purpose of defence.

The new Observatory having been mentioned as worthy of a visit, I included it in one of my rambles on a fine frosty morning. It stands on a gentle eminence about a mile to the north of the town. It is a low, Doric building, of free stone, with a centre and wings, the roof being crowned by a dome so constructed as to revolve, and present the instruments of observation to any quarter of the heavens. A part of the dome is of course made to open and shut at pleasure; but the building is yet in an unfinished state. The view from the top is most delightful. Cambridge, bristling with turrets, lies immediately beneath; while the adjacent plain, dotted with hamlets and churches, solicits the eye to scenes more and more distant, till all

“The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

Every body has heard of “Hobson’s choice.” Mr. Hobson was no imaginary character; but a real, substantial citizen of Cambridge, who kept a livery stable, and obliged each customer to take the horse next the door. Now, when he was about to die, he bequeathed a sum of money, to be expended in the construction of an aqueduct and fountain in the market-place, for the public good; and the water now spouts forth from a little Gothic stone tower, in memory of the public spirited Mr. Hobson. Instead of the common-

place, matter-of-fact inscription, however, which commemorates the charitable donation, one could wish to see,—

“ Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray

“ For the kind soul,” &c.

or something equally sentimental engraved on the tablet.

CHAPTER IX.

DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE—HUNTINGDON—BURLEIGH HOUSE—LEICESTER—ROTHLY TEMPLE—CARDINAL WOLSEY—RIDE TO LUTTERWORTH—COTESBATCH—WICKLIFF—RUGBY.

After a most agreeable sojourn of a fortnight in Cambridge, I left it, if not with absolute regret, yet with a lively and gratifying recollection of the polite attentions I had experienced there. I had accomplished a wish long and ardently entertained. I had seen the interior of one of the great English Universities, and under circumstances highly favourable for making observations—had become acquainted with some of the learned and the excellent, whose names are dear to the scholar and the Christian, and my veneration for their characters had been rather increased than diminished, by studying them more nearly.

We were called up two hours before sunrise to take our seats on the perilous elevation of the top of an English coach, with a ponderous load of baggage piled much higher than our heads. While they were *craning up* the trunks, a self-tormenting curiosity induced me to measure the distance between the wheels, which I found to be about four feet and four inches—the height of the load being not less than twelve or thirteen feet. Here then was a weight of something more than a ton at least ten feet from the ground, resting on a base of 4 feet and 4 inches, to be whirled along at the rate of nine miles an hour. Comfortable idea to those who are seated on the top! But as there is no remedy, the traveller usually finds it best to shut his eyes, if he can, to

the danger of upsetting, and encounter blindfold the chance of descending by a parabolic curve into a ditch, and being buried under a pile of trunks. The inside passengers were ascertained to be a lady, a gentleman, two pointers and a setter ; while my outside companions were for the most part students, going home to pass the vacation, and a sporting young baronet. The Cantabs entertained us with stories of Cambridge *rows*, and poaching expeditions on Trumpington manor—interlarded with a superfluity of fashionable oaths. One was particularly eloquent in setting forth how he had lamed himself the night before, by tumbling down on the pavement in a drunken frolic ; but having exhausted the worthy theme, he was silent.

A ride of fourteen or fifteen miles over a bleak plain brought us to the Ouse, a sleepy, stagnant stream, which we crossed by a stone bridge, and entered Huntingdon, the birth-place of the protector Cromwell. Here we snatched a hasty breakfast at a scurvy inn, amidst a great confusion of hats, cloaks, umbrellas, fowling-pieces and pointers. Such cutting and slashing at a huge round of beef, and swearing, and blowing of fingers, and bawling for waiters who were out of hearing, and clamours of the coachman, “ coach ready,” and twanging of horns ! Indeed the breakfasting of such a coach party as ours is no very orderly matter. Huntingdon was once a flourishing and populous place, containing fifteen churches, which are now reduced to two.

Leaving Peterboro’ on our right, and passing through Stilton, a little hamlet of cheese-making memory, and Wandsford on the Nen, a beautiful stream tributary to the Wash, we came in sight of Burleigh House, the seat of the present Marquis of Exeter, whose fondness for the *turf* is well known to the jockies of Newcastle. Burleigh House was the residence of the famous Treasurer Burleigh, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a turreted old mansion almost buried in the thick trees of the park. A herd of four or five hundred small fallow deer were lazily chewing the cud, or grazing in the park ; a number of hares were chasing each other in sport across the adjoining fields, and covies of partridges waddled

about in the stubble, safe under the protection of the game laws. Crossing the Welland river, was entered Stamford, a city with a population of about 40,000. It stands on the side of a hill sloping towards the river; the houses are generally old, and the streets narrow, irregular, and dirty. About seven in the evening we arrived at Leicester, and were soon huddled around a most inviting coal fire, which glowed in the traveller's room in the "Stag and Pheasant"—a luxury peculiarly grateful, after facing all day the chilling blasts of December.

I had become acquainted, while in London, with Mr. Babington of Leicester, a gentleman not less distinguished for the urbanity of his manners, than for the Christian benevolence with which he lends his support to the cause of religion and humanity. On the following morning I waited on him at his banking-house, and received an invitation to Rothly Temple, his residence about five miles from the city. I accordingly put myself in a Nottingham coach, and after a *race* of a few minutes, was set down at the lodge opening into a private road. A walk of a mile led me over a gentle eminence overlooking a spacious valley, at the upper end of which stood the mansion, in a large park, dotted here and there with trees. The rural beauty of the spot was improved by a small stream winding through the grounds, overhung with oaks and elms, and broken by waterfalls; and the appearance of a hamlet or two at no great distance, with their antique, grotesque churches, relieved the air of entire solitude which the place would have otherwise possessed.

Rothly Temple is a large, irregular pile, whose erection is attributed to the Knights Templars in the days of their power. The high sharp roofs and thick walls, indicate the great antiquity of the structure. The chapel, with its Gothic chancel and window, and cross on the roof, is still entire. Here, Richard III. is reported to have slept a night or two before the battle of Bosworth; and the bedstead on which the unfortunate monarch reposed is still preserved. It is of the most richly carved oak, and panelled over head like the fretted ceiling of a Gothic room. The posts and beams are

of massy thickness, and the whole may weigh something less than half a ton. In the family of Mr. B. I experienced the kindest hospitality, and the evening could not have passed away more agreeably. The company, the next morning, was increased by the arrival of a neighbouring clergyman; and after breakfast, we all set out for Leicester, where a meeting had been appointed to form an Auxiliary Society for the gradual abolition of slavery. The meeting was held in the Bible Society's room, Mr. B. being in the chair; and was attended by a number of the most respectable inhabitants in the place, besides two or three *radicals*, who seemed to have come for no other purpose than to see that the business was not transacted with too much unity. The association was nevertheless organized, and most of the gentlemen present became members. I could not but admire the terseness and propriety with which the speakers delivered their sentiments, and particularly the chairman, who is a concise and business-like speaker. His son very appropriately introduced the subject, by a statement of the reasons which went to prove the expediency of venturing on measures of gradual abolition, and the necessity of influencing members of parliament by petitions from the country.

After the meeting had broken up, Mr. B. kindly introduced me to one of the Elders of Robert Hall's congregation, on whom I waited in the evening to accompany him to the lecture. A torrent of rain did not prevent us from setting off after tea for the chapel, a very moderately sized building situated in a narrow alley. My disappointment was great on discovering that Mr. H. was prevented by indisposition from giving his lecture; and I found an additional mortification in not being able to wait on him after service, as my host had politely offered to introduce me. The storm was too violent to allow of paying visits of ceremony. On returning to my hotel, I found the coffee-room occupied by a luckless company of Cantabs, who had been fanned and soaked by the tempest through the whole day on the top of the coach.

Leicester has a population of 30, or 40,000, and is famous for its manufactures of hose, eighteen thousand pair being

woven here every week. Tradition assigns the foundation of the city to King Leir, I know not how many hundred years before the Norman conquest. It stands on what was once the river Soare, now transmuted into a canal, whose banks are blackened by iron foundaries, glass manufactories, and sea-coal. Among the antiquities of the place is shown a Roman mile-stone, a low obelisk standing on a pedestal in one of the public places.

On a little eminence to the northward of the town are the ruins of Leicester Abbey, where the disgraced Cardinal Wolsey "gave his honours to the world again,—and slept in peace." The readers of Shakspeare will not need to be reminded of the passage, which describes with historical accuracy the closing scene of his chequered life,

"At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;
Lodg'd in the Abbey ; where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his convent, honorably received him ;
To whom he gave these words,—O, Father Abbot !
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye—
Give him a little earth for charity."

The place that once knew this haughty favorite of the absolute Henry, knows him no more—the site of his tomb is forgotten—"his memorial has perished with him ;" and nothing of the hospitable Abbey remains but a mound of ruins, a piece of thick wall, and two or three arches ready to tumble down.

One object of my visit in this part of England was, to wait on the Rev. Mr. Marriott, the Rector of Cotesbatch near Lutterworth, at whose house I had been very politely invited to pass a few days. There being no stage-coach direct to Lutterworth, I hired a post-coach, and set off on the morning of the 18th, and for once enjoyed the luxury of travelling alone, and in comparative security. The day was fine on setting out, but in the course of an hour or two, it was raining and snowing together. The Soar, with its formal daughter the canal, ran along on my right ; but for some miles, both were merged in one continued lake, produced by the

rains of yesterday. A ride of thirteen miles brought me in sight of the tower of Lutterworth church, which peered above the trees on a gentle eminence. On my arrival, I learned that the gentleman whom I was to visit was then holding a magistrate's meeting in the village; and on sending in my card, I was admitted into the hall of justice. Among those who were giving an account of their evil deeds, were a choleric boor, who had kept back the wages of a labourer; and one of the frail sisterhood, who had been convicted of adding to the burthens of the parish. She was sentenced to the house of correction, for the improvement of her morals, and had the grace to try to look modest and penitent on the occasion. From the judgment hall I accompanied my host to his residence at Cotesbatch, a small hamlet about a mile distant, where I was welcomed with all the kindness and warmth of true old English hospitality.

The Rector of the parish is also sole proprietor of the soil, an extensive body of land, of an excellent quality. About twenty or thirty tenants, with their families, form the congregation; so that the rector unites in himself the characters of parson, magistrate, and landlord of his whole parish. The parsonage is a large irregular building, situated on a gentle ascent near the high road, which is lined with a double row of elms through the whole domain. A fine lawn, with gravelled walks, opens in front of the house; and the trees are loaded as usual with rook's nests, whose occupants hold a consultation every morning in the top of a venerable elm.

The village of Lutterworth, which was for many years honoured with the ministry of Wickliff the reformer, stands in full view from my window. Here he preached and defended those doctrines, which, in a subsequent and more fortunate age, dispelled the papal darkness which had so long covered the nation. My veneration for his character induced me to pay frequent visits to the spot, where the light of the Reformation first dawned in England. The identical pulpit in which he preached is still in good preservation. It is rudely carved in oak, which, in sheltered situations, is almost as indestructible as marble; and decorated with un-

couth images, after the fashion of the times. The chair, table, and two wooden gilt candlesticks, of the reformer, are still carefully preserved in the vestry-room, with the remnant of his embroidered robe. The table is quite a curiosity of itself, independently of its having been once the companion of a man so celebrated. The leaf is supported by two horrid images carved out of the solid oak, and the whole cannot weigh much less than two hundred pounds. There is a fine head of the reformer hanging in the church; but by what artist I could not learn. A few years ago, a part of the tower fell and injured the building, which has since undergone a complete repair. The new tower is of a moderate height, and in size and shape is not unlike that of the church in New Haven. Notwithstanding the boldness with which Wickliff laid his hands on the corruptions of the church, he lived to a good old age, and died quietly in his bed. Protected by the Duke of Lancaster, and some others of the nobility, who had grown impatient under the arrogance of the ecclesiastics, his person remained safe while he lived. He did not renounce the communion of the church whose corruptions he had exposed; for as Collier remarks, "upon Innocent's day, being at *mass* in his church, he was seized with his old distemper, the palsy: this fit took away his speech, which he never recovered, but died upon the last of December," (1485.) The vengeance of his enemies, however, pursued him into the sanctuary of the grave. About 40 years after his death, pursuant to a decree of the council of Constance, in the quaint language of Fuller,—“Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick scent of a dead carcass) to *ungrave* him accordingly. To Lutterworth they came, Sumner, Commissarie, Official, Chancellour, Proctors, Doctors, and the servants, (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone, amongst so many hands,) take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus, this brook hath conveyed his ashes into the Avon; Avon into the Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; and they into the main ocean,

And thus, the ashes of Wickliff are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

During my stay at Cotesbatch, we frequently dined with the gentry in the neighbourhood.—In one of our rides, we crossed Watling street, one of the famous Roman roads in this country. It is elevated about three feet above the surface of the fields. An excavation, which some labourers were making, gave an opportunity of examining the strata of which the road was composed, and which proved to be nothing but a deep bed of coarse gravel. The spaciousness of the street renders it a favourite resort of the gypsies; but on this occasion, we only descried a little colony of travelling tinkers, who had squatted down under the hedge, with a suitable retinue of squalid children and puppies.

Pursuing our ride, we passed through the village of Newbold, where a canal dives under a hill, and soon after crosses the Avon, which is here little larger than a mill-stream. A ride of half a mile farther up the beautiful valley, through which flows the Avon, brought us to Holbrook, the seat of Mr. Caldicott; and we afterwards continued our ride to Rugby. This is the seat of one of the famous public schools, in which boys are prepared for the Universities. It was founded by a private citizen of London, and endowed with city lots, which have now become extremely valuable. Entire new buildings have lately been erected, consisting of a beautiful Gothic chapel, and a spacious edifice for the school, including the residence of the master. The number of boys now in the institution is about 200; formerly it contained twice that number. The town itself, exclusive of a few recently built edifices, has nothing very attractive in its appearance, it being both irregular and ill-built. We called on Admiral Chambers, a venerable old man, who passed some of his early years in America. He was at the taking of Quebec; and commanded on lake Champlain in the war of the revolution. After dining with a relation of Mr. M., we returned late in the evening.

On another occasion, we were invited to pass the day at the house of an intelligent gentleman, Mr. D., who, after

distinguishing himself as a scholar at Cambridge, has chosen the retirement of a country seat, about six miles from Lutterworth. Both he and his lady rendered themselves highly agreeable.—We had a few other guests; and amidst the numerous enquiries which were put, I found my knowledge of the institutions of my own country, civil, political, legal, and ecclesiastical, subjected to a severe trial. The late war between the two countries becoming the topic of conversation, it was obvious that the information of the company had all been gathered from English publications, without much suspicion of their inaccuracy; and I was forced into a contest in support of the honor of the striped flag. The English are so much accustomed to triumph on the ocean that they hold it impossible that they can be beaten, except by a superior numerical force. It was amusing to see the spirit with which the ladies maintained the untarnished glory of the British arms.

The country about Lutterworth, which is nearly in the centre of England, is gently varied with hill and dale. Leicestershire is a grazing county, and its mutton is in high repute. The sheep are fattened on turnips, of which immense fields are cultivated. A little patch is railed off by a fence of slender poles, into which the sheep are turned; and when they have nibbled down the turnips quite into the ground, the fence is removed, and a fresh spot is enclosed. The pieces of roots which remain undevoured, are then dug up and thrown into the new enclosure. The sheep thrive remarkably well on this aliment, if it is occasionally changed for other food.

After a fortnight's stay at Cotesbatch, I bade adieu to my kind and hospitable entertainer, of whose attentions, and those of his amiable lady, I shall ever retain a warm remembrance. With a numerous and promising family, and a much larger portion of this world's goods than falls to the common lot, they have learned the christian art of so "using the world as not abusing it." The unaffected hospitality I have enjoyed here is of too pleasing a description to be soon

forgotten, and I leave it with reluctance for the smoke, and hurry, and confusion of London.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM LUTTERWORTH—RIDE TO ST. ALBAN'S—NORTHAMPTON—ST. ALBAN'S—ABBEY CHURCH—HUMPHREY THE GOOD—ANTIQUITIES AND REMAINS—DEPARTURE FOR LONDON—BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S—REV J. PRATT.

Long before daylight appeared, and full two hours too soon, William was at the door with the carriage, to transport me and my luggage to Lutterworth, through which the Holyhead coach passes on its return to London. On being set down at the public house, I found my way to the kitchen, where a comfortable fire was blazing in the grate; and ensconced myself in a sturdy oak chair, with ample leisure for rumination. The inmates of the house were all in bed. The fire cast a glimmering light on the bright array of pewter tankards and well-scoured copper utensils, which adorned these domains of the cook; and the silence was interrupted only by the monotonous clicking of the jack, which continued plying its labours as if from habit, now that no savoury joint of mutton was hissing and spinning below. Once my reverie was interrupted by an idle fellow, who strolled into the room, and enquired, "if none of our chaps was stirring yet?" Having dismissed him with a negative, I resumed my meditations. It was not long before I perceived an unusual commotion in the waters of the Swift, which runs by the village; and presently the dust of Wickliff began to be gathered together in a manner not a little surprising; and the venerable form of the Reformer stood before me, with his long but well turned face, flowing beard, and triangular cap. With a melancholy visage, he began a lamentation over the licentiousness of the age. He thought it a great scandal to religion, that a set of low fellows, in the parish which had

once been his own, should mob, and insult, and even beat their poor curate,* for advising them not to abuse the holy festival of Christmas, by tipping and rioting in ale-houses. "Good Mr. Wickliff, I replied, this is all very bad, to be sure; (pardon me for interrupting you) but how was it in your day? Did not spiritual wickedness prevail then in high places? Did not the priests themselves set the example of all kinds of vice, to the fellows of the baser sort? And how happens it, that your bones are not now quietly sleeping in the grave, instead of being whirled about in that dirty brook yonder, from which you have just come up?" To this, he was beginning to reply, that "that was an age of spirituall darknesse, when men were ignorant of the true evangile, but did live as it were heatheness; and the sheperdes were, forsothe, as blind as the silly sheepe themselves. But now the true light shineth throughout all godlie Englonde, and manie godlie pastors have arisen in the place of the dumb dogs that wold not barke. Wherefore, it behoveth,"—Here the dialogue was interrupted by a heavy, rumbling noise; and looking round for my companion, I saw nothing in the direction where he had stood but the shadow of a great coat hanging before the fire. Suspecting that I had been dreaming, I gathered up my cloak and hastened to the door, where stood the coach I had been waiting for, with the "Saracen's Head" scowling on the panels. I climbed up to my seat between the fat guard on my left, and an emaciated corporal on my right, both of whom were soon fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. My position was one of discomfort, as well as of some responsibility. The heads of my companions dabbled in my face at every jolt of the carriage; and I was obliged every now and then to give the load of flesh which pressed upon me a shove, to restore the equilibrium, and avoid precipitating the poor corporal into the road. The latter was no sooner asleep than he began to soliloquize, but so indistinctly that I could make nothing of his discourse. The poor fellow was afflicted with a great infirmity of brain, acquired perhaps by fatigue and exposure in his Majesty's service in

* A fact that happened in Lutterworth a short time ago.

India ; for every thing we passed during the day reminded him of the Marquis of Cornwallis' tomb on the bank of the Ganges, or of Tippoo Saib, or of Sinde, or of something else five thousand miles off.

At the village of Welford, the road crosses the Avon, which is here a diminutive stream ; and a little farther on, passes by the field of Naseby, where the unfortunate Charles I. was defeated in battle, and stripped of the last remains of regal power. The field of battle is an elevated piece of table land, the ascent to which on the north is through the village of Welford. A horseman's boot was lately ploughed up here in good preservation. It is of the stiffest and firmest leather, the soles enormously thick, and studded with nails. The Avon, Nen, and Ise, all running different ways, have their origin in this neighbourhood. Holdenby house, where the fallen monarch was for a time imprisoned after the battle, is in plain sight from the road ; but is deserving of no particular notice, except from its connexion with the history of Charles' misfortunes.

A ride of twenty-three miles brought us to Northampton, situated on a gentle slope, and containing a population of about 8,000. With this place is connected the name of the pious Doddridge, who made it the scene of his ministerial labours. The guard was more competent to inform me which were the best houses of entertainment, than to point out the meeting-house of the pious dissenter. Our long ride had sharpened our appetites for breakfast, miserable as it was ; and Mr. Orator Hunt's radical coffee was probably never drunk with less disposition to criticise its qualities. I was surprised to hear the passengers congratulate each other on the fineness of the day, till I recollected, that in the meteorological journal of an Englishman, " a fine day " is one, in which it does not rain more than half the time, which was about the proportion of drizzle we had experienced in our ride. The town presents a very handsome appearance from the south, and has quite a rural appearance from the number of shade-trees in the suburbs. The town hall is a fine object at a distance.

Two miles from Northampton, and close to the road, stands "Queen's Cross," one of those beautiful Gothic towers erected by Edward I., to the memory of Eleanor, his queen. Although it has stood more than 700 years, it is still in good preservation. Its form is octagonal. The diameter at the base is about fifteen feet, and the apex of the tower is surmounted by a cross. The sides and angles are beautifully wrought in free stone, and broken by niches and statues; and standing as it does in a recess in a grove, not far from the road, it forms an object striking and picturesque.

Newport-Pagnel occurs next on the road, to get in or out of which it is necessary to cross the Ouse, here as marshy and stagnant as ever. This stream seems to be haunted through its whole course by the spirit of bogs and fens. The town occupies an eminence between the doublings of the river, and is large enough to contain 3 or 4000 inhabitants.

Woburn, forty-two miles from London, has one of the most beautiful parish churches I have yet seen. Its walls are completely covered with ivy; and the building, which is very ancient, is in fine repair. The tower stands quite by itself a few feet from the church. While the horses were changed, I walked into the church-yard, and observed through the windows that the church was decorated with the garlands of Christmas.

As we drove out of the village, Woburn Abbey, the splendid mansion of the Duke of Bedford, appeared in full view on our left, about half a mile up a narrow valley, shaded with ancient elms and oaks; and about a mile farther on, we came to the porter's lodge, and the entrance into the park. The large, studded, brass gates, glittering in the rays of the setting sun, and the fine proportions of the architecture, cannot fail to attract the traveller's attention. At length, we descried at a distance the dingy form of the Abbey of St. Albans, and arrived at comfortable lodgings in the dusk of the evening.

St. Alban was a saint of the third century, and a martyr; but where his bones were deposited, remained a mystery, until the problem was solved in the following manner. Offa, king of Mercia, having treacherously murdered the king of

the East Angles, was informed in a vision of the spot where the sainted bones were ingloriously laid to rest ; and as an expiation of his crime, was directed to build a religious house over the grave, to the memory of the saint. The Abbey was accordingly founded in the year 739. The monastery connected with it once covered ten acres of ground, and the Abbot had the precedence of all others in the kingdom. The great wealth of this foundation attracted the cupidity of Henry VIII., who sequestered the revenues, demolished the buildings, and turned the monks adrift. The church was spared, only in consequence of the inhabitants paying a large sum of money to the rapacious monarch. The gorgeous painted windows, and the harmless figures of uncouth monsters wrought into the architecture, were dashed to pieces or sadly mutilated, as a matter of course, by Cromwell's round-headed fanatics ; but the place has still many attractions. As almost every part of the Abbey has been rebuilt or repaired ; and each portion in the prevalent style of the age, all the varieties of architecture are observable, from the ponderous Norman, down to the light Gothic of the time of Henry VII. The heavy, low tower is principally Norman ; but the little modern white spire, peeping up from within the battlements, like a flag-staff from some noble castle, is not in very good keeping with the rest. The exterior of the walls has been patched in many places with brick, some of which have been stuccoed in imitation of the stone ; but as much of it has peeled off, the building presents a very tattered appearance on the outside. The length of this mighty pile is now between five and six hundred feet, and was once much longer, as is evident from the fragments of the wall which still remain. Its greatest breadth at the transept is 217 feet.

Having sought out the parish clerk, a dapper little talkative body, who, for the convenience of strangers requiring his service, had the nature of his vocation painted on a sign over his door, I went to view the interior of the Abbey. Entering on the south-west side, the visitor is admitted through a screen to the Vestry, where repose the ashes of

some of the Abbots. Before Oliver's zealots had laid every thing waste which savoured of the harlot that sitteth on the seven hills, a number of brazen monuments of singular beauty existed here; but none have survived except that of the Abbot de la Marc, who flourished in the reign of Edward III. It is a plate of brass, or of a composition resembling it, eight or nine feet high, on which is engraved a full length portrait of the Abbot in his robes and mitre, besides a number of smaller figures and devices. Here, too, stood the costly shrine of the saint, the prevailing efficacy of whose intercessions must have been greatly coveted, *if* the hollows in the granite pavement were actually worn by the knees of devout pilgrims. Here also is the vault of "Humphrey the Good, Duke of Glo'ster," and brother of the Fifth Henry. The door being raised, I went down a flight of steps, and took up some of the bones out of their leaden cerements. This vault was accidentally discovered half a century ago, when the body was found in good preservation, it being soldered up in a leaden coffin enclosing a pickle of a highly aromatic smell. As the liquor evaporated, or was drunk up, as my conductor reported, by the visiters, the flesh mouldered away; but the bones are dry and hard. They seem to have belonged to a man of small stature; but my knowledge of craniology was too small to enable me to determine, by the bumps on the skull, whether his Royal Highness was justly entitled to the epithet attached to his name. In various nooks about the Vestry are deposited Roman urns dug up in the neighbourhood—little brazen monuments with Saxon inscriptions—fleshless skulls and bones—the sad remnants of mortality, and the eloquent monitors of the living.

Passing through the light and exquisitely beautiful screen, which divides the vestry from the choir, the visiter has a commanding view of the whole remaining length of the Abbey. The two rows of pillars which extend from the transept to the western extremity, and divide the side aisles from the nave, are singularly contrasted; for while those on the north are Norman, and thirty feet in circumference, the opposite

ones are clustered, of light proportions, and evidently the work of a much later age.

On the whole, although St. Albans, when compared with many of the Cathedrals in this island, must yield the palm ; yet, the antiquarian, the Christian, and the moralist, may occupy himself not unprofitably amongst its time-worn relics : and if he goes away, more practically convinced of the real vanity of human distinctions, after handling the poor remains of one of royal lineage ;—more feelingly apprehensive of the day that is coming, when

The cloud-cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, yea, the globe itself,
And all that it inherit, shall dissolve,—

after gazing at the solid grandeur of this venerable pile ; and more entirely resolved, in reliance on divine assistance, to “work while the day lasts,” in expectation of the long, deep repose of the grave ; he will not have mused and moralized in vain.

It may be remarked, that the only good view of the Abbey is from the south-west, on the road to St. Stephen's, an eminence on the opposite side of the Ver, which runs down the valley till it meets the Colne. From almost every other point, the view is obstructed by buildings and inequalities of the ground.

About forty yards from the north-west angle of the church, stands a sort of castellated tower, with walls of enormous thickness, now used as a prison. It is pierced by a lofty gate-way, arched and ribbed overhead ; and the remains of a heavy oaken gate, studded with spikes, adheres still to the hinges. The small towers rising from each angle, and provided with loop-holes and battlements, indicate that it was constructed as a work of defence.

St. Alban's was once a Roman station of considerable importance, and many antiquities of that extraordinary people, such as urns and other specimens of pottery, coins, and relics of various descriptions, have been dug up in the neighbourhood. Many fragments of their stone walls are yet remaining. They are generally constructed of nodules of flint,

imbedded in a cement, which has become as hard as the flint itself. The population of St. Alban's may be 3 or 4,000. The houses are generally old and indifferent. Holloway house, the residence of the Countess Dowager Spencer, stands at the foot of the hill by the river; but is in no wise remarkable, except for the *holy well* in the garden, whose healing powers were once held in vast estimation. Since the Reformation, the spring has lost its virtues, and is now applied to the vulgar uses of life.

Having taken a hasty view of the curiosities in St. Alban's and its neighbourhood, I mounted the coach on New-Year's day, on a most delightful morning, and took the road to London. St. Alban's is about twenty miles from the metropolis. I have now got pretty well reconciled to sailing through the air on the top of the coach; and by standing up a part of the time, which it is easy to do on fine smooth roads, one has the advantage of an occasional change of posture, and of a better view of the surrounding country. After crossing the Colne, the road lies through Ridge-hill, Kitt's End, and Barnet,—the latter an ancient and rather populous village. In its neighborhood was fought the decisive battle, in 1471, between the houses of York and Lancaster, in which the party of the latter was defeated, and the Earl of Warwick slain. An obelisk points out the fatal spot. The country all along is beautifully varied with hill and dale, and many a lordly mansion glitters in the prospect. In a valley on the right, Porters, the seat of the Marquis of Sligo, stands in full view; and a few miles further on is Wrotham Park, the country residence of G. Byng, Esq. It is a most princely mansion, and appears to great advantage, on an elevation in the midst of an extensive park. Finchly Common, once a heathy, barren plain, is now principally enclosed, and under cultivation. After crossing it, we began to ascend Highgate, one of Thompson's "Sister hills;" and from the top, a glorious prospect burst on the view, extending over the valley of the Thames, with all its villages, and spires, and groves, and palaces, stretching away towards Ramsgate; while London lay beneath us, covered as usual by a dense cloud of smoke, which

rolled and tossed in the wind like a troubled ocean. Passing through a cleft in the hill, and under an arch of seventy feet in height, supporting a cross road, we began to descend; and soon after, I reached my lodgings in Chapel Place, after an absence of between four and five weeks.

Being favoured with an introduction to the Bishop of St. David's, I waited on him one day at his lodgings in Upper Montague Street. His zeal, his theological attainments, which have often been called forth in defence of Christian truth, and the exertions he has made to found a Theological School for the education of ministers in his obscure Diocese, have all conspired to place him on a high eminence among his brethren of the mitre. His reception of me was so kind and condescending, that, combined with what I had heard of his character, it was impossible not to love and venerate him. His views are large and liberal, and he seems to be wholly given to the duties of his sacred profession. His eyes are so weak as to oblige him to wear a shade; and he is too much of a student to give them any respite.

From his lodgings, I went to pay my respects to the Rev. Josiah Pratt, the indefatigable Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. I found him buried under a heap of manuscripts and Reports, which he was engaged in arranging and epitomising, preparatory to the annual meeting. He said he had thirty days' labour to perform, before the Report could be got ready. The extensive operations of this Society render the office of Secretary a laborious one; and nothing but the habits of intense application, which the present incumbent is known to possess, could enable him to fill it, amidst the avocations of a parish minister—to say nothing of the literary works in which he has been engaged.

The popularity of the late Bishop Dehon in this country, is unbounded. A gentleman assured me, that no sermons have been so much *preached* as his; partly on account of their own intrinsic excellence; and partly, from their being the productions of an American Bishop, and therefore supposed to be but little known in England. The latter, however, is a mistake. They are better known, and have been more uni-

versally read, than almost any sermons of the present age. Three or four editions have already passed through the press.

The President's Message, which has just arrived, is much talked of here, and takes wonderfully. What he says of the independence of the South American principalities, and the interference of European powers in the affairs of that continent, is greatly applauded by many of the English, who are getting more and more distrustful of "the Holy Alliance."

CHAPTER XI.

RAMBLE ABOUT LONDON—GUILDHALL—COURT OF KING'S BENCH—BILLINGSGATE—CUSTOM-HOUSE—THE TOWER—EXETER 'CHANGE.

January 6th.—This day has been wholly devoted to a ramble about London, to look at curiosities. A friend called on me after breakfast, and proposed an excursion; and we accordingly took our way through St. Giles,' that paradise of usquebaugh and "blue ruin," to which the low Irish generally resort on coming to London. Such a place of filth, and tipsy jollity, and nocturnal rows, and squalid wretchedness, is no where to be found, except on "Saffron Hill" in the vicinity of Fleet Ditch, where a large portion of the indigenous poverty of the metropolis is congregated. The first object of our inspection was Guild Hall, so famous in the annals of London. Here, the Lord Mayor eats custards at city feasts; and here too, the foreign monarchs ate a hearty dinner in June, 1814, at the trifling expense of £20,000. The hall where these and other memorable achievements have happened, is upwards of 150 feet long and in a very pleasing Gothic style of architecture. Gog and Magog still occupy their wonted stations under the western window; but as it was an early hour in the day, we had not the gratification of seeing them come down to dine. The walls are decorated with monuments in bas-relief, of Chatham, Nelson, Pitt,

and Beckford the late Lord Mayor,—the latter in the attitude of making a speech to George III.

From the Hall, we made our way through divers passages and apartments to the Court of King's Bench, where the Lord Chief Justice Abbot was patiently listening to a dispute between two fish-mongers. He was dressed in his gown, bob-wig, and bands. Copley and Scarlett were pointed out to me—the latter a portly, red-faced man, with the look of a *bon vivant*. The Common Council chamber, under the same roof, is a very pretty room, and prettily ornamented with paintings by Copley, Lonsdale, and others. The destruction of the combined fleet before Gibraltar, the death of Rizzio, and that of Wat Tyler, were among the most attractive.

Leaving Guild Hall by a dark, crooked alley, so narrow as barely to allow two persons to walk abreast, I suddenly confronted an old Baltimore acquaintance, just returned from France and bound to La Guira. It was somewhat against the doctrine of probabilities, that we should meet *vis a vis* in an unfrequented court, and amongst a population of more than a million.—The Auction Mart, Lloyd's, and the New-England Coffee-House, the latter a very dirty, dark place, were next visited. Here we found New-York papers dated only twenty-one days back : so rapidly had they been transported over 3000 miles of ocean, and 230 of land !

Turning aside towards the Thames, we were soon elbowing our way among the fair damsels of Billingsgate. As it happened not to be fish-market day, and the ladies were not fighting, our ears were saluted with none of their courteous phraseology ; only we were much annoyed by their importunities to buy their fish. The price of fresh cod-fish to-day is five shillings per pound. Two guineas is a very common price for one of moderate size.

Adjoining Billingsgate, and a little to the east, stands the Custom-house, begun in 1813, and completed in 1817. This fine structure is 480 feet in length by 100 in depth, and is in a very plain style of architecture. It stands directly on the bank of the Thames. The Long Room is the most striking object—its dimensions being 190 feet by 66, and 55 in

height. It is one of the largest rooms in Europe, whose ceiling is unsupported by intermediate pillars. Many of the rooms are rendered fire proof, and the whole is constructed with a view to utility rather than elegance. I could not help contrasting its plebeian plainness with a *poor-house* now building on the road to Highgate, which the committee, with a most preposterous taste, are constructing in a highly ornamented Gothic style, and at a great expense. It looks more like one of the new colleges at Cambridge, than a house for the poor. Where is the fitness of lodging the poor in palaces? To the custom-house are attached about 650 officers and clerks, besides 1000 tide-waiters and servants. A terrace affording an agreeable promenade, extends along the whole front next the river.

The next object we visited was the Tower. He whose young imagination has been kindled, by reading of the crimes and bloody executions which have been perpetrated here—of the sufferings and imprisonment of those of royal and noble lineage, within its gloomy walls; and by the prominent figure it makes in the early history of the kings of England, will probably be disappointed, at finding only an irregular cluster of old buildings, surrounded by a mote and a low wall. The ancient tower itself is indeed but a small part of what goes by the name of The Tower.

It is quite unnecessary to transcribe a dozen pages from the "Description of the Tower of London," after the common fashion of journalists. THE ROYAL MENAGERIE is a high sounding name; but in truth, it is a very ordinary concern. A brick shed about 15 feet high, in a semi-circular form, in which are engaged sundry lions, bears, tygers, catamounts and raccoons, none of them at all remarkable, forms the Royal Menagerie. In another range, there is no want of monkeys and parrots, grinning, chattering, and croaking most vilely: but in the serpents' room, I was gratified with the sight of a young Boa Constrictor, and an Anaconda, with divers others of the snaky tribe, from the hot climates of the East. The Boa is about fourteen feet in length, and

as thick as a man's arm, with a handsomely spotted hide. In a large box in one corner of the room lay a pile of alligators, crocodiles and lizards—all so torpid and sluggish, that they scarcely deigned to move, unless provoked. The serpents are kept warmly wrapped up in blankets over a stove; and after making a dinner on fowls and rabbits, they take a *siesta* of three weeks or a month's duration.

Every child has the contents of the SPANISH ARMOURY by heart. Like most visitants, I suppose, I handled the Spanish *Ranceurs*, made to stab, hew down, or cut the bridles of the cavalry—thrust my arm into the shield with a little pistol-barrel sticking out of the boss, and took aim through the grating; a very awkward and inefficient weapon—shook sundry long iron-shod pikes, which looked as though they might have belonged to the Macedonian phalanx—brandished Danish and Saxon war-clubs—flourished a two-edged, cross hilted Saxon broad-sword—felt the edge of the axe which beheaded the beauteous Ann Boleyn, and afterwards, the Earl of Essex,—an implement shaped like a housewife's chopping knife—rolled about divers star-shot, chain-shot, and link-shot, found on board the Armada—screwed up my thumb in a little trinket very prettily contrived for that operation, but found the screw too badly worn to hold—essay'd to endue my neck in an iron cravat—poised a Spanish boarding-pike, with six spikes and a spear at one end, and a match-lock pistol at the other; and strutted about with Hal's walking-staff, armed with three match-lock pistols, which procur'd him the honour of being sent one night to the round-house, as he was taking his princely pastime in smashing windows and knocking down watchmen. I was not particularly struck with the figure of Queen Bess, speechifying to her troops at Tilbury, in her suit of armour and white silk embroidered petticoat; although the grey headed warder assured me, that the attentive and graceful attitude of the *page* was much admired.

IN THE HORSE ARMOURY, I filed along in front of the wax figures of the Edwards, and Henrys, and James, and Charles, and Georges, all mounted on wooden horses, and in armour.

Save and except the armour in which the figures are clad, with reverence be it spoken, this is a very pitiful exhibition. Here is an immense collection of the spoils of Waterloo; and I tried on a steel helmet which once covered

—some poor fellow's skull—

Who was slain in the great victory.

Here, too, is John of Gaunt's coat of mail, with all his armour complete—the wearer, by the by, must have been eight feet high at least;—besides an abundance of cuirasses, some perforated with bullet-holes—tilting armour, and horses' coats of mail; and, by some inexplicable fancy in classification, a model of the original machine for throwing silk, imported from Italy by Sir Thomas Loombe, in 1734.

I stopped long enough in THE ROYAL TRAIN OF ARTILLERY to examine all the oldest specimens of cannon; and was surprised to see how little improvement has been made in the manufacture of that weapon, since the time of Henry VIII. Some of the pieces of ordnance, cast in his reign, are almost as beautifully modelled and as highly finished, as those of modern construction.

THE SMALLEST ARMOURY is 345 feet long; and before the battle of Waterloo, contained arms for more than 200,000 men. Those still remaining are sufficient for 150,000; amongst which, are many old pieces of curious device, and from various nations. A two-pound piece, taken by the French at Malta, which fell into the hands of the English on its way to Paris, is a great curiosity. It is cast from a composition metal which very much resembles gold; and carved all over with singular beauty. The carriage is of the finest and most curious workmanship. The centre of the wheels represents the face of the sun, and the spokes the rays. This piece bears the date of 1684, and has the head of the Grand Master of Malta, in bas relief.

In viewing THE REGALIA, I was careful not to commit such a blunder as I was guilty of in the Menagerie; where I unwittingly provoked the keeper to great wrath, by telling him, that the animal which he was showing off as an American fox was a raccoon;—in short, I found it best to doubt nothing,

and ask no impertinent questions. When we were all seated in front of the curtain, which concealed these awful mysteries of royalty, the lamps burning on each side of the cavern, the high-priestess suddenly drew up the vail, as if to overwhelm us at once with their glories. After waiting a minute to allow us time to recover our self-possession, she put herself in the attitude of an orator about to be delivered of a speech. Placing one arm a-kimbo, and stretching forth the other towards the glittering baubles, she began in a most solemn measured tone,—“Ladies and gentlemen, please to attend the explanations.” The gentlemen behaved with all due decorum; but the ladies were somewhat overcome by the pompous manner of the priestess, and laughed outright. However, we had a very clear and methodical description of each article, from the royal crown of his present Most Sacred Majesty, down to the golden tea-spoons used at the coronation: but the speech had been committed to memory verbatim from one of the numerous “Descriptions of the Tower.” The two crowns cost each about £100,000; and on comparing them, it was difficult to determine, why the crown of his ancestors might not have fitted the temples of George IV.

Emerging from the smoky den in which the Regalia are kept, the house was pointed out in which Sir Francis Burdett sojourned, during his stay in these parts. It is certainly less spacious than his mansion in St. James’, but looks comfortable enough, notwithstanding.

THE WHITE TOWER, built by William the conqueror, is the original building, which has given name to the whole cluster enclosed within the mote. The walls of this structure are eleven feet in thickness, and the architecture is Saxon. We were shown the chamber in which Edward V. and his unhappy brother Richard, were smothered, by order of their hump-backed uncle the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.; and the stair-case, under which their bones were discovered in the reign of Charles II.

After snatching a hasty dinner, we went to view the collection of wild beasts in Exeter ’Change, in the Strand. It is the largest in the kingdom, and probably the largest in the

world, belonging to a private individual ; but it is to be regretted that the stalls of the beasts are not placed in a yard in the open air, instead of being crowded together in three or four rooms where they are not seen to good advantage, nor without great offence to the nostrils. Even the huge elephant* has his apartment in the second story, where he revolves round his little orbit of 20 feet in diameter, with the occasional indulgence of drawing a bolt, and thrusting forth "his lithe proboscis" to receive the offerings of visitors. He is ten feet high, and weighs five tons. There is a great variety of lions, tygers, panthers, leopards, bisons, and animals of almost every species hitherto discovered. In one of the cages, a fine lion and a Bengal tygress lead a remarkably happy life together—pawing, and ramping, and fondling, like the best friends in the world. I observed that one of the lions in the tower had been rendered so tame, that the keeper went into his den and played with him as with a dog.—The beast appeared delighted with the visit, and held his keeper with his paws till he was told to let go.

The collection of exotic birds is no less rare and varied than that of the beasts ; but it is impossible to carry away more than an indistinct recollection of them, from a single visit. Here, too, in one of the apartments, is a beautiful Boa constrictor, 16 feet in length, as sluggish as the one in the tower. He appeared to be near the time of shedding his skin, and was almost blind by a film over his eyes. He seemed to be very tender, as he started and gave a hiss, on laying my hand on his back. It is some weeks since he dined on his usual allowance of six fowls, which he slaughters for himself by enclosing them in his folds, and swallows, feathers and all. He was brought from Java. Here terminated our peregrinations for the day.

* This noble animal, the largest of civilized elephants, became so ungovernable about a year ago, that it was found necessary to destroy him, after he had killed his keeper.

CHAPTER XII.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH—VISIT TO HIGHAM HILL—ECONOMY OF LONDONERS—MR. CAMPBELL THE MISSIONARY—ANECDOTES—SUNDAY MORNING AT SURREY CHAPEL—ROWLAND HILL—ST. PAUL'S—SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN—CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY—REV. CHARLES JERRAM.

I went one morning to attend the consecration of a new church in Bryanston Square, one of those edifices which are shooting up in rapid succession in the western part of London. The service was performed by the Bishop of London in a very solemn and impressive manner; but the sermon, by a clergyman whose name I could not learn, was scarcely worthy of the occasion, or of the large and intelligent audience assembled to witness the ceremony. It was, in truth, an empty, pithless, verbose composition. The church is a large structure of yellow brick, very neatly but plainly finished.

On the following day, I accepted an invitation to pass the day with Mr. I——, at Higham Hill, about seven or eight miles from London. The day was so dark and foggy, that it was impossible to discern objects not situated immediately on the road. Leaving the city at the east end, and passing through Clapton, we came to Walthamstowe, where I left the coach, and proceeded on foot by a cross road which led to Higham Hill, where I arrived very plentifully anointed with mud and drizzle.

I met with a most agreeable reception from Mr. I. and his lady, who live here in a retired but hospitable manner, on an ample fortune. He has a fine green house and a noble garden, in which he takes his principal recreation, as he is too infirm to engage in any active pursuits. But a more cheerful and interesting man I have rarely met with. Few natives of the United States are so well informed with regard to their own country, or have so large a mass of accurate local knowledge, as Mr. I. is possessed of; and his character is further adorned by a most cheerful and ardent piety. It happened

to be the day when the trial of Weare's murderers was concluded ; and the evening papers announced that sentence of death had been passed on Thurtell and Hunt, who are to be executed to-morrow. Thurtell's whole ambition seems to have been to shine in a speech on his trial, and he has been for weeks studying the Newgate Calendar for the materials. It is incredible how much of the public attention has been attracted by this hardened wretch. Almost every paper in town has polluted its pages daily with some disgusting narrative or other concerning him ; and the reading populace not only tolerates, but demands these revolting details. The effect cannot but be, to render the sensibilities of the population callous to crime, and divest public justice of its majesty and terror. A public execution is a perfect holiday to the populace ; a prize-fight between two sturdy boxers, their dearest recreation. There can be no doubt, but that shows of gladiators, bull-fights, or any other spectacle which scattereth blood and death around, would be greedily run after, were they permitted by the laws.

On the following day, a friend of Mr. I. offered me a seat in his *Stanhope* to town. He is a commissioner of roads, and was very communicative on the art of road-making, as it is now universally adopted in this country. A full trial of Mac Adam's system has completely established its superiority for country roads, and the experiment is now making in some of the streets in London. A ton of pounded stones is delivered at the wharves on the Thames for eighteen shillings. The small blocks of granite with which London is generally paved, are brought from Aberdeen, a distance of more than five hundred miles ! The employment of pebbles in paving streets is scarcely known here ; and the economy of using them to such an extent in our American cities is more than doubtful. From their oval shape, they are easily displaced by the pressure of heavy wheels ; and the effects of freezing and thawing, in breaking up a pavement of pebbles, are well known. Every few years, it becomes necessary to tear it up and lay it down anew ; while a pavement of oblong blocks of stone is liable to be affected by none of these causes.

Some idea may be formed of the *economy* practised in this great city, from the following fact which my companion related as having just come to his knowledge. About four hundred broken-down cart and coach horses are slaughtered every week, and boiled, for the cats and dogs in the city. There are four licensed horse-butchers, who kill each about fifty per week, which they purchase at an average price of twenty-five shillings a head. The skins are sold to the leather-dressers; the shoes to the iron-mongers; the hair to the upholsterers; the bones to the button-makers; and the flesh, after being boiled in huge kettles, to the retailers of cats' meat, who sell it out by the pound to their customers, as regularly as the bakers supply the families with bread! Thus, every thing is turned to account by this economical people.

At the table of a friend, I had the pleasure of meeting one day with Mr. Campbell, a Missionary to the South of Africa, who has published an interesting book of travels into the interior of that unexplored continent. Mr. C. is an intelligent looking Scotchman, abundantly communicative and entertaining on the subject of his travels. He penetrated as far as Lattakoo, 1,300 miles from the Cape, a point to which no European had ever attained before him. His anecdotes of the singular people he visited were highly amusing, and illustrative of human nature in some of its new varieties.

Of the sagacity of oxen in finding water in the desert, he related an instance which came under his own observation. They were obliged to cross one of those sandy wastes, in which it was usual for numbers of cattle to perish by thirst. By making as few and as short stops as possible, he escaped with the loss of only four out of the hundred and twenty or thirty, which composed his caravan. Besides these, a large drove of sheep and goats followed the party, on which the Hottentots were to subsist. Just at break of day, when all were ready to faint with thirst, the oxen made a sudden halt, and snuffed the air around as if uncertain which way to proceed; while the sheep and goats, taught by instinct or observation to trust to the superior sagacity of the oxen, patiently waited their decision. After a minute or two, they all struck off at

a gallop towards a little bushy hill at some distance ; but when the party arrived, they found to their mortification that the pools had been just emptied. The oxen immediately took a new direction followed by the whole squadron, and quickly came to another pool, into which they plunged, followed by sheep, goats, Hottentots, and the good missionary himself.

In a skirmish with some Boschmen, a Hottentot of the party was wounded in the neck by a poisoned arrow. The man submitted to have a large piece of flesh cut out, in the hope of arresting the poison ; but all to no purpose. No alteration appeared in him the first night : the next morning, Mr. C. consulted an old Hottentot on the probable issue. The sage pointed to the sun ; and, tracing his finger along his course to the west, as soon as it came to the horizon, he put his hand to his mouth as if plucking something out of it—thus intimating that at sunset the spirit of the wounded man would depart. About noon, his feet began to swell ; and the inflammation rapidly extended over his whole body, so that scarcely the shape of a man was left ; and the moment the sun sank behind the hills, he expired.

One day, three of the party went out to look for some of their strayed cattle. One of them having gone a little distance from his companions, suddenly came in front of three lions crouched among the bushes. It was too late to retreat ; he gave a hasty glance after his companions, but on looking again at the savage beasts, they had advanced some steps nearer. He had sufficient presence of mind to adopt the usual practice of the Hottentots, when they find themselves in such an unwelcome neighbourhood—that of standing still, and looking them steadily in the face, while he waved his musket in the air as a signal to the rest of the party. They came up, but it was only to share in his trepidation. They maintained their ground, however, looking steadily at their enemies ; who, growing tired of this species of ogling, at length slowly withdrew. It is a singular fact, that few ravenous beasts can long endure the steady gaze of man, or will attack him while he stands firm, and an attentive observer of

their motions. Does not such an incident strikingly illustrate the remarkable pledge given to Noah?—"The *fear* of you, and the *dread* of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth;—into your hands are they delivered."

An animal was killed by the party, which, Mr. C. thought, must be the unicorn of the Scriptures. It was a large, powerful animal, with a single, strong, pointed horn, growing directly out of his forehead. The skull, with this remarkable appendage, is deposited in the museum of the London Missionary Society.

When Mr. Campbell returned to the Cape, he persuaded four of the Lattakoos to accompany him, with a view to establish a friendly intercourse which might hereafter subserve the plans of the missionaries. One of them was a stout, sprightly young fellow; and Mr. C. related the following anecdote of the simplicity of this untutored savage. Dining one day at the Cape, in company with some officers and their ladies, it was proposed after dinner to send for the young Lattakoo for the amusement of the company. On entering the brilliantly illuminated apartment, the first things which caught his attention were three or four strings of beads entwining the neck of one of the fair. The young savage, without taking the least notice of any of the company, skipped round the table, thrust his arm over her shoulder and shook the trinkets with ineffable delight, grinning and exclaiming, "good, good." The next thing that struck his fancy was a large pier glass, before which he strutted back and forth, and played a variety of antic tricks.—The branch candlesticks and chandeliers came in for a share of his admiration: but of the company, he was utterly regardless. After quaffing a couple of glasses of wine, which he pronounced "good, good," he had leave of absence for the rest of the evening.

Should the interior of Africa be ever thoroughly explored, it is not improbable but that the honour of the enterprise is reserved for missionaries. How much that was unknown before, has already been brought to light by their unwearied labours! No class of men possesses in an equal degree the

requisite qualities of a discoverer. The nature of their employment engages them to penetrate into every quarter of the globe,

“Where'er the human race is found;”

they are men of intelligence, qualified to observe and record their observations; and above all, they are men of peaceable and unoffending manners. The world is already indebted to them for a large mass of accurate and minute information, concerning provinces hitherto but little explored; and their researches are every day bringing new and interesting facts to light, illustrative of the history of man. It is true that this is, and ought to be, but a secondary object with the missionary, who goes forth with the news of salvation to a world that lieth in wickedness; but their labours have incidentally added much to our stock of knowledge relating to the dark places of the earth.

Rowland Hill is one of the few men in the world, who combine great eccentricity of character with an ardent spirit of Christian benevolence. Possessed of an ample fortune, he early devoted himself to the ministry, in connexion, I believe, with the Whitfield Methodists; although I understand he professes to be attached to no particular denomination; and erected at his own expense, on the Surrey side of the river, a large Chapel, for the use of the poor population in the neighbourhood. I set off one Sunday morning, to be one of his hearers; but having a long distance to walk, I did not arrive till the service was partly over. The prayers were read by a young man, who appeared not to be unconscious of possessing the advantage of a fine voice, in the management of which he showed some affectation. His prefixing an *ugh* to every word which began with an *h*, was an embellishment which I do not remember to have observed, since I last heard a celebrated preacher in Baltimore. To say,—“Our Father who art in *ugh*-heaven:”—“that our *ugh*-hearts may be unfeignedly thankful”—is certainly a novel way of giving emphasis to the Liturgy. The service of the Church of England, with a few slight omissions, is performed in the Surrey Chapel, and in all the Methodist Chapels, whether Whitfield

or Wesleyan, which I have visited. Indeed the Methodists in this country have deviated very little from the church in their forms of worship, which is conducted with as much regularity and decorum as in the churches of the establishment. What a contrast does it present, to the disorderly excitement often witnessed in the Methodist congregations in the United States! But to return from this digression.—The service being over, Mr. Hill entered the pulpit—a venerable, good-looking man, apparently near eighty; but like Moses, “his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated,” of which he gave proofs by the occasional loudness of his voice. I had taken my seat in the free sittings near the door, among carters, coal-men and artisans, some of them of the lowest class; and had a noble view before me. The chapel, which will accommodate two or three thousand persons, was quite full. It has sixteen sides; and the seats are disposed with their backs to the walls, and look towards the pulpit, which stands near the centre. A gallery runs quite round the building, and supports an organ said to be the most powerful in London; although that of St. Sepulchre’s, I should think, was not inferior. It is deficient, however, in richness, and mellowness of tone. Every one must acknowledge that the effect of numberless voices, aided by the overpowering sound of such an instrument, in the well-known anthem—“Father, how wide thy glories shine,”—is deeply impressive: at least, I felt it to be so. After the singing, the preacher began something between an oration and a prayer, but intended for the latter. Sometimes his hands and eyes were uplifted in a posture of devotion; and then he puts himself in a sermonizing attitude, and by transitions so sudden as to produce a very singular effect. In repeating the Lord’s prayer, he seemed to be pronouncing a benediction; for he took a complete survey of his audience from one side to the other.

His discourse partook of the same eccentric character. It was rather disconnected—was abundant in episodes and digressions, and the language was colloquial, and often vulgar. One of his most remarkable talents is that of illustra-

ting his topic by telling pertinent stories. "I was once crossing over, he said, from Dublin to Bristol, in a little vessel which carried a great deal of sail, but had no ballast. The captain said, we should do well enough if it did not come on to blow; but that we should be badly off if it did; and I was a good deal afraid myself, and was a mind to stop and take in some. But by the providence of God we got on very well, till one morning, about day-light, I heard a terrible cry on deck—"about ship!" And great need there was of it, too, for we were just on the point of running on a reef of rocks off St. David's Head, and were just able to get the ship about in time to save our lives. So, you see, we often escape the dangers we are most afraid of, and fall into others of which we didn't dream.--But I'll tell you what, Christians; don't put to sea as we did, *without ballast!* Take in plenty of *self-abasement* and *self-abhorrence*; and you'll find them to answer very well by way of *ballast.*" The discourse, making allowance for numerous digressions, was about "the family of Christian graces," which he illustrated by allusions to a family of children. Some were modest, meek-eyed, and unobtrusive; as humility, patience, &c. Some bold and confident; as faith, joy, and zeal. "But there are two that men don't like at all; and to tell the truth, they are rather ugly and hard-featured. I'll tell you what they are—they are *mortification* and *self-denial.*"

Speaking of *patience*, he said he would tell us a story. "I once went into a shop where there was a clerk, a very pious, godly young man; and while I was there, he was obliged to haul down the goods in piles from the shelves, and spread them out, and then lay them away again, and pull down more; and all, for nothing in the world, but to gratify the curiosity and caprice of a parcel of idle, gossiping customers, who didn't want to buy any thing.--But I must tell you, by the way, that this practice is very rude and uncivil. Some people don't care how much trouble they give. They'll go into a shop, and have piece after piece taken down and unrolled; when they don't want to buy a farthing's worth. I'll tell you what, it's very rude and vexatious—I'd have you learn *good*

manners. Well, seeing how much unnecessary trouble the young man was put to, I said to him, these people make you a great deal of labour—you must find it very vexatious to wait on such unreasonable folks.—O no, he said; it does me good; it teaches me the grace of *patience*.” Ladies who are fond of going *a-shopping*, may as well, perhaps, read over the good preacher’s chapter on *patience* a second time.

“The Socinian’s prayer”—for he had a little of every thing in his discourse—he said, was,—“Lord, I thank thee that thou hast given me a fine reason, and a superior understanding, and a great many other clever talents; and for these things, O Lord, I thank thee.”

With preaching like this, does this eccentric minister attract vast congregations, amongst which are many of the better sort: and it cannot be doubted but that many, very many, have been turned from the evil of their ways, by the lively exhortations they have heard at the Surrey Chapel. I observed the deepest attention in many of the hard features and smutty faces around me; and in not a few instances, their clumsy fingers were employed in taking notes of the sermon. Do not examples like these lead to a suspicion, that the prevalent style of preaching is too cold and refined, for those “who occupy the room of the unlearned”—that sermons are in general too stately for the audience—that preachers are too much afraid of having their *literary* taste criticised, when to convince and persuade ought to be their only anxiety?

On coming out of the chapel, I paused to look at the throng; and could not but wonder how such a multitude could have been compressed into apparently so small a compass.

In the afternoon, I went to St. Paul’s, and as the service had already begun, I remained on the pavement without the choir. This is a complete lounging-place for a very mixed tribe of idlers, on a Sunday afternoon. Fops, dandies, guardsmen, clerks, tradesmen, waiting maids, citizens’ wives and daughters, and children, all jostling each other in great confusion; while the hum of their voices, and the echo of their footsteps, under the vast resounding dome, quite drown the

service. I soon grew sick of the scene, but had leisure to copy the Latin inscription over the gate of the choir, to the memory of the architect :—

SUBTUS. CONDITUR. HUIUS. ECCLESIE. ET. URBIS.
 CONDITOR. CHRISTOPHORUS. WREN. QUI. VIXIT.
 ANNOS. ULTRA. NONACINTA. NON. SIEL. SED.
 BONO. PUBLICO. LECTOR. SI. MONUMENTUM. REQUIRIS.
 CIRCUMSPICE.
 OBIT. XXV. FEB. ÆTATIS. XCI.
 AN. MDCCXXIII.

“Beneath, lies buried the body of Christopher Wren, the builder of this church and city ; who lived upwards of ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if you seek for his monument, look around.” The city, as well as the Cathedral of St. Paul’s, was restored, after the great fire, by the same architect ; which renders the last sentiment in the inscription peculiarly happy.

I went one day, by invitation from the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, to attend a meeting of their Committee, at the Society’s rooms in Salisbury Square. Here were twenty or thirty of the most influential clergymen and laymen, sitting around a table covered with correspondence and other documents. A very pleasing, sensible, man sat next to me, whom I soon discovered to be the Rev. Charles Jerram, the author of a well known treatise on infant baptism. He was not aware that his treatise had been honoured by republication in America—a testimony to its merit, which could not fail to be gratifying to the author. A severe domestic affliction, the death of a most promising daughter, has quite bowed him down to the earth ; but his grief has found a solace in writing a sketch of her life, of which he was kind enough to present me with a copy.—One has only to attend a meeting of a London committee, to appreciate the advantages of *punctuality* and *method*, in the transaction of business. Almost while the clock is striking, the members enter and take their seats : the business of the meeting is entered upon at once—every thing else is excluded—there is no rambling conversation on irrelevant subjects ; and the meeting is dissolved, the moment the business is dispatched. What an immense

saving of time results from a strict regard to punctuality, and an exclusive attention to the matters in hand!

CHAPTER XIII.

ALDENHAM ABBEY—SIR C. POLE—MR. MARSDEN—REV. MR. CROWTHER—
THE TABERNACLE—SCENE AT LINCOLN'S INN—JUDGES OF THE COURTS
—WESTMINSTER HALL—LONDON DOCKS—EAST CHEAP—GOLDSMITH.

An invitation to spend a few days at Aldenham Abbey, the country residence of Admiral Sir Charles Pole, was gladly accepted, and I set off one afternoon in his carriage, which he had kindly ordered to call for me. We trundled along the Edgeware road through a fog so dense, that hedge house and tree were alike invisible. Finding so little use for my eyes, I yielded to the influence of the easy rolling motion, and slumbered away a part of the distance to Edgeware, eight miles from the city; a little beyond which, the road began to ascend a moderate eminence. Here I emerged from the misty medium into the welcome rays of the sun, an old and valued acquaintance I had not seen for many days. Descending the hill on the other side, I was soon lost again in the fog, and saw no more till the carriage drove up in front of the turretted mansion.

Aldenham Abbey is a modern Gothic structure of tolerably ample dimensions, situated on the side of a hill gently sloping towards the Colne, which winds along through the valley below, and waters a succession of fine meadows dotted here and there with trees. The prospect up the valley is terminated by the projecting ridge, on which reposes the mighty bulk of St. Albans, described in one of the preceding pages. It is about five or six miles distant, and is distinctly visible in a clear day. To the south, the prospect is less extensive, it being soon lost in the windings of the valley, and the little patches of wood by which its sides are covered.

Partly in the rear of the mansion, and further up the hill, is a labyrinth of gravelled walks twisting around among thickets of laurel and holly, intermixed with the elm, beech, and oak, which compose a great portion of an English forest. This piece of ground is the paradise of the hares, for whose accommodation, or perhaps for obtaining gravel, large excavations have been made, affording abundant shelter under the thickets of broom and ivy for the long-eared game. As the laws of the Abbey do not admit of their being disturbed in these retreats, they may be seen by scores on a sunny morning, playing their gambols, and frequently venturing quite up to the windows. Under a similar protection, the pheasants make holyday on the lawn in front of the house, in coveys of a dozen or more. The English cock-pheasant is one of the most beautiful of birds, both in shape and plumage. The baronet complained that his neighbourhood to London exposed his game to the rapacity of poachers, who make sad havoc among his pheasants with their air-guns and other devices for destroying game ; but there is no help for it, as his good nature will not allow him to have recourse to "steel-traps and spring-guns," for the defence of his premises.

The interior of the abbey is fitted up in a style of comfortable elegance, having plenty of spacious and richly furnished rooms.

The Baronet is a sensible, well-informed, religious sea-officer, who is taking his repose in this quiet retreat, after having served his country in all quarters of the globe. He says little of his own exploits, unless he is led to speak of them by the manifestation of a desire on the part of his guests to know his history. He was a captain in the navy during the latter part of the American war, and commanded the *Husar* frigate at the time when she was wrecked at Hurl-gate, in 1780. On my alluding to the supposed treasures which went down with the vessel,—the article which, it would seem, our Yankees have been long diving for,—he evaded my indirect enquiry, by saying, that he had been repeatedly desired to recollect whether there was not money on board. He said the accident happened in consequence of the sudden

dying away of the wind at the critical moment ; when the vessel was seized by the current and drifted on the rocks.

A very agreeable circle, including some visitors at the Abbey, assembles every morning around the breakfast-table ; after which, there is a general dispersion,—each one following his own fancy in the choice of amusements to pass away the time. Some go to walk, and some to ride : the unfinished volume of St. Ronan's Well is resumed, or friends in town are *epistolized*. One of the daughters of Sir Charles, a lively, beautiful young lady, has the misfortune to be deaf, though not dumb. Her mother, following the directions of the Abbe' Sicard, who with his pupils Massol and Le Clerc, once passed some weeks in the family, has taught her to articulate with a good deal of distinctness ; while she is able to comprehend every word addressed to her, by watching the lips of the speaker.

Among the domestic arrangements at the Abbey, family devotions are not forgotten. Before the hour of rest, the cushions are laid—the servants fill the hall ; and the head of the family reads, with much solemnity, evening prayers to his whole household. From what I have been able to learn, I am induced to believe that this religious custom prevails to a great extent, among the higher classes in England :—I wish as much could be said for our leading political men on the other side of the water.

The Admiral invited me one morning to walk about his grounds. He keeps a great many hands employed, in forming gravelled walks and making other improvements ; partly to gratify his own taste, and partly from the humane motive of giving employment to the neighbouring poor. To-day, we found them replenishing the ice-house with a crust about an inch thick—the only ice which has been formed this winter worth collecting. It is now the middle of January, and no snow has yet appeared in this part of the island. The hedges and shrubbery are covered with a thick hoarfrost formed by the congelation of the mist ; and would look beautifully, *if* the sun would but shine.

Our next visit was to the farm-yard, which was well stored

with cattle, and in fine order. Sir Charles prefers the Alderney breed of cows on account of the richness of the cream, and the light figure of the animal, whose tread is, on that account, less injurious to the turf of the meadows. An American farmer might smile at the last mentioned ground of preference; but in a country where land is so valuable, and whose soil is softened by an almost perpetual moisture, the precaution is not altogether an unphilosophical one. I have never been tempted to walk in an English meadow, without paying for the gratification, by getting my feet thoroughly soaked. The cattle intended for Smithfield are of the Devonshire breed, distinguished by their small taper horns, small, clean limbs, and general elegance of shape.

It was proposed to extend our walk to the village of Aldenham, about a mile and a half distant, to call on Mr. Marsden, a gentleman whose early years were passed in India. Mr. Marsden availed himself of the opportunity he enjoyed, as an officer in the service of the government, to dive deep into the mysteries of Oriental lore; and the result has been, the compilation of a Malay grammar and dictionary, a laborious work—a history of Sumatra—a translation of the travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian, in India, with copious notes and illustrations—and a work on Indian coins, of which he showed us a large collection, both of gold and silver. With all the enthusiasm of an Oriental scholar, Mr. M. considers the study of the Greek and Roman classics as nothing, in comparison with researches into the literature of Asia; and his fine library, opening to the southern sun by a vast bow window, is stored with the choicest productions of the learned in the east. He was so polite as to offer to introduce me at one of the dinners of the Royal Society, of which he is a member, on his return to town—a favour of which I shall naturally avail myself at the first opportunity. We returned to the Abbey in time for dinner; and on the following day I took leave of my hospitable entertainer, and got into the chariot to return to the city. The day being remarkably fine, I enjoyed a good view of the country as I passed along, which presented no very striking features. The small village of Idlestree

occurred first on the road ; and from the summit of the hill, where a few days before, I had enjoyed a temporary emersion from the cloud of fog, I had a commanding view of the landscape. The fields look surprisingly green for the middle of winter, and in a latitude of fifty-one and a half degrees. Edgeware is a long, straggling village of shabby houses ; in the vicinity of which is Cannon Park, of which I could see but little from the road.

Sunday, January 18.—I attended church this morning at Christ Church, Newgate Street ; and had the pleasure of hearing the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Crowther. I could not but remark the strong personal resemblance between him and the venerable and pious prelate of the Eastern Diocese, only the former is somewhat younger. His published sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte is an eloquent production. Probably no event ever happened, which called forth such an amount of true pulpit eloquence and pathos, as the death of that amiable princess, in whom the hopes of a whole nation were centred. The sermon of the Rector to-day contained nothing particularly striking. Some passages were eloquent—all of it was in a strain of evangelical piety, and was delivered with much animation. As on a former occasion, the congregation was very large—the responses full and animated ; and the singing of the great number of charity boys so loud as to be almost painful, even in this large church.—When the service was over, I went to St. Bride's in Fleet-Street, where I heard the latter part of a discourse from an elderly preacher. Here, too, was a very full congregation, assembled in a spacious and elegant church.

In the afternoon, curiosity attracted me to the " Tabernacle," in Totteham Court Road, so famous in the annals of Whitfield's ministry. The Tabernacle was erected by him, and is a very plain, square, brick building, with an awkward projection in front, intended for a vestibule. I found a moderately large congregation assembled, principally of the humbler classes. The church service was performed, with no other irregularity than that of omitting the Absolution, and the first lesson. Before the sermon, the preacher, a

dark looking man, made a long prayer extempore, in which he introduced "the dear youth who had spoken the word to them that morning," praying that he might have abundant success in the metropolis. The sermon, among some good things, was too full of "vain repetitions," and was followed by another extemporaneous prayer. It is evident that the spirit of Whitfield no longer dwells in the Tabernacle.

It is customary with the judges to assemble at the rooms of the Lord Chancellor for breakfast, on the morning of the opening of the courts; and to proceed thence to the places of their respective sittings. Wishing to have a sight of these venerable supporters of the British Themis, I repaired on the morning of the 23d to Lincoln's-Inn-Hall, under the escort of a barrister, through whose interest admission was procured me into the ante-room, whence I had a very good view of the assembly through the glass doors. Between thirty and forty of these administrators of justice were walking up and down the hall, in their long robes and full-bottomed wigs; the judges being distinguished from the sergeants, &c., by their ermine trimmings and hoods. I soon recognized the stately, venerable form of the Lord Chancellor; and Baron Graham, now eighty years of age, but as sprightly as the youngest of them; Bayley, Abbott the Vice-Chancellor, and others of the bench, were pointed out, and with some difficulty I recognized Mr. Chief Justice Park, under the disguise of his robes of office. Mr. Scarlett, with his full portly form; Sergeant Vaughan, Copley, and Wetherell the new solicitor, were also among the guests. They all appeared to be in good humour; and as a number of promotions have lately happened, many congratulations passed on the occasion. Few of them were *rotund* in their persons; but on the contrary, most like Cassius "had a lean and hungry look"—were wrinkled and care-worn, and advanced in years. Cakes and wine were brought in by servants in black, with enormous bunches of black riband on the queues of their wigs, who presented their refreshments with ceremonious respect, but which were very lightly tasted. The bays were drawn up in the yard on both sides of the hall; and a little before one, their Lordships entered their

carriages, and moved on in procession to Westminster Hall. On the whole, there is something extremely imposing in this attention to forms; and I am greatly mistaken, if justice is not more respected in a gown, bands and wig, than in the ordinary dress of a man of business. I repaired to the court of Common Pleas, where the judges, Messrs. Park, Gifford and Burrows, soon arrived, and proceeded to business without further ceremony. Sergeant Vaughan, a tall, hard featured man, made some very sensible observations; but as the pleadings were not likely to commence soon, and the crowd was annoying, I made my retreat, and went for a few moments to the court of King's Bench, where also I found nothing to detain me.

One cannot avoid feeling surprise, that so important a court as that of Common Pleas should hold its sittings in a room not much larger than a gentleman's drawing room. It is barely large enough to accommodate the court. Twenty or thirty persons *may* thrust themselves in, if they have no dread of aching bones. On my alluding once to this want of more spacious accommodations in the court rooms, as well as in the houses of parliament, it was observed, that it was thought sufficient that the proceedings were *public*—the doors were kept open, and those interested could attend; but that great inconvenience would result from inviting the attendance of all the idle and curious ones about the metropolis, by providing them with spacious and easy accommodations.—The court of King's Bench holds its sittings at present in a temporary apartment adjoining Westminster Hall, in which the white-washed girths and rafters present a very humble style of decorations for a bed of criminal justice. The interior of Westminster Hall is now undergoing thorough repairs, as its exterior has already been renovated under the direction of Wyatt the architect. Independently of its historical associations, there is nothing about it particularly striking, except its size. It is said to exceed in dimensions any room in Europe, unsupported by pillars;—its length being 270 feet by a breadth of 74. The Hall itself is paved, and open through the whole extent; and the entrance into the courts of justice is through

doors opening into the hall. An unfinished pile of buildings attached to the hall on the west side, intended for courts and offices, by a most preposterous taste, is constructed in a Grecian style, presenting as ridiculous a contrast to the architecture of Westminster hall as can well be imagined.

I went one day, accompanied by a friend, to take a view of the London Docks. These have been so often described that it is needless to go into details which must be uninteresting to most readers. It is really a noble sight to look at this vast production of human industry, designed to facilitate the operations of commerce, and the accumulation of wealth. An artificial lake covering 20 acres of ground, and capable of receiving 500 vessels at once—a piazza running round the whole, to protect the cargoes from the weather while they are discharging—ranges of warehouses, seemingly capable of receiving the productions of a whole empire—enormous cranes reaching out to lift the bulky articles from the holds, and land them on the quays—and piles of merchandize from every region and clime under heaven—what surprising monuments of industry, and wealth, and art are here! Through the interest of an American Captain, we were allowed to take a general survey of the tobacco ware-house; and we promenaded through aisles and passages leading between 16,000 hhds. of tobacco under one roof. The house is capable of containing 10 or 12,000 more. The roof is supported by cast iron pillars, and the interior is illuminated by sky-lights. After satiating our vision and regaling our nostrils with this abundance of the Indian weed, we descended into the wine-vaults beneath. Here, each of us was provided with a light, and a guide went before to pilot us through the dark labyrinths; and before we emerged, we made a *grand tour* among 22,000 pipes of wine, arranged over an area of four acres and a half. Every part of the wine-vaults is under ground, and vaulted over head with brick arches resting on pillars of granite. What an immense accumulation of these two articles of luxury is collected here! The annual rent paid by government for the tobacco ware-house alone, is said to exceed £15,000

sterling ; and that of the vaults cannot be less. The range we have described occupies only one end of the basin.

On our return, we took Great East Cheap in our way, to look at the site of the Boar's Head tavern, kept by Mistress Quickly in the days of merry Jack Falstaff. The original building has been pulled down, and another erected in its place, which is now occupied by "Whyte and Son, Perfumers." But the sign, a boar's head in relief on a tablet of stone, bearing the date of 1688, has been inserted in the wall of the recent building. The boar must have been wholly a *graminiverous* animal, judging by the teeth which the artist thought proper to give him; and the date is too recent to belong to the age of Will Shakspeare, who died 50 years before. The identity of the relique with the actual token of Mistress Quickly's vocation is therefore somewhat doubtful. The general appearance of East Cheap, narrow, dirty, though better built than in the time of the dramatic bard, accords very well with the idea one forms of the scene of Hal's mad frolics with his boon companions; and the neighbourhood yet looks as though it might furnish a Doll Tear-sheet or two, to enliven the merriment of a roistering club of tipplers.

To find the house where Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield," you proceed along the "Old Bailey" almost to the north end—turn to the left through "Green Arbour Court," which brings you into a little dirty sort of a square, where, after breaking your legs over divers washing-tubs, and encountering all sorts of unsavory smells, and tribes of half-naked children which would have astonished Malthus, you grope your way to a little opening, on the south side, down "Break-neck-stairs;" over which, in the highest attic "poor Goldy" pursued his lucubrations over a pot of two-penny, when the state of his finances admitted of that luxury. The name of the stairs was not bestowed amiss, as they lead down a descent of 40 feet of most portentous steepness, where the infallible consequence of a mis-step would be a landing in "Sea-coal-lane" at the bottom. On the whole, it must be confessed that the author of the Vicar was, at that period, very humbly lodged.

We finished our rambles by a call on our countryman Perkins in Fleet street. We found his engine partly deranged, for the purpose of making experiments in propelling bullets by jets of steam, in which he succeeded in some trials made a few days ago. He invited us to renew our call next week, when the engine will be again in operation. Whatever may be thought of his improvements in the mode of generating and applying steam, his enthusiasm cannot fail to amuse. "In five years, said he, there will not be a yard of canvass on the ocean, nor a pound of gun-powder burnt in battle. Ships will be propelled, and battles fought, by steam alone." Mr. Perkins is a plain man, modest and unaffected in his manners. His inventions in mechanics have already attracted the attention, and procured him the notice, of some of the most exalted personages in the kingdom.

CHAPTER XIV.

CALEDONIAN CHAPEL—REV. EDWARD IRVING—BRITISH MUSEUM—EX-TORTIONS OF ENGLISH SERVANTS—EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER—DIORAMA—ARCH-DEACON BLOMFIELD—EARL S.—BARCLAY AND COMPANY'S BREWERY.

"Have you heard Mr. Irving preach?"—is a question which every stranger hears, before he has been a fortnight in London. Having been provided, through the kindness of a friend, with a passport to the interior of the Caledonian Chapel, signed by "Elder Dunwooddie," and which, in compliment I suppose to my profession, and my being a foreigner, admitted me to the Elder's own pew, I went to Hatton Garden a little before eleven, and found the avenues to the Chapel already thronged with eager expectants. The Chapel stands in a paved court a little back of the street; and is accessible only through a narrow arched passage. Those who had *purchased tickets*, left them here, and proceeded to the Chapel

to find a seat as they could : my ticket admitted me at once to the chapel door, where it was a second time examined ; and again at the head of the gallery stairs ; after which I was conducted to my seat in the front gallery. It was yet too early for the preacher, and I had leisure to survey the gay scene of confusion below, which did not in the remotest degree suggest that I was in the house of God, and in the midst of an assembly congregated for divine worship. Seats, aisles, and stair cases were already full ; and the whispering, and moving, and bustle, and ceremonious opening of doors, and the gallantry displayed in escorting the fair through the crowd, were more like the prelude to an oratorio, or a fourth of July oration, than the decent preparation for the solemnities of prayer and praise. About forty boys in the Highland costume, with bare knees, were ranged on elevated seats around and in front of the pulpit.

Mr. Irving at length appeared, and took his seat. He is tall and broad in his person ; and every thing above his shoulders is singular. An incredible quantity of black, bushy hair, parted on the top of his head, and covering ears, neck, shoulders, and one half the forehead as low as the eye-brow, while the polished marble of the other half is studiously kept exposed by an occasional delicate brush of the handkerchief—whiskers of terrific size and blackness, lying in rolls on the cheeks, and covering the chin and throat with their thick matting—a long, pale, bloodless visage, and eyes looking far asunder—are the features of the upper man, on which the attention of a stranger is fixed with a species of wonder, whether he is not contemplating a captain of grenadiers in the habiliments of a parson. A few stanzas of the old Scotch version were followed by a prayer of moderate length, in which the speaker tried all the keys, and tones, and modulations of his fine voice, which is certainly very deep, musical, and flexible. Then a chapter was read, accompanied very improperly with attitudes and gestures, as in the delivery of an oration ; then singing again ; and after that, the text—“not forsaking the assembling yourselves together.” The discourse was written out at large and read, though with con-

siderable freedom ; and this I am told is Mr. Irving's constant practice. Both the style of composition, and of delivery, were singular in no ordinary degree. Of the former, the following may be taken as a specimen, as it dwells in my recollection.

“ The student betaketh himself to the convenience of a college cell, and shutteth himself out from day's garish eye, that he may give himself, his whole mind and strength, to the pursuits which his soul loveth. He is enclosed within walls, wherewith our provident fore-fathers caused their places of learning to be hedged in ; and restrained from intercourse with that part of the world which lieth without, by gates and portals, in strength like unto those which defend a besieged city. Here, he giveth himself up unto profitable and delightful converse with the spirits of olden time ; he knoweth no luxury like that of delving in the mine of knowledge ; he paleth it over the midnight oil, and beholdeth without concern his bodily substance attenuate and waste away—neglecteth utterly the outer man, that the inner man may be fed and satisfied with the aliment of wisdom, which is better than gold. He burieth himself under the massy tomes of science : his whole soul and mind, yea, all the power of the spiritual man, goeth forth unto the acquisition of that, which the sages of wise antiquity have left for his advantage : he becometh a very miser in the merchandise of wisdom ; he rolleth and wrappeth himself like a very book-worm as he is, in the parchments of his cell ; and here he remaineth, not for days and weeks only, but through months and years, in this chrysalis state ; until at length he bursted forth, radiant with the pearls of knowledge, and beautified with the gems of wisdom, and enriched with the treasures of the lore of other days.”

I do not pretend to say that some parts of the discourse were not of a more edifying character than the preceding ; but the affectation, in sentiment and expression—the jumble of strange metaphors—the starts, and grimaces, and study of theatrical effect, exceeded all reasonable bounds. Mr. Irving is evidently a great admirer of Dr. Chalmer's method of *dif-*

fusive illustration ; but the copy falls far short of the original—to which it bears much the same relation, that counsellor Philip's earlier speeches do to those of his master Curran—a bad copy of a bad prototype. It was observable that, while in his prayer, Mr. Irving's pronunciation was almost purely *English* ; in the animated parts of his discourse, the broad *Scotch* accent became predominant.

His notoriety in the metropolis has passed its zenith, and may now be considered as on the wane. While he had the discretion to keep his manuscripts out of the hands of the publishers, all things went on well ; but in an evil hour for his fame, he was tempted to lay his queer tropes and affected diction before the public. The merciless critics now found something tangible in the shape of “ Arguments and Oration,” nor did they fail of pushing their advantage to the utmost. Besides this, *the novelty* of the phenomenon soon began to wear off ; and the avenues to Hatton garden are, at present, rarely graced by liveried footmen, and carriages blazing with coronets. The performance I witnessed in the Caledonian chapel exhibited very little which is edifying, or proper in a house of worship. It seemed to be more the study of the preacher to challenge admiration, than to call sinners to repentance. Of his own piety and honesty of purpose, I do not presume to judge : of the tendency of his preaching, I should think there could be but one opinion, amongst intelligent religious men. It is impossible for the lower orders of the Scotch, who are his stated hearers, to catch more than here and there a glimmering of sense through his cloudy phraseology ; while, to minds of a higher order, he must appear rather in the light of a clerical mountebank, than of an honest ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the afternoon of the same day I went to St. Giles', where I found the church full, and the pulpit occupied by a Mr. Sheppard ; who preached without notes, and with much zeal and feeling.

A few days after, I devoted a number of hours to the British Museum, which were barely sufficient to allow of a very

general survey of the immense variety of curiosities collected in Montague-house. The result of a *first* visit to such an institution must always be unsatisfactory; it being impossible to carry away distinct impressions, where so many objects, and those so rare and curious, solicit attention. The gallery of marbles appeared to me not altogether proper for the indiscriminate admission of visitors of both sexes; and it is impossible to say how far the taste of the British fair may have been disciplined among the Elgin statues, for the erection of the monument in Hyde-park to the honour of their heroic countryman. Indeed it was not difficult to perceive, that the ladies here felt a little out of place. Having wearied my attention among minerals and manuscripts, and sarcophagi from Egypt and pottery from Herculaneum, and the spoils of the Parthenon, and statuary in every stage of mutilation and decay, I returned to my lodgings. The Museum is the only institution I believe in the metropolis, to which the public are admitted free of expense. Visitors not only pay nothing, but are desired, by printed placards hung up in the ante-room, to give nothing to the servants by way of gratuity. Yet even here, I had money extorted from me; and in a manner so characteristic of the beggarly race of public menials generally, that it may serve by way of specimen. *Ab uno, disce omnes.* My umbrella was taken from me by the porter, as I entered, who gave me a slip of paper marked with a number, but without signifying what use I was to make of it. I ought to have hung it on my umbrella, and then called for the number when I came out. When I asked for it, the wily rogue affected great surprise at my negligence—said that it would take him a long time to find it among so many; and was spinning a long string of *rigmarole*, which I cut short by picking it out myself. His next attack was on my pride. He began to talk so loud about “gentlemen’s refusing to pay for the trouble they gave,” that, feeling the awkwardness of my situation among a number of auditors, I threw him a sixpence, with about the same feeling of kindness that one would throw a bone at a snarling dog: and repented of it the next moment. I mention this anecdote, because it illustrates a trait of charac-

ter which runs through the whole race of public servants and understrappers of every grade. They are shameless beggars, from the highest to the lowest ; and are versed in a hundred low expedients to extort money, which they generally practise with success. In America, when the traveller has paid his bill, there is an end of the matter. He may button up his great coat, and step into the stage : but not so here. He pays roundly for his cup of washy tea, his lodging, and his breakfast ; but there are still other demands on his purse. The waiter, the chamber-maid, the porter and the shoe-black, have all their separate claims, which they well know how to urge with effect. Escaping from these persecutions, he mounts the coach, and at the end of a twenty miles' drive, the coachman claims his shilling, and another must be given to a fat, ale-drinking fellow, called a guard ; and all this, in addition to the regular fare. In many situations, the servants receive no wages whatever ; in some, they even pay premiums for their places, and live on the *gratuities* they extort from travellers.—But John Bull puts up with all this, with the dogged kind of acquiescence with which he would submit to the decrees of fate. It is different, however, with his transatlantic cousin ; until a few ineffectual trials at holding his purse-strings have convinced him of the utter inutility of the attempt.

The editor of the Christian Observer, the Rev. Mr. Wilks, is extensively known among all denominations of christians in America, by his labours in conducting that deservedly popular work. During one of the interviews I had with him in his library, he observed, that he had been for ten years serving a curacy, which barely yielded him enough to pay his house-rent and taxes. He has been now seven years the editor of the most popular and useful religious publication in the world ; and the trial has proved him equal to the task. “The matter, said he, has been all concocted in this little room, through the whole of that period.” Of his “Essay” on the influence of a moral life on the clerical character, which has been re-printed and widely circulated in the United States, he remarked, that not fifty copies had been sold in England. I explained

it in the following way : In England, the quantity of new books and pamphlets every year thrown out from the press is so great, that many good things are often buried in the rubbish of the booksellers—few having the leisure to pick them out : while in America, we select the best for re-publication, which commonly meet with a ready sale. We get English literature and theology, with the indifferent portions sifted out—the rest, we re-print and read. Mr. W. is a man of very modest and unassuming manners ; but at the same time, highly conversable and communicative. Though strongly attached from principle to the Established Church, there is nothing of the rancour of party in his disposition.

One of the most attractive wonders now in London is the *Diorama*, exhibited in Regent's Park, which certainly exceeds in splendor all the productions of the pencil which have fallen under my notice. The building, in which the pictures are exhibited, has been erected at an expense of more than £20,000. I paid my two shillings, and ascended the stairs to the *amphitheatre*, the place whence the pictures are seen to the best advantage. This is a circular room, forty or fifty feet in diameter, the floor of which slopes at a considerable angle, and is furnished with seats for the spectators. Light is admitted from above, through a screen of cloth painted in transparent colours. On the side of the room towards which the slope descends, there is an opening in the partition extending round nearly a quarter of the circle, through which, you look down into one of the most beautiful, quiet valleys of the Alps—“The Vale of Sarnen.” A small lake sleeps in the deepest part of the vale, and stretches away round a lofty promontory of a mountain, where it is lost to the eye in a soft blue haze of the atmosphere. A little hamlet, with its rustic church and spire, is quietly seated in a nook of the bank ; behind which, and on every side on the lake, the ground rises rather abruptly, and soon begins to assume the bold and rugged forms of Alpine scenery. The softer and less precipitous sides of the hills are covered with patches of forest, flocks and herds ; and here and there appears a shepherd's dwelling. A brawling stream breaks out from the glaciers above, with

the fury of a mountain torrent, and scatters its foam down the precipices—the water being actually in motion. In the distance, two or three lofty peaks project their snow-clad summits high in the air. At one time, the whole valley, with its scenery of rocks and woods and waters, lies basking in the light of an unclouded sun. Then, the shadow of a strip of cloud is seen flying across it; or, a shade is gradually drawn over the whole, so deep as to render objects scarcely visible. Sun-shine again breaks forth on the hills; and cottage, tower, and tree stand revealed to sight. Now, you barely discern the dim outline of the distant mountains—their snowy summits being thrown into the shade by a passing cloud; but light soon returns, and the glaciers re-assume their dazzling whiteness. In short, you seem actually to stand on one of the elevated crags which hang over the vale: you are no longer in London; you are in Switzerland—looking down into one of its most retired and picturesque valleys, and surrounded by the gigantic forms of Alpine mountains and precipices.

A bell rings, and the whole amphitheatre, with its two hundred spectators, begins to revolve; and presently, you have before you the interior of Canterbury Cathedral. Never was optical illusion more complete. I tried every possible way to possess myself of the feeling, that the scene before me was a painting on a plain surface; but without success. The long vista of columns and arches; the windows of stained glass; the partial light streaming through, and illuminating in patches the portions of architecture on which it falls; the whole perspective, in short, and the disposition of light and shade, are so natural, as to take wholly away the impression that it is nothing but a picture.

These popular productions are the work of Messrs. Bouton and Daguerre, two Frenchmen, who have been labouring at them for years, and have expended a large fortune in getting them ready for the public. They are now reaping their reward. On a fair day, a long line of coaches may be seen drawn up in front of the *Diorama*; to say nothing of the thousands of plebeians who daily resort to the exhibition. People of all nations, too, may be met with in “the amphi-

theatre ;” which is no unfavourable place for studying national peculiarities. A Frenchman exclaims, with hands and eyes uplifted—Ah! how beautiful—how grand! and walks away without thinking any more of the matter. An Englishman criticises the perspective and the colouring in silence; while a Yankee *wonders* how the variation in the light and shadow is produced, and longs to get behind the curtain to examine the machinery.

On the following Sunday, I repaired in the morning to St. Botolph's, Bishop's-gate street, of which Archdeacon Blomfield* is rector. He is reckoned one of the best preachers in London, as well as one of the first *Grecians* in the country. There was a large and attentive congregation in the church, and a numerous company of communicants surrounded the chancel. I was fortunate enough to hear the Archdeacon; but observed nothing in his discourse worthy of particular commendation. It wanted *method*; and, like many of the sermons I have heard in and about London, was deficient in strong and manly thought. There is a barrenness of invention in almost all of them—a poverty of matter, which may be traced, in part, to a radically deficient theological education. The preachers have *literature* in abundance, which they lay up at the universities; they rarely offend against the laws of correct writing; but they have not *theology* enough. The sermon I heard was pious and practical; and towards the conclusion, impressive. The subject was, “the path of the just, a shining light.”

In the afternoon, I tried to get admission at two or three churches; but not knowing their hours of worship, I found them shut. I then followed a party of ladies and gentlemen round a number of squares, in hopes of being thus piloted to some house of God, whose gates were open. But they came, at last, to a halt; and the question I overheard as I passed,—“My dear, have we not walked far enough?” undeceived me as to the purpose of my guides. I next fell into the wake of a tall, aged man, whom I perceived, by his curled wig and shovel-hat, to be a clegyman. He shoved his stately figure

* Afterwards Bishop of Chester, and now Bishop of London.

through the crowd at a most rapid rate ; but after he had led me a breathless chase through half the city, I lost him—in a hotel in Hanover Square. But I had got within the sound of St. George's bells, and entered the church. Among the annoyances I experienced here, were, the noisy entrance of the charity children, who kept a continual buzzing till the service began ; and a pro-di-gious long and tiresome voluntary by an organist of no unrivalled powers. Secure of an audience for once, he seemed determined to make them hear him out. It would be irreverent to class the *sermon* under the head of annoyances ; but the man in spectacles really acquitted himself very little to the edification of his hearers.

At the table of Lady S—— in Portman Square, I met a small family party, among whom were Earl S—— and his lady. The Earl is a lively, sociable gentleman, well informed, and without any stiffness or reserve in his manners. He was so polite as to offer me a ticket of admission to the House of Lords on Wednesday, which however, proved useless in the event, as the house was not in session on that day. “When you see the House of Commons, he remarked, you'll think they are indeed the *popular* branch of government—they are a turbulent set.” The king is to open Parliament by commission, *the gout* holding his royal person a prisoner at Windsor.

A few days after, my friend Mr. B. called; and proposed a walk to Barclay & Perkins' brewing establishment, on the Surrey side of the Thames. It has been too often described to need a repetition here. It covers five or six acres ; and the scale of operations is indeed stupendous. The three copper boilers hold four hundred barrels each ; and the ebullition of such an immense quantity of liquor makes the whole building vibrate, and produces a loud roaring like the distant noise of carts on the pavement. One hundred vats, the largest of which is of the capacity of 1,700 barrels, contain the porter before it is drawn off into casks. The operations of grinding the malt, pumping the liquor, &c. are carried on by a steam engine of twenty horse power, which plays as softly as a spinning-wheel. The average quantity of porter an-

nually brewed in this manufactory alone, is about 300,000 barrels. Within the establishment are stalls for 160 dray-horses of the Flemish breed, which find constant employment in hauling and delivering the porter about the city.

The tide was running in its full strength when we crossed London bridge, and the boats were frequently "shooting the arches"—an exploit less wonderful and hazardous than credulity has often represented it. The violent rush of tides under this bridge is caused by the great number and size of the piers, which do not allow of a sufficient passage for the water. When the tide is at its greatest strength, the water on one side of the bridge is some feet higher than on the other, and the current under the arches impetuous in proportion. The same phenomenon does not occur at the other bridges, which present less obstruction to the current.

CHAPTER XV.

FRENCH AND TURKISH PIECES OF ORDNANCE—MR. WILBERFORCE—LONG ACRE CHAPEL—ST. PANCRAS' NEW CHURCH—ST. MARY'S, ALDERMARY—ST. MARY'S, ISLINGTON—GENERAL REMARKS—ACTOR IN DISTRESS—CONTRASTS—PERCY CHAPEL—REV. MT. MACNEIL—ENGLISH LADIES.

In St. James' Park, in the rear of the Horse Guards, stands the famous *mortar*, constructed by the French at the siege of Cadiz, and abandoned by them in their retreat before Wellington. It is eight feet long, has a calibre of twelve inches diameter, and weighs about five tons. The bed of the mortar is a casting of brass in imitation of a rock; on which is coiled a winged hydra, supporting the horns of the piece in its folds. It is singular that the French should not have destroyed this tremendous implement before their retreat. As it happened, however, it fell into the hands of the victors, who brought it away amidst other spoils of war. The whole is nearly ten

feet high, and the mortar is elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. Not far distant is another trophy of victory brought by the British troops from Alexandria. This is a Turkish piece of ordnance of immense length, with twelve or sixteen sides, and covered with impressions emblematic of the country, all very beautifully wrought.

The asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, which I took an opportunity to visit, is situated quite in the south-eastern part of London. The pupils are all in one room, and are overlooked by six or eight instructors. They are now about two hundred in number, and are taught to articulate, which many of them do with sufficient distinctness to be understood. They are received into the family of Dr. Watson, who is the sole manager of the institution. Most of them are the children of poor parents, and are supported by the charity fund, which is managed by a committee. The institution is scarcely creditable to so great a metropolis as this.

A few days after, I had the pleasure of two interviews with Mr. Wilberforce, who has just come to town and taken a house at Brompton, one of the western suburbs. On my first visit, I was shown up into his library, where he was kind enough to detain me for half an hour, although busily employed in putting up and arranging his books. Mr. W. is apparently about seventy, small in person, and extremely lively and active in all his movements. In the course of the conversation, he lamented the irritation kept up between the two countries; and said, the Quarterly Review must not be understood to express the sentiments of the English generally towards the United States. The feeling towards us was decidedly friendly. The Quarterly was not in any sense an organ of the government, and the offensive articles were usually written by scribblers, who wrote for hire.—I waited on him a few mornings after by appointment at breakfast, and found him surrounded by his agreeable family; a Swiss gentleman was also present as a guest. Mrs. W., a very beautiful woman, contributed much to enliven the conversation at table. Mr. Wilberforce is now preparing for another parliamentary campaign, to procure the abolition of slavery throughout his

majesty's dominions. Speaking of Sir James Macintosh, he said he envied those who could enjoy the *society* of that man: he was one of the most enchanting men in conversation he ever knew. He wished, also, that he would write more for the public, he wrote so well. To a remark, that he was known in America principally as a parliamentary speaker; he replied, "yes; he has written little for the press. He is a fine speaker, too, only his delivery is not good: but we don't think much of that in England." He mentioned the elder Mr. Adams. "As a prophet has no honour in his own country, perhaps Adams on the Ancient Republics, is but little known in America. I think it a most excellent work. I apprehend it would not fall in with the prevalent notions of government in your country—it recommends a stronger executive than you are disposed to allow." "Perhaps our government is best adapted to a state of peace. Should we be so unfortunate as to engage in dangerous and protracted wars, it will probably be found necessary to arm the executive with more power."—"I think so." He gave high praise to De Lolme on the British constitution; and expressed surprise, that a foreigner should have written so well on so difficult a subject. "Have you any Jesuits in the United States? Would your government allow them to establish an university for the instruction of youth?" He thought no government ought to tolerate them, because they are the servants of a foreign potentate—the general of their order, to whom they are bound to yield a most implicit submission. They cannot be faithful to their order, without being, secretly at least, the enemies of the government under which they live. Taking down a map of the United States, he desired me to point out the routs of canals already formed or surveyed, to connect the valley of the Mississippi with the Atlantic. After tracing a few, and estimating the distance between the points connected, he observed, "but this expansiveness—this vast surface of territory, is unfavourable to the arts of life. The excellence to which they have been brought in England, results from our being in a small compass—we are close together, and this proximity is favourable to improvement. It takes a

long time, and is too expensive, to pass over such wide tracts of country." I mentioned our rivers and inland seas, by which, facilities for steam-boat navigation were afforded to an almost unlimited extent; and the rapidity with which we contrive to transport ourselves from place to place. He did not seem to be aware to what a degree they have been multiplied, and by how many openings they were able to penetrate far into the interior. It was in a high degree gratifying to be thus brought into contact with a man, so highly venerated for his unwearied labours in the cause of humanity. The part he took in behalf of the unfortunate Africans—the ability with which he pleaded their cause in parliament—the unwearied zeal with which he returned again and again to the charge, even when the cause seemed to be hopeless; and his final success—for it may justly be called *his*—in procuring an act abolishing the slave trade forever, have erected for him a pillar of solid and long-enduring glory.

On the following Sunday I attended service in the morning at Long Acre Chapel. The regular preacher is Mr. Howell, a Welchman. He pronounces with a strong national accent—uses much and violent gesture—is sometimes very vehement, and exhibits occasional flashes of genius and imagination. He preaches wholly without notes; and is represented as a very faithful and pious man.

I went in the afternoon to St. Pancras' new church, where was a most crowded audience. This splendid church stands on the city road in the northern part of London. It is a fine, spacious building; but the architecture is a droll mixture of Grecian and Egyptian. The doric fluted columns of the portico, copied after those in the temple of Erectheus at Athens, are justly admired; but the caryatides in the wings have excited some speculation. The steeple is said to be a copy of a Temple of the Winds in some part of Egypt. The sermon was a dry, unedifying production.

On a subsequent day, I accompanied a friend to St. Mary's, Aldermary, south of Cheap-side. The church has been undergoing repairs, and was to be re-opened on this day. It now looks fresh and beautiful, and some of the tracery in the ceil

ing is particularly elegant. "A glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing"—was the theme chosen by the Rev. Rector, Dr. Wilson, on the occasion. In the latter part of his discourse, he took a review of the labours of the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in which he paid a handsome tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Dehon. He said, "they had seen, in the fruit of their labours, at least *one* prelate, whose learning, piety, mild virtues, and devotedness to the duties of his office, would have done honour to the Catholic church in any nation or age." Only a part of the seats in the church were occupied, the parish being a very small one.

A long walk carried me in the afternoon, to St. Mary's, Islington, of which, the Rev. Mr. Denman of Richmond is evening lecturer. His place was however occupied by a stranger; the audience was extremely numerous.

A foreigner, perhaps, has no surer method of ascertaining the degree of religious feeling in a great metropolis like this, than to visit as many of their houses of worship as possible. From the general style of preaching which prevails in the different churches, and from the attention paid by the people to the service, he will be able to arrive at some general conclusions not very far from the truth. Some of my readers may think I have been unnecessarily minute, in the observations I have made on the state of ecclesiastical affairs as they have fallen under my notice; but I preferred giving them an opportunity of forming a judgement for themselves, to asking them to rely on my own. General conclusions are far less satisfactory, than a statement of the facts and instances on which they are founded; and these, it has been my aim to present to the reader in the light in which they appeared to me. Every Episcopalian in America feels a natural wish for information in regard to the English national church, from which his own is derived—a church, whence so much good, not indeed un-mixed with some portion of alloy, has emanated. I am persuaded that a higher tone of piety prevails, than would be naturally expected from the general style of pulpit instruction which it has been my lot to witness. That the latter has un-

dergone, however, a great change for the better within the last fifty years—that it has become more purely evangelical—that the doctrines of man's depravity by nature, of the necessity of a spiritual regeneration, of justification by faith alone, through the merits of Christ, have been, and still are, more frequently and distinctly held up to view—that there has been a general movement in the national establishment towards a return to the standard of her own articles, and of the Reformation—are facts which admit of no dispute. This change in the spiritual views of a large and influential portion of the clerical body has, to a considerable extent, produced a corresponding one among the people. The piety of the dissenters, I have been frequently assured, is in a great measure transferred to the national church; while many of their own chapels, once blessed with an orthodox ministry, have passed with their endowments into the hands of those who preach another gospel. The case of the dissenters at the present day affords a striking example, how difficult it is for a religious community to hold fast the profession of their faith, without the standard of a Liturgy, to which the doctrines of the pulpit may constantly be referred.

One day as I came out of Westminster Abbey, and stopped to admire for the fiftieth time the chapel of Henry VIIIth, my speculations were interrupted by a young man of decent appearance and prepossessing features, asking for charity. He said he was distressed and almost famished, or he would not do this. My attention being otherwise taken up at the moment, I carelessly answered that I had nothing to give him. He instantly desisted, and turned away with a dejected, embarrassed air. This was so different from the usual manner of beggars that I could not help observing it, and I called him back to enquire into his history. "Have you no occupation—no friend in this city?" As he turned about, I saw before me a youth of about eighteen, of very handsome, mild features, but sunk with famine, and his body lean and emaciated. Clothes, rusty and thread-bare, but carefully brushed—a *fringe* in place of a ruffle—a black cravat equally tattered, but scrupulously arranged; and gloves so badly worn as to

serve for superfluity rather than for use, completed his exterior array. He was shivering with the cold. "Have you no occupation?" "No, Sir; I am out of employment, and unable to get any; I am sorry to say that I am an actor by profession, but I can get no engagement. I was engaged at Liverpool, and other towns in the north of England; but the company broke up, and I came to London to get employment. I have eaten nothing these two days, and am almost starved." Although I had no reason to believe that I had a young Otway or Chatterton before me; yet I saw an ingenuous young man, hungry, distressed, and broken-hearted; who in an evil hour had attached himself to a company of strolling players, having in all probability Garrick's and Kemble's fame before his eyes. Along with the means of getting him a dinner, I thought myself entitled to give him a word of advice, and urged him to cease looking for a support to a profession so precarious and discreditable, and betake himself to an honest calling.

The next object which presented itself in my walk was a culprit, with his wrists pinioned, marched along the Strand, in the charge of some Bow Street officers with drawn swords, and followed by a rabble "of the baser sort." Here were vice and misery in their natural association.

Returning through Oxford Street to my lodgings, a still different picture was before me. The carriage of the hero of W—— rolled past, with his lordship seated in it. Here was vice, without doubt; but whether with or without its usual companion, misery, must be left to conjecture. It is surprising, with how little respect the English are accustomed to speak of this conqueror of the conqueror of the civilized world, who might have rendered himself the idol of the nation. His name is scarcely ever mentioned; and almost always with some epithet of reproach, or expression of disapprobation. I have more than once heard even his *military* talents depreciated, which was certainly "extenuating his glory wherein he was worthy:" so strong is the dislike he has incurred, by doing violence to the moral feelings of the community in some of his domestic habits. The reception

of Lord Nelson in England, when he attempted to introduce the profligate Lady Hamilton into society—the refusal to see him or show him the least mark of respect, ought to have assured the victor of W——, that there are moral delinquencies which will not be overlooked by the community, even in consideration of the most eminent services to the State.

February 19.—To-day was the anniversary of the “Hibernian Female School Society,” held at the Percy Chapel. The object of this institution, which is patronized by one of the royal princesses, and many ladies of rank, is the promotion of industry among the females of the Irish peasantry. It was a sufficient inducement to attempt getting a seat in the Chapel, that the sermon was to be preached by the Rev. Mr. Macneil; who, young as he is, has already established a reputation for pulpit eloquence inferior to none in the metropolis or its vicinity. At eleven, the chapel was nearly full, and the street lined with equipages. The preacher chose for his text the Pharisee’s accusation of our Lord, “Behold, this man receiveth sinners.” He appeared not to be more than twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; and notwithstanding he had an audience of noble men and women, and the greatest part of his sermon had not been written, and was delivered wholly without notes, yet his self-possession was never disturbed, nor did he ever seem at a loss for ideas or expressions. It was, on the whole, the best exhibition of pulpit eloquence I have witnessed in England—bold, manly, and impressive; without any of the affectation, and contortion, and grimace, which are so prominent in the Caledonian preacher. It certainly required some share of moral courage to expose, before such an audience, the prevailing vices and follies of fashionable life, as well as those among the peasantry of Ireland. He traced both to the same cause—idleness. The want of useful occupation sent the one class into the vortex of dissipation and frivolity—to cards, operas, and masquerades; and the other, to the ale-house, drunkenness, nocturnal revels, brawlings and crime. There was evidently in the speaker a fund of brilliant imagination, which appeared in occasional flashes, but was immediately chastened and

repressed. He appeared too much engaged, to hunt after figures of rhetoric, or to allow his imagination to lead him away from his purpose. There was no affectation—no attempt at display ; and what rhetorical beauties appeared in his discourse, and there were many, seemed to come of their own accord. For an hour, he kept the undivided attention of his audience.

I afterwards learned that Mr. Macneil is an Irishman, a son-in-law of Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin ; and in doctrine, a high-going Calvinist. He has a small curacy in the neighbourhood of London. His talents have already rendered him highly popular in the metropolis as a preacher, notwithstanding the high tone of his doctrinal views, which are represented as going the utmost lengths of the school of Geneva.

There is a dignity, an elegance, an ease, in the manners of English ladies accustomed to the society of London ; a readiness in conversation ; a flow of choice language ; a quickness and correctness of taste, derived from a constant intercourse with well educated men, and a familiarity with the standard authors, which render them most engaging company. Without attempting to fascinate by the brilliancy of their wit, they instantly secure esteem by their unvarying propriety, their sterling good sense, and unaffected simplicity of manners. Miss Hannah More describes them as “ a class of excellent female characters, who, on account of that very excellence, are little known, because to be known is not their object. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. And when a woman, who has ‘ all appliances and means to get it,’ *can* withstand the intoxication of the flatterer, and the adoration of the fashionable ; *can* conquer the fondness for public distinction ; *can* resist the temptation of that magic circle to which she is courted, and in which she is qualified to shine—this is indeed a trial of firmness ; a trial, in which those who have never been called to resist themselves, can hardly judge of the merit of resistance in others. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society.” On meeting a small circle of the most

intimate friends of this gifted lady, at the house of Mr. Macaulay, it is scarcely necessary to add, that I fancied I was in the society of some of the originals, from whom the fair picture was drawn. Unlike the conversation at most dinner parties, that which I listened to was on subjects of higher interest than the excellence of the dishes and the flavour of the wines; yet nothing could be more unrestrained, or free from pedantic stiffness.

Mr. Macaulay's name has been so long associated with the *Christian Observer*, that few persons in a private station are more generally known. The labours of editorship have been for many years committed to other hands; but I believe he occasionally writes an article on West India slavery, the abolition of which is an event which he has much at heart. A merchant with extensive connections, his habits of intense industry are such, as to enable him to devote no small portion of his time and talents to works of general benevolence.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND—TWICKENHAM—HAMPTON COURT—CARTOONS—ST. JAMES', PICCADILLY—ST. MARY-LE-BONE—DR. BUSFIELD—HOUSE OF COMMONS—ATTACK ON THE LORD CHANCELLOR—MR. WILLIAMS—MR. PEEL—MR. BROUGHAM—MR. CANNING—MR. ROBINSON.

I took coach one morning, in company with a friend, to fulfil an engagement to pass the day with the Rev. Mr. Denman at Richmond, and to see what was worth seeing in the vicinity. Our observations from the top of the coach were limited as usual, by the thickness of the atmosphere; but as the objects in the first part of the ride were already familiar, I had less reason than usual to quarrel with English fogs. We crossed the Thames by Putney bridge; and passing through Mortlake and Shene, arrived at Richmond about noon. We lost no time in setting off, in company with Mr. D., on

our walk to Hampton Court, to see which was one of the objects of our visit. Crossing the river again, after a delightful walk of half a mile on the southern bank, we continued our course through meadows on the opposite side. On our left, rose Richmond hill, crowned with stately mansions,—its sloping side decorated with trees, pleasure grounds, and noblemens' villas, quite down to the water's edge. Our walk conducted us along

“—————the matchless vale of Thames,
Fair winding up to where the muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers.”

As we entered the village of Twickenham, we came to the spot once occupied by Pope's villa ; the position of which is indicated by a slight elevation in the high road, over the grotto constructed by the poet, to allow him access to his pleasure grounds on the opposite side of the way. The house in which Pope resided was pulled down about twenty years ago, to make room for a larger edifice erected near the spot. I clambered up the wall over the grotto to get a view of the garden, which is handsomely laid off in shrubbery, threaded by gravelled walks diverging from the outlet of the grotto. Our walk led us through the church yard, where my attention was attracted by a square marble tablet in the wall of the church ; the inscription on which bore, that it was erected by the piety of the poet to the memory of his nurse. It was something to see the name of Alexander Pope, in the village where he spent his latter years, on a tablet of his own erecting.

Passing through the village of Teddington, we entered Bushy Park by a gate-way, and proceeded up a long avenue of trees towards “royal Hampton's pile.” The park is a royal demesne containing many hundred acres, and well studded with trees. It is quite level. On the outskirts of the park, and near the entrance, stands “the mansion,” a brick structure, neither very large nor very elegant ; but remarkable in these days of royal degeneracy as the residence of Mrs. Jordan the actress, and the *chere amie* of the Duke of Clarence. Great numbers of fallow deer were chasing

each other about the park, and so tame as to allow us to approach quite near. Their size is very diminutive. Near the top of the avenue, the walk divides so as to encompass a circular basin of water; in the middle of which rises a marble obelisk, decorated with a variety of marine deities.

Emerging from the park into the street, we came in front of the shrubbery, which we threaded by a winding walk—not forgetting to look at the famous grape-vine, which has yielded almost a ton of grapes in a season. A postern opens in the garden wall; and on stepping through it, we had a view of the whole front, or rather, of one of the fronts, of this kingly residence.

Hampton Court, it is needless to remark, was built by the “proud prelate” Wolsey for his own use; but finding himself beginning to totter in the favour of his sovereign, and dreading the storm of envy which was already gathering against his greatness, he presented it as a sort of peace-offering to his terrible master. But little of the original building now remains, consisting of subordinate apartments and domestic offices; nor does that little inspire very high ideas of the taste in architecture which prevailed in the days of Henry. The present structure was the work of Sir C. Wren in the time of William of Orange. To the latter monarch, a residence at Hampton might have been recommended, by the flatness of the surrounding country, which might be supposed congenial to the taste of a Dutchman born among dykes and fens. Every thing here is laid out by the square and compass. The basin of water in front is an exact parallelogram; each tree is the twin brother of another tree; and the walks all run in parallel or rectangular directions, or diverge like the radii of a circle. As we passed under the archway leading into one of the quadrangles, we were struck with the air of desertion and even desolation which pervades the place. One might almost fancy himself in a mansion of the dead, were not the stillness sometimes broken by the measured tread of the sentry pacing to and fro on the pavement. It is needless to attempt a description of this royal pile. It is huge, but not magnificent; nor is it possible, per-

haps, to erect a palace of *brick*, which shall deserve that epithet. The materials call up too many vulgar associations, of which we cannot divest ourselves, when the question is concerning a point of taste. The apartments are spacious and lofty, and wainscoted with oak now grown brown with age; but being mostly unfurnished, they have a cold and cheerless appearance. The walls of some of the rooms are hung with tapestry; that in Queen Mary's closet is said to have been wrought by herself and her maids of honour. We may safely admire their industry, if we are unable to do homage to their taste and skill. Here are state beds of crimson velvet, on whose rotundity it would puzzle any one but a Dutchman to keep his place—ceilings painted by Sir James Thornhill and others, some of them beautiful—a model of an intended palace in Richmond gardens, which is said to have cost five hundred guineas—paintings by eminent masters, which we had not time to examine as we wished, although William III. on his grey horse, by Kneller, I thought one of the finest; and above all, *the Cartoons of Raffaele*, a sight of which is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. These sublime productions have often been described; but it is impossible to convey, by description, a correct idea of the creations of the pencil. The death of Ananias, and Elymas the sorcerer struck blind, are perhaps as striking pictures as any in the series. What a representation of a man dying in full health and conscience-struck! What astonishment, what horror, in the faces of the spectators; yet what majestic composure, not unmingled with deep emotion, in that of St. Peter! He knew beforehand the dreadful sequel of his denunciations; while the rest were taken by surprise. The Cartoons are seven in number, and of unequal size, being from fourteen to eighteen feet in length, by about eleven in height. The figures are all considerably larger than life. Their appearance is like that of unfinished paintings, the quantity of colour used being just sufficient to bring the figures distinctly forward. They are in fact, paintings on thick strong paper, with colours prepared in an unusual way. As we were promenading along these deserted chambers, the fog was suddenly

dispersed ; the sun broke forth and illuminated the scenery, giving us a view of the Thames and the opposite bank ; the birds took up their song ; and with regret we quitted this royal mansion, associated with so much that is interesting in the history of England's kings. Since the days of George II., the reigning family have ceased to make it their residence. We returned by a different route, and arrived at Richmond after dark, having walked ten or twelve miles.

The next day was Sunday, and I attended church in the morning at St. James', Piccadilly, in the hope of hearing Dean Andrewes, reckoned one of the best preachers in the western part of the town. In this however I was disappointed. The pulpit was taken possession of by Mr. S., a dull, dry preacher, who showed an excellent talent at spoiling a good subject. What little animation he had was exerted to undeceive his hearers in the bad opinion they might have formed of themselves. He candidly acknowledged that there were *some* very wicked men in the world ; but then they were heathens : as to there being any great or general depravity in Christianized England, it was all a mistake. With such miserable stuff did he take up the attention of a very large audience, which was certainly worthy of better treatment. I took notice of a little affectation in the reader of the service, in his manner of pronouncing the words goeth, meekness, goodness ; which were uttered as if they had been spelt *go-uth*, *meek-nuss*, *good-nuss*. I wish this kind of foppery was confined to St. James'. While on the subject of pronunciation, I would remark, that many young preachers appear to think it incumbent on them to get rid of all the roughnesses of our mother tongue. Thus, world is pronounced *wauld* ; Lord, *Laud* ; heart, *hât* ; forgiveness, *faw-giveness*. Such fastidiousness as this tends to deprive the language of all its force, and would spoil the effect of the best composed discourse. Nobody shows it in conversation ; it is heard neither in pleading at the bar, nor in the senate, nor in any extemporaneous effusions ; but when a well-tutored graduate reads a chapter or a discourse " to ears polite," it is in such

a studied artificial way, as to produce no more effect than if none were intended.

Failing in an attempt to get admission into the Tabernacle in the afternoon, where one of the most celebrated of the Whitfield Methodists was to preach, I went to the church of Mary-le-bone, in the new road, and arrived just after the service had commenced. This is a very large and elegant church; and, with its double galleries, accommodates an immense number of people. It was quite full. The organ, remarkably powerful and sweet-toned, stands behind the pulpit and over the altar, which is decorated with a fine painting of the Nativity, presented to the church by our countryman West. The preacher was Dr. Busfield, an elderly man, who stands high in the public estimation as an eloquent and faithful minister. His sermon on "blind Bartimeus" contained many striking things, delivered in a happy manner. Some passages were quite in the style of the best parts of Sterne, but with far more attention to practical effect. Unlike most of the preachers in the metropolis, he used considerable action; and his sermon, being partly committed to memory, was delivered with much freedom.

Wednesday, Feb. 25.—Yesterday, my friend and fellow-passenger, Mr. M——, to whom I am indebted for many civilities, called and proposed to accompany me to the House of Commons, where it was expected there would be some interesting debates. It was but two o'clock when we got to Westminster Hall; and, to pass away the time, we went into the House of Lords, where there was some pleading going on. Few of the Lords were present. Sir Robert Gifford, lately made a Baron and Vice-Chancellor, was on the woolsack, with Lord Redesdale on his right, and Earl Verulam on his left. The face of the Baron is rather effeminate, and indicates sensibility and nice feeling, rather than strength of mind; and it is not till you observe the expression of his thoughtful eye, that you imagine him to be the able and acute man of business. The Earl is a perfect contrast to him, as respects personal appearance. He has a heavy, dull eye; and ever and anon relaxed his large features into a yawn.

Lord Redesdale has a remarkably good humoured face ; and his attention to the pleader in some measure compensated for the remissness of his colleague. Lord Stowell sat on one of the side seats, conversing with a peer. He is a brother of the Lord Chancellor, and is said to be not inferior to him in legal lore. I had leisure to study the decorations of this famous room. The throne at the upper end is thought to be magnificent ; and undoubtedly is so, as far as gilding and crimson velvet can entitle it to that character. The seats for the members are covered with scarlet cloth ; as is the wool-sack which supports the Lord Chancellor. But the most attractive object in the room, at least to an American spectator, is the tapestry, representing the destruction of the armada by the fleet under Effingham ; which furnished the immortal Chatham with one of his happiest allusions in his speech on the troubles with the American colonies. The heads of the naval heroes, who fought on that day, form the border of the piece. The tapestry is now much faded and defaced, and appears never to have been designed in very exquisite taste. A space is divided off at the lower end of the room by a light iron railing, called the bar, below which spectators are admitted.

We stayed here about an hour, and then sought out the crooked passage leading to the house of Commons. This was already filling up with candidates for admission into the gallery. The passages, stair-cases, &c. which double and re-double about this place, are even more intricate than those which bewilder the luckless wight, who has the audacity to enter the labyrinths of our own Capitol for the first time, without a guide. We read of the *house* of Lords, and *house* of Commons ; but a stranger would never be able to find either of them without a pilot. They are not separate houses ; but merely apartments in a huge cluster of buildings, pitched together in the utmost confusion. Let one imagine a dozen houses of every size, and shape, and arrangement, huddled together without order or method, in the rear of Westminster Hall, and made to communicate with each other by divers passages and flights of stairs, diverging,

converging, ascending, descending and retrograding, at every possible angle ; and he will have some idea of the intricacy of these premises.

After we had stood an hour on the same square foot of floor, the whole passage being choked up with expectants like ourselves, the janitor drew the bolts, and cautiously let us pass, one by one, grasping in his fist the half crowns which we slipped into it as we squeezed by. We got a pretty good seat near the front of the gallery, which overlooks the members below. In a few minutes, the speaker entered, preceded by the usher, with his mace, and followed by the chaplain, who, after bowing twice to the chair began prayers, which he galloped through with a rapidity taught him probably by the impatience of the members. Prayers being over, the house filled up fast, particularly the side of the opposition, the members of which, as afterwards appeared, were particularly interested in the evening's debate. The usual preliminary business of petitions, &c. being cleared away, a Mr. Williams, in a speech of two hours and a half, moved for a commission of enquiry into the present state of the court of Chancery, with a view to discover the causes of delay in the administration of justice. It was understood to be a pre-concerted attack on the present Lord Chancellor, as well as on the chancery system. Mr. Williams delivered his speech very gracefully in white kid gloves, but grew a little tiresome at last. He amplified much on the law's delay ; and alluded, not inaptly, to a caricature he had seen, intended to exemplify the fate of a suit in chancery. The litigated property was a little piece of rocky ground with a wind-mill upon it. While the cause was still pending, the enclosures had gone to decay, the premises were overrun with briars, and the mill itself, the subject of contention, had rotted and tumbled down. "*Adhuc sub judice lis est,*" was the appropriate motto of the picture. The speakers who followed were Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Secretary Peel, Mr. Lockhart of Oxford, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Peel is a young man, who by his own merits and a lucky conjuncture of circumstances, has gained his present

seat on the Treasury bench. His father, Sir Robert Peel, is a wealthy cotton manufacturer. The Secretary is rather tall and slender in his person, with carrot hair, light complexioned and hard featured. He spoke with considerable energy, particularly when vindicating the character of "his noble and learned friend" the Lord Chancellor, from the imputations thrown out in the attack. His manner has nothing graceful in it. He stepped forwards and backwards, slapping violently, and with measured strokes, the desk on the table before him; and wheeling often and suddenly to the right and left to address the house.

Brougham is in all respects a most extraordinary man. In person, he is tall, lean, raw-boned, and ungainly; with features uncommonly hard and coarse, and a complexion sallow and bloodless. Perhaps I was influenced by the known character of the man; but I thought there was something even in the tones of his voice which conveyed to the hearer the idea of bitter and concealed irony. He appears to regard the subject of debate only as a field of battle, on which he can manœuvre his forces, and distress his adversary, by his skill in sharp-shooting and planting ambuscades, and by the sudden and murderous fire of his masked batteries. You sit in perfect admiration of his talents and address; but at the same time, you do not give him one particle of your confidence, nor does he seem to desire that you should. Galling sarcasm, and bitter and distressing invective, no one better knows how to administer, in tones of affected calmness, and in that provoking kind of language which all the while keeps barely within the limits of decorum. His action at times is energetic, but ungraceful; he saws the air with his long, bony arms, and now and then rounds off a period by an emphatic thump on the table. You know when he is about to discharge gall of more than common bitterness, by his leaning forwards, weaving the muscles of his face into a sneer, protruding a long slender finger, and peering about from side to side, as if anxious that no drop of it should fall to the ground unnoticed. This is the invariable signal for a *hourra*

from this formidable Cossack ; and woe to the luckless adversary against whom he directs his lance.

The only man in the house capable of waging battle with this dire foe, is Canning ; and even he, on one occasion, evidently showed that he was sensible to the stunning force of the attack.

“ ————— Ten paces huge
He back recoiled ; the tenth, on bended knee,
His massy spear upstay'd.”

This happened on their first encounter, after Mr. Canning's elevation to the treasury bench.

The style of Mr. Canning's oratory is entirely different from that of his rival, as every one must have observed who has read and compared their speeches. He wins your confidence by his apparent sincerity, as much as he delights you by his playful wit, and the manly strain of eloquence he pours forth, when thoroughly warmed with his subject. In the early part of his speech, he is evidently embarrassed, which appears in the hesitancy of his enunciation and his nervous gesticulations ; but these are no longer observable, when once he is fairly in possession of the train of thought he intends to pursue. It is then that he rivets you to your seat, and you feel that you are no longer your own master. He uses but little action until his spirit begins to kindle, when he steps to and fro, and raps the aforesaid desk with heavy ministerial thumps. / The motion of Mr. Williams was considered as an attack, not only on the present chancery *system*, which is said to produce vast mischief by the dilatoriness of its decisions ; but on the Lord Chancellor himself, to whose indolence and indecision many of the evils are attributed by the opposition. The friendship between him and Mr. Canning is known to be neither very intimate nor cordial ; and it was not to be expected, that the latter would embark very zealously in his defence. / Leaving to Mr. Peel the vindication of the Chancellor's fair fame, he made a wide digression on the freedom of the constitution, which allowed the humblest subject to aspire to the presidency of the house of peers. Among the prerogatives of the crown, there was none more

valuable than that, by which it was enabled to choose the most worthy man in the kingdom, however lowly his station might be, and place him in the high and responsible station of Lord Chancellor of the realm. This was an evident evasion of the subject under debate, on which the orator did not choose to be explicit. Mr. Canning is of a middling stature, with a pleasing and manly expression of countenance. The top of his head is entirely bald, affording to the craniologist every desirable facility for studying his high, square, retreating forehead. His style of delivery has much more of energy than of grace, in which he resembles most of the parliamentary orators I have heard.

Mr. Robinson, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a stout, light-complexioned man, who has a very pleasing way of saying what he has to say. He had opened his budget a few days before; and now got up at the call of a member of the opposition, merely to give some explanations. He uses little gesture, and his whole manner is mild and conciliatory.

The business of the evening being over, we made our escape at half past ten, after a session of six hours and a half in nearly the same posture.

It is a fact well worthy the attention of young men, who have the misfortune to consider themselves *great geniuses*, that nearly all the master spirits of the British parliament have been distinguished as scholars, before they became eminent as statesmen. If Sheridan is urged as an exception, let it be remarked, that only *one* Sheridan has ever been heard on the floor of St. Stephen's; and that the splendid and terrible assailant of Warren Hastings sunk at last into a mere writer of comedies, and a manager of a play-house. Chatham, and Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Canning, and Brougham; with many others, whose names shine with a lustre only a little inferior to those above mentioned, were distinguished for their classical attainments. They laid the foundation of their future greatness in the cloisters of the university. Since the world began, genius has accomplished nothing without industry; and no error can be more fatal to

the young aspirant after distinction and usefulness, than that indolent self-complacency which rests on the supposed possession of exalted genius.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR T. D. ACLAND—DINNER AND MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY—ELY CHAPEL—SALTER'S HALL CHAPEL—DR. COLLYER—DINNER AT MR. STRATFORD CANNING'S—SIR JAMES MACINTOSH—ARCH DEACON POTT—ANNIVERSARY SERMON—CHURCH PATRONAGE.

Through the politeness of one of my friends, I was furnished with an introduction to Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, a descendant of Lady Harriet Acland, whose romantic history is connected with that of the Frenchwar in the United States. I waited on him at his lodgings in Waterloo-place, where he resides during the session of parliament, of which he is a member. A young man of more prepossessing appearance and engaging manners, I have rarely seen. Intellectual energy and decision appear in his expressive, manly features, and in all the movements of his fine, athletic form; and above all, he bears the character of a most exemplary Christian. He talks with rapidity and great good sense, and his views of things are large and liberal. In short, he is one of those whom we love to look at and listen to.

February 26.—To-day, I have enjoyed the honour of dining with the members of the Royal Society, and of attending their meeting; and now beg leave to describe, with some minuteness, what I saw of this august body. In company with Mr. Marsden, to whose gratuitous kindness I was indebted for an introduction, I repaired to the "Crown and Anchor Tavern" in the Strand, and found the company already assembling. As they came in, they took their seats around the dining-table, *sans ceremonie*, waiting for the entrance of

the president, and of the dinner—with equal interest perhaps, as the one was a signal for the other. At half past five, Sir Humphrey took his seat—a short pleasant looking man, with a florid face and “a bonny blue ’ee.” On his left was the Duke of Somerset, with a most unintellectual countenance; and next to him, Dr. Goodenough, the Bishop of Chester, an aged man in a bob wig. On the right of the president was a refugee Spaniard and a man of science, whom I understood to be a candidate for the honour of membership. Next was Capt. Parry, a hale seaman, with an oval face expressive of nothing remarkable. His age is apparently about thirty. My seat happened to be next to Lambert the Botanist, whose enquiries about Barton, Nuttall, Wilson, and other American naturalists, of whose works he spoke in terms of high commendation, were interrupted by the arrival of dinner. Then, there was Sir Robert Seppings, the naval architect, and the investigator of the causes of the dry rot in ships; and Sir Robert Inglis of the Carnatic Department, a handsome, polite man, who afterwards showed me the Society’s book, containing the autographs of all the members of the Society from its foundation; and Hobhouse the father; and Hobhouse the son, the fellow traveller of Lord Byron, with his sprightly visage and Roman nose; and Young the mathematician; and a host of others, whose names are probably inscribed on the scroll of fame. On my right was a fine young man lately from India, and a candidate for admission. He said he had lived while in Calcutta in the house next to the late Bishop, Dr. Middleton, and was called up in the night when his Lordship was breathing his last. His death was occasioned by no disease; his strength sunk under perpetual anxiety and irritation of mind, joined to the ravages produced on his constitution by an enervating climate.

The dinner was good, but not sumptuous; and the wine, which was excellent, was drank in moderation. At eight the president left the chair, and the members repaired to their room in Somerset House. There was first a meeting of the Antiquarian Society in an adjoining apartment, to which I was admitted through the politeness of my conductor. The

Earl of Aberdeen is president of this association ; but in his absence, the chair was taken by one of the vice-presidents, who endued his brows with a triangular cocked hat when he entered on his official duties. The secretary read some papers relative to antiquities lately brought to light—a letter of Henry VIII. to his steward, directing how much beef, mutton, ale, &c., should be daily apportioned from the larder “for the maintenance of the Lady Lucy,” and which quite discomposed the gravity of the venerable antiquaries, by its minute, and somewhat unkingly attention to thrift—an account of a ring bearing a Roman inscription, lately discovered ; and exhibited a cast from a little statue of Hercules in bronze, found in the south of France, &c. Some new members were balloted in, and the Society adjourned after sitting three quarters of an hour. The room is decorated or rather disfigured, by four or five paintings of the time of Henry VIII., more wretched than the daubs of a sign-painter. Their antiquity must constitute their chief value in the eyes of the sages.

In the saloon, Sir. Gilbert Blayne and Sir Everard Home were pointed out—the latter, a hale, athletic man, with a face full of glee and good humour. The names being called over, the members entered the Royal Society’s room, a spacious, handsome apartment, hung round with a great number of portraits of those who have done honour to the institution. When Sir Humphrey took the chair, a complete metamorphosis had taken place in his outer man. He appeared in a long, full-skirted, collarless coat, whose broad cuffs and pocket-flaps were ornamented with steel buttons of most expanded disk, after the manner of the days of Charles II ; and a vest of the same antique cut. His clapping a little cocked hat on his auburn locks was a signal that the meeting was opened. We had a paper from Dr. Woolaston, on the optic nerve ; and another, tedious enough in all conscience, on the disturbances of the needle by the iron-work in a ship. While the secretary was toiling through this prosing detail of experiments made without an object, the learned president appeared a little deficient in the gravity which became his station. If one

might be allowed to judge by the cut of his face, the spirit of glee and good fellowship has made it her chosen residence. After the election of some new Fellows, the meeting was dissolved at half past nine, by the president's laying aside the official hat and abdicating the chair. Being favoured with an introduction to him, I found him no less agreeable than intelligent in conversation. He spoke highly of our chemists and mineralogists, with whose labours he is well acquainted ; and the conversation terminated in an invitation to his levees on Saturday evenings.

Sir Humphrey Davy is one of those highly gifted individuals, who owe their elevation solely to their personal merit. While he occupied the humble post of a stable-boy it is said that his turn for scientific investigation attracted the notice of those who were able and ready to patronize talent ; and in a few years, he was known as the most popular chemical lecturer in the metropolis. The discoveries he has made in the science are well known, and attest how well he deserves the honourable station he fills as president of the Royal Society.

The morning of the following Sunday was passed at Ely Chapel, the pulpit of which is occupied at present by Mr. Coleridge, the Bishop elect of Barbadoes. His discourse was a respectable composition, but too common-place to produce much effect. A sonorous voice and wrongly placed emphasis are the points most observable in his delivery. A good congregation was assembled in the chapel ; and it was gratifying to see the long row of neatly dressed charity children in the gallery. A very beautiful Gothic window is the only remarkable thing about the structure ; unless the reader chooses to be reminded of a historical incident, the spontaneous and somewhat mistimed effusion of loyalty on the part of a worthy clerk on a trying occasion.

“ So, in the chapel of old Ely House,
 When wand'ring Charles, who meant to be the third,
 Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
 The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
 And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
 Sung to the praise and glory of King George.”

I went, in the afternoon, to Salter's-hall Chapel, Cannon-street, a place of worship for the Calvinistic Dissenters. The chapel is not large, but accommodates a great many people, and is very plainly finished—a description, which will apply to almost all the dissenting chapels I have seen. They commonly occupy a little paved court in the rear of the houses, and are often invisible from the street; and are built with far more attention to convenience, and the accommodation of numbers, than to elegance. The chapel was entirely full, and Dr. Collyer the stated preacher occupied the pulpit. He is said to be one of the most popular of all the dissenting ministers in the metropolis; but an unlucky attempt to dabble in surgery, in a case of a delicate nature, has exposed him to the lampoons and sly jokes of certain waggish editors. The doctor has a smooth, easy, flowing elocution, with a voice sufficiently musical; but his great fault is that he uses too many words. This, with the equal flow of his language and conceptions—never rising to sublimity or pathos, and never sinking below mediocrity, renders his delivery, after a little while, tiresome. He has too the common fault of extemporary preachers—that of repetition; though not perhaps in an unusual degree. But notwithstanding these failings, he must be reckoned an eloquent and persuasive, though not a very forcible preacher.

In the evening, I heard in Oxford Chapel a well composed dissertation on the character of Hezekiah, by an elderly man whose name I did not learn. If he wanted the qualities of a commanding pulpit orator, he was not deficient in those of piety and good sense.

I had been favoured with an introduction to Mr Stratford Canning, the former minister at Washington; and had the honour of an invitation to dine at his house in Berkeley Square. The politeness and urbanity of his manners are too well known and too highly appreciated in America, to receive any additional lustre from the commendations of a humble individual. To the native kindness of his disposition is united a thorough good breeding, which soon places a stranger at his ease. Among the guests at dinner were Sir James Macintosh, Sir Hum-

phrey Davy, a number of members of parliament, and a literary gentleman from the U. States—in all, about eighteen or twenty. No ladies graced the repast by their presence, Mr. C. and his brother being both unmarried. The latter is a plain, sensible man, who has travelled much : in his personal appearance, I thought I discovered a strong resemblance to his cousin, the secretary and orator. The person by whom my curiosity was the most strongly attracted, was Sir James Macintosh. He is a large, strongly built Scotchman, with an immense pile of forehead, and a head full enough of bumps to satisfy the most admiring phrenologist. While engaged in conversation, and particularly when telling an anecdote, in which he excels, the merry glance and glee of his laughing blue eye, and the play of his massy features, are worthy the study of a painter. The muscles of his face seem to be absolutely endued with the power of thought. For a long time he kept the table in a roar, by his ludicrous description of the speech of an honourable member in the house last evening. Sir Humphrey was not backward in contributing to the amusement of the guests ; and his story of the mercurial Greek, who came to him for a certificate of his fitness to become a member of the Royal Society, was as laughable from the manner of the narrator, as the conceit of the Hellenist was ludicrous. Sir Humphrey told him, that the honour was conferred on no foreigners but such as had distinguished themselves in some of the branches of science—that he must become a *savant*—write papers, and make himself distinguished. The disappointed candidate did not take the advice very kindly ; and replied, that “ he thought it very hard that a countryman of Plato and Aristotle should be refused the honour of belonging to the Royal Society.” An interesting discussion followed on the character of the modern Greeks ; and the conversation generally was such as might be expected from a party of most intelligent men. To me, it was not a little gratifying, to have so favourable an opportunity of studying some of the choicest spirits of the age, in their moments of relaxation and free social intercourse. My countryman, I am sorry to say, was thrown a little off his guard. After dinner, when the enliven-

ing qualities of the Port had quickened his powers of entertaining, he became very happy, and discoursed with amazing fluency in the midst of a very attentive and admiring circle. To Sir James, one of the first jurists in the world, he explained an abstruse point of law, with the air of one who knew what he was about. The Baronet seemed desirous of being further enlightened; and the orator, who by this time had drawn the whole company about him, was nothing loth to gratify his disciple. If his invention flagged for a moment, a wicked question or two, or a demur modestly and diffidently expressed, wrought the effect desired—that of drawing forth strains of eloquence still more lofty, or disquisitions still more profound, to the great edification of the audience. I felt rather uncomfortable as may be supposed. Casting an anxious look round the company, I observed an appearance of deep and respectful attention, though not without certain involuntary twitchings of muscles around the region of the mouth, and an irrepressible roguishness of eyes, which showed that the listeners had entered fully into the humour of the moment. This was too much. Perspiring with vexation, I took advantage of a most poetical rhapsody on Patrick Henry, Randolph, Wirt, and Pinckney, to make my bow to our host; and effected my escape, with the most cordial wishes on my part, that I may be spared the pleasure of meeting Mr.—— again in English society.

On Ash-Wednesday, I heard the venerable Arch-deacon Pott at St. Andrew's, Holborn. He is a tall, spare man, far advanced in years, and highly and generally esteemed for his exemplary piety. He has no pretensions to eloquence; his voice is feeble and monotonous; and his delivery wholly without animation. His published works, however, bespeak him the sound, sensible divine.

The Sunday following, March 7th, was the day, on which my friend Mr. D—— was appointed to preach a sermon before the mayor and sheriffs of London, in aid of the City Dispensary. I walked through a beating rain to St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, stepping into St. Paul's till the hour of service arrived. To a lover of cathedral music, nothing is more de-

lightful than to linger in the aisles of St Paul's, and listen to the choral service reverberated along the arches and pillars of this mighty pile. At St. Martin's, I found but a miserable congregation, owing probably to the inclemency of the weather. The Lord Mayor entered, clad in his scarlet cloak and tippet, and arrayed in other insignia of his office, preceded by vergers, and attended by the sheriffs and subordinate official characters. The service was performed by a young man with a good voice, but in too inanimate a manner. The sermon on "the new commandment" was highly creditable to the preacher. As the procession entered, the organ played the grand hallelujah chorus, unaccompanied by voices. St. Martin's is a small church, with a single gallery, and two transverse arches to support the ceiling, resting on four Ionic columns.

In the afternoon, I stepped into Oxford chapel in front of my door, and heard the service worse performed than I remember to have ever witnessed. The sermon was respectable, but delivered to a thin audience; the weather still continuing tempestuous.

During a visit to Dr. G.— at Stoke-Newington a few days after, I heard from a gentleman present the early history of the Bishop of St. David's, which strongly illustrates the effect of "time and chance" in placing even a deserving man in the way of promotion. The present Bishop of Durham, then presiding over the See of Salisbury, happened to be on a visit to Dr. Randolph, the master of Corpus Christi; when he mentioned his desire to find a chaplain possessed of good talents, of high scholastic attainments, of clerical habits and exemplary piety. While he was describing the kind of person he wished to engage, Mr. Burgess happened to cross the quadrangle in front of the window. "There," said Dr. Randolph, "is just the man you want. He is a Fellow of our college; and I know he will suit you, for he is all that you describe."—The future Bishop was sent for, and introduced; and the acquaintance thus begun led to his appointment to be chaplain to Dr. Barrington, who was afterwards translated to the See of Durham. Mr. Burgess' promotion to the deanery of

Durham soon followed ; and becoming known by his writings to Lord Sidmouth, who had been his school-fellow at Winchester, he was recommended by him to the vacant See of St. David's. His living is one of the poorest in the kingdom ; and would be insufficient for his support without the deanery, which he still holds. By an act of great generosity, he has adopted a plan for improving the revenues of the diocese, at the expense of six or eight hundred pounds *per annum* subtracted from his income—a sacrifice, of which his successors only will reap the benefit.

It is difficult for us republicans to reconcile the idea of church patronage as it exists in England, with our notions of propriety or expediency. We cannot conceive why a congregation should not be allowed a voice in the choice of their minister ; nor imagine that such a liberty would be attended with greater inconveniences in an established church than in our own country, where they are but rarely and lightly felt. Yet there may be circumstances to render that inexpedient in the one case, which is found to be perfectly safe in the other. With us, the salary of a clergyman is dependant on the votes of the parish—it is a voluntary contribution, which may be reduced or wholly withdrawn, when he ceases to be acceptable. The emoluments of the pastoral office therefore are desirable or otherwise, as the people are more or less united in their minister. Keenly contested elections will be unknown, so long as a large majority has the power of withdrawing its support from the successful candidate ; and the *will* to do so, in the case supposed, would not be wanting. A good degree of unanimity is secured in almost every instance, by the circumstance, that without it, the burthen of the minister's support would devolve on a few—to say nothing of the dissensions in which the parish would be involved, by proceeding in opposition to the wishes of a strong minority.

But how does the case stand with regard to the Church of England ? To the office of pastor, in every church, a salary is secured by law, over which the votes of the parish have no control. It is a stipend which he is sure to receive, so long as he is the incumbent ; and, in a country where there are

more clergymen than livings, it becomes at once an object which many are desirous of securing. Did the choice rest with the people, great exertions would be made by the friends of the different candidates, to gain a majority of votes; and the parish would be agitated by the disturbances of a violently contested election. Had the disaffected the right as with us of withdrawing their share of the pastor's support, these evils could not happen; but in an establishment, this check is wanting. The stipend cannot be reduced; and a bare majority of votes would put the successful candidate in possession of it, however unacceptable he might be to three-eighths of the parish. The experiment of leaving to the people the choice of their ministers has been made, in some of the newly created parishes; and been followed I am told in nearly every instance by the evils I have mentioned. Even those who are not altogether satisfied with many features of the establishment—who see many things which ought to be reformed, are unanimous in deprecating popular elections. Church patronage, or the right vested in one individual, or in some corporate body, of nominating a rector to a vacant parish, appears to be essential to an established church. If it is an evil in England and Scotland, still it could not be dispensed with, without introducing evils still more formidable. In America it is impracticable; and if practicable, would be a curse. In many instances, *lay-patronage* has been acquired by the building of a church, or by large pecuniary donations for the benefit of the parish;—the right of presenting a rector to the living being reserved in the family of the benefactor as a condition of the gift. It is apparent that the spiritual welfare of the people will not always be consulted, when the choice of their clergyman lies with an individual, who may, or may not, be qualified for so important a trust. But the evil is without a remedy except in public opinion, which is growing more and more intolerent towards men who disgrace their sacred profession; and operates as a salutary restraint on lay-patrons in the exercise of their right.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARKS IN LONDON—VIEW FROM PICCADILLY—HYDE PARK—REGENT'S PARK—SQUARES—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—CRAVEN CHAPEL—THE BAZAAR—ART OF WALKING IN THE METROPOLIS—COSTUME OF THE BAR—ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS—RIDE TO LEICESTER—DEFORMITY.

A stranger in the metropolis is surprised at nothing more than at the extent of the Parks, which skirt the western and north-western borders of the town. Taking the Horse-guards as his point of departure, and proceeding in a north-westerly direction along St. James' Park, through either Green, or Queen's, into Hyde Park and Kensington gardens, which are separated only by a low wall, he may walk a distance of three miles almost in a straight line, with green turf or gravelled walks under his feet, and his head overshadowed by oaks and elms. The three first enumerated cannot contain less than 500 acres. They lie contiguous, and are variously intersected by walks and avenues of trees; and when distant objects are obscured by a thick atmosphere—a phenomenon, for which it is not usually necessary to wait long—one can easily imagine himself transported far from the busy and overgrown metropolis, and dropped down in the midst of delightful rural scenery. St. James' Park is nearly level; indeed it was once a stagnant and unseemly marsh. It was enclosed by the last Henry, who confined the waters, and laid out the ground in walks. Charles II. planted the avenues, and dug the canal, which is upwards of half a mile in length, by 100 feet in breadth. St. James' is used as a parade for the foot guards, whose barracks stand at the west end of the Park, while the palace appropriated to the horse-guards separates it on the east from Parliament street, the great thoroughfare between Charing-cross and Westminster.

Leaving St. James', you ascend along Green Park towards Piccadilly, with noble mansions rising on your right and before you. This small but neat plot of ground, has very few

trees. Reaching Piccadilly, you turn and look down as from a terrace, on one of the most exhilarating prospects imaginable. You have before you an expanse of many hundred acres, with all its delightful walks and shady avenues,—its reservoirs and *jets d'eau* glittering in the sun ; the glancing of bright arms through the trees, and squadrons of infantry manoeuvring on the plain ; ladies and gentlemen, and citizens of low degree, on foot, on horse-back, and in vehicles of every construction—some single, and some in groups, yet all in motion, and imparting life and variety to the scene ; while your ear is saluted with bursts of martial music from one of the finest bands in the world. Rising over the whole, and but faintly seen through the soft yellow haze, the Abbey heaves aloft its antiquated towers, rich in the associations it brings with the events of other days. Let a spectator place himself in front of Baring's splendid mansion in Piccadilly, on a fine morning in the spring, with his face turned towards the south, and he will confess that he has seldom gazed on so fair and spirit-stirring a scene. Often have I promenaded half the city to revel in the luxuries of the prospect, and as often found it still new and beautiful.

Hyde Park covers near 400 acres. The western part appears at a distance like a forest, although on a near approach it is found to be but thinly sprinkled with trees. "The Serpentine River" must have been so named, from its total *dissimilarity* to the tortuous reptile whose appellation it bears—the resemblance being about as striking as that between a carpenter's rule and a snake. Its superfluous waters, of which there is but a scanty measure, are made to leap down an artificial cataract of surprising regularity ; which looks more like the deluge occasioned by the upsetting of a tub of dirty water at the top of a stair-case, than like any thing in nature. But so it is. Man, pent up in the city, has still a longing for something *rural* on which to feast his eyes ; and can derive gratification from an awkward *imitation*, when nothing better is at hand. "*Expellas naturam,*" &c. A drove of little brown deer strays along the banks of the *river* ; and swans disport themselves on its surface. Both are so tame

as to feed from the passenger's hand. Nothing can be more majestically graceful than the swan taking his pastime on the bosom of the lake. He throws up his wings, proudly arches his neck, and by the strength of his oary feet, propels himself through the water with a velocity almost incredible. For a considerable distance along the margin of the river, there is a sort of strand, or beach of gravel, in imitation, I suppose, of the shore of the loud-roaring sea : but here, alas ! the waves are scarcely large enough to murmur. The beach, however, furnishes an excellent race-ground for the cocknies to try the speed of their ponies.

Regent's Park is yet in an unfinished state ; but promises when completed to outvie all the others in picturesque beauty. Its shape is circular, and it contains about 450 acres. A sheet of water, supplied from the Regent's canal, is made to wind around a large part of the circumference, and to form a variety of inland seas, gulfs, friths, and inlets ; which are studded with many an emerald isle and green headland, covered with shrubbery. The most beautiful forms of nature are here imitated on a reduced scale, and the whole constitutes a tasteful exhibition of picturesque gardening. Only a portion of the area of the park, however, is decorated in this manner. It is intersected by various roads, and some beautiful villas have been erected near the centre. In one part, there is a spacious stadium for exercise on horseback, on foot, or in carriages ; and on the east side are a riding-school and barracks for the accommodation of a regiment of horse. The improvements are going on rapidly ; but many years will be required for completing the original plan. This park is situated in the north-western suburbs of London. Regent Circus, at the junction of Portland Place with the New Road, is remarkable for the beauty and richness of its cast-iron paling, and the chaste style of its buildings.

The *squares* in London are highly ornamental, and contribute greatly to the health and airiness of the town. They are of all dimensions, from six acres down to half an acre. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Gray's-Inn-Gardens, afford the most delightful walks to the gentlemen of the robe—the latter is

rendered particularly inviting, by the deep retirement and shady seclusion of its avenues : while the western quarter of the metropolis can boast of many equally beautiful. Grosvenor square, Portman, Cavendish, Berkeley, St. James', Hanover, Russell, Bedford, Bloomsbury squares, and a great many others, are inhabited by the noble and the wealthy, during their stay in London. Most of these areas are enclosed by an iron paling, laid out in gravelled walks, and planted with shrubbery in a very tasteful manner. An equestrian statue of some great man often adorns the centre. The squares being private property, the public are not admitted ; but the tenants of the neighbouring houses are furnished with keys. It is said that the proprietors of the land are rather gainers than losers by these reservations—the rents of the adjoining building lots being greatly enhanced by the privilege of using the square being annexed to them.

On the following Sunday, March 14th, I attended service in the morning, at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital ; a large and elegant edifice, well replenished by a congregation of citizens of the better class. The discourse was neatly written, but was deficient in unction and power. Sleeping in church is not confined to America. I regretted that my seat under the gallery did not allow me a sight of the children, who are about 200 in number. Their voices were more tuneful than those of most of the charity children I have heard ; and the addition of three or four scientific performers rendered the music pretty good. The organ is said to have been presented by Handel. The altar-piece was the gift of West ; and although in his best style, is sufficiently redundant in dead brick-colour, to designate it to be his. The gallery extends quite round the chapel ; and in the windows over the chancel are the armorial bearings of some of the benefactors to the foundation.

I dined with one of those thriving Scotchmen, who wisely prefer the grapes of Esheol and the milk and honey which abound in the land of promise in the south of England, to a sojourn among their own barren mountains. In the evening, we repaired to Craven Chapel, where we heard a faith-

ful well-digested discourse, by a Mr. Clayton, who has the reputation of being one of the best dissenting preachers in London. He used no notes, and spoke with sufficient fluency. Occasionally, his attitudes and tones were impressive. Sometimes he leaned over the pulpit, and sunk his voice to the easy tones and inflections of familiar conversation; and then resumed a manner more dignified and didactic. His sermon was too long—he had exhausted his subject in three quarters of an hour, but continued his remarks for half an hour longer. The audience was very large and attentive.

Craven chapel is built with that strict attention to the accommodation of the most numerous audience in the smallest space, for which the dissenting houses of worship are remarkable. The gallery is deep, and extends quite round;—or more properly, the *galleries*, for there is a light one near the ceiling. The lower one rests on slender cast iron pillars, which have been recently adopted in churches to a great extent. They have the advantage of combining great strength with as little obstruction of prospect as can be attained by any method of support. The gown and bands are universally worn by the dissenting preachers, so far as my observation has extended. Nothing could exceed the pomposity of the clerk in giving out the psalms—it was absolute *rant*.—The chapel was built by a public-spirited individual, at an expense of £11,000, to be repaid *without interest*, as soon as the congregation should be able to refund it. This is the *twelfth* chapel erected by him, on the same terms. I regret that I have forgotten his name; for christian liberality like this deserves the most honourable mention.

The *Bazaar* is a suite of rooms in Soho Square, fitted up for the sale of fancy goods; and a very fashionable lounging-place it is on a fine morning. The rooms are on the first and second floors, and are partly thrown together by the removal of the partitions, and lighted by sky-lights. All the worthless elegancies of dress and decoration are here displayed on the counters in gaudy profusion, and are served out to customers by about two hundred women and girls—the officiating priestesses of this great vanity-fair. Approaching it

on a day when a clear sun has tempted abroad the butterflies of the town, you have to thread your way among glittering equipages, and laced footmen, and constables stationed at the doors to preserve order. You enter, and look around on a scene, as motley and diversified as it is full of life. Ladies of quality and of no quality ; citizens' wives and daughters—for your true republican equality is found only in a squeeze ; bluff waiting maids with their broad unmeaning faces,—all shoving and sidling up and down the apartment ; and slender belles delicately fingering the boquets of flowers fresh from Paris—all these, and a hundred other varieties, may be seen in this moving panorama. Here, too, you may behold the half-pay officer, with his chin propped up by a well varnished stock—the benedict, who does not exactly know what to do with his time ; nor will you overlook the tightly-laced dandy, with his *fan tailed shallow* smartly stuck on one side of his bison-head, ogling the fair through his golden-cased eye-glass. The Bazaar, in a word, is a fashionable lounge for all who have nothing to do except to see and be seen.

Walking the streets of London with safety and speed, is an accomplishment not to be acquired without experience, and a diligent use of one's eyes in every direction from which danger may be apprehended. Considering the immense number of carriages, and the throng of foot passengers, it is surprising that so few accidents happen. I witnessed one, however, a few mornings since, which it was distressing to behold. A poor woman, with a child in her arms, was knocked down in crossing a street, and got entangled under the coach horses, where she was severely bruised before she could be rescued. Before the by-standers could sufficiently recover their self-recollection to yield her any assistance, a well dressed lady actually sprang under the horses and snatched away the child, with no small personal risk to herself—a gratifying instance of female intrepidity.

To observe the apparently reckless manner in which coaches are driven, one would imagine they could hardly pass the length of a street without causing accidents. But pedestrians learn to look to their own safety ; and for this, an

ever-vigilant circumspection becomes necessary. Were a coach to pull up till an opening was made in the throng of foot passengers, it would be in the predicament of the clown, who waited for the river to run by before he attempted to cross. The driver must make his way through, or come to a dead stand. If a passenger before him happens to be inattentive, which is not often the case, he ejaculates his accustomed *heigh!* in a tone so sharp, as to put the most heedless on their guard. The streets of London are no place for the reveries of an absent man.

It is one of the peculiar advantages of a great metropolis like this, that one need never be at a loss for profitable employment, when he has a leisure hour upon his hands. Here is congregated whatever is wonderful or instructive in the operations of art and of science. In the museums and other public repositories, he may exhaust his attention to any degree of fatigue he pleases,

Among things dreadful, quaint and strange.

Or, does he delight rather in

————— The grand debate.
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,

of declaiming politicians, and rival candidates for parliamentary fame? Where can he find them in more intense and perfect exercise, than in the chapel of St. Stephen's?

I love in my rambles to step into Lincoln's Inn-Hall, while the court of Chancery is in session—not because it is a place for the display of forensic eloquence—but because it is the highest court in the kingdom for the administration of justice; and on account, perhaps, of certain associations connected with the place and proceedings. I think I have already given my vote in favour of the professional dress of the gentlemen of the robe; although it must be confessed, there is something comical in a smooth, rosy, oval face, and auburn locks, peeping out from beneath a periwig, curled, powdered, and decorated behind with two or three club tails. A young pleader was greatly surprised to hear how our American law-

yers dressed ; and could scarcely credit the information, that our judges were not distinguished from the common people, by any peculiarities of costume. Mr. Jeffery was lately engaged in pleading a cause at the bar of the House of Lords ; but as he did not quite answer the publick expectation, he very properly charged his failure on the *wig*, in which his head was for the first time ensconced. It seems they are not adopted in Scotland as a part of the professional dress.

Sunday, March 21.—I left my lodgings with the intention of worshipping in one of the churches in the eastern part of the city ; but the rain forced me to take refuge in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, whose merry bells were ringing out the hour of service. The hand-bills scattered about the pews gave notice, that “ the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester (Dr. Law,) was to preach a sermon for the London Fever Hospital, before his Grace the Duke of Somerset, President, the Earl of Egremont, the Lord Bishop of Durham, Lord Bexley,” &c. Vice Presidents. The preacher was met by Archdeacon Pott in the aisle, and conducted to the vestry-room, preceded as usual by the vergers with their staves. Prayers were read by the Archdeacon, and at the conclusion of the service the church was nearly *half filled*. The responses were indifferently made ; but the singing, which was performed by a few charity children, was better than usual. The preacher delivered a discourse on benevolence, from the healing of Peter's wife's mother ; but the sermon contained no very striking passages. His action was graceful, and his tones and modulations agreeable rather than impressive.

Having occasion a few days after to visit Leicester, I had a walk of about two miles to take before day, to the coach, at the *Bull-and-mouth* Inn in the city. This uncouth name is nothing more nor less than a popular corruption of *Boulogne mouth*, or harbour ; which became a favorite sign after the conquest of that place in the reign of Henry VIII. A chilling north-east wind, charged with a full proportion of drizzle, afforded no very pleasing omen of the degree of comfort we might expect during our ride ; nor did the reality disappoint us. The road through St. Alban's to Northampton was al-

ready familiar. Harboro', a village of perhaps 2,000 inhabitants, and lying in a valley, was the only place worthy of notice, which occurred in the latter part of our ride. Had I been less chilled by sitting so long in the blast, I should probably have admired the fine panorama of Leicester and the adjacent country, as viewed from an eminence over which the London road passes : but a ride of a hundred miles in a comfortless drizzle had indisposed us to look out for picturesque beauties—they were not to be put in competition with the substantial comforts of the dining room at the "Stag and Pheasant." I returned the next day, and over the same road. The top of the coach was occupied by a number of young people of both sexes. The *gentlemen* aimed to render themselves very agreeable : but the coarseness, and even indecency, of their conversation ; and the unconcern of the fair at hearing language to which they ought not to have listened, gave no very favorable impression of the purity of rural manners.

Whenever a coach pulls up in a country village, it is sure to attract around it all the jockies, and frequenters of the bar-room, and idle fellows in the place ; just as one may see a *posse* of long-legged Jonathans gathering about a stage at a tavern in America. At Redburn, I observed one among the idlers who might have sat for Scott's picture of the Black Dwarf. His height might have been two or three inches over four feet ; but with the exception of his legs, his proportions were those of an ordinary man. Yet he trundled back and forth, his hands tucked under his frock, with an air which seemed to invite scrutiny. Among the labouring classes here, one may remark a large number of diminutive and deformed persons. In London, indeed, almost every twentieth man seems to have been "curtailed of his fair proportions" in coming into the theatre of life, or by some of the accidents and calamities which flesh is heir to. The redundancy of such in the metropolis may be accounted for in part by the consideration, that they resort thither from the country for the exercise of trades and occupations, which require little personal activity.

CHAPTER XIX.

DRESS OF ENGLISH LABOURERS—BEGGARY IN LONDON—DINNER PARTY AND ANECDOTES—BISHOP OF BRISTOL—HOUSE OF LORDS—FUNERAL OF SIR GEORGE COLLIER—CENTRAL NATIONAL SCHOOL—LORD KENYON—MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH.

Attachment to ancient customs and fashions however inconvenient, is one of the characteristics of the peasantry of an old country. This peculiarity is strikingly displayed in the dress of the English peasantry, which, in some respects, is as incommodious as it is uncouth. It would be difficult, perhaps, to give a good reason, why the nether garment should be cut off at the knees ; yet breeches are universally worn by the labouring classes. These are commonly of a coarse corduroy ; the legs being embraced by sheep-skin gaiters reaching from the heels to the ham, and sometimes above the knee. Shoes of the most formidable size and weight, studded full of hob-nails, complete the lower part of the labourer's attire. Over his coat, he commonly wears a frock of brown linen, gathered on the breast into a vast number of fine plaits—the use of which it is difficult to conjecture.

Most travellers have represented London as swarming with beggars ; but whatever may have been the fact once, they are far from being numerous at present. Indeed, they can hardly be said to exist, except as itinerant musicians, or sweepers of cross-walks in the streets. Standing by my window one morning, I heard a vile crank-organ grinding most dissonant music in the street ; and on looking out, saw a little spaniel acting the beggar to good purpose. While his one-eyed master performed on his wretched instrument, Tray scampered about, barking under the windows with all his might, and keeping a sharp look-out for coppers. Feeling a little curiosity to know how far his education had been carried, I threw him a half-penny, which he caught up in an instant and ran with it to his master. The musician bent down to let the

dog jump upon the organ, which he carried slung before him ; and Tray, having deposited his collection in his master's pouch, commenced his solicitations as before. I frequently see a blind beggar in Oxford-street, led by a beautiful spaniel, who carries a dish in his mouth, and rises gracefully on his hind legs to receive your charity. The contrivances of these people are often so ingenious as almost to deserve a reward.

March 27.—At the house of Mr. M——, the oriental scholar, in Cavendish Square, I met at dinner, among other guests, Sir Thomas Winnington, Sir Hugh Dalrymple, and Sir George Staunton, son of the Sir George who wrote an account of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China. The latter was attached to the Embassy, and talked sensibly enough on a variety of subjects. They told a story of the Bishop of C——, which indicated how totally the mind may sometimes aberrate, at the moment when self-recollection is most needed. In the absence of Sir H. Davy one evening, at a meeting of the Royal Society, the good Bishop was called to the chair. A Fellow was voted in, and the Chairman began—"In the name of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge"—Here he stopped, and tried to recollect the title of the august body over which he presided—but in vain.

Another anecdote was related of Spurzheim the phrenologist. The narrator was a member of a club, and happened to come in late, while they were talking of the new science—Spurzheim himself being present, and occupying the seat next to the one he took. Without knowing who was at his elbow, he declared it was all *a humbug*. "And so you tink dat it is all von umbug, do you?" He turned and saw a stranger—the company were all grinning with delight; and one of them said,—“that, Sir, is Dr. Spurzheim; and after your declaration, you can do no less than submit your cranium to his inspection. Perhaps he will convince you of the reality of the science.” There was no backing out: the Dr. fingered his *bumps*, and said something about *de organ of expansiveness*. “Please to explain, Doctor, what you mean by expansiveness.” “Vat do I mean? Vy I mean dat you ave been in de four quarters of de vorl, or dat you vish to go

dere." The former happened to be really the case; and the skeptic was abundantly punished for speaking so disrespectfully of the mysteries of the science. The ladies favoured the company with some of the airs of Rossini, prettily enough played and sung; and by eleven, the guests began to separate.

Sunday, 28th.—Hearing that the Bishop of Bristol was to preach a charity sermon this morning at Marybone church, for the Deaf and Dumb, I went thither in company with an American friend. After some waiting we were accommodated with a seat, by giving the sexton a shilling as usual. Prayers were read by Mr. B——, who appeared not unconscious of the powers of his fine voice, and of his ability to give the proper *adagio* and *andante* to each part of the service. How difficult it is to read the Liturgy of the church *well!* To impart life and spirit to it, without flippancy—to observe the proper inflections without affectation—to give it variety without being declamatory, and pathos, without becoming monotonous! I have heard it read by young clergymen who had taken lessons from some eminent rhetorician; but never wished to hear them again. Rules can do little more than teach a reader how to avoid faults; while deep engagedness, and a fervent spirit of prayer, must do the rest. Without these, it is impossible to become a good reader of the Liturgy. To perform it well, it is necessary to be a religious man—to possess a devotional heart. The English clergy are generally very *correct* readers—fine voices are common amongst them—their articulation is distinct, and they pronounce correctly. The deficiency most observable in their style of reading is, the want of pathos and feeling; and yet there are many exceptions to this remark. The sermon of the Bishop was written in a neat, chaste style, highly creditable to him as a scholar; but wanting in many of the qualities of a popular discourse. There was nothing impassioned; there were no bursts of fervid and eloquent feeling; all was chastened, cold, and didactic. The manner of delivery corresponded with the matter of the sermon; which was read in a calm, level tone of voice, and entirely without action. The subject was the reply of our Saviour to the messengers

of John—"Go, and tell John the things that ye see and hear. The blind receive their sight," &c. Ill health obliged me to keep my room in the afternoon, while it was raining and snowing without. The fickleness of the climate vies with any thing ever experienced in New-England. We are swept by a perpetual rush of easterly winds; and have alternations of snow and rain, fog and sunshine, many times in the day. The quantity of snow which has fallen this winter would scarcely make sleighing, if it were all deposited at the same time on the ground.

Having been provided with a ticket of admission to the House of Lords, I repaired the next day to Westminster Hall. The insolence of under-strappers in office, "dressed in a little brief authority," often puts ones patience to the test. At the door of the ante-room, I was accosted with—"what's your pleasure, Sir," in a tone of ineffable importance. "To get admission to the house."—"You cannot be admitted till five, Sir." This, I afterwards found was false. A crown piece, administered *secretly*—for the taking of money at the door of the Peer's house is expressly forbidden—would have facilitated admission, and actually did so to a number, whom I found afterwards occupying the best stands at the bar. Touched by this magic key, the bolts retire—there are few doors in the kingdom which will not fly open on its appliance. I killed the intervening hour by wandering about this strangely agglomerated pile. More than once have I attempted without success, to ascertain, by an external survey, which was the house of Lords; and to identify some excrescence from the jumbled mass with St. Stephen's Chapel. I believe they are visible only from the river.—Returning at five, I found an American friend trying to get admission. He had forgotten his ticket; but expressed his surprise that the offer of a crown which had been abundantly successful on a former occasion, was now rejected. The tender had unluckily been made in the presence of *witnesses*. We expected to have had some interesting debates; but the bill was postponed after a desultory conversation. The Lord Chancellor presented a petition from the silk-weavers, to

which was appended a monstrous roll of parchment incriminated with the names of the signers. Another conversation ensued, in which, Lords Lansdowne, Darnley, Holland, Kingston, Grosvenor, Bexley, &c. took a part. Suddenly, a door was thrown open in the rear, and a Deputy Usher dashed in among us, plebeian spectators.—“Clear away the bar, there.” The bar was cleared in a moment, and an officer advanced, bowing: “My Lord; a messenger, with papers from his Majesty’s government in Ireland, waits without.”—“Bid him come in”—responded the Lord Chancellor. He advanced, accompanied by the Usher with his black rod, stopping and bowing profoundly at every second step, till he came to the bar.—“What have you got there?” “Papers, My Lord, from the Secretary of his Majesty’s government in Ireland.” “Hand them to the clerk.” The messenger having delivered his burthen, retreated backwards to the door, stopping and bowing as before. The discussions I had listened to were too short, to allow any judgment to be formed of the speakers. I could not help observing the affected way in which they pronounce the words *My Lord*. They pronounce them very quick, and as if they were written *My Lud*. The session did not continue over an hour.

March 31.—To-day, the funeral of Sir George Collier took place at Pancras New Church. It will be recollected that he commanded the squadron from which, at the close of the late war, the Constitution frigate made her escape with her prize, the Cyane. It seems that a Mr. James, a writer of naval history, has lately published a book, in which the affair is mentioned in terms not creditable to Sir George; whose morbid sensibility was so operated on by this reflection on his professional conduct, as to impel him to an act of suicide. We now read much, in the public prints, of the high and delicate sense of *honour* in the deceased, which could not bear that a shadow of an imputation should rest on his professional character. *Honour* was his idol; and at its shrine he fell, a self-immolated victim. In America, one in his circumstances would have disproved the offensive paragraph, and restored his tarnished fame, by convincing ar-

guments enforced at the distance of ten paces. This honour is from beneath, and is "earthly, sensual, devilish." Fitzroy Street and the neighboring avenues were thronged with carriages; and at one, the procession began to move towards St. Pancras, where the body was deposited in a vault, silently and unhonoured. An immense rabble in greasy frocks and aprons, women of the lowest class, and squalid children and beggars, and every thing vile in the shape of humanity, filled the streets—all running to see the spectacle. An old beldam I happened to overhear in a towering passion that the funeral should be so grand. "She didn't know, for her part, what was the meaning of all this parade; but if she could have *her* will, every body should be buried alike. She'd warrant there wouldn't be sich a mighty difference when they got to t'other world; and she thought it a shame that great folks should tost their heads and feel so grand, and have sich mighty fine funerals," &c. I could not help thinking, that if this poor wretch could have looked into the hearts of the chief mourners, she would have seen the least possible reason for the bitter envy she betrayed. How difficult it is for the uneducated poor to believe, that those who occupy a higher station in society are not happy, in proportion to their wealth and distinction! The idea never enters their narrow minds, that lordly bosoms often throb with anguish more intense than *they* can possibly feel. They suppose, that to dress elegantly and to fare sumptuously every day, is a cure for all ills; and that the loss of friends, under circumstances however distressing, is abundantly compensated by a grand funeral.

April 2.—After breakfast, one of the patrons of the Central National School took me to view the institution, conducted on the principles of Dr. Bell. The discipline of this system is so watchful—the visitation on the unlucky boy who happens to blunder on a word, or hesitates for an answer, is so prompt and instantaneous, that the most indolent cannot avoid giving attention; at the same time, more judgment is required in its administration, than it is allowable, perhaps, to expect in mere boys. A mistake which is followable by *instant* degradation, is apt to produce a hurry and confusion of ideas in sensitive

minds, which will probably cause them to blunder in the next attempt, and the next, each of which is followed by degradation in a moment to a lower place. I repeatedly observed the operation of this, during my stay in the school-room; and it must be confessed to be rather trying to the feelings of a boy, conscious of being master of his lesson, to be sent rapidly from the head to nearly the foot of his class, and in the presence of visitors, merely because he has less firmness of nerve than his companions. It forms, perhaps, one of the principal objections—not to the system itself, which is capable of any modification—but to a too severe mode of administering it, which depends much on the judgment of the monitors. It is evident that great reliance cannot be placed on the discretion of lads twelve or fourteen years of age. At the same time, I confess I never heard better reading, or witnessed an equal readiness in children of that age, in the various studies, than among the pupils of the Central National School. Two large rooms, lighted through the roof, are appropriated, the one to the girls and the other to the boys. They are arranged by classes in hollow squares, within which the monitor has his station. The discipline is so vigilant, that whispering or play of any sort is out of the question.

The person to whose attention I was indebted for an introduction to the school, the head one of a system whose ramifications extend all over the realm, was Lord Kenyon, one of the most zealous and active patrons of every project for doing good. He is one of a numerous class of exalted individuals in this island, who devote their time, and talents, and no small portion of their income, to works of benevolence, and those more particularly, which have for their object the moral and religious improvement of the lower classes. Few men take a more lively interest in plans of this kind than Lord K——. His manner is cordial and engaging, and without the distance and reserve, which are generally attributed, though often without foundation, to men of rank. He converses rapidly, and with great good sense; and exhibits a large share of practical knowledge of men. While—thanks to the journalists and caterers for a vitiated public taste—the *faux pas* and

mad extravagances of every worthless sprig of nobility are faithfully recorded for our edification ; we hear little of the good deeds of those excellent men, who employ the influence they derive from their high birth, cultivated talents, and large estates, in rendering the world more virtuous and more happy. The worst characters make the most noise in the world : while the praise of virtuous action is commonly bounded by a very limited sphere. Hence the conclusion is too hastily drawn, that the titled classes in England are *generally* devoted to dissipation and vice—an opinion which, I am satisfied, is far from doing them justice.

The complaints, which some English travellers have entered against the coldness and reserve of American ladies towards strangers, may apply to English gentlemen, on their first introduction to a new acquaintance. It is seldom that an Englishman extends his hand to a stranger who is presented to him. He bows slightly and formally, and with a grave composure of his features ; which produces rather a repulsive effect, until you recollect that such is the manner of the English, and that it does not necessarily infer unkindness. It is not till after two or three interviews, and you have been admitted to the hospitality of his fireside, that you give him credit for all the warmth of feeling which he really possesses. Introductions are not common, even when a number of guests, strangers to each other, are dining together. The name of each is announced by the servant as he enters the room ; and his being invited by the entertainer is understood by the other guests as a proof, that they are proper society for each other. He is thus spared the tiresome, and somewhat embarrassing operation, of being presented to a dozen persons in succession, the object or convenience of which formality it is difficult to understand.

It is amusing to mark the slight differences in the customs of two nations, so nearly resembling each other as England and America. Some of them are temporary, and vary with the varying fashions of the day. For instance—it is *not* the fashion for a gentleman, when he is invited to dinner, to leave his hat in the hall ; he must keep it under his arm, like an

acquaintance who "has just dropp'd in for a moment;" and when dinner is announced, pitch it into a corner or under a chair, as he is about to offer his arm to escort a lady to the dining room. Boots and trowsers are forbidden at dinner-parties, in good society; the gentlemen being expected to appear on such occasions in full dress. The eccentric Mr. R—— of Virginia is said to have given great offence at some of the tables to which he was invited in England, by presenting himself in his long drab gaiters and hob-nail shoes. Common politeness demands that we should not requite the hospitality voluntarily tendered to us, by affecting a marked contempt for the innocent customs of the country. At a house where I once dined, some of the guests made their appearance in a court dress; i. e. in long single-breasted coats with broad flaps, large gold shoe-buckles, and a *chapeau bras*, which last is certainly a much more portable article than a fashionable *bell-crown*. A dress sword was appended to the side of one of the visitors, but was soon deposited on the sofa.

CHAPTER XX.

HOUSE OF LORDS—UNITARIAN BILL--LORDS LANDSDOWNE—KING—KINGSTON, &c.—LORD HOLLAND—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—EARL OF WESTMORELAND—EARL OF LIVERPOOL—LORD ELDON—DUKE OF YORK—DUKE OF WELLINGTON—REPORTERS—ELOQUENCE OF THE ENGLISH.

April 2.—To-day, a bill for the relief of the consciences of the Unitarian dissenters, in the article of marriage, has been under discussion in the House of Lords, in which most of the prominent members took a part. The bill was framed on the petition of the Unitarians, to be allowed to have the ceremony performed by their own preachers, on the ground that the marriage service of the Church of England recognized the doctrine of the Trinity, to which they could not

subscribe. I was fortunate enough to get a good post near the bar, and listened with interest to a very animated debate. *The Marquis of Lansdowne* was first on the floor, and must be regarded, on the whole, as a good speaker. His language is classical and well-chosen—his sentences perfect, if the hearer will have the patience to trace them through their long and intricate mazes—he rarely proses; and although, in the beginning of a long and involved sentence, he often appears to be at a loss himself how it will end, yet if you will wait to hear him out, you are pretty sure of being rewarded for your attention. His style appears to have been formed on that of Pitt, and is persuasive rather than energetic. Occasionally he is vehement, but the vehemence is more in the manner than in the matter. His action, of which he uses a good deal, is not altogether wanting in grace. He has a way of slapping the back of one hand in the palm of the other, which is his most common gesture; and there is a slight impediment in his speech, not quite amounting to a lisp. In stature, he is low, square, and strongly built; with a large face not particularly marked by expression. The bill under discussion was introduced by him, and advocated in a speech of moderate length. He was followed, on the same side, by

Lord King. This peer, who is often on his feet, seems to have no object but to say sarcastic, malicious things; and is often very flat. Failure does not appal him. He goes on from one bad joke to another, and in trying to be witty, only renders himself ridiculous. He is evidently not much listened to—the house having probably learned, by long experience, that his remarks neither illustrate nor help forward the matter under debate. Lord King is tall and slender in person, with a long head and high forehead.

The *Earl of Kingston* is a huge, overgrown, apoplectick Irish peer, with his chin and throat wrapped in a mighty pair of black whiskers. His intellect is slow and heavy, and seems incapable of attaining any thing like clearness of apprehension. In the early part of the evening, he presented a number of petitions against the tithe system in Ireland, and attempted

to support them by some remarks of his own. One observation he repeated three times—that he thought the Irish protestants were right in preferring going to mass, to going nowhere at all.

Lord Darnley (Clifton) talks moderately well, but has no pretensions to oratory. When animated, his articulation is indistinct, so much so as to be almost unintelligible.

The Earl of Clare (Lord Fitzgibbon) is also an Irish Lord—a little sprightly man, with a swarthy, pleasant visage. He delivered a short speech on the Irish tithes, not characterized by any great degree of force, but fluent, and not wanting in good sense.

Lord Calthorpe is well known by the active part he takes in the various charitable and religious associations of the day. In offering his sentiments on the Unitarian bill, he exhibited traits of a well cultivated mind; and is, on the whole, a pleasing speaker, notwithstanding a degree of nervousness and hesitation in his delivery. He is rather small in person, with an agreeable expression of countenance. His age may be thirty-five.

Lord Holland is, at present, one of the most distinguished members of the opposition—not so much, I should conceive, from any profound and laborious attention to business, as on account of his dashing, reckless warfare against the ministry, in which he seems to take a heart-felt delight. A libertine in his morals, it was perhaps hardly fit that he should take a very conspicuous part in discussing articles of religious faith; but a tempting occasion was presented for being a little sarcastic on the lawn sleeves, and adding an item to his celebrity. The manner of Lord Holland is unique. He speaks fluently enough when calm; but stammers and hesitates incredibly, when he becomes animated with the debate. In rounding off a period, he boggles on the last member of the sentence—repeating or rather *trying* to repeat it, over and over, and bending his body forward as if to disgorge the words which stuck in his throat. When about to utter a witty jest or a sarcasm, he throws back his coat—sets his arms a-kimbo—drops his head on one shoulder—turns round with

his face almost to the wall—tosses out his arm with a flirt and a flourish—looks up towards the ceiling—draws a long hard breath between his teeth ; and would go on admirably well, if his stammering did not disconcert all his fine attitudes, and oblige him to *push out* his words at some rate or other. Yet with all these defects, he is a pretty successful mimick, and has a happy talent at ridiculing a political adversary. Two of the venerable Bishops had a little touch of his ability this way ; nor did he wholly spare “ the noble and learned lord on the wool-sack.”

Lord Holland is apparently about sixty, rather corpulent, and so infirm with the gout as to require the aid of a staff in hobbling about. There is a striking family likeness between him, and the busts of Charles Fox, who was uncle to the present Lord H. All the above members belong to the opposition.

The Archbishop of Canterbury took a part in the debate, and spoke for ten or fifteen minutes in favour of the passage of the bill, with certain modifications. His Grace possesses the advantage of a fine person, and speaks with much elegance, in an easy, flowing style. His voice is flexible and melodious, and its modulations fall with a remarkably pleasing effect on the ear. But his manner is perhaps too studied—too uniformly graceful, to move an audience strongly.

(*The Bishops of London and Chester* also mingled in the discussion—the former in favour of, and the latter against the principle of the bill. But the spirits of Horsley and Shiply are fled. The Bishop of Peterboro’ is said to be the best parliamentary speaker on the bench ; but he was not present. These representatives of the church rarely take a part in the discussions, unless when they relate to ecclesiastical affairs. Few of them indeed attend on other occasions.

The Earl of Westmoreland, a small, spare, aged man, violently opposed the passage of the bill in a short speech, but with little intellectual vigour. His delivery was singularly ungraceful.

The Earl of Harrowby, President of the Council, is tall and slender, with small but animated features, and speaks with a

good degree of rhetorical fire. His voice, naturally shrill and harsh, is often carried to so high a pitch as to become unpleasant. His speech was short, but to the purpose, and replete with good sense.

The Earl of Liverpool.—A stranger, in the least acquainted with the political events of the last ten years, must naturally wish to see and hear the Premier, who has safely piloted the vessel of state through the tempests which agitated all Europe. As he was several times on the floor, my curiosity was fully gratified. Lord L. is a little below the middling stature, with a full deep chest; and exhibits features marked by some degree of singularity. His eyes are prominent and far apart, and the lines of vision appear to diverge; but notwithstanding this defect, and the prominence of his nose and lips which are of the Roman cast, the general expression of his countenance is pleasing. The top of his head is bald, with a little fringe of hair along the upper line of his forehead. (He is an animated and highly agreeable speaker; but like many of his compeers, he often hesitates, repeating many of his words, and sometimes a whole clause of a sentence. This fault is indeed so common that it can hardly be considered as a peculiarity in the House of Lords. Lord L. uses considerable gesture, but without much attention to grace or variety, the most common one being that of slapping his hand on the pile of papers before him. He may perhaps be reckoned the best orator in the house. If Lord Lansdowne is more fluent, he has also less thought, which he is apt to spread over too large a surface.

The Lord Chancellor's opposition to the bill was known to be so determined, that it was generally expected he would speak against it; and I accordingly had the satisfaction of seeing him leave the wool-sack, and walk round to the side of the table. He began in a low and measured tone, but soon kindled into a vehemence which savoured more of passion than of rhetorical warmth. I was prepared to expect an able speech; but was disappointed: it was neither calm, nor dignified, nor very pregnant with reason, although it had some *law* in it. He declared he would oppose it, and with all

his might, to the last—gave a thump on the table with his fist, and wheeled off on his heel to the woolsack. His enemies affirm that his intellectual vigour is not equal to what it once was.

The Duke of York presented his ample, rotund figure, and shining pate, in the course of the evening, and staid for an hour or two. For so large a man, he moves with surprising agility.

The Duke of Wellington was also present, but took no part in the debate. Few of the engraved portraits we see in America resemble him. He is a small, spare figure, with hair grey and thin; and carries his head a little on one side like the hero of Macedon. There is nothing in his personal appearance to indicate the successful antagonist of Soult and Massena, or the victor of Waterloo. There is a certain expression about the region of his mouth which is far from being agreeable.

(The peers were dressed like other gentlemen, except that in a few instances I observed a star glittering on the breast of a coat. It is only on some state occasion that they appear in the dress of their order.

(Among the spectators below the bar were ten or a dozen Reporters, very busily employed in taking notes of the debate, for the public papers. They do not stay out the discussion. Each one retires, after an attendance of half an hour or an hour, to write out the speeches for the press; and his place is supplied by another from the same establishment. In this way, the report which appears the next day is the work of many hands. As I stood quite in the midst of them, I had a fair opportunity of witnessing their performances, and observed that they did not put down a twentieth part of the speaker's remarks. They minute down the heads of the principal arguments, and now and then a remarkable expression; and write out the speeches afterwards—imitating the general style of the orator, which, by long practice, they are enabled to do. Only two or three of them wrote in short hand. Each one has a little blank book, and holds in his left hand half a dozen ready sharpened pencils, which he

uses with great celerity. They appear to pay little attention to the debates unless a prime orator happens to be on his feet, and are engaged in conversation among themselves. It often happened that an important remark or a happy expression was lost through inattention. In such cases, they collected the sense from one another as well as they could, and scribed it down at second hand. On examining their reports, as they appeared in the papers the next day, I found the *substance* of the different speeches, and occasionally a sentence nearly in the form in which it was delivered : the rest was filled up from the memory or the imagination of the reporter, although the speeches bore a general resemblance to their originals. In many cases, a speech of a quarter of an hour was condensed into three or four sentences.

This rather minute account of the labours of these gentlemen may perhaps not be thought superfluous, when it is considered that they are the only recorders of the far famed eloquence of the British parliament. To the best of their originals, they do far less than justice ; and some of the happiest turns of expression lose all their ethereal spirit, in the process of transcribing. How imperfect an idea can be formed of Chatham's vehemence—of the irritating sarcasms of Brougham, or of the felicitous wit of Canning, by reading the speeches which have been given to the world as theirs ! They are “ like water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered.”

It is often said, that bold and impassioned oratory is not congenial with the taste of the English people. This, I am convinced, is a mistake ; and one has only to read the most admired productions of the orators of the latter part of the last century—of Chatham, Sheridan, and Burke, for instance, to be convinced of it. Nothing can be more unlike, however, than the *forensic* and *parliamentary* eloquence of this country. The first is generally cold, passionless, and argumentative : at least, I have as yet heard nothing which deserved the name of oratory, in the courts of justice. Nearly the same may be said of the eloquence of the *putpit*—there is little oratory amongst them. It is a teacher reading lectures

to his pupils, in such a style as Malthus would use in lecturing on population, or Ricardo on political economy, or a Law professor on the principles of law—cold, intellectual and didactic. I mean this of course with some honourable exceptions.—Now, to say that the taste of the English people will tolerate nothing higher than this, is to fly in the face of facts. Neither Wesley nor Whitfield addressed their audiences with more vehemence, with more boldness of metaphor, or energy of tone and action, than may be witnessed at every session of parliament, and from orators of established fame. It is certain, too, that the preachers who are most followed by high and low, are as much distinguished by bold conceptions, strong language, and an animated elocution, as by any other quality; and if a portion of the members of the establishment are still wedded to the old, lecturing, moralizing style of pulpit instruction, it is, I will venture to say, a prejudice, arising perhaps from the extravagances which have prevailed among some of the dissenters. Human nature in England, and in America too, is the same that it is all the world over. It loves *to be strongly moved*, whatever the subject may be; and when left to its own unbiassed decisions, will always prefer that style of pulpit address, which blends a good degree of earnestness, and feeling, and imagination, with the argumentative and didactic.

CHAPTER XXI.

INDIA HOUSE—ST. OLAVE'S—CHARITY CHILDREN OF ST. SEPULCHRE'S
 —ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—LAMBETH PALACE—BRITISH INSTITUTION—BEDFORD CHAPEL—ARCHBISHOP OF YORK—BISHOP OF LONDON—DEAN ANDREWES—DR. HODGSON—PROMENADE IN HYDE PARK.

Saturday, April 3.—There is a collection of Oriental curiosities well worth seeing, at the India House in Leadenhall street, consisting of manuscripts and other articles gathered
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from the Company's possessions in India. After devoting a morning to their inspection, I have brought away but a confused recollection of what I have seen, as usually happens after a visit to a collection of this nature. Every visiter, however, will remember the tiger's head of pure beaten gold, as large as life, which stood originally at the foot of Tippoo Saib's throne. The eyes and teeth are of rock-crystal, beautifully wrought and polished, and set with exquisite art. The room contains a great variety of many-headed idols, principally in marble, shadowing forth the mysteries of the Hindoo mythology. Here, too, are numerous collections of Oriental birds of beautiful plumage, and forms unknown in our western world—of beasts and reptiles; Chinese gardens in porcelain,—pieces of armour, &c., but too badly arranged to be advantageously seen.

On the following Sunday I went to St. Olave's, in hopes of hearing Dr. K——, the Rector of the church, who has the reputation of being an excellent preacher; but his pulpit was occupied by a stranger, who preached an indifferently good sermon. The prayers were read by Dr. K. with remarkable devotion and effect; but the singing was scarcely entitled to the name. A moderately numerous congregation was assembled. On my way to church I had to cross London Bridge, and had again an opportunity of seeing the effect of the tide on the current between the piers. London Bridge is the oldest and least elegant of the numerous structures across the Thames. Its arches are of unequal span—some of them are pointed, and others circular; and so very numerous that the piers by which they are supported occupy nearly half the breadth of the river. The tide is proportionally obstructed; and at certain periods of the ebb and flow, rushes through the arches like the sluice of a mill-pond, roaring and foaming with great violence. It was at the height of its rage as I crossed it this morning.—In the afternoon, I attended service at the Church of St. George the Martyr, in Queen Square. The service is generally very well performed in this church, and the congregation numerous.

The next day, I went with the Rev. Mr. H. and his lady

to attend an examination of the charity girls of St. Sepulchre's. It was a novel and striking spectacle. Near the pulpit and in the aisle, which is very broad, seven or eight seats were disposed like stairs one above another, for the accommodation of the children. There they were seated in their usual dress, consisting of a snug cap closely fitting the head, blue frock, round white handkerchief, and white apron. Their appearance was singularly neat and becoming. The ladies of the committee were introduced from the vestry, preceded by a number of gentlemen, with Sir Charles Price at their head; and took their seat near the children. The organ then commenced playing "Lord of all power and might," which was sung by the children in their places. The anthem being concluded, one of them pronounced the words, "let us pray." Instantly, they all raised their aprons to their faces, while she pronounced, with distinctness and solemnity, a few appropriate collects, and a prayer suited to the occasion. Another then announced, in a set speech, the object of the meeting, which was, to hear them examined in the church catechism enlarged by suitable explanations. The examination then began, and was wholly conducted among themselves by question and answer. No book was used, nor was the least prompting necessary; and although the exercise was prolonged for two hours, there was neither blunder nor hesitation through the whole time. The children stood motionless as statues, looking straight forward, with their arms crossed; and it was often difficult to perceive from whom the voice proceeded, as no apparent order was observed. The explanatory parts were interspersed with moral and practical reflections, and were generally concluded with a few appropriate verses of a hymn sung by the children. What I greatly admired was the extreme beauty and propriety of their pronunciation, to which we in America pay so little attention in our schools. The examination was followed by a prayer pronounced as before, the speaker alone remaining uncovered—then a hymn; and last of all, a poetical address to the "Benefactors" of the school.—Sir Charles Price then addressed the numerous audience, stating, that for the gratify-

ing spectacle they had witnessed, they were wholly indebted to the charity of individuals, by whose voluntary contributions the children had been clothed, fed, and instructed; and concluded with a few words of advice to the children themselves, who, it appeared, were about to leave the school. The number, for some reason which I do not understand, is always fifty-one. This charity school is said to be the oldest in the metropolis, it having existed for more than a century. The children are selected from the poorest families, and are bound out to service or otherwise provided for, when they leave the school.

Friday, April 9th.—I had this morning the honour of paying my respects to the Archbishop of Canterbury. On ringing the bell at Lambeth Palace, a porter appeared and took my card; after some delay, I was conducted across a small paved court to the hall, a lofty, Gothic, dreary looking apartment. A passage led by various doublings to a stair-case, where I was delivered in charge to a servant, whom I followed through a long, lofty banqueting room in which I deposited my hat and umbrella, to an ante-room hung with red cloth, and furnished with crimson chairs, sofas, &c. Here I found one or two gentlemen in attendance like myself, waiting to be admitted in their turn. The servant delivered my card to another in immediate attendance on his Grace; and during the half hour of my waiting, I had leisure to observe, among the decorations of the room, a fine bust of Pitt in marble. At length I was introduced into the library, where the Primate was standing before the fire. A large table in the middle of the apartment was covered with books, pamphlets, and loose papers, in an admirable state of disarray, such as befits the study of an ecclesiastick.

The Archbishop is apparently about sixty years of age, rather tall and slender in his person, with good, regular, and even handsome features, but care-worn and sallow. He was habited in the usual dress of a Bishop, which need not be again described. I observed a certain dignity and grace in his manners, which marked the accomplished gentleman, as well as the dignified ecclesiastick. The conversation was

short, but he expressed himself with great ease and propriety, and with a certain tact, which can be acquired only by long intercourse and collision with highly cultivated minds.

Being desirous of observing one point of good manners, at least, I soon made my bow and retired. In threading the doublings and turnings about the great hall, there was such a variety of doors, and courts, and passages, and stair-cases, that I was more than once obliged to retrace my steps and make a new essay. Nothing can be more irregular than this venerable pile, which was erected at different periods, and presents every variety of architecture. It is generally of brick; and when seen from certain points, particularly from the river, presents a picturesque, if not a very magnificent appearance.

I went one day to take a survey of the pictures in the "British Institution" in Pall Mall; and soon after, repeated my visit. This was established in 1805, for the exhibition of the works of native artists, whether in painting or in sculpture. The result of these lounges in the gallery has not been the adoption of a very high opinion of living British genius, at least in the department of historical painting; for in landscape, I saw much to admire. One of the best in the whole collection, consisting of near four hundred subjects, if not *the very best*, is the monkey using the cat's paw, by Landseer. This is altogether an admirable thing—every hair is finished by a separate stroke of the pencil, and the conception of the piece shows a close and accurate observer of nature. Two other pieces by the same artist also possess great merit. One of them representing a group of itinerent musicians, is only a few inches square; but the monkey with a trumpet in his hand, out of which he is pulling straw, is painted to the life. Landseer is said to excel in his representations of animals, and in the minute accuracy of his finishing.—Two pieces by Sir William Beechey—the one a representation of Psyche, and the other of Venus chiding Cupid, are quite rosy and transparent,—perhaps too much so; the former I thought exquisite. Psyche visiting Cupid asleep, by Richard Westall, is in the same style. "The social pinch," by Fraser, is

after Wilkie's manner, and is admirably done. A cobbler is sitting at work in his stall, and an *aul' frin'*, for they are Scotch, tenders him a social pinch from his *horn*. This piece is finished with great minuteness.

Among the larger pieces is one of Comus, and the lady in the enchanted chair, by Hilton, the design of which is very good, but the colouring indifferent—Bottom and Titania, by H. Singleton, very well—Ossian, by Drummond, badly coloured—Adam and Eve lamenting over the body of Abel, by Wood, a very creditable picture—Syrinx, by Martyn, with a sky as blue as indigo, and distant mountains of the same hue—Christ crowned with thorns, by Richard Westall, very bad—Abraham sending away Hagar, by Henry Jones, the drawing of which is just, but the colouring harsh ; and the Pool of Bethesda, by the two Foggos, more like Cartoons than painting in oil, but one of the best in the collection for conception and drawing. The impotent man lies on the margin of the pool, into which he is pointing, and saying to our Saviour at the same time, “ I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool.” On the other side, a poor cripple, partly by his own exertions, and partly by the help of an attendant, is stepping in ; but casts a diffident, wishful look at our Saviour, as if he felt it wrong to deprive others of the blessing he was about to enjoy. The attitudes of the other “ impotent folk ” are well conceived, and their different maladies so well characterized, that notwithstanding the faded, pale, yellow colouring, and a little too much cramping of fingers, it would be unjust to deny that the picture possessed considerable merit.—A bewildered unfortunate with her child in a snow-storm, by Drummond, was so bad, that I took it at first for a contemplation of the starry heavens. There was put one piece of sculpture in marble, an Arethusa by Carew—a light, elegant, and very prettily executed figure, holding a grey-hound by a leash ; the rest were coarse casts in plaster, and but few in number. By far the greater proportion of the paintings are landscapes ; and in general, as good as the others are execrable. Landscape painting is, in fact, a much lower department of the art than historical,

or even than portrait painting ; and almost any true lover of nature, I should apprehend, might excel in it. But judging by the contents of the British Gallery, historical painting is not at present in a very promising way ; and it is a little remarkable, that some of the best pictures in it were executed by artists with foreign names.

Sunday, April 11.—The weather for a month past has been excessively raw and disagreeable, and not unlike a March in New-England. To-day, more snow has fallen than at any one time during the past winter ; the roofs are white with it, but it has melted in the streets. At no time have I seen the ground completely covered. In the morning, I attended service in Oxford Street Chapel, in front of my lodgings, and heard a moral essay indifferently read, by an elderly clergyman. Matters were still worse in the afternoon, at Bedford Chapel, which appeared, by the style of trimmings in the pews, and the extreme thinness of the congregation, to be a house of prayer for “the better sort of people.” The reader of the service gave a weary yawn, by way of prelude to the commencement of his performance—a piece of indecorum which I never witnessed before, and hope never to see again. He read the prayers in a way precisely the easiest to himself, and best calculated to despatch the job in the shortest time—i. e. by drawing in a long breath, and hurrying on in a low inaudible voice, till the supply of wind was exhausted. The effect could not be otherwise than disgusting.

Tuesday, April 13.—Having occasion to wait on the Archbishop of York, I called this morning at his house in Grosvenor Square. I sent in my card ; and while waiting in the parlour, I was joined by a tall, ungainly country parson, of singularly embarrassed and uncouth manners. He accosted me in a broad dialect, which was sometimes scarcely intelligible ; but our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of his Grace. My companion being taken by surprise, bounced out of his chair—made three or four long strides in advance—threw out his hand before him, and made a profound *conge'*, in a style that would

have given Chesterfield the horrors. His suit being disposed of, the Archbishop came towards me with my card in his hand. He conversed agreeably, and his manner was at once polite and dignified. Having accomplished the object of my call, I made my bow and proceeded to the house of the Bishop of London, in St. James' Square. He was preparing to ride out, and his carriage was waiting at the door; but he was kind enough to detain me for half an hour, in conversation on literary and ecclesiastical matters in the United States. He thought we should see the expediency of creating an archbishoprick, as the church increased—a measure, which I represented as neither practicable nor desirable; our present ecclesiastical constitution being the best adapted to our form of civil government. He referred to the metropolitans of the early church, as affording an example in point; while I went back to a still earlier period, when all the bishops were on a footing of equality, like the *angels* of the seven churches in Asia. This original parity of rank he conceded; and acknowledged also, that the encroachments of some of the city bishops on the independence of those in the provinces, began before the reign of Constantine. The conversation was long, and to me highly interesting; and impressed me with sentiments of increased respect for this amiable and excellent prelate.

Dr. Andrewes, Dean of Canterbury, and rector of St. James', is reckoned one of the best preachers of the Established church in the metropolis. I had been disappointed, hitherto, in my attempts to hear him; but was so fortunate as to find him in his pulpit on the morning of Good Friday. Notwithstanding the extreme unpleasantness of the weather, the church was full in every part; and it was with some difficulty I got a seat near the door. Although the Dean might naturally be supposed to be at least as well prepared as usual on the day of this solemn fast of the church, yet the sermon fell far short of my expectations, which had been, perhaps, too highly raised. The mind of the preacher is but little above the common order, and not deeply versed, I should apprehend, in theological lore. His greatest recommendation

as a preacher is a sonorous voice, with which he gives an undue weight and emphasis to the most common truths, expressed in a very common way. Neither was the *matter* of the discourse well adapted, either to the occasion, or to the character of the audience; the *whole* of it being spent in proving the Messiahship of our Saviour, by comparing the prophecies respecting him with their fulfilment—a point which probably none of his hearers doubted. I have been long convinced, however, that the talents of a preacher are not to be correctly estimated by a single discourse. The best must necessarily preach a great many indifferent sermons; and men of eminent abilities are the most unequal in their pulpit productions. All subjects, too, are not equally promising: the invention of the clearest and most active spirits will sometimes flag; and then the work of composition proceeds heavily. Still, in the sermons of a truly powerful mind, on which “an unction of the Holy One” has been poured, occasional flashes will break forth, affording evidence to an intelligent auditor of the latent fire; while, on the other hand, few are so dull as not to be visited with some moments of felicitous invention, when they rise above their usual mediocrity, and astonish themselves not less than their auditors.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, I attended church at St. George's, Hanover Square, of which, Dr. Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle, and the Biographer of the late Bishop Porteus, is Rector. The church was crowded to excess, and I could find no better accommodations than a standing place in one of the side aisles. The Dean is apparently about fifty—and although he preached with a sufficient degree of animation, he can scarcely be called an orator, in the proper sense of the word. One of the most obvious faults in his delivery is that of throwing an undue emphasis on sentences, which require only a calm and dispassionate utterance—a fault, which never fails to destroy, the moment it is discovered, our interest in the preacher. He seems to be *declaiming*; he no longer appears to be reasoning with his hearers from his own convictions. The topic of the preacher, if not ill-chosen,

was not pursued with a due regard to the spiritual wants of his audience. The argument of his discourse merely went to show, that the incredulity of Thomas was unreasonable. It was methodical, perspicuous, and conclusive—but his hearers already believed in the resurrection. What they wanted was to be roused, exhorted, animated to an active pursuit of the duties of their calling ; and here, the discourse was greatly deficient.

Who has not heard of the promenade in Hyde Park ? As the weather was very fine, I walked in that direction between three and four, and squeezed through Cumberland gate with the crowd. Here, one of the most lively, animated scenes presented itself. The whole distance between Oxford Street and Hyde-park Corner, a stretch of about three quarters of a mile, was thronged to excess ; and throwing myself into the tide of human population, with no object in view but to study and observe, was borne along with the crowd. Here might be seen wealthy shop-keepers, in whose rotund persons were displayed the substantial qualities of “the roast beef of Old England”—firm stepping matrons and mincing maidens—the old, the shrivelled, the young, the beautiful, and the fair—privates of the guards, with their military strut and rusty mustaches—thriving green bachelors in their frog-buttoned frock coats—corinthians and exquisites from Bond-Street, sporting an eye-glass and perfuming the gales with their ambrosial locks—waiting men in laced coats, and plush unmentionables of yellow, green, blue, red, and all the primary colours—and a multitude more of pedestrians not so readily classified—all elbowing their way amidst the throng, in the gayest and most talkative humour imaginable. They might have almost been reckoned by tens of thousands, the fineness of the day after a long succession of rains having enticed them abroad. On the other side of the railing, in Park Lane, the scene was no less amusing. A double row of carriages, moving by each other in opposite directions, occupied the middle part of the street ; and on each side hovered a cloud of horsemen. The carriages moved on as in a funeral procession, at a slow pace, interrupted by frequent

halts, and so close as to be almost in contact. The tops were generally down; and many a fair one, who glitters in the parlious of St. James' and Grosvenor Squares, among the ascending, culminating, and waning stars of the court, might be seen reclining at her ease, directing her opera-glass towards the thick mass of pedestrians over the railing, or chatting with some gallant cavalier, or innocently drawing aside her veil, in the consciousness of possessing charms which needed not that charitable concealment. Here were carriages on which coronets glittered, and lions ramped, and griffins yawned, and phœnixes blazed, and cocks crowed; and on which were pourtrayed all the quaint and multiform devices of heraldry, denoting descent from 'ancient and honourable families.' Interspersed between, were stanhopes, and tilburys, and curricles, drawn by ponies of every size, from that of a large Newfoundland dog and upward, and loaded with citizens and their families; while on either side, the dandies galloped to and fro, "witching the world with noble horsemanship." City horsemen, I presume, are nearly the same everywhere; that is, stiff, timid, and ungraceful. They seem to be of the opinion of Doctor Sitgreaves in the Spy,—the wider the base the greater the security; and in conformity thereto, brace out their feet as if they had been tutored in Signor Gambado's riding school. In fine weather, Hyde Park, I am told, usually exhibits the same appearance on Sunday, from 2 o'clock till dinner; although I have had no opportunity of witnessing it before. To the actors, it is doubtless an agreeable, but can scarcely be called a profitable substitute, for an attendance in the house of God in the afternoon. The scene is far too gay and entertaining to harmonize with a day of rest and religious contemplation.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE HOSPITALS—"THE TENTH"—NASH THE ARCHITECT
 —BIRTH DAY—ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK—WANT OF NEW CHURCHES
 —CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY—LORD GAMBIER—J. THORNTON, ESQ.
 —LORD BARHAM—MR. C. GRANT—BISHOP OF LITCHFIELD—REV. MR.
 SIBTHORP—REV. J. PARSONS—REV. MR. CUNNINGHAM—REV. F. ELWIN.

Monday, April 19.—My friend Mr. H. accompanied me this morning to the "Anniversary of the Hospitals" under the direction of the Corporation of the city of London, held in Christ Church, Newgate Street. The six hundred "Christ Church Boys" in their bands, blue frocks, and red girdles, arranged in row above row in the front gallery, made a truly fine appearance. The Lord Mayor and his lady came in state to the celebration; the former in his official robes, and the latter in the court dress of former days, with hoops, and an enormous plume of white feathers. With them came the Aldermen, Sheriffs, &c., all in their dress of office. The ante-communion service only was read, and a sermon was delivered by the Bishop of Exeter. His Lordship two or three times eulogised that part of "the good old English character," which consisted in mingling religion with all their charitable and humane exertions. The sermon was sufficiently appropriate, but did not rise above a respectable mediocrity, either in the matter, or style of delivery.

At the dinner-table of Mr. M——, a few days after, I met an agreeable party of ten or a dozen, among whom was Dr. Wollaston, one of the distinguished men of science of the present day. In conversation he is remarkably dry and reserved. How often does it happen that men, eminent for their strength of mind, and attainments in knowledge, are unable to contribute their proportion of small talk to enliven a circle of friends! Their ideas seem too unwieldy to be set in motion by such light machinery—they are conversant only with matters of fact—the judgment has been exercised at

the expense of the imagination ; and without some play of the fancy, conversation is apt to grow “ drowsy as the ticking of a clock.”

“ *The Tenth.*”—These laughter-loving people have a relish for broad humour, beyond that of any other nation in the world. It is innate, deep, hearty, and real as their existence. Whatever occurs capable of being rendered ludicrous, instantly becomes the property of newspaper satirists and caricaturists ; who are never known to have any bowels of compassion for their unfortunate victims, until they are fairly hunted down. “ *The Tenth*” has for some days been obliged, with whatever reluctance, to contribute to the amusement of the publick. This is no other than the Tenth regiment of Husars, or the Dandy Regiment, as it is popularly termed ; stationed at present in Dublin. It appears, that an honest, foolish fellow of a cornet was, for some cause or other, excluded from the mess-room, and put in coventry by his brother officers ; of which he made complaint to his superior. The affair got into the newspapers ; and in the course of the discussion, the dandy arrogance and ill-manners of the sprigs of gentility belonging to the Tenth were brought to light, to the great satisfaction of all the lovers of fun. The regiment, it is said, behaved well at Waterloo ; but officers and privates have been changed since, and the squadron is now officered principally by certain exquisites from London, among whom is a son of Sir F. Burdett. “ *The Tenth*” now figures in a very prominent manner in newspaper anecdotes, and in the windows of the print shops.—The Tenth lounges in a ball-room, with his leg mounted on the back of a chair, staring at the ladies through his opera-glass—The Tenth is exposed to the fire of an enormous blunderbuss, opened from the window of a newspaper office—The Tenth is swept off by scores into the sea, by an indignant Irish belle, who scatters dismay and confusion among its ranks, by the vigorous flourishes of a mighty broom—The Tenth, in short, occupies at the present moment a very painful pre-eminence in the public consideration.

These wicked satirists have laid no very gentle hand on

the novel displays of architecture in Regent Street, where, it must be confessed, there is abundance of legitimate game. One of the caricatures has impaled Nash the architect on the spire of the new church in Langham Place,—a structure indebted to none of the five orders of antiquity for its ornaments or proportions. The spire is a slender fluted cone, rising like a bodkin from the midst of a gallery on the top of a circular tower, and tapering to a point as sharp as a needle. The builder sits on the summit spread at all points like a cat—the crows and rooks making strange evolutions about him ; while beneath, is the appropriate motto—“ *Nashional Taste.*”

Never, perhaps, was there so much bad taste displayed within the same compass, as in the buildings of Regent Street. This street has been opened and constructed at a vast expense to government, and was intended to be highly ornamental to the west end of the town. It is broad, spacious, and beautifully paved ; but the designs of the buildings are most preposterous. *Variety* it certainly possesses, for scarcely any two houses are alike : but such admixtures of Grecian and Egyptian, Roman and Hindoo, Ancient and Modern, and *Nashional*, were never beheld before. The village architects of New England might learn to blush at the poverty of their own inventions, after looking at these exploits of Mr. Nash ; and even the constructor of the *meeting-house* in Providence, (R. I.) might learn here, that there are combinations of orders which were never dreamt of in his philosophy.

April 30.—In walking the streets to-day, I observed vast numbers of little globular cups of cut glass hung out from the windows ; and on a nearer survey, perceived that they were methodically arranged and filled with oil. It is the king's birth day. In the evening, we had a fine display of G. R's in blazing letters all about the town. It would seem that a person's loyalty is measured by the quantity of oil consumed on the occasion. The effect on the whole was very pretty. In some instances, the lamps composing the crown were of various colours, and produced a very brilliant effect. He in whose honour all this blaze is lighted up, is for the most part

as invisible to his people as the Grand Lama. A drawing-room was to have been held on this anniversary, the first which has occurred for two or three years; and great preparations had been made by the young nobility for presentation at court; but the gout having fastened on the person of royalty, the ceremony has been postponed. It is whispered, however, that it is only the condition of the drawing-rooms in St. James which has caused the present disappointment—the improvements and alterations not being yet quite completed. At all events, much disappointment has been experienced, if the papers speak true; many splendid equipages having been prepared, and numerous expectants having arrived in town from all parts of the kingdom.

May 1.—This is a holiday for the chimney sweepers. Groups of them may be seen in the streets, fantastically dressed, and dancing to their own music on the brush and shovel. The coachmen, too, as well as their horses, are gaily decorated with ribbons, and the saturnalia among the lower orders seem to be universal. The weather has now become remarkable fine, and vegetation in the squares and parks is advancing at a rapid pace.

The church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has been praised as "the master-piece of Sir Christopher Wren," and this may be one reason of the disappointment I experienced on seeing it. I observed nothing about it worthy of very particular admiration, unless it was the dome resting on eight Ionic pillars, and the flat ceiling supported by eight pillars more. It is a small church, seventy-five feet long by fifty-six broad. The exterior is scarcely discernible, on account of the piles of shabby houses by which it is almost covered. The sermon was very indifferent, and the service coldly performed. Few were present, however, to receive either benefit or injury from the exercises.

The erection of churches, and the formation of new parishes, have by no means kept pace with the extension of London and the increase of population. In the *city*, that is, in the parts included within the old London wall, the supply of churches appears to be more nearly adequate to the wants

of the inhabitants ; but in the suburbs, the deficiency is very apparent, even to the most casual observer. Indeed the multiplication of Episcopal churches is clogged with difficulties, unknown in a country where there is no establishment. All England is divided into parishes with local boundaries ; and as there has been an immense increase of population since the partition was made, some of the parishes now comprehend twenty, and even fifty times the original number of inhabitants. Yet a division of the parish cannot take place, nor even a chapel of ease be erected, until the consent of the Wardens and Vestry, of the incumbent and the patron, and, if I rightly remember, an act of parliament, have been obtained. These difficulties amount, in many cases, to an absolute prohibition of the extension of the means of public worship in the Establishment ; while a dissenting house of worship may be built at any time, and any where, by merely obtaining a license from the magistrate, which is rarely denied, and which does not cost more than a crown. Under such circumstances, nothing but an inherent attachment to the national church among the inhabitants, could have prevented a much more rapid growth of dissenterism, than has actually taken place. The evil has been frequently and forcibly represented in parliament, but no adequate remedy has yet been found. Where so many contending interests are to be reconciled, a reform must be the work of time and much perseverance.

Tuesday, May 4.—To-day being the anniversary of the CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, I repaired at 11 to the Freemason's Hall in Great Queen Street. This Hall is an elegant apartment, capable of holding one thousand persons, with a gallery and organ at one end for occasional concerts. A temporary platform was raised at one extremity of the room, for the accommodation of the officers and orators of the Society, and for such strangers as might be invited. The hall was already filled ; but as the ticket with which I had been obligingly furnished admitted me to a seat on the platform, I found no difficulty in being accommodated. A great proportion of the audience consisted of ladies of the higher

classes, who appeared to take a deep interest in the proceedings. At twelve, Lord Gambier appeared and took the chair, and addressed the audience in a short speech. He is a plain, robust looking man, of unassuming manners, and apparently not much accustomed to speaking in publick. The Report was read by the Secretary, Mr. Pratt; after which, the meeting was addressed by

John Thornton, Esq., Treasurer of the Society. He spoke with great feeling of the death of so many valuable labourers in West Africa; and alluded in pathetic terms to the lamented death of Governor M'Carthy, the tidings of which, and of the defeat and slaughter of the troops by the Ashantees, have just reached England. The next speaker was

Lord Barham, an Irish Nobleman, whose appearance was remarkably modest and unobtrusive. He said but little, and had been induced to rise, only because a motion had been put into his hand, which he was requested to propose. He sustains a most excellent character for piety and good works, and is one of the most active promoters of the charitable institutions of the day. His motion was seconded by

The Rt. Hon. Charles Grant, late Secretary for Ireland, in a speech which I did not attempt to remember. I preferred the more grateful office of listening to some of the most delightful strains of eloquence I ever heard. His address abounded in the

“Conceptions ardent, lab'ring thought intense,
 “Creative fancy's wild magnificence,
 “And all the dread sublimities of song,—

which in his beautiful Prize Poem “On the Restoration of Learning in the East,” he ascribes to Virtue. He speaks under the influence of high intellectual and moral excitement; every period teems with imagination, and sentiment, and chaste and beautiful classick imagery. There are no prosing sentences—no half-formed conceptions—no flat, insipid, or common-place ideas; and, as extravagant as the praise may seem,—could the father of Roman eloquence have been an auditor, he must, I think, have confessed a rival in some of the essential qualities of an orator. In the course of his

address, he alluded to the self-devotion of christian missionaries; and drew a lively picture of the faith which inspired them, and which served to explain the paradoxes presented by their history. "In all things, they approved themselves the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses;—as dying, and behold, they live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." These he exemplified in the case of Henry Martyn, whom he followed in his painful wanderings,

"O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,

"O'er black Almorah's hill—

across burning deserts, and into the interior of Persia—translating the Sacred Volume, and defending it alone against the malice and cunning of exasperated Moolahs—testifying openly, that the crucified Jesus was co-equal with God the Father—pressing onward with greater and greater fervor of spirit, in proportion as the time of his departure drew nigh; and dropping at last, when nature could sustain no more, into an early and unhonoured grave.—He took another example—that of him, who thought nothing of the momentary lightness of his afflictions—who was "in labours more abundant; in stripes above measure; in prisons more frequent; in deaths oft; thrice beaten with rods; once stoned; thrice suffering shipwreck; a night and a day in the deep; in weariness and painfulness; in watchings oft; in hunger and thirst; in cold and nakedness; besides the daily care of all the churches."—These were the fortunes of the missionary of the cross; yet he was happy in them all.—I do not give this as properly a part of the speech, to which it would be difficult for a reporter to do justice. A gentleman present, who had often listened to the eloquence of Fox, and Pitt, and Burke, in the days of their glory, assured me, that he had never witnessed a more lively impression produced by either of them, than by this address of Mr. Grant. For my own part, I could not avoid surrendering myself, and all my faculties, to the ascendancy of the speaker, and was kept in a kind of trance while he occupied the floor—nor did the audience generally

appear to be less deeply moved. The plaudits were long, and loud, and frequent. He is deservedly in high favour with the publick, and the expectation of an address from him is always sure to bring together a numerous audience. He held a card in his hand, on which he had pencilled a few words to assist his memory : but the whole was evidently extemporaneous. He seems not to be in good health ; and retired after speaking, into a nook, apparently exhausted. He appears to be about thirty-five, slender in person, with rather small features of Scottish mould, and very light hair. A phrenologist would criticise with satisfaction his high, well-turned, expanded forehead ; and a head, which might serve as a model for a statuary. His features are composed, even amidst the highest flights of his imagination ; and exhibit few visible marks of the “ creative fancy ” or the “ labouring thought intense,” save perhaps in the small gray eyes faintly scintillating through the long white eye-lashes by which they are overshadowed ; and possibly, in the elevation of their inner angle, which seems to be habitual. His friends, I am told, regret his fondness for dreaming on the Aonian hill, and wetting his lips with the dews of Castaly ; when he might aspire

“ To shake the Senate, and from heights sublime
 “ Of patriot eloquence, to flash down fire
 “ Upon his country’s foes.

He is evidently too much a child of imagination ever to become a hard-working statesman ; and delights in a quiet lounge on the shady side of Parnassus, before all the trophies of parliamentary eloquence, which a genius like his might appropriate at pleasure.

Lord Calthorpe was next called upon by the Secretary, and spoke with less hesitation, and more force, than when I heard him in the house of Lords. Next to him was

Thomas F. Buxton, Esq., one of the most prominent champions for the abolition of slavery. His style of speaking is very business-like, direct and manly ; but as destitute of imagination as can possibly be conceived. He speaks only to

give utterance to matters of fact, or to deduce consequences by logical ratiocination. To him succeeded

The Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, Dr. Ryder. This prelate is on the whole a pleasing speaker, although not remarkably eloquent. His address had been well premeditated, and was fluently delivered. Alluding to a scandalous attack on Mr. Wilberforce, and the leading abolitionists in England, in a pamphlet recently published, and entitled "A voice from Jamaica," he trusted that the next "Voice" from that island would be,—“Come over and help us.” (Applause.)

Sir Robert Harry Inglis was the next up, and delivered an address with sufficient propriety. He was followed by

The Rev. Richard W. Sibthorp, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, in whom, it would be difficult to say whether diffidence or genius most predominated. There was a deep and quiet pathos in his eloquence, which fell upon the soul like one of Mozart's spirit-subduing strains; too exquisite, perhaps, for vulgar apprehensions, but delightful to those who could sympathize with genius and sensibility. The mind of the speaker is evidently one of a very high order, and no less highly improved by cultivation. His address was quite unpremeditated, but contained some delicious and shining passages; which were the more striking, from their being delivered with unaffected modesty.

The Rev. J. Parsons, Chaplain to the East India Company, arose next. He has the yellow, bilious look, which so many bring with them from India. He, too, is a very superior man, and an interesting speaker. Some passages in his address were highly pointed and antithetical. He dwelt principally on the progress of Christianity in the East, the scene of his labours; and observed, among other things, that it had less to encounter in the prejudices, than in the indifference, and want of moral principle which prevailed among the Hindoos. He was followed by

The Rev. F. Spring, also a Chaplain to the Company, and but just returned from the East, with the same bilious, un-

healthy look. His physical energy appeared to have sunk under the effects of the climate.

The Rev. C. J. Hoare delivered a most animated address ; but too unconnected in point of method, and in a strain more complimentary to his fellow labourers than was suited to the occasion.

The author of "The Velvet Cushion," the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, next occupied the floor. He speaks with great fluency, and often with force ; but his exuberant fancy sometimes leads him quite astray. It is perpetually frisking, and gamboling, and bodying forth the most unlooked for images ; nor does its possessor appear anxious to restrain even the wildest of its sallies. Mr. C. is an entertaining speaker, and sometimes a very instructive one. It is singular that a genius so imaginative should have exhibited so few of its peculiar traits in the volume of sermons, which Mr. Cunningham has published. They are, generally speaking, plain, practical, and adapted to the wants of an ordinary congregation.

The Rev. Fountain Elwin, the Society's preacher this year, concluded the addresses, by a singularly animated one ; and after a few words from the Noble President, the assembly broke up, after a session of six hours. The interest of the meeting was sustained to the last—a circumstance not to be wondered at, when it is considered that most of the speakers were men of talents, and addressing an enlightened Christian audience, on the means of conveying the blessings of the gospel to the millions, who yet sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY—LORD HARROWBY—LORD RODEN—COUNT VERHUIL—LORD BEXLEY—MR. C. GRANT—DR. MORRISON—REV. MR. BRANDOM—REV. J. TOWNSEND.

The next day, May 5th, being the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, I repaired again to the Freemason's Hall, at eleven, and found the body of it already filled with gentlemen—no ladies being admitted to the annual meetings of this Society, through the want of sufficient accommodations. The venerable President, Lord Teignmouth, entered a little before twelve, and proceeded slowly towards the chair, amidst loud and continued cheering. He addressed the meeting with great propriety, and at considerable length; but was interrupted by the entrance of Lord Harrowby amidst the cheers of the assembly. This is the way in which the entrance of any favorite member is greeted. The President having concluded his remarks,

Lord Harrowby rose and submitted a motion in a neat speech, in which he expressed his entire approbation of the objects of this noble institution.

Lord Roden, a young Irish nobleman, seconded the motion of Lord H. One part of his speech produced a great effect. Instead of taking up the time of the meeting with general observations, he would relate an incident which it might not be unacceptable to the audience to hear, and for the truth of which he would vouch.

“I knew a man—I will not say how many years since—who lived only to enjoy the pleasures of the world—was fond to excess of its admiration, and desired nothing beyond its applause. He mingled in the society of men of pleasure—was seen at the dance and the revel, at the theatre and the masquerade; and denied himself nothing which promised gratification or amusement. At length, this man, in whose thoughts

a sentiment of religion had scarcely ever found a place, happened to be passing by a hall in Dublin, where an Auxiliary Bible Society was then holding its annual meeting. Impelled only by an idle curiosity, and perhaps expecting to be amused—for his time sometimes hung heavy on his hands—he moved in at the door, and silently took a seat in a remote corner of the room, where he could mark their proceedings, as he thought, unobserved—for, to confess the truth, he dreaded the shame of being discovered in such society. Yet it so happened that, from his hiding-place, he listened to the utterance of sentiments, which, if true, made it evident to his mind that he was a condemned sinner [strong emotion]—that when he had run his short career of pleasure, there would be nothing left to him but to lie down in everlasting burnings. He hastened out of the hall in inexpressible agony of mind, and determined to examine for himself. He did so. On every page of the Divine Book, he seemed to find it inscribed, that to him and such as he, God was a consuming fire. Still, he read on. For the first time in his life, he knelt down and prayed, in bitterness of spirit—he eagerly sought for some ray of consolation, in the midst of a distress which had become insupportable;—and he found it. He found that which, in process of time, brought a peace to his distracted bosom which he had never known before. His eye rested on the reviving assurance, that *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them*; and it calmed the tempest of his soul. [Here the emotion of the speaker became so strong as to oblige him to pause, while half the audience were in tears.] From that hour to the present, he has striven, amidst much weakness and infirmity, to live the life of a Christian, and to keep before his eyes the solemn account, he must one day give at the bar of God; *and he desires to bear witness this day, before your Lordship and this assembly, to the power of divine grace, in turning the heart of a disobedient, blind, thoughtless, irreligious creature, to the wisdom of the just, and from the power of Satan unto God.*” The effect of this was beyond any thing I ever witnessed. The speaker was *no orator*, in the common meaning of the

term ; but he spoke from an overflowing heart, and carried the sympathies of every hearer along with him. His delivery was frequently interrupted by the vehemence of his own feelings, and by the expression of those of the audience—his manner was ungraceful ; but there was an overpowering earnestness in it, which it was impossible to resist. I thought I never understood—or rather, never *felt* so strongly the force of that sublime mystery of Godliness, “that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself”—“a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation.”

To a vote of thanks, moved by the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and seconded by Lord Barham, Lord Teignmouth replied in a speech of a few minutes long. He speaks in a low and level tone of voice, which is pleasing in one of his grave and venerable character. There is great calmness and self-possession in his manner. He appears far advanced in years, and stoops, from age and infirmity. When he had concluded his remarks, he introduced to the audience

Admiral Count Verhuil, a peer of France, and a deputy from the Bible Society of Paris. He is a large, fine looking man. Taking his eye-glass from his pocket, and unrolling a paper, he commenced reading an address in English, but with a pronunciation so entirely French, that it was evident he was ignorant of the language in which his address was composed. It was a little remarkable, that the persons on the right and left of the President were both Admirals, who had actually commanded in fleets which were opposed to each other during the last war. Verhuil had a post in the French fleet destined to cover the invading army under Bonaparte ; as Lord Gambier had in the English squadron, which cruised in the channel to oppose the expedition ; and their meeting now, under the banners of the Prince of Peace, to concert measures for spreading abroad the Gospel of peace, occasioned some happy allusions by the different speakers, and by Lord Gambier in particular.

The next speaker was Lord Bexley, who, in the course of his remarks, paid a compliment to his Right Rev. friend on his left. (The Bishop of Ohio.) Lord B. is a small man,

with a most benevolent, mild expression of countenance. His hair is quite white, but his eye is quick and lively, and indicative of great mildness of disposition. He is a pleasing, though not a forcible speaker. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Parsons ; after whom,

The Rt. Hon. Charles Grant occupied the floor. Again was I delighted with his fervid eloquence, with his rich classical imagery, and inimitable turns of language and expression. Alluding to the rapid growth of the Society, he gave a very happy specimen of the climax. “ Had some sanguine friend of the institution ventured to predict, that within the first twenty years of its existence, it would embrace a large portion of the religious population of Great Britain ; this was all which could have been reasonably expected of it in so short a time. Should it, within that period, extend its branches into the sister island ; it would afford additional reason for congratulations on its prosperity. If it should throw its limbs across the Channel, and take root in the sister kingdom ; this would be matter of some surprise, as well as of thankfulness. That, within twenty years, the sacred cause of the Bible Society should penetrate and pervade the continent of Europe—fix itself in Scandania, in Holland, in Prussia ; and be taken into the protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias ;—this was a degree of success, beyond any thing which its most sanguine friends had dared to hope.—But that, in the short period which had elapsed since its birth, it should have penetrated the four quarters of the globe—stretching abroad its arms over every land, and shedding every where its leaves for the healing of the nations ;—this was a consummation, which had never entered the dreams of those who had watched over its birth, and it filled him with astonishment. (applause.) “ Why, my Lord, here is a violation of all dramatic unity—an absolute annihilation of time—a crowding into a few years, of incidents, which demand the lapse of a century. (cheers.) My Lord, it would not be matter of surprise, if some future, calculating philosopher—some skeptical historian, who regulated his belief in facts by their fitness and verisimilitude, were gravely to attempt to prove, that all

this could never have happened ; and that the historian of the Society had, from some inexplicable motive, postponed its birth for a century.--

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

Nothing, my Lord, can more emphatically mark its resistless and rapid progress, than the profound oblivion which now covers the enmity by which it was assailed in its infancy. At this rate, it is likely to appear in the eyes of posterity as an institution, reared by the united hands and hearts of Britons in a peaceful age ; instead of one, whose walls were built in troublous times, when every man wrought with his weapons in his hand ; and I would propose, my Lord, that some niche should be provided in the society's archives, to contain the warlike pamphlets by which its feeble existence was threatened, and the memory that it was once opposed." (loud applause and laughter.) In the earlier parts of the address of this favourite speaker, there were some fine strokes of delicate irony, to which it is impossible to do justice ; but towards the close, he changed his style for one wholly grave and serious, and with a very powerful effect. It may be added that his manner is generally vehement and emphatic, rather than graceful—his position is erect and dignified ; and his voice grave and well-toned.

He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Morrison, who rose amidst plaudits long and loud—it was a minute or two before he could be heard. He had just returned from China, having completed his gigantic work of translating the Scriptures into the language of that country. He is a very handsome man apparently about forty ; and had with him his son, a beautiful child seven or eight years old. The Dr. alluded to the prospects of Christianity in the Chinese Empire—although they were as yet by no means encouraging, he did not despair. If the word of God could change the heart of a British nobleman, it could convert a Chinese idolator to Christianity. "My Lord, I know little of what has been passing in the world during the last seventeen years—all that time I have been shut up in my study in a remote corner

of the world—I hope I have done my duty ; and it remains for the Society to do theirs.” (Here, he laid on the table his manuscript translation of the Scriptures, amidst the long and loud cheers of the audience.)

J. I. Gurney, Esq., a Quaker from Norwich, followed in a sensible speech, of nearly half an hour long ; and was succeeded by

The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, an independent minister of Glasgow, and the able champion of orthodoxy against Socinianism. He spoke with good sense, but in a feeble voice. His health and strength appeared to be nearly wasted away. After a few observations from the Treasurer, J. Thornton, Esq.,

The Rev. Mr. Broom, the Society’s Secretary, commenced an animated speech, in which, he paid a handsome tribute to the memory of his predecessor in office, the Rev. John Owen. His address, although delivered too rapidly, was characterized by talent and vigour.

Sir Robert Harry Inglis, the Rev. Mr. Watson, and Sir George W. Rose, next addressed the meeting successively. The latter is a man of sprightly talents ; but his enunciation is too quick and embarrassed to be agreeable.

The Rev. John Townsend, who seemed to have attained, some years ago, his three score and ten, next arose, and spoke with all the vivacity of youth. I have seldom seen a more venerable looking man. His dress was of the fashion of the olden time—his head and neck were covered with volumes of snow-white hair ; but his keen black eyes shone with a lustre altogether uncommon in so aged a man, from beneath a pair of large bushy eye-brows. He said he believed he had the honour of standing god-father to the Society. A few of them were assembled in an upper room, to deliberate on the best method of disseminating the Scriptures. The institution was organized ; and when it was asked, by what name it should be called, he proposed “The British and Foreign Bible Society ;”—an appellation which was adopted. He spoke with uncommon pertinence and propriety ; and with the force and imagination of a much younger man.

The last motion, proposing a vote of thanks to the Noble President for his services to the Society, was made by Lord Gambier; and seconded by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, whose speech was replete as usual with poetry and figure.

Lord Teignmouth replied in a very sensible and appropriate manner; and the assembly dissolved about five.

In most of the speeches delivered on this, and the former occasion, was exhibited another practical refutation of the unfounded opinion, that the English people have no taste for bold and vehement oratory. Most of these addresses were of a highly animated character—far more so than we are accustomed to listen to in America. They were pronounced with vehemence, and accompanied with a good deal of action; which was emphatic and impressive, rather than graceful. If any of the people in either nation appear to be phlegmatic, the restraints of education and mistaken usage have made them so: both are capable of deep and solemn enthusiasm, when placed in circumstances calculated to call it forth.

I could not help remarking, that many of the speeches savoured of the professional occupation of the speaker. Mr. Gurney, for instance, concluded with “a few words by way of exhortation;” whence it may be inferred that he is an occasional exhorter in the meetings. Sir George Rose introduced a variety of military allusions and illustrations; and many of the clerical orators wound up with the usual form of pulpit exhortation—“let us persevere,” &c., a very feeble and hackneyed way of concluding a sermon or an oration, which the brethren will do well to eschew.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EXAMINATION AT THE CHARTER-HOUSE—REV. CHARLES SUMNER—BISHOP OF LIMERICK—MEETING OF THE AFRICAN SOCIETY—LORD LANS-DOWNE—T. F. BUXTON, ESQ.—HON. MR. NOEL—BISHOP OF DURHAM—REV. LEIGH RICHMOND—ST. LUKE'S CHAPEL—REV. SIDNEY SMITH—DRAWING-ROOM AT ST. JAME'S—ANNIVERSARY AT ST. PAUL'S—KENSINGTON GARDENS—CHURCH—QUEBEC CHAPEL—REMARKS.

Thursday, May 6th.—I was present this morning at an examination of the *Charter-House Boys*. It was a noble spectacle to see between five and six hundred of them assembled in one apartment, to exhibit proofs of the progress they had made in their various studies. The exercises were conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain and another clergyman, in the presence of a number of spectators. The eldest classes were examined in Sophocles, which they rendered into correct English with perfect fluency. The readiness with which they explained the sense of that difficult author, showed a proficiency in the language quite unknown in the schools, and even the colleges of America. In reading portions of the New Testament in the original, they were not only required to attend to the nicest shades of meaning; but to cite parallel passages, illustrative of those on which they were examined, and to give explanations, geographical, grammatical, doctrinal, and historical—all of which was done with admirable readiness and precision. Their recitations from Virgil exhibited, in a striking manner, the perfection of their training in the Latin tongue. One began, *without book*, reciting and construing from half a dozen to a dozen lines. He had no sooner completed the sentence than the examiner called upon another boy in the class, who immediately commenced reciting in the same way; and so on, till each one had been examined in his turn. Notwithstanding they were suddenly called upon, and apparently without

any order, there was no mistake, nor even the least hesitation, during the whole trial. The Bell system has been introduced here, it is said with the happiest effect. The ages of the boys seemed to be from eight to fifteen.

In the evening, I had the pleasure of meeting, at the table of a friend, the Rev. Charles Sumner,* chaplain in ordinary to the king—a gentleman of most refined and pleasing manners, as well as an ornament to his sacred profession. It is said that the bishoprick of Barbadoes was offered to him, which a sense of duty determined him to accept; although he had the best reason to believe that promotion awaited him, if he remained in England. The king sent for him, and used a variety of arguments to dissuade him from his purpose—hoped they would prove sufficient; but in case they should not, he should impose his commands upon him to decline accepting the offer. The interview of course decided him to remain in England.

On the following Sunday, I went to St. James' Clerkenwell, where I understood the Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Jebb, was to preach a charity sermon. The congregation was not so large as might have been expected, considering the fame of the prelate; though the church was tolerably full. The service was performed with great propriety; and the sermon of the Bishop did not disappoint the expectations I had formed, from a perusal of some of his publications. His manner was remarkably impressive and emphatic; and there were passages in his discourse, of great strength and pathos. A slight national peculiarity in his pronunciation rather adds to the effect of his delivery, which is slow and very distinct.

African Society for the abolition of the Slave Trade.—Tuesday, May 11th, being the day for the annual meeting of this institution, I repaired at eleven o'clock to the Freemason's Hall, a friend having provided me with a ticket of admission. At twelve the chair was taken by the Marquess of Lansdowne, who apologized for the absence of the Duke of Gloucester, whose attendance was prevented by ill health.

* Now Bishop of Winchester.

The report stated the continuance, and even increase of the traffick, principally under cover of the French flag; and next to that, under the flag of Portugal. A number of resolutions were adopted, expressive of the sentiments of the meeting relative to this infamous trade, and the conduct of some of the governments of Europe in conniving at it, or openly supporting it. Lord Calthorpe introduced a motion, in a speech of considerable length; which was seconded by Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol. His extreme diffidence would not allow him to be very eloquent. He is apparently not more than twenty, and but little accustomed to speaking in publick.—Other motions were introduced and supported by D. Sykes, Esq. M. P. for Hull; Gurney the Lawyer, Gurney the Quaker, and Sir R. H. Inglis.

Lord Lansdowne then rose, and said, that as he should be obliged soon to leave the chair to attend upon other engagements, he might be excused the irregularity of addressing the meeting at this stage of its proceedings. He had long thought, that when the slave trade should have been formally abolished by the different maritime nations who had formerly permitted it; the next step should be, to cut off all who should be found engaged in the inhuman traffic from the protection of society—to declare them *pirates*, and treat them as such. It gave him inexpressible satisfaction to know, that this had now been done by the two greatest maritime nations in the world, Great Britain, and the United States of America; (applause,) and he could not help expressing the ardent hope, that the harmony of feeling with which the two nations had concurred in this righteous act, would ramify and extend itself into all their relations—that as they were one in blood, one in language, and one in religion, they might be actuated by no other spirit of rivalry than that of labouring for the common good of the human species. (Hear, hear; and loud applause.) His Lordship then left the chair, and retired amidst the cheers of the assembly.

Lord Gambier having taken the chair, T. F. Buxton, Esq. rose; and in a speech of considerable length, animadverted with great severity on the conduct of the King of France,

in violating his pledge to abolish the slave trade in his dominions. He contrasted his perfidy with the good faith of the Prince of Madagascar, who had followed the custom of his ancestors in making war on the neighbouring tribes, and selling his captives for slaves. He had expressed his willingness to abolish the usage, provided he could receive some compensation for the damage his treasury must sustain by the abolition. He was desired to name his terms. Being a patriotic prince who loved his people, he considered what it was which they were most in want of ; and he found that it was *education* and *trowsers*. He therefore stipulated, that, in consideration of having twenty young men of his kingdom educated, and four hundred pair of trowsers made for his subjects, he would sell no more captives for slaves—and *he had kept his word* ; while his most Christian Majesty had acted with the utmost perfidy. (Cheers and laughter.)

The Hon. Mr. Noel followed in a speech, as imaginative and flowery as was ever heard in Congress, from a new-fledged orator of the South ;—it was on a motion of thanks to His Royal Highness for his services as President. He compared the progress of the institution to that of a noble and gallant ship, proudly bounding over the waves, and pursuing her course unimpeded by the straws and sea-weed which lay across her path ; “and if they had the happiness to be seated in that ship, and to partake of the pleasures of the career, they would cordially join him in a vote of thanks to the pilot, who had so ably directed her course.”

The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, who had just entered the Hall, then ascended the platform, and delivered an animated address, superior to those which I had heard him pronounce on former occasions. It had less extravagance of fancy, and more of practical common sense, than his former speeches ; and was on the whole, the best one delivered—that of the chairman excepted. At four, the meeting adjourned.

May 12.—At the table of the Bishop of Durham, I had the pleasure of meeting the Bishop of St. David's, and some Oxonians, besides one or two American friends—all intelligent and agreeable men. Our dinner was simple, but served

up in the best taste. The venerable Bishop, now ninety years of age, did the honours of the table with all the grace and dignity of a man in the prime of life. He said he felt none of the pains of old age; and he has certainly fewer of its mental infirmities, than are commonly observable at three score and ten.

Sunday, 16.—This is now the sixth day of strong easterly wind, and the fourth of rain, which latterly has fallen without any cessation. The smoke, too, rolls down into the streets, making a *tout ensemble* dirty and disagreeable beyond description.

As the time for morning service approached, I strayed away in the direction of Paddington; till, passing along an obscure street, I suddenly came in front of Bentinck Chapel, which was open. Prayers were read by the Rev. Basil Woodd, minister of the Chapel, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Wilks, the Editor of the Christian Observer, who officiates here as an assistant. A short and rather stout man in the prime of life, and with a countenance singularly engaging and benevolent, then ascended the pulpit, and commenced a discourse on “holding fast the form of sound words,” in aid of a collection for the Prayer Book and Homily Society. It was delivered wholly extempore; but he had not proceeded far before it was evident that he was a preacher of no common powers. I enquired his name from the person next to me; and was told that it was Leigh Richmond. As I was not aware of his being in London, it was a subject of agreeable surprise that I had been thus accidentally directed to a church, where I had an opportunity of hearing a man who has eminently benefitted and delighted the Christian world by his writings. The language of the speaker, like that of his written style, flows on like the current of a gentle river, watering and fertilizing the region through which it flows. It is rarely elevated or impassioned, and never mean. If it is too equable and diffuse for the highest flights of eloquence, it is in an eminent degree persuasive, and commands a deep and breathless attention. On the conclusion of the service, Mr. Wilks invited me into the vestry room, and introduced me

to the preacher, and the minister of the chapel. I only regretted the shortness of the interview, which however left a pleasing impression on my mind of the gentleness and affability of his disposition. He seemed to be a little exhausted with the effort of preaching ; and when he rose to cross the vestry room, I remarked that, like Israel, he “ halted upon his thigh.” The chapel was filled to overflowing by an audience, composed principally of mechanicks and labourers, who gave a very solemn attention to the exercises of the morning.

In the afternoon, I went to St. Luke’s Chapel, Waterloo Place, where I learned the Rev. Sydney Smith was to preach before the Society for the promotion of Prison Discipline. Mr. S. has been formerly known as one of the literary contributors to the Edinburgh Review ; and is supposed still to write for it occasionally.

“Smug Sydney, too, thy bitter page shall seek.”

His text, from the 102d Psalm, was dismissed as soon as read ; and the discourse which followed was much in the style of an article in the Edinburgh or Quarterly, on Prison discipline. With all its looseness and negligence, it was often pithy and pointed ; and commanded a good share of attention. This was in part to be attributed to a sonorous voice and a graceful and impressive action : as well as to the vivid and forcible thoughts which were occasionally produced. The chapel was well filled with the rich and the gay, whose carriages were drawn up in long array in the street : for Waterloo Chapel is one of the places of worship at the court end of the town, to which it is *fashionable* to resort on Sundays. The building is a neat piece of Tuscan architecture, and elegantly furnished within. It has been erected about four years.

On my return from church, by the way of Hyde Park, I observed a repetition of the scene formerly described. The re-appearance of the sun after so long an absence, invited an unusual multitude abroad to breathe the invigorating air of the park, and to look at each other. Tidings of Lord Byron’s death are announced in the papers of to-day.

Thursday, 20.—The long expected drawing room has been actually held, and the bustle produced by this important event may not perhaps be unworthy of a description. Returning about one, from a walk to the eastern part of the town, I found Bond Street completely occupied by a line of carriages, extending as far as the eye could reach. The day happened to be remarkably fine, and the display of equipages was such as could not fail to gratify the most ardent admirers of style. The procession began at Cavendish Square, and extended along Henrietta, Vine, New Bond, Grafton, and Albemarle streets, into St. James' street, and thence down to the palace—an unbroken length of at least a mile. The scene was amusing enough at the cross streets, where tributary streams of carriages were vainly struggling to force their way into the main current, which was setting on towards the abode of royalty. The coachmen in the principal line, aware that if an entrance were once effected, the whole string of equipages in that street would follow, to their own no small delay, kept as close to each other as possible, very much to the discomfiture of the laced footmen who stood behind, and the derangement of springs, panels, and ornamental work, by the pole of the succeeding carriage. Dire was the crashing, and lamentable the havoc among these, as often as the whole body made a *shove* towards St. James', which happened whenever a fresh load of court dresses was discharged at the gate of the palace. Then, whips resounded, and coursers sprang, and the whole procession advanced just the length of a carriage and its horses, but with an impetus which caused a terrible smashing among the glittering vehicles. The concussion appeared to be the greatest at the junction of Grafton with New Bond street, where the narrowness of the passage was still further straitened by some unlucky coal waggons, which found it easier to get into the squeeze than to get out. Files of Lifeguardsmen were stationed along St. James' street, and about the palace, to preserve order, and clear the streets of the populace, who were collected by thousands to enjoy the spectacle. After elbowing my way out of the crowd at the palace, where the throng

of spectators was immense, I commenced a peregrination along the streets occupied by the procession ; and as the glasses were generally down, I enjoyed an excellent opportunity of observing at my leisure the personages, great and small, who were hastening, or rather, sojourning, to pay their duty to England's Majesty. Here were gentlemen of the army, all radiant in scarlet and embroidery, and glittering with stars and badges of distinction—gentlemen of the law, in new gowns and full-bottomed wigs—bishops and deans, in full ecclesiastical costume—rich citizens and gentry ; and strangers, whose narrow purses obliged them to avail themselves of the humbler accommodations of a hackney coach, and whose splendor was therefore far from being overpowering. Should any of the fair honour my humble journal with a perusal, they will no doubt desire to be informed how the ladies looked ; and I feel bound in honour to gratify their curiosity. Be it known, therefore, that with some half-a-dozen exceptions, the display of beauty was by no means such, as to indicate a remarkable superfluity of this commodity in fair England. Two or three, I thought, *were* eminently beautiful ; but in a variety of instances, the blending of the rose and the lily was too pure and dazzling, to win the unsuspecting confidence of the beholder. The prevailing dress was white satin, revealing quite as much of the person as was proper to be exposed ; and their hair was adorned simply with a plume of white feathers. Truth obliges me to record, that I saw many of them devouring biscuits and other contents of the confectioner's shops—a very plebeian occupation for such personages, and on such an occasion. But allowance must be made for the infirmities of nature, cooped up for hours without the power of locomotion. The carriages began to set down at one, and continued to roll on till five or six.—But it requires the pen of Master Laneham worthily to describe the particulars of this day's show. By eight, nothing remained of the pageantry save here and there a straggling coach moving homewards at a round trot. The military had dispersed—the music was silent—the crowd had disappeared—the gate of the palace was closed ; and the sentinels were

set for the night. Thus, does the fashion of this world pass away.

May 21.—*Anniversary of the charity for the sons of the clergy.*—St. Paul's was opened at eleven for the celebration of this anniversary; and by going early, I got a seat within the choir near the chancel. A little before twelve the Duke of Clarence arrived, with the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, &c. in his train; and the service commenced with the Overture to Esther performed by a band accompanied with the organ. The Duke is a fine looking man, of a robust stature, with a long head and high conical forehead. He stood up during most of the ceremonies, holding his steward's rod in his hand. The musical performers consisted of the singers of St. Paul's and those of the chapel royal, besides some professional men; and a full orchestra of instrumentals. The organist was Atwood, a pupil of Mozart. It is said that the late king, discovering in him when quite a child uncommon musical talents, sent him under his own patronage to Germany to be educated. As he is now the organist to the chapel royal, it is needless to say that he is esteemed one of the best organists in the country. We had the Grand Dettingen Te Deum in lofty style—a piece inferior, in my apprehension, to none of Handel's compositions; and after the third Collect, the Grand Hallelujah Chorus. Before the sermon an anthem, composed by Dr. Boyce for these occasions, was performed in admirable style, principally by the boys; and the Coronation Anthem concluded the service. Wishing to observe the effect of musick at a distance, in such a building as St. Paul's, I left the choir before the performance of the last anthem, and went to the western extremity of the cathedral. Here, the crash of drums, trumpets, horns, viols, and voices, in the choral parts, reverberated under the dome, and among the arches and pillars, was absolutely stunning—it was like the thunder of Niagara. Nothing like a tune could be distinguished from this spot—the sound, reflected and broken a hundred times by the members of the architecture, came rolling down like the rush of mighty waters, and continued to circulate among the arches long after the cho-

rus had ceased. The general impression produced on the mind was that of sublimity; a sublimity, not a little heightened by the expanse and lofty proportions of this "solemn temple." As for the sermon, I literally did not hear a word of it, though I sat within less than a hundred feet of the preacher. Service being concluded, the Stewards, Mayor, &c. went in procession to Merchant Tailor's Hall in Thread-needle street, to dinner. This, I am told, is always given by the Stewards for the year; but each guest is expected to contribute a guinea to the charity. My ticket procured me admission; but after waiting till dinner was beginning to be brought in, seeing only one or two acquaintances, and those apparently much engaged, I retired from the untasted banquet. There is upon earth no solitude so oppressive, as that of sitting at a festive board among a company of utter strangers. The solitude of the unpeopled wilderness is not to be compared with it.

Sunday, 23.—The morning being fine, I took my way through Hyde-park and Kensington Gardens towards Kensington Church, about two miles from my lodgings. These gardens are but a continuation of Hyde-park to the westward, and are separated from it only by a low wall and ditch. They are three and a half miles in circumference; and in going and returning, I made a complete circuit of the grounds. They are divided up into lawns, forests, rows and clumps of trees; and intersected by a variety of gravelled walks, affording a delightful promenade on a fine morning like this, when Spring is putting forth her glories, and every copse and thicket is vocal. Near the south-eastern angle is an artificial mound about thirty feet in height, overlooking the serpentine river, the park, and the distant city, and planted with trees to the summit. Kensington palace is situated in the western part of the grounds—a most irregular pile of brick, built at different times, and without the least pretensions to magnificence. It was first, I believe, made a royal residence by William III.; and stands in a situation of quiet seclusion from the din of the metropolis. Here, George II., and the Queens, Mary, Anne, and Caroline expired. Pursu-

ing my walk, I arrived in time at the church ; but felt disappointed when I learned that the pulpit was to be occupied by the Bishop elect of Jamaica—Dr. Rennell, the eloquent and highly esteemed Rector, being ill. The sermon was in aid of a collection for the national school, and was too commonplace to be entitled to very high praise. The service however was performed in a very impressive and devotional manner, and a numerous audience filled the church.

In the afternoon, I went to Quebec Chapel, a place of worship frequented by the higher classes of society. It was only partially filled, and that principally by ladies. The preacher was a young man of good talents ; but his subject was not happily chosen, if his object was to persuade his hearers to “bring forth fruits meet for repentance.” It was merely a well written essay, pointing out the correspondence between the prophecies of the dispersion and affliction of the Jews, and their present fulfilment. Discussions of this kind, sparingly introduced into the pulpit, may be not without their use ; but a skeptic will hardly be convinced by them ; and a nominal believer is neither very deeply interested nor edified by the handling of such trite subjects. Yet it cannot be denied, that religion prospers to a great extent under the defective preaching, of which there are yet but too many examples in the pulpits of the establishment. Large and attentive congregations are gathered ; and there is obviously more piety among the people, than the general style of pulpit instruction seems calculated to create. Much of this unlooked-for result is doubtless to be attributed to the deep, spiritual strain of the Liturgy ; which presents an antidote to the cold, moralizing discourses, or irrelevant discussions, which

Play round the head, but come not near the heart.

Without doubt, our American clergy are before their transatlantic brethren in the article of faithful preaching, and even in pulpit eloquence—in that warmth and directness of address, which makes its way to the conscience and feelings of the hearer ; however inferior they may be in classic lore and literary taste. Yet there are many and illustrious ex-

ceptions to this remark; the establishment is every year numbering more and more of the faithful servants of God within its pale, who bring all their deep and varied stores of knowledge to bear on the ministry of reconciliation; and with the success in winning souls to Christ, which scarcely ever fails to attend the faithful and evangelical exhibition of the truths of the gospel.

CHAPTER XXV.

RIDE TO OXFORD—UXBRIDGE—HIGH WYCOMBE—OXFORD—PREACHERS—
LIBRARY OF CHRIST CHURCH—LECTURE—DR. COPLESTON—ADDISON'S
WALK—BODLEIAN LIBRARY—POMFRET STATUES—ROWING MATCH—
CHAPEL OF NEW COLLEGE—STAINED GLASS.

May 29.—This morning, at half past nine, I clambered up an Oxford coach, and seated myself on the top in company with ten others—four *insides* being all the ballast to act as a counterpoise to such an enormous deck-load, augmented by a sufficient quantity of trunks and other travelling gear. After half an hour's detention (a most unusual occurrence in this country) in taking in passengers and stowing away baggage, we got fairly under weigh and trundled out of London by Hyde Park corner. A coach-full of phlegmatic New Englanders would not have been more taciturn than my companions were. After the bustle of "getting off," all lips were sealed—some yielded themselves to the soft influence of sleep; others seemed to be dreaming with their eyes open, so that I had ample leisure to enjoy once more the luxury of green fields and rural prospects, after being so long condemned to gaze with "lack-lustre eyes," on the pavements of Wimpole street.

Our road lay through Acton, Uxbridge, and High-Wycombe; (pronounced High-Wickom) and presented little diversity of scenery, and but few objects to claim attention.

To Uxbridge, the country is generally level. This is a market town of considerable size, and rather antique in its appearance. Hayes, the residence of Lord Chatham, lies three or four miles nearer London, and a short distance from the road. On driving out of Uxbridge we crossed the Coln, which comes winding down from St. Alban's through a narrow irregular valley, bounded by gently swelling hills. The day was sultry, and the smokiness of the atmosphere hindered an extensive prospect, while it threw a softness over the scenery similar to that which is observable in the climate of New-England, on a hazy day in autumn. An easterly wind drifted Macadam's dust along with us; so that we moved, like the Trojan here of old, *amicti spissa nube*. Indeed, it is questionable whether the cloud which overshadowed that illustrious man was any thing more ethereal than a cloud of dust, notwithstanding the poet would have us believe that it was a celestial vapour, specially got up for a little stage effect. Twenty miles from London, we passed Bulstrode on the left, a country residence of the Duke of Somerset. The house is completely hidden by clumps of trees; but the park is beautifully varied, and very extensive. At Loudwater, the road winds down the brow of a hill to the Wye, a small stream which meanders through a narrow valley, and gives name to Wycombe-Marsh, High-Wycombe, and West-Wycombe, villages situated on its banks. On the south side of the stream, and on a beautiful green elevation, stands Wycombe Abbey, half covered with trees. It is a gray-looking, castellated mansion, with a number of large round towers, built in imitation of the ancient baronial castles. It is the seat of Lord Carrington. High-Wycombe is situated in the valley on the north side of the Wye, and contains a population of about 3,000. A few miles further on is West-Wycombe, remarkable for nothing but the huge ball on the tower of the church, and a mausoleum belonging to Sir John Dashwood King, both situated on the top of a steep hill. The latter is a temple of Grecian architecture, apparently as large as an ordinary parish church. The residence of the knight is beautifully situated in the midst of a park on the south side

of the stream. The road for some distance lies along the verdant banks of the Wye ; but after leaving it, nothing of particular interest occurs to claim the attention of the traveller. The soil is generally chalky, and far from being fertile—extensive downs, covered with yellow blossoms offer no very cheering prospect to the eye ; and the country is for the most part level, with here and there a descent of sufficient steepness to render it necessary to chain a wheel of the coach. Oxford is not seen from this direction till you come to the brow of Shotover hill, within a mile or two of the city ; where it stands revealed in all its fair beauty. You descend between high, chalky banks ; and crossing the Charwell a little above its junction within the Isis, by a neat stone bridge with numerous arches, you enter High-Street close by the chapel of Magdalen College. Here we arrived about four in the afternoon ; and were set down at the Mitre Inn.

The next day being Sunday, I repaired in the morning to Christ Church Chapel ; and heard a dissertation by Dr. Nicoll, Regius Professor of Hebrew, on the coincidencies and discrepancies between the narratives of the Evangelists, so wholly critical, that it did not contain a single practical remark. Must there not be something faulty in a plan, which dispenses entirely with every thing like an application to the conscience, in a sermon before an audience consisting partly of students of the University ? In the afternoon I went to St. Mary's, the University church. The preacher happened to be the Rev. Mr. Spry of Birmingham ; and his discourse, like that to which I had listened in the morning, was wholly destitute of any practical application—it was merely a dissertation on the divinity of Jesus. Surely, the young men of the University must be endued with a plenitude of righteousness, thus to render unnecessary the zealous exhortations of the man of God. Between the services, I had the pleasure of an introduction to Dr. Lloyd the Regius Professor of Divinity. He is an intelligent, agreeable man, with a countenance strongly expressive of these qualities. At six, I went into St. Martin's, one of the parish churches in the city ; and heard a very energetic, practical discourse, from a

clergyman whose name I did not learn. It was quite refreshing to hear a sermon characterized at once by talent and unction, after the dry dissertations to which I had given ear. The responses, the musick, the universal attention given to the religious exercises,—all indicated a more than common interest in the institutions of divine worship. The interior of the church much resembles that at New-Haven, but is of smaller dimensions.

On the following day, May 30th, I breakfasted in the Hall of Christ Church; and afterwards went to look at the Library. This is a noble Doric building in Peckwater quadrangle, upwards of 140 feet in length, and two stories high. It was designed, I believe, by Dean Aldrich; a man, whose universal genius qualified him to succeed in whatever he attempted, and who was alike distinguished as a scholar, a musician, an architect, and a divine. The books are contained in a gallery in the upper story; while the lower is occupied by a collection of paintings presented by General Guise; busts, and other specimens of the fine arts. The paintings are for the most part indifferent copies from the works of eminent masters; and although marked with the names of Raffaell, Titian, Correggio, &c., by no means answer the expectations excited by the mention of these worthies of Italy. A portrait of the first Prince of Orange, marked Guido, was good enough to be an original.

After a lounge of an hour or two among the books and pictures, we went to the Radcliff Library, to hear a lecture from Dr. Kidd on comparative anatomy. The class was but moderately large; and the subject, naturally dry, was not enlivened by any attempt on the part of the lecturer to render it more engaging. He is evidently, however, a sensible man, and a man of science.

The lecture being over, I waited on Dr. Copleston, Provost of Oriel College, with my letters, and was kindly detained by him an hour in his library. I was charmed with his intelligence and amiable disposition, and the truly religious spirit which he manifested in his conversation. He remarked, that the German criticks are growing worse and worse—they

are stripping Christianity of every thing peculiar, and reducing it to Deism of the lowest description. Dr. C. has already attained a high rank among the divines of this country.

Through the politeness of the Rev. Mr. Hook. one of the students of Christ Church, to whom I have already been indebted for many agreeable attentions, I was introduced to a number of the students of his college, and dined with them in the hall. The *Students* of Christ Church, let it be remembered, are the same as the *Fellows* of the other colleges, and are always one hundred and one in number. After dinner, a party adjourned to the combination room to crack nuts and sip wine; and in their agreeable society an hour passed rapidly away.

The next morning, we went to "The Schools," to attend the examination which is now going forward, and sat there for an hour. Only three or four of the students are present at once, and the whole morning is spent in their examination, which is conducted with the utmost strictness. The rest of the morning was passed in rambling about the city and grounds belonging to the different colleges, some of which are beautifully and tastefully laid out. "Addison's Walk" in "Maudlin's learned grove" is still remembered as the favourite walk of that delightful moralist, while he was a fellow of Magdalen college; and certainly, no scene could be imagined more inviting to a contemplative mind, than its shady and secluded retreats. The grounds border on the placid Charwell rendered dark by the overhanging foliage; and a broad gravelled walk, "hidden from day's garish eye" by a canopy of forest trees and shrubs, winds along the margin of the stream, whose waves seem to sleep in their bed.

Descriptions of Oxford are so common in books of travels, that it would be quite superfluous to make up another from the "Guides, Views, Surveys," &c. which book-makers find so prodigiously useful in enlarging the narrative of their peregrinations. Let not the gentle reader suppose that he is indebted to the laborious researches of a tourist for a

twentieth part of the information contained in his journal ; nor that he has actually and minutely examined any very large proportion of the objects he pretends to describe. Not at all. The compilers of the aforesaid "Guides," those pioneers in peripatetic literature, have prepared all this to his hands ; and hence the wonderful coincidence which often appears, between the language and descriptions of the journal, and those of the Guide-book. I have sometimes amused myself with comparing them, in the case of some traveller of established fame ; and it has greatly abated my surprise—

"How one small head could carry all he knew."

But all this is nothing to Oxford or the University ; the history of neither of which, is it my present purpose to give. If I describe a few things as I saw them, with the impressions they produced on my own mind, the reader, I hope, will excuse me for omitting a great deal of curious and edifying intelligence, which would cost only the labour of transcribing.

Mr. Henderson, a student and private tutor of Christ Church, was so obliging as to accompany me to the Bodleian Library—a noble monument of private munificence. A description of a library is a very dry business, and may therefore be pretermitted. Yet there is something gratifying to one's antiquarian feelings in turning over the leaves of the beautifully illuminated missal of that pious Defender of the Faith, the last Henry ; and in reading a page or two of Queen Bess' Latin Exercise book. The collection of manuscripts in this library is known to be very various and extensive. Recesses are formed in the sides of the room, and separated from it by screens and curtains, for the convenience of those who wish to consult the library. The extensive apartment in which the books are lodged, has a rich, dark coloured, Gothic ceiling of wood. In the second story of the same building is the "picture gallery," the description of which must be postponed till after another visit.

The famous "Pomfret statues" also passed under review ; and having formerly examined the Elgin marbles in the

British Museum with some attention, I must confess my inability to admire *excessively*, busts, without ears or noses ; and headless, fingerless, armless, legless, corroded, weather-beaten statues, which, whatever might once have been their merit, now scarcely bear a resemblance to the human form. There is in the collection a very spirited Cicero, in tolerable preservation—the drapery well disposed—the lines of the face bold, and the brows knit as if with strong emotion. He stands in a graceful and commanding attitude of speaking. The forehead is rather narrow, but the head is broad behind the temples, where the veins appear swollen with the vehemence of his excitement—so minute was the attention of the artist to the truth of nature. He seems to be uttering one of his philippicks, or denouncing the conspirator Cataline. A Jupiter tonans, with his awful brow, is also much admired by the *cognoscenti*.—A Venus is worthy of admiration on account of her graceful drapery ; and another for the beauty of her form ; but both, by some unhappy mischance, have lost their heads and arms, and been re-fitted with these useful appendages by a modern chisel.—A Flora, too, wore her gown very gracefully ; but some evil hap had enviously bereft her of her nose.—There was also a little bandy-legged Hercules, which seemed to have been modelled after a splay-footed young African :—a broad-shouldered, sturdy Camilla, as unlike the aerial form, which

Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main,

as a stout two-handed fish-woman is to Ronzi de Vestris ; but on a second look I observed that she had been fitted with a new pair of runners ;—a bust of Diana, with a very nicely and modestly adjusted tunic ; and a Caius Marius, very passable. There is something very jarring to one's tasteful feelings, in the mutilations which these monuments of antiquity have undergone. When I look at a Grecian belle, whose beauty has been marred by the abruption of her nose—one of the most common misfortunes—and been still more disfigured by awkward and ineffectual attempts to replace the feature ; or at what was once a smooth-faced Apollo, with his

plump lips worn away, and his cheeks corroded into a honey-comb, by exposure to many a pelting storm from the Adriatic—his fingers snapped off, or skewered to his side by iron cramps, and an arm or an ear of modern manufacture stuck on with putty; or at a Roman senator, in whom no features of the face are distinguishable; or at a Demosthenes or a Trajan, without a head—*jacet ingens truncus, avulsumque humeris caput*,—or at a Venus so corroded and defaced, as to leave all the beauties of feature and form to be supplied by the imagination; I feel that I am deficient in the taste or the enthusiasm necessary to a profound admiration of these mutilated remains of ancient art.

The banks of the Isis presented this evening a most animated scene. Just before sun-set, the students assembled by hundreds along the river, to the south of Christ Church Walk, to be the spectators of a rowing match between the *elite* of Exeter and Brazenose. Large parties had gone half a mile down the river to catch the earliest glimpse of the rival boats; others were distributed in groups over the plain, or stood along the green margin of the stream; and all appeared to enter, with the joyousness and animation peculiar to youth, into the spirit of the contest which was about to be decided. At length, when expectation was at the highest, “a shout, loud as from numbers without number,” from the throng which covered a bridge at the farthest verge of the plain, announced the appearance of the boats; and in a few minutes they came flying through the water in very gallant style. First came the flower of Brazenose, in a pearl-coloured eight-oared cutter, each rower stripped to his shirt sleeves, and resplendent with the *yellow* badge of his college. A few feet astern followed the youth of Exeter, decorated with a *crimson* scarf, in a cutter of dazzling white, and impelled by the same number of oars. The cheers of the spectators made the welkin ring; and old father Isis, vexed in his deepest recesses by the sturdy strokes of the oarsmen, dashed his waves indignantly against the shore. A victory at the Olympic games could not have been contested with a more ardent spirit of emulation. By some mismanagement on

the part of the Brazennose steersman, they almost lost the little distance they had gained ; and the cutters came out so nearly equal that it was decided to be "all but a bump." To add to the spirit and joyousness of the scene, groups of ladies were hovering about in the walks at a distance ; and the river was thickly bestudded with beautiful little two-oared shallops. These trials of speed frequently take place during the fine part of the season, and afford a manly and unexceptionable recreation to the students. The Isis, which is here five or six rods wide, and rolls placidly through the meadows, presents every desirable facility for such exhibitions. I think I have already remarked, that the young men of this country have an appearance of greater muscular strength and capability of bodily exertion, than those of the United States. I speak now of the class which is usually found at the seats of learning. They use far more vigorous exercise than the pallid students of our American colleges ; and are in consequence much less frequently the victims of debility, *dyspepsia*, and all the abhorred train of ills, mental and bodily, which result from a too sedentary life. The beautiful pleasure grounds attached to many of the colleges, offer tempting inducements to quit the cells of study for recreation, during the allotted leisure hours. "Christ Church Walk" is one of the noblest promenades I have ever seen. It is a walk of hard gravel, forty feet in breadth, lined by a double row of most majestic elms, and nearly half a mile long. It is quite on the south side of the city, and opens into the extensive meadows traversed by the serpentine Isis. Archery is also among the favourite exercises of the students, and is carried to a high degree of perfection. Witness the butts, perforated with many a cloth yard shaft, to be seen in the environs of the University.

The Chapel of New College is deservedly reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings in Oxford. The screen over the communion table, with its marble sculptures in alto relievo—its tessellated pavement of white and black marble—its ante-chapel, painted windows, and organ, have all been made, in their turn, the theme of deserved eulogy. What-

ever may be said in praise of the early specimens of stained glass, it is certain that those of more modern date, like the Flemish windows on the south side of this chapel, are in some points greatly superior. The figures are drawn with much greater attention to truth, and will better endure examination, although the colours are less deep and vivid. The first view of one of the ancient windows—of those for instance in King's College Chapel in Cambridge—is splendid and gorgeous beyond description. But on a nearer examination, you find that the figures are composed of small bits of glass, each of which is uniformly coloured throughout. The shading is therefore attained, where any thing like shading is attempted, by joining together several small pieces, of a different depth of colour. It is, in fact, a species of irregular mosaic, in which little attention is paid to accuracy or proportion in the figures. The glass, instead of being inserted in squares or diamonds, is of every possible form and size, according to the place in the figure each piece is destined to occupy. But in the more modern windows, the lights are of uniform shape and dimensions, and the colour is spread over them as on canvass. The figures are consequently far more distinct and better drawn; and although the art of preparing colours of such extraordinary depth and vividness as appear in windows of the oldest date, seems to have been lost, the modern colouring has far more of nature and truth. The windows on the north side of the chapel are of English workmanship, and were constructed so as to correspond with the Flemish ones on the opposite side. They were inserted about fifty years since, when the chapel was in a great measure rebuilt; but are inferior to the opposite ones in the spirit of the drawings, and the depth of the colours. The great window in the ante-chapel is deservedly admired for the beauty of its figures and the group of the nativity, which are the productions of the pencils of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Jervois. Here, the colouring is still lighter, and very mellow. I am at a loss to conceive what gave rise to the popular belief, that the art of dying glass was for a time lost; unless it arose from the acknowledged inability

of the moderns to rival the intense colours of the ancients. The latter might have had some method of preparing their colours, which has not been handed down ; but the beautiful stained windows in various parts of England, constructed in every age since the art was known, are a proof that it has never been forgotten. The crosier of William of Wyckham, one of the early benefactors of New College, is kept behind a panel in the chancel, and is shown to visitors. It is richly chased in silver, and weighs about sixteen pounds.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OXFORD—PICTURE GALLERY—ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM—PROFESSOR BUCKLAND—BELL OF CHRIST CHURCH—RADCLIFF LIBRARY—HIGH STREET—DISTANT VIEW OF OXFORD—CUMNOR HALL—ANNOYANCES—RETURN TO LONDON.

On a second visit to the picture gallery, I found after all no great display of master-pieces ; at least, the productions of eminent merit were by no means numerous. The subjects are principally portraits ; and those by Vandyke, Kneller, Lely, &c. will always maintain a distinguished rank among the works of their class. An Earl of Stafford, by the first mentioned artist, I thought one of the best in the collection ; and a Sir Kenelm Digby by the same hand is also very fine. Sir Peter Lely's Charles II., and his Queen, as well as his James II. and Queen, are fine pictures ; and his Butler (the author of Hudibras) altogether admirable. The painter has been less successful in his portrait of the historian of the rebellion, which is done in a style so different as to appear to have been the offspring of another pencil. Those by Sir Godfrey Kneller, his William and Mary, Addison, &c. certainly belong to a higher school than almost any modern works ; but his portrait of Robert Nelson, the expositor of "the ritual year of England's Church," appeared to me to

be the best of his works in the gallery. A Duke of Grafton by Sir J. Reynolds is faded away, like all the pictures of that once eminent painter. He seems to have been singularly unlucky in the preparation of his colours; for although only a century has elapsed since deserved admiration was bestowed on his pictures, the colouring has almost disappeared from the canvass. The School of Athens, by Julio Romano, is much commended, although suspected to be only a copy. The Seven Vices on copper, lighted by torches, by Schalken, are badly coloured, and have less expression than one would look for in such a subject. A Roman soldier, turning with abhorrence from the dead body of a Christian martyr, is admirable for its horrible truth. The "earthly house of this tabernacle" is dissolving, with the painful accompaniment of reptiles and corruption; and the sight, occurring unexpectedly to the soldier, causes him to turn away with mingled horror and disgust. The gallery also contains some models, casts, &c., some of which deserve an examination; and the bronze Statue of the Earl of Pembroke, by Le Sœur, cased in armour, looks fiercely over the heads of the spectators.

The Ashmolean Museum, with the exception of a few antiquities, contains little that is remarkable. The curious are shown here the crystal-hilted sword presented by his holiness to Henry VIII. when he complimented him with the title of Defender of the Faith: Queen Elizabeth's watch, in shape and size not unlike a small apple: King Alfred's jewel: a wooden tankard: an old shoe: a horn which grew out of the head of an old woman: a mummy; and the dried head of a New-Zealand warrior.

But the Geological collection is more worthy of attention, and contains many curious organic remains, gathered from all parts of the earth. The study of geology is now very prevalent in the University, and the talents of Professor Buckland are well calculated to render it popular. I had the pleasure of attending one of his lectures, and was delighted with his enthusiasm. He evidently combines some of the most desirable qualities of a lecturer—a quick and retentive memory; a vast range of knowledge of facts connected with

the science ; strong and discriminating judgment, sometimes perhaps overmastered by his zeal in defending a favourite theory ; and great fluency of utterance. Indeed he scarcely paused for an instant, in a lecture of an hour and a half long. He has, too, the happy talent of introducing forcible and pertinent illustrations of his subjects. I was gratified by an introduction to him, after the lecture was over ; and found him as agreeable in conversation, as he was entertaining and instructive in his professor's chair. Whatever may be the inherent merits of this science, the genius of Cuvier and Buckland has insured it at least a temporary popularity. It would not be surprising, however, if, when the freshness of the newly investigated science shall have exhaled, people should return to the conviction, that no certain conclusions can be drawn, relative to the primeval formation of the earth and the changes it has since undergone, from an examination of the strata on its surface, and the organic remains imbedded in the rocks. It may at least be pronounced a harmless pursuit, so long as the geologist is content to receive the Mosaic account of the creation, in preference to the uncertain register of that event, which he fancies he can read in the formation and positions of the various earthy strata.

After dinner in the hall of Christ Church,* one of the Students accompanied me to the Anatomical Theatre, where we were shown some fine preparations. The skeletons of a male and female, admirably put together, and dependent from the ceiling, presented a rather startling spectacle as we entered the room. My next amusement was in clambering up into the tower of Christ Church, which contains the heaviest bell in England. Its height is 5 feet 9 inches ; diameter 7 feet, and thickness 6 inches. It weighs 17,000 pounds. The present one is a re-cast from an old one, which formerly bore the following uncouth inscription in monkish latin :—

“ In Thomæ laude resono, bim bom sine fraude.”

If the line had stopped in the middle, the motto would not

* Christ Church, it will be recollected, is the name of one of the Colleges, and not of a place of divine worship.

have been altogether so bad. Having been once baptized, like other large bells, according to the popish ritual, by the name of the saint, it is still called Magnus Thomas—vulgarly the Great Tom. On being struck with the clapper, the vibrations was astounding, confined as they were by the walls of the tower. The clapper alone weighs 342 pounds. Every evening at ten minutes past nine, it tolls 101 times, that being the number of Students or Fellows of Christ Church. This is the signal for shutting the gates.

The next day, I had the pleasure of extending my acquaintance among the officers of the University, and found them generally men of highly agreeable manners. In the Masters of Colleges, we expect of course to see men of superior intellectual attainments; while by their constant intercourse with the best society in the land, they acquire an air of accomplished gentlemen of the world, far removed from the stiffness and taciturnity of the cloister. To Messrs. Henderson and Short of Christ Church, the latter one of the Proctors of the University, I have been indebted for many of those obliging attentions, which more particularly deserve acknowledgment, as they cannot be shown without a sacrifice of valuable time.

In my rambles to-day, I took a peep into the beautiful Divinity School; and afterwards ascended the dome of the Radcliff Library. This is a charming specimen of Grecian architecture, and would make a fine appearance in any other locality than among the turreted Gothic buildings of Oxford. As a matter of taste, it is much to be regretted, that the old *collegiate* style has not been preserved in all the recent buildings of the University. The day being uncommonly fine, I had a beautiful and commanding view of the colleges scattered around at my feet—the verdant meadows which quite encompass the city, and the Isis and Charwell meandering through the plain. Oxford, indeed, seems to rise out of the bosom of a meadow; and the verdant lawns and venerable trees which are every where interspersed, give it a highly rural appearance. Compared with Cambridge, it has the advantage in many respects, although it can boast of no one

building equal to King's College Chapel. High Street is one continued range of collegiate palaces, where the eye is saluted at every step with massy buttresses, bristling turrets, groined arch ways, crenellated parapets, and the quaint and curious tracery peculiar to this style of architecture. The slightly serpentine line of the street rather improves, than detracts from, the general appearance, as it brings the various piles successively into view, instead of presenting them all at once. When viewed in a moonlight night, it looks like a city of the genii in fairy land.

Friday, June 4.—After dinner, I took the Bath road, intending to gain an eminence which appeared to overlook the city ; and to continue my walk to Cumnor Hall. The first mile and a half of the road lay over the plain, and crossed a number of streams tributary to the Isis. About two and a half miles from the town, I reached the top of a hill which I had marked from the dome of Radcliff Library ; and was repaid by a prospect, rich, extensive, and beautiful. The whole horizon to the north-westward, with the exception of a portion hidden by a small eminence, lay spread out before me. Very distant but gentle elevations, half lost in vapour, bounded the prospect ; while a vast circular plain, glittering here and there with the rays of a bright sun reflected from the rivers, and villages, and hamlets, and spires, and hedges endlessly ramified—lay spread out at my feet as on a map. In the midst of this beautiful panorama, Oxford, with all its dun palaces, towers and pinnacles, lay basking in the levelled rays of the sun ; and from the position where I stood seemed to be blended into one mass, having the dark green, and occasional chalky spots, of Shotover hill, for its back ground. After regaling my sight awhile with the lovely landscape, and enjoying the cool breeze which swept over the hill, I pursued my walk ; and about a mile beyond, turned off the main road down a lane, which wound along between lofty hedges, and soon brought me to Cumnor—the scene of Leicester's loves, and of the mysterious crime into which he was plunged by his ambition. The narrow walk, which for some distance had led over level ground, descends a little as

it approaches Cumnor—a hamlet, composed of a few small, straggling, thatched cottages, inhabited by poor tenants to Lord Abington, the proprietor of the village. The vicarage stands on the left, just at the brow of a small descent; and a little farther on, and more remote from the road, are the ruins of CUMNOR HALL, close by the village church.—Having enquired out the sexton, the oracle usually consulted on such occasions, I entered his humble dwelling. “Are you the sexton, sir?” “Why yes, Sir; I am *clerk* of the parish here”—placing a slight emphasis on the name which designated his vocation. His good woman was sipping her doctors’ stuff by the fire, and was growing rather tediously eloquent on the subject of her ailments, when the return of my guide in his Sunday’s coat, and the keys of the church, interrupted her catalogue of complaints. As we went towards the church, I enquired if the place had been much visited? “Why yes; for a spell, after a novel I heard talk of was printed a while ago, a wonderful sight of young folks used to ride out here and look about, particularly in the *vocation* at Oxford. But it did’nt last long.” On farther enquiry, I saw reason to congratulate myself on having a guide so well acquainted with the traditions and localities of the place, and gathered from him the following particulars. His ancestors had been tenants in the village for many generations; and he himself had spent the early part of his life in Cumnor Hall, which was pulled down about fifteen years since. The foundations are still remaining, and mark out the exact shape and dimensions of the Hall. It was a quadrangle, seventy or eighty feet square, entered by a gateway on the north side. The stair-case, in the adjoining corridor of which the tragedy is supposed to have been acted, was in the angle at the right of the entrance; and in the south-western angle was, as my cicerone informed me, a richly carved room, which always went by the name of “Lady Dudley’s Chamber,” and which had the reputation of being haunted. None of the family would go into it after dark; but, said my honest informant, “I lived in the house a good many years, man and boy; and must say I never *seed* nor heard anything strange about it,

The house looked like one of the colleges at Oxford, and had a wondrous sight of carved work in it, and painted glass in the windows, and was fit for a gentleman to live in ; but it was thought to be haunted, and folks imagined they heard strange noises there ; and latterly, nobody but farmers and such like lived in it." As for Tony Fire-the-fagot, he was a real personage, whose memory is still execrated among the villagers, for his parsimony and acts of oppression, of which my guide recounted a few. The most conspicuous monument in the church is one in the chancel to the memory of this same Anthony Foster, with a brass plate bearing his effigies engraved upon it, along with those of his wife and three children. He is represented as a knight cased in armour, in a kneeling attitude, with his hands uplifted in prayer, his helmet being laid aside. A long and tedious eulogy is engraved beneath, setting forth in Latin the rare virtues of his character and his exemplary piety. The instrument begins with the words ANTONIUS FOSTER ; while that of his wife commences with ANNA ROMOLDA WILLIAMS. So much for this worthy gentleman, whom the author of Kenilworth has immortalized in his tale. The stained glass of the Hall has all been destroyed, with the exception of a small piece which is inserted in a window of the church. It represents a female kneeling by the side of a chair in the act of devotion.

From the wall of the church-yard, the ground gradually slopes towards the west, and commands a most extensive view in that direction as well as to the south, over a gently undulating country. A little distance below the ruins, the surface again becomes level, and is adorned with hedges and ancient elms ; but soon slopes off in a long and gradual descent, till it is lost in the immense plain which stretches to the farthest verge of the horizon. Here, then, was the beautiful Countess immured in splendid captivity, happily ignorant of the treacherous game her ambitious lord was playing, the stake of which was a participation of the throne with his imperial mistress. Here, too, if the surmises of historians can be relied on, she perished, at least with the connivance of the illustrious Leicester, her wedded husband. Sitting on

the wall of the church-yard, as the bright sun was sinking into the west, and all around was tranquil, save the sky-larks which were pouring out their wild warblings ; as I looked down on the ruins of Cumnor Hall, I could not help thinking over the circumstances of the tragedy, of which this spot had been the scene, and the story of which has been so affectingly narrated by the historical novelist. On a farther examination of the ruins, I found a deep arched vault beneath the corridor, which led to the fatal stair-case, now partly filled with rubbish. It was now nearly sunset, and I sat out on my return. On reaching the summit of the hill I have before described, I once more paused to enjoy the beautiful prospect it commands ; and resuming my walk, arrived in the evening at my lodgings.

A stranger must expect to meet with annoyances—what situation in life is without its annoyances?—from the menials attached to the different colleges, who are wonderfully officious in offering their services. If he pauses in his walk to look at a building, or to study out and admire at his leisure the quaint devices and grotesque imagery on an ancient chapel ; immediately a guide is at his elbow proffering his services to conduct him through it. If they are rejected, he begs *his honour* to give him something for the services he *would have* rendered. I have generally had them hanging about me during my walks among the colleges, effectually dispelling by their importunities the delightful reveries one is so fond of cherishing among these classick shades. They swarm in every quadrangle, and about every gate, giving you information which you had before, and tormenting you at every step with their officiousness ; and in conclusion, demand a reward for the trouble they give you. Were a stranger to surrender himself to their guidance, ten dollars would scarcely suffice to pay for his pilotage through the buildings of the University. Of the insolence of some of them I had a taste, in visiting the famous Clarendon Printing Office. One of the operators began very officiously to show me the mysteries of a common stereotype plate, and to explain the most common operations of printing. I shook him off, know-

ing that it was only a prelude to a demand on my purse, and passed on. After making the circuit of the room, in which there were nearly twenty presses at work, I was going out, when my persecutor left his press, and stepped between me and the door—"Well, Sir, if you understand these matters, as you say you do, you'll give something towards the funds of the University press?" Not feeling in a humour to encourage such impudence, I put him aside; and as I went out, heard him shut the door after me with great violence, and set up a loud hoot of derision. This is a solitary specimen of the manners of English menials employed about any public establishment. All delicacy, all sense of shame or honourable feeling in them, is extinguished, by this universal spirit of beggary and extortion. It renders them crouching and servile where money is expected, and impudent in the last degree when they are disappointed. Let travellers in America see to this, before it is too late. Let them religiously abstain from *feeing* waiters, and stage drivers, and servants of every description, if they would not destroy all self-respect in these classes of our population, and ultimately render them as shameless and as impudent as the same classes in England, besides entailing on posterity a nuisance and a curse.

Saturday, June 5.—After calling on a few of my friends, I prepared to return to London. All the early coaches arriving full, I was obliged to wait till the afternoon before I could secure a seat; and then it was in a coach which returned by the road I had travelled a few days before. I arrived in London about eight, and took up my residence in my former lodgings.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LONDON—A LAZY PARSON—SPRING AND LANGAN—ANNIVERSARY OF CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S—PREACHER AT AUDLEY CHAPEL—BALLOONING—ASCENT FROM PENTONVILLE.

Sunday, June 6.—This morning I attended service at Christ Church, Newgate Street, where a very large and attentive audience was assembled as usual. The number of communicants present must have amounted to near four hundred. It was Whitsunday, and we had a most excellent discourse adapted to the season, from the Rector, Mr. Crowther. I had the pleasure of an introduction to him after the service was over, and was favourably impressed with his good sense and agreeable manners.

The congregation and performance at Mary-le-bone chapel in the afternoon were in all respects a contrast to those in the morning. The parson mumbled over the service in a most languishing style, lazily reclining on one side of the desk. His knees were too stiff to allow him to kneel; and it seemed too mighty an effort for him to bow at the name of Jesus. He had a fine voice, but was really too indolent to give it any force; and so let it flow gently and softly through the lessons and collects, with a most delightfully composing effect on his fifty auditors. His sermon was far better than I had anticipated from such a beginning; indeed, the quantity of good divinity contained in it, together with the intermixture of certain phrases which had a strong smack of antiquity, led to some most uncharitable doubts how much of it was his own. He was certainly to be commended, however, for the judgment displayed in the selection.

Tuesday, June 8th.—A hawker is now under my window, bawling—"A true account of the fight between Spring and Langan for £500." This took place this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and sixty miles from London. It is now 10 in the

evening. In the space of *seven* hours, then, the battle has been fought—the intelligence has been transmitted 60 miles—thousands of hand-bills have been struck off, and are now selling in all quarters of the town.—This rage for prize-fighting is detestably prevalent; and the merits of the different heroes of the ring compose the common topic of coffee-house discussion, the cant and slang of which are intolerable. But the magistrates are beginning to interfere; and there is, in many quarters, an evident disposition to break up the sport. It is a disgrace to the country, and in point of vulgar brutality is not a whit better than the bull-fights of old Spain, or the bear-baiting of Queen Bess' days. A show of gladiators, did the laws permit such an exhibition, would bring the rabble together by myriads.

Thursday, June 10.—I sat out this morning in a drenching rain, to attend the anniversary of the charity children of the metropolis in St. Paul's. By a happy slip of memory, I left my ticket at home; and without it, there was no admission. In London, the consideration of distance is sometimes rather formidable, particularly when the pavement is smoking with a copious shower. However, I accomplished my six miles; and arrived, if not in very elegant plight, at least in season for the exhibition. Entering the cathedral at the western door, and ascending the stairs which led to a temporary platform sloping towards the east, a most imposing spectacle presented itself. Between the point where I stood and the choir, a distance of 300 feet, the nave was filled with a dense mass of spectators, amounting to at least five or six thousand. The children, said to be about six thousand in number, were ranged on benches disposed in an octagonal form under the great dome, of which I counted sixteen or eighteen rows rising like stairs one above another. They were all dressed in the uniform of the several schools, and were disposed as methodically as the companies of a regiment. All were decorated with badges; and as the children of each school took possession of the seats allotted to them, the head boy fixed their standard, blazoned with some appropriate device, on the highest seat occupied by the class. I

am told that in the different charity schools, the costume adopted on their first institution has been retained ever since ; and as some of them are a century or two old, the tight breeches of a span long, and the full-skirted, collarless coats, which are to be seen in Hogarth's engravings, or the early embellished editions of Pope and Addison, are still worn by the children of the parochial schools. The girls were generally dressed in white, and made a neat appearance in their simple costume, and close cambrick caps ; although it is difficult to conceive why this latter unnecessary part of their dress is retained, unless through a cherished veneration for ancient usages. Besides the regular cathedral service, performed by the ordinary choir, the children joined in the choral parts of the Coronation Anthem and the Grand Hallelujah Chorus, and in Old Hundred. The effect was not very musical ; but the utterance of so many thousand infant voices together on such an occasion, under the mighty dome of St. Paul's, was impressive to say the least. It excited emotions of a higher character than the stirrings of mere musical sensibility. The organ, large and powerful as it is, was scarcely audible amidst the echoing of human voices. A temporary pulpit was placed in the centre beneath the dome, in which the Bishop of Exeter preached, I suppose ; for not a rumour of a sound was wafted to the place where I stood. The spectacle was altogether a most imposing one : the numbers present could not have been less than 10,000 ; and yet the cathedral appeared capable of containing as many more.

On the following Sunday, I attended service in St. Martin's in-the-fields, where a numerous congregation was assembled. It being Trinity Sunday, we had an appropriate and well-digested discourse on the Trinity. In the afternoon of the same day, I strayed into a chapel in South Audley Street. This being in the fashionable part of the town, is fitted up in a neat manner, with lined pews, and a superior style of accommodations. I could not learn the preacher's name, but was much struck with the piety and earnestness of his performances. His reading was admirable : he entered into the spirit and meaning of the scriptures, and therefore read them

eloquently. His style of preaching too, was animated, practical, and sincere ; and although no remarkable degree of talent was evinced in his discourse, it was impressive in no common degree, from the engagedness of the preacher. There are two kinds of animation in preaching ; one, wherein the preacher does *not* feel his subject, and therefore *assumes* the tones and gestures, and impassioned delivery of a man in earnest. The other is when he *does* feel it—when he is really in earnest—when he is enforcing some truth which has deeply occupied his meditations ; and then he becomes truly eloquent, notwithstanding perhaps a bad voice and an ungraceful delivery. The eloquence of the former is studied, artificial, often pompous ; and falls coldly on the ear. That of the latter is plain, direct, natural and sincere ; and therefore descends into the heart. The hearers fix their eyes immoveably on the speaker—they follow him through all his illustrations—they weigh his arguments—they attend him to the conclusion—they forget the preacher in the subject ; and no part of the discourse escapes their notice. It is only men of this stamp, who are, or can be, truly eloquent in the pulpit. It is not enough for them to know that they are uttering truth ; they must feel that it is *important* truth ; and the impression must be strong upon them at the moment of delivery, or “ their words will return unto them void.”

Thursday, June 17th.—Ballooning is now all the rage in the metropolis. Harris' misfortune in breaking his neck, and “ the sudden fall of the Stocks,”* as the papers have the pun, seem to have inspired a wonderful ardor in the æronauts to emulate the exploits of these unlucky adventurers. Three or four have ascended from the environs of London and the neighbouring places, within a few weeks ; and others

* The name of the young lady who ascended with Harris a few weeks ago, and *descended* with much greater alacrity. She was taken up insensible, lying across the dead body of Harris, who was killed on the spot. By her account of the matter, they lost their presence of mind, and by mistake opened the great valve, when the balloon descended with great violence, and produced the above mentioned catastrophe.

are advertised. In short, all the inhabitants are likely to turn Phaetons, if they can manufacture gas enough to overcome the natural gravitation between solid roast beef, and this material mundane sphere. And doubtless it would be a most delightful recreation to get away occasionally from this dirty world, and soar above the clouds, if the mode of return could be always equally agreeable.—Happening to see in the papers that Graham was to make a trip to-day to the moon, from Pentonville, I contrived to be in that quarter of the metropolis at the hour of starting, which was three in the afternoon. The *mobile* were fast gathering, and even patrician carriages were pulling up in long array in Chapel-street, fronting the White Conduit House.—Around me was a motley group of countrymen, butchers, bakers, bricklayers, coalmen, cobblers, tinkers, gypsies, and I know not what, whom the spectacle had drawn together—this being one of those matters which cannot be transacted behind a curtain. A three-shilling ticket was however necessary for getting admission into *the garden*, to witness the process of filling, and the liberation of the bubble. I got a very good stand a few rods from the scene of action, where I could avail myself of an iron railing to peep over heads, and observe the movements in the camp. While expectation was on tip-toe, a delectable concert arose in my neighbourhood, of hawkers of cakes and small beer, blind fiddlers, music-grinders, showmen, and squalling brats, scolding drabs, and swearing coachmen. The tops of the houses were manned and *womaned* for many a square; and from my elevation on the fence, nothing was visible down Penton Street into the New Road, on one side, and into the fields and brick-yards, where the *canaille* had posted themselves, on the other, but a dense mass of horses, and carriages, and waggons, and carts, all converted into posts of observation, mingled with thousands of pedestrians of both sexes. “No man could say this is my wife;” and in truth, they were generally of a description not to be hastily claimed. The hour of three passed, and the hour of four came, and no appearance of the balloon. Between five and six, a loud *hurrah* announced that it was nearly filled,

and the top of it was visible, swaying hither and thither in the wind, in shape and colour not unlike a mammoth pumpkin. It was of alternate stripes of white and yellow silk, disposed like the ribs or ridges of that very desirable fruit. At last, it seemed to be fully expanded, and strained and tugged vehemently for liberation. A gun was now fired, and a pilot sent up to ascertain the currents. It shot off obliquely before a strong northerly wind, and was quickly out of sight. Another shout from the gardens announced that the important moment had arrived. The rope was cut, and the machine began to rise. Owing to the strong wind, the ascent was very oblique—a block of houses concealed it for a moment; but when it emerged, it was just clearing the chimneys, and moving with a steady and even majestic motion. Two men stood up in the car, waving their hats and flags, and were answered by the cheers of the spectators. The balloon took a direction to the southward, immediately over the city. For the first eight minutes, the line of motion was nearly direct, so that the machine appeared to the eye to stand still. The discharge of ballast then caused it to rise rapidly; and passing for a moment behind a few shreds of light, fleecy, semi-transparent clouds, it emerged again into the bright rays of the sun. Its size appeared now greatly diminished—the car was no longer visible; and as the sun shone full on the glittering bauble, it was an object quite worth looking at, especially when it was considered that it bore two human beings, voyagers through the trackless air. It was distinctly visible for five or six minutes more, when a heavy cloud came driving down from the north, and concealed it finally from the view, about fifteen minutes after it had left its moorings.

Mr. Graham and his companion, Capt. Beaufoy, returned to town last evening, and report as follows:—that in five minutes, they entirely lost sight of the earth—a circumstance much to be admired, as the balloon was plainly seen for a quarter of an hour.—Mr. G. got into a cloud which was particularly “dense and gloomy.”—This may be; but it appeared to a mundane spectator particularly fleecy and transparent;

and in evidence that it really was so, it did not hide the balloon for a moment. "The machine now ascended rapidly, and I felt warmer."—This was when he was traversing the belt of fine blue sky, during the last few minutes that he was visible, and the sun was shining full upon him. There was a cloud *beneath* him, it is certain ; but had he turned his eyes towards Pentonville, he might have seen his starting place plainly enough.—He describes the clouds which rolled below as "looking like huge mountains of dirty ice," and estimates his greatest elevation at two and a half miles. At length he opened the valve, and began to descend ; and throwing out his grapplings, he brought up in a field near Tunbridge, thirty-three miles from London, having been one hour and three minutes in the air.

The first aerial voyage ever made since the exploit of Dædalus, was in 1783 ; and it is remarkable that the one of longest continuance—that of Mr. Testu—was only three years later. He was twelve hours in the air, from four in the afternoon till four in the morning, including two descents, at each of which he stayed only a few minutes. Since that time, ballooning seems to have retrograded ; and aeronauts now appear to think that they have done a memorable exploit, when they have floated about for an hour or two in the air.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REV. CHRISTOPHER BENSON—ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN—REV. H. H. MILMAN—HOUSE OF COMMONS—MR. HUME—MR. HOBHOUSE—LORD EASTNOR—SIR F. BURDETT—SIR J. NEWPORT—MR. C. HUTCHINSON—ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY—MR. STEPHEN—T. MACAULY, ESQ.—DR. LUSHINGTON—MR. WILBERFORCE—DUKE OF GLOUCESTER—REMARKS ON THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Sunday, June 20.—Among the preachers now in London, none is more likely to establish a lasting reputation than the

Rev. Christopher Benson, of Trinity College, Cambridge. He has lately left the University to take possession of his living of St. Giles', where he is every day becoming more and more an object of attraction, by the unaffected eloquence of his pulpit exercises. He preached this morning at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in behalf of the National School; and if my expectations had been highly raised by the commendations I had heard bestowed upon him at Cambridge, where he was greatly admired as well as loved, they were not disappointed when I came to hear him. His discourse, on St. Paul's instruction to parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was partly intended to expose the mischiefs of ignorance, and of the want of *religious* instruction in particular, in the dense population of the metropolis. He certainly must be ranked in the highest order of preachers,—serious, earnest, pathetic. Here is no study of stage effect—here are no practised attitudes—no scarcely audible whispers—no affected tremulousness of tones, or flourishing gesticulations, to give a set off to ordinary thoughts, expressed in common language; these are the tricks of second-rate orators; but Mr. Benson is above them. His great recommendations are, thorough, heart-felt seriousness—a complete forgetting of himself in the magnitude of his subject—a power of clothing striking thoughts in the happiest language, and illustrating them by just, and often original images; and finally a voice so affectingly plaintive and musical, that it takes the ear captive, before you have time to become interested in the matter of the discourse. There is an earnestness, too, in his manner, which prevents you from observing that his delivery is not remarkably graceful, although it is by no means strikingly deficient in this quality. I do not remember to have heard a more happy close to a sermon. Two or three sentences, uttered in subdued and almost melancholy accents, brought the feelings of the audience to the very point at which the preacher had aimed, and the tears sprung unbidden into almost every eye. Heaven grant to this accomplished christian orator a longer season of usefulness, than his apparently slender constitution seems

to promise. His age may be about thirty-five. In person he is rather tall and spare; and his complexion, naturally dark, is bilious and sallow, from apparent ill health.

St. Paul's is a plain, heavy church, of Doric architecture, built of Portland stone, after designs by Inigo Jones. It was burnt about thirty years since; at least, the interior of it; but has been restored on the original plan. The ceiling is flat, and not very lofty; and as the organ is more powerful than sweet, its tones were sometimes painfully loud. The organist might have reduced the length of his dull voluntaries, without the least disadvantage. A comparison of English organs with those of American manufacture, would probably result in the conviction, that among the smaller instruments, there was no material difference in the quality of the tone. Of the larger and more complicated ones, the English are unquestionably preferable to ours.

In the afternoon, I walked in the rain to Percy Chapel, where I found a very thin congregation—heard the service badly read, and an indifferent sermon badly delivered.

The next day, I had the pleasure of an interview with the poet Milman. There is nothing in his personal appearance to arrest attention at first. His stature is above the middling size, and well-proportioned; his complexion dark; his face of an oval shape, and expressive of the qualities of mildness and benevolence. His eye discovers nothing of the "fine frenzy" of the poet, but rather thoughtfulness and quiet attention. On my alluding to his works, and the extensive popularity they enjoyed in America, he seemed to evade the subject, although he was not aware of their having been re-published in that country; and led the conversation to something else. He has lately taken possession of his living at Reading, and appears to be devoted to the duties of the sacred profession. His manners, so far as I had an opportunity of observing them, are modest and retiring; and betray none of the self-complacency of the successful poet.

Thursday, June 24th.—It having been reported that Sir Francis Burdett would bring forward a motion this evening, in relation to the state of slavery in the islands, I went to the

house about four, and got a comfortable seat in the gallery. Hume had possession of the floor, and was followed by Brougham and Grattan, in short speeches. Who has not heard of that most tiresome of all blunderers, the persevering, but always baffled, and never disconcerted Radical, Hume? He is a hard-pated, ponderous looking man, with a coarse, unintellectual face and bull neck; and speaks on in one unvaried, eternal, monotonous strain, whether the house will hear him or not.—Grattan is a son of the late eminent member of that name. I had just got composed in my seat, and was ready to give ear to the wisdom about to be uttered, when a division of some question was called for, and strangers were ordered to withdraw. The galleries were about half cleared, when the matter was decided without dividing the house. In the reflux of the tide, I was fortunate enough to be carried back so near the front, as to enable me to hear and see to advantage. Order being restored,

MR. HOBHOUSE brought up a petition relative to the prison discipline in Horsemonger lane, a little famous just at this moment, as the residence of Mr. O'Callaghan, who has been shut up in durance vile for assaulting a clergyman. Hobhouse is known as the companion and intimate friend of Lord Byron. He is a very common sort of a speaker—his language and ideas are all of the common stamp; and his discretion apparently none of the best. He spoke nearly half an hour, and reflected severely on the Surry magistrates, before whom the trial of O'Callaghan was held. He was followed by Denison, Maberly, Peel, Grattan, Sir Robert Wilson, Lord Eastnor, and Sir F. Burdett, in speeches of various length. Sir Robert Wilson is rather slender, and of a swarthy complexion; there is nothing in his personal appearance to indicate the chivalrous spirit he is known to possess. He speaks with animation, and now and then with much point and force.

LORD EASTNOR, a son of the Earl of Somers, is a diffident, and apparently amiable man. He rose, because he had been very pointedly alluded to by Mr Hobhouse, as chairman pro tempore on the commitment of O'Callaghan; and in a few words, explained and justified their proceedings.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT was on his feet very frequently in the course of the debates. His figure is on the whole rather singular,—tall, slender, and erect; with a head quite protuberant and square at the top of the forehead. His features are sharp and diminutive. In addressing the house, he seems to be embarrassed at first, turning from side to side, and sawing the air with measured strokes; but this awkwardness of manner soon wears off. He is not an eloquent speaker—he has a drawling, hesitating manner, as if at a loss for words or ideas; or having too many, was perplexed in the choice. The former appeared to be the case.

MR. ABERCROMBIE rose, with a very modest petition from this same O'Callaghan, for the amendment of the prison laws, he having found them vastly inconvenient in his particular instance.

SIR JOHN NEWPORT, a little, spare, aged man, spoke once or twice with more fire and intellectual vigour than his age and personal appearance promised; indeed, he was one of the best speakers I heard this evening. Sir James Macintosh was also once on the floor, and spoke for a few minutes. Neither his broad Scotch accent, nor ungraceful delivery, can prevent one from listening with pleasure to his fluent, well chosen language, and chastened eloquence.

The order for the day was at last called for; but Mr. C. Hutchinson rose to call for evidence on the state of Ireland to be laid before the house; and made a long and intolerably dry speech, which nearly emptied the benches. He was replied to by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Goulburn from the treasury bench, both rather agreeable speakers. We had again to quit the gallery when they came to divide on the motion of Mr. H.—A quorum was wanting, and the house adjourned a little before eight.

Friday, June 25th.—To day has been held the first annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, in Freemason's Hall. The politeness of one of my friends had supplied me with a ticket for the platform, which overlooks the assembly. The Hall was filled by twelve, and I could perceive a large number of broad brims, and ash-coloured bonnets, intermingled

with the audience, and indeed, composing a considerable part of it. Some fair hands were busy in scraping pens, cutting pencils, and arranging their apparatus for taking notes. A few minutes past twelve, the duke of Gloucester entered amidst loud cheering, followed by Mr. Wilberforce, Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Smith, and other distinguished champions of emancipation. The Duke bowed all the way to the chair, and with much grace. He is a portly person, with a fair complexion, a nose like that which the engravings give to George II., and the prominent eyes which are characteristick of the royal family. His countenance is more indicative of good nature than of strong intelligence. While the Report was reading, our eccentric countryman J——R—— of Virginia entered, and took his seat on the platform. I expected nothing less than a speech from him, but was disappointed, as he left the hall after sitting for an hour or two.

The Report, which was long and ably drawn up, was read by young Wilberforce, in a very handsome manner; after which, various motions were offered, supported by speeches from different members. The following were among the persons who took a part in the debate:

HON. AGAR ELLIS—a slender, pale man, who made a short and sufficiently sensible speech. It was evident, however, from his embarrassed manner, that he was but little accustomed to speaking in publick.

MR. STEPHEN. This is one of those veterans, who, with Mr. Wilberforce, distinguished themselves so nobly in the war of the abolition. Since that event, he has continued to give his attention to the subject of West-Indian slavery; and has lately published a large volume, designed to facilitate the labours of the abolitionists, by arraying the publick feeling of the island against the institution of slavery. He is tall and erect, with a look of great animation and vivacity, and a keen, flashing eye. In some passages of his address, he spoke with a degree of vehemence and feeling not often witnessed. While commenting on the infamous trial of Smith the missionary, by a court-martial, his feelings quite got the

mastery over him. He adverted to "the non-admission of the evidence of slaves in a court of justice, where the life or property of a white person was at stake : but we have seen, said he, that it is sufficient to swear away the life of a christian missionary, and that, too, when given under the influence of the fear of death."

HON. BAPTISTE NOEL.—Bad taste seems to be the besetting sin of this young speaker.—"If a West Indian planter had heard this moment of an act of parliament, directing the immediate emancipation of all the slaves in the islands, he could not have been more thunderstruck than he was himself, at being called upon to support the motion before the meeting." However, after this rhetorical flourish, he went on in better style, and made some very sensible observations before he sat down. He is very fluent, but uses too many words; and appears not to possess the art of arranging his thoughts according to any method.

THOMAS MACAULAY—a son of Z. Macaulay, Esq. one of the most indefatigable promoters of the cause of the abolition. This young and most promising speaker was graduated a few years since at Cambridge, where he was esteemed the most eloquent orator in the University. He is now preparing for the bar, with an intensesness of application, which, aided by his superior talents, will hereafter render him a conspicuous actor on the public stage, if his life is spared. His speech to-day was his first essay before a London audience; and he acquitted himself admirably. He was sometimes vehement, sometimes pathetic, and in two or three passages, bitterly ironical. His speech was long and loudly applauded.

LORD CALTHORPE followed; but he has been so often introduced in these pages, that the reader must already be well acquainted with him.

TAYLOR MONEY, Esq. delivered a short and sensible address, which however contained nothing worthy of particular notice.

DR. LUSHINGTON, a member of parliament, and one of the champions of the late Queen on her trial, next occupied the floor. He is of the middling size, rather slender in per-

son, with a pensive and almost melancholy expression of countenance. The tones of his voice, too, are solemn, melodious and pathetic. Alluding to the proceedings of the government of Demerara, in the case of Smith the missionary, who, it will be recollected, was cruelly imprisoned, and expired in a dungeon, though one of the most blameless of men; he said,—“I never heard before, that in a country under the sway of British justice, a desolate widow was denied the mournful privilege of following the remains of her husband to the grave. I never heard before, of an order from an executive government, to prostrate the humble memorial, which the hand of widowed affection had raised over the last sanctuary of the dead. I did not know, that British law permitted the spirit of vengeance and immortal hate to persecute its defenceless and broken-hearted victims to such an extremity as this. The tale of such transactions sounds strangely in British ears.”—These, and similar observations uttered in the peculiar, deep, and melancholy accents of the speaker, wrought powerfully on the sympathies of the audience, and affected most of them to tears. The powers of Dr. L. as an orator are certainly of no common stamp.

WILLIAM SMITH, Esq., a member of parliament, is another veteran in the warfare of abolition. His voice is deep and powerful, and he manages it with good effect. As a speaker, he showed considerable talent.

MR. WILBERFORCE rose next, but it was a minute or two before the cheering subsided sufficiently to allow his voice to be heard. He began with congratulating his young friends on their early enlistment in the cause of humanity; and paid a deserved compliment to his compeers, who had stood by him in the long and doubtful struggle to procure the abolition of the slave-trade—the deliverance of those who were desolate and oppressed. His manner has as little of art or study as can be imagined—it is rather nervous and agitated—his gestures are quick and angular; and in his more animated and triumphant moments, he flourishes his arms aloft, erecting his head from its usually drooping posture. Every thing he uttered had the appearance of coming warm from the heart,

which seems to be the very throne of kind affections—the sanctuary of the afflicted. It is said that age and infirmities have, in some degree, impaired his intellectual vigour ; but of this, no traces were perceptible on the present occasion. It is rare to find so much enthusiasm in a man of his years—he having accomplished his three score and ten.

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN, a respectable looking Quaker, made a short address in the tones of “ the meeting,” seconding Mr. W.’s motion of thanks to his Royal Highness—a motion, which was carried by all rising with loud cheers. The chairman acknowledged the honour in the usual terms, and made an address, with some good things in it indifferently expressed. The tones of his voice are musical and pleasant to the ear ; but his articulation is rather indistinct. He left the chair amidst the cheers of the assembly, which immediately broke up, between four and five in the afternoon.

The friends of negro emancipation are now organized throughout the country, and communicate with each other through the medium of the parent society in London.— Their professed object is, to influence parliament, through public opinion, to adopt decisive measures in relation to slavery in the islands. The members of the various associations are already honoured with the nick-name of “ Saints,” and a variety of other contemptuous appellations, by the West-Indian party : but they have been long accustomed to abuse, and are not the kind of men to be arrested in their march of benevolence by such small artillery. Yet it is to be regretted that they do not proceed more in a spirit of conciliation. There was nothing of this in the speeches I heard ; but much to irritate and inflame the feelings of those interested in West-India property. Their excuse for this is, that conciliatory measures have been long tried, and been repaid only with insult and defiance ; and that it only remains to carry the point by open war. Commercial considerations are also mixed up with the question of emancipation, and not without effect. The high protecting duties laid on East-India sugars, to enable the West-India planters to bring theirs to an English market, are not forgotten in the discussion—duties,

which subject the consumers to a tax of a million and a half sterling annually, and which is represented as a premium taken from the pockets of the English, to encourage West-Indian slavery. The abolitionists disclaim any wish for *immediate* emancipation;—they only contend, that measures should be immediately taken to procure a gradual, but certain abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions. The time for accomplishing this event is probably not many years distant.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A HIGHLANDER—DINNER AT LORD C—'S—CONVERSATION—ANECDOTE OF FOX—DR. R.—LONDON CRUELTY—LOCK HOSPITAL—DR. THORP—RIDE TO BATH—READING—NEWBERRY—MARLBOROUGH—BARROWS—MELKSHAM—BATH.

Sunday, June 27th.—A Highlander, in full costume, is as much an object of attention in London, as he would be in New York. While passing along High Holborn this morning, I saw one of uncommon stature. He was considerably above six feet in height, well-proportioned, and muscular; and had altogether the look of a most powerful man. From the middle of his thigh to the calf of his leg was bare. He was pacing along the street towards the Caledonian chapel with a lady under each arm, between whom his assiduous and gallant attentions were divided. The Londoners who happened to be going that way, paused a moment to look at him, as they would at any other strange sight. I entered St. Andrew's, and heard the service extremely well performed. The congregation was large, every part of the church being full; and the sermon highly practical and pertinent, though not, in other respects, remarkable. I was less fortunate in the afternoon at Quebec chapel, where the congregation was far from being numerous, and the services were performed in no very edifying manner.

The next day, I had the honour of dining at the table of Lord C——, in company with the two Macaulays, Dr. Lushington, Hon. F. Calthorpe and his lady, and a few others of distinction in the political or literary world. I happened to sit next to Dr. L. whom I found one of the most agreeable of men, and whose ardent character is tempered apparently by a very amiable disposition. One of the company observed, in the course of the conversation, “that he sat near Mr. Canning, while Sir James Macintosh was speaking in favour of the recognition of South American Independence; and that Mr. Canning’s features betrayed perfect mental agony—he could give it no other name. The minister felt that he was obliged to evade the subject, when his individual wishes were in favour of the recognition. He was restrained by the cautious policy of the cabinet, and felt embarrassed how to reply to the arguments and enquiries of Sir James.”—“What do you think was Mr. C.’s opinion in the affair of the missionary Smith?” (This had lately been strongly agitated in parliament, where it produced great sensation, connected as it is with the subject of West-Indian slavery.) “Oh! as to that I cannot say: he probably would not form any private judgment—he was tied, hand and foot, by the majority in the cabinet.” Dr. L. said, that in his view; “Mr. Canning and Mr. Brougham were, beyond all comparison, the best speakers in the House of Commons. Mr. C. has improved astonishingly within the last ten or twelve years. In the early part of his political career, he was not at all remarkable.” “You heard Fox and Pitt, and Sheridan, and Burke, in the days of their glory.” “Yes, a hundred times.”—“How does Mr. Canning compare with them as an orator?”—“O, he is fully equal to the best of them; there has never been his superior in parliament, unless it was Lord Chatham, and probably not even he.” Lord C—— observed, that “Brougham was the only speaker he ever heard, *who took away his breath*. This was the case when Mr. B. opened his defence of the Queen; and the other day, when he arraigned, in such a terrible manner, the proceedings in Demerara.” Speaking of Lord Holland, one of the company ob-

served, "that he used to think him a caricature of Charles Fox. He strongly resembled him in his person, and his style of speaking was greatly similar." "But, surely, Fox did not stammer and hesitate in his delivery, as Lord H. does?" Dr. L.—"O yes, only a great deal worse. His thoughts came so thick and fast, that they actually choked him. Such a multitude of images and expressions arose in his mind at the same time, that he hesitated in the choice; he boggled, and stammered, until utterance entirely failed, in some of his most animated flights; and then he would often stop and *whistle*, till he could arrange his ideas."—Our dinner was of course elegantly served up; and the evening passed away most agreeably, after the first formalities were over. I was a little mortified at having my Yankee origin detected, by my omitting to give the full sound of *sh*, in the word "pronunciation."

Another agreeable evening was passed, not long after, at the house of Mr. Macaulay. I observed to Mrs. M. that we had great speculations in America as to the originals of Stanley and his family in *Cœlebs*, but that Mr. Wilberforce had the credit of being the prototype of Sir. John. This, she said was incorrect; the Stanley family were probably creatures of Mrs. More's own imagination. Some traits of character were undoubtedly selected from those she observed among her friends; but the *composition* was all her own.

A gentleman present remarked, that when the late Dr. R—— of New-York was in this country, three or four years ago, he was invited to take a part at the anniversary of the Bible Society. The speeches on those occasions must necessarily be short—not over five or ten minutes; as there are many speakers, and the reading of the report occupies at least an hour. Nevertheless, the Dr., nothing daunted, appeared resolved to make the most of the opportunity; and after a long exordium, proceeded to distribute the matter he had to offer under *four heads*, as he would have arranged the divisions of a Bible Society sermon. He was heard through the first division, which occupied a full half hour; and was beginning to announce the sub-divisions under the *second* gene-

ral head, when the impatience of the audience, whom politeness towards a stranger had hitherto restrained, became most manifest. But the Doctor was resolute. Some coughed—others went out—and there was a general hum of disapprobation; still, the orator persisted in his labours to edify; until, at length, a friend, who had been more attentive to the state of the audience than the Doctor's zeal had permitted him to be, whispered in his ear that it was time to stop. The whole address, including the *peroration*, *improvement* and *concluding remarks*, must have occupied nearly three hours in the delivery, at the rate he had begun! I never, said our informant, observed such symptoms of impatience in that assembly.

A person, whose heart is not entirely callous to the miseries of the brute creation, will do well not to be on the lookout for objects of his commiseration, while walking the streets of London. I have long avoided Smithfield, and the region round about, on market days. Whoever has been accustomed to associate with that harmless animal, the sheep, only ideas of rural peace and gentleness, and has any bowels of compassion, will turn into another street, when he meets a flock of them going towards that "valley of Tophet"—Smithfield. The fiendish brutality of their drivers, in worrying them with dogs—striking them in the head and legs with their hard, polished sticks, in a manner to give the acutest pain without endangering their lives—the splashing and rolling of the poor animals through the mud and under the wheels—their tongues hanging out of their mouths with exhaustion, and the blood often streaming from their heads, or their legs drawn up in agony, from the blows they have received—all these are enough to make one's heart bleed for their miserable lot. Hogs and cattle, too, are treated with the same brutality; and before they reach the field of slaughter, their hides are completely lacerated by the whips of their infernal drivers. But the manner in which calves are carried to market is perhaps the most revolting to a humane mind. Their legs are all brought together, and bound so tightly with cords as to stop the circulation. In this state, they are piled into

a cart, like a load of butchered hogs, and transported twenty or thirty miles,—their heads being suffered to hang out of the cart at each end, and to beat against the frame at every jolt of the vehicle. In this state of torture, I have often met them on the road, with their eyes rolled up in the agonies of death. Many actually expire on the way, and may be seen strewed about the pavement of Smithfield on market days, where they are sold to the manufacturers of *veal pies* and *sausages*! Let a person whose nerves are strong enough to endure the sight of brute misery in all its varieties and degrees, give a few days' attendance at the markets for live stock; and he will look upon the whole tribe of butchers, drivers, carriers, &c. as no better than a hardened, relentless, unfeeling race of fiends, in human shape. I am convinced that the lowest classes of the English are either by nature or custom, cruel; nor have I formed this judgment hastily, or from a few examples. I pretend not to account for the fact; nor to say, how far they are indebted for this disposition to their boxing-matches—for every John Bull is a bruiser from his youth upwards—or to the frequency of their capital punishments, or to their bloody roast beef and porter. I only speak of the fact, as the impression has been made on my mind.

Sunday, July 4th.—To most of the charitable institutions in London, a chapel is attached for the use of the inmates, and and for the accommodation of citizens and strangers, whom curiosity or benevolent motives may attract to the place. It is generally the policy of the managers to select some popular preacher for the situation, as a means of bringing the institution into more general notice, as well as to swell the contributions which are made at the door. A part of the income is derived from this source; and many individuals attend frequently at these chapels, for the double purpose of being gratified by hearing some of the best preachers in the metropolis, and of throwing their contributions into the box. The morning preacher at the Lock Hospital, in the western suburbs of London, is at present Dr. Thorp, who is equally distinguished for talent and ministerial faithfulness. I went this

morning to the chapel, and had the pleasure of hearing him. A better preacher I have not heard in England. His mind is of a very superior order, vigorous, profound, and deeply versed in spiritual lore. Like the sermons of Barrow, John Scott, and other divines of the same class, his discourse was rich in theological matter, while it was far more attractive in the quality of style. Every thing in it displayed vigorous thought, method, fertility of invention, and an experimental as well as theoretical acquaintance with the truths of revelation, which he enforced with a plainness and closeness altogether uncommon. His thoughts were so admirably arranged, that every thing appeared in its proper place; and, contrary to the practice of third-rate preachers, he used language simply as the vehicle of ideas, and because he could not do without it. His sermon was wholly extempore; nor did he even make use of short notes to assist his recollection. It was free from the usual faults of extemporaneous discourses, viz. prosing and repetition; although he was an hour in delivering it, and his enunciation was generally rapid. It was on the Psalm, beginning,—“I waited patiently for the Lord,” &c. There is a slight impediment in his speech nearly amounting to a lisp; but this does not hinder his delivery from being animated and impressive. The audience was numerous, and paid him the most profound attention. The service was read by a young man, in a very solemn manner. The chapel is a neatly finished place of worship, sufficiently capacious to accommodate a thousand persons; and has a sweet, but not very powerful organ.

Monday evening.—*BATH*.—I have just arrived in the famed city of

Good king Bladud's healing waters—

after a pleasant ride of thirteen hours. I mounted a coach in Piccadilly early in the morning, with a young Templar for my companion, who carried Blackstone and a volume on Conveyances in his lap, to beguile the tediousness of the way. Our road lay over Hounslow heath, an extensive plain now almost entirely taken up by enclosures; and we had a fair

view of Windsor Forest and Castle on the left, as well as of the light towers and spires of Eton. The Thames at Maidenhead, where we crossed it, is very beautiful—still, placid, and verdant. Caversham Park, now under the hammer, is a most splendid seat about half a mile from the road, on an eminence, the ground in the vicinity of which is beautifully varied with hill and dale. The present proprietor is a Colonel Marseck, who has been at a great expense in augmenting the original building and beautifying the grounds. The Colonel, it seems, has grown tired of his play-thing, or has exhausted his finances on improvements. The colonnades make a fine appearance from the road, which winds along a few miles farther to Reading, a large and populous town. Before entering it, we crossed the Lodden, a small but pleasant stream, on whose bank, and quite in the borders of the town, are the ruins of Reading castle, many arches of which are still standing. Reading is a very neat town. It was the scene of warlike operations in the struggle between Charles I. and the forces of the parliament. It presents a mixture of old and new buildings, some of the latter very handsome; and may contain a population of 12,000. Newberry, a little farther on, was also the scene of a battle between the same parties. It is an old-fashioned village with very narrow streets, and built quite in an antique style. A handsome cross stands in the market-place, erected by Lord Sidmouth, in testimony, as the inscription bears, of his Lordship's gratitude to the inhabitants for six elections to parliament, and for his being thirty years honoured by the office of Recorder. On another side of the monument is engraved the story of poor Ruth Pierce's fate. She was a market-woman; and being charged with embezzling some of the profits of a sale in which she was a partner, she denied it, and "wished that God might strike her dead, if what she said was false." The appeal was answered as instantaneously as it was fatally—she dropped down and expired, and the money was found clenched in her hand. It is unnecessary to suppose a miracle in the case, as the effect might have been produced by the power of conscience alone. Hungerford and Marlbo-

rough occurred next, the latter in a deep and beautiful valley. Here we stopped to dinner at the "Castle Inn," which was once a seat of the Duke of Somerset. It still has more the air of a nobleman's residence than of an Inn, and the rear opens into grounds tastefully laid out, with gravelled walks and abundance of trees. Yet we paid rather dearly for the distinguished honour of dining in a hall, once graced by the presence of royal blood, as we were charged something less than a dollar for our slice of roast beef. The town may contain a population of three or four thousand. Before entering it, however, we passed through Saversnake forest, now more like a heath than a forest, as only a few stunted trees are left. The deer were straying about in abundance, and as tame as domestic cattle. "The White Horse" is too conspicuous an object to escape the notice of the passenger. It is nothing more nor less than the figure of a horse, formed on the side of a steep hill rising opposite to the road, by cutting off the turf, and exposing the chalky surface beneath. There is also, close to the road, in this neighbourhood, a remarkable barrow, situated in a valley, and supposed to be of Druidical origin. Fame reports it to be a mile in circumference, and to cover an area of six acres. Whether this is the just relation between an area and the length of its perimeter, I have not now the means of ascertaining; but I should judge half of the above dimensions to be nearer the truth. Its height may be between 120 and 150 feet, and in shape it resembles a haystack. Whatever may have been the purpose for which it was cast up, one cannot but admire the industry and perseverance which must have been bestowed on such a monument; for its perfect regularity demonstrates it to be artificial. I am told that there are others in the neighbourhood, only smaller in size. On the downs in this region, thousands of sheep were feeding, attended by the shepherds and their dogs; but the sight inspires any thing but poetical ideas. Here are few purling streams, and grassy glades, and sylvan arbours and shady banks, inviting the enamoured Corydon to sigh to the passing breeze the cruelty of his nut-brown Phyllis. The swain is usually a tough,

weather-beaten old shepherd, very raggedly attired, with poverty written on his brow; and the scene a wide waste of bleak downs, presenting to the eye a most cheerless prospect of barren knolls, and patches of naked clay. So much for the poetry of pastoral life. The next place was Melksham, a small hamlet situated on the margin of a stream. Melksham has lately become a place of some note, by the discovery of two springs strongly saline. The hotels and pump-room present a handsome appearance from the road. Kingsdown hill is a steep descent, by which we pitched, with locked wheels, into a very beautiful winding valley, along which the road leads to Bath four miles distant. The distance from London is 107 miles.

CHAPTER XXX.

BATH—SPRINGS—PUMP-ROOM—HUNTINGTON CHAPEL—BEECHEN CLIFF—
VIEW OF BATH AND ENVIRONS—LEGENDARY HISTORY—BEAU NASH—
SQUABBLES IN HIGH LIFE—VIEW FROM PROSPECT POINT—BATH ABBEY
—WESLEYAN CHAPEL—CHRIST CHURCH—WALK TO CLAVERTON
DOWNS—QUARRIES—ARCHITECTURE OF BATH.

Tuesday evening, July 6.—I have delivered my letters—rambled over the greater part of the city—clambered up Beacon hill—drunk water at the pump room, and established myself in very comfortable lodgings at a moderate expense. I ought to live pleasantly seeing I have taken up my quarters in “The Vineyards.” Not that I am scribbling in an arbour of vines, with the thick and ruddy clusters hanging temptingly around—very far from it. The *garden*, a strip of ground about seventeen feet broad, runs up the hill at an angle of about thirty degrees, till it butts against a wall thirty feet high. In front, is a broad, paved terrace, raised fifteen or twenty feet above the street; and my window looks out on the “Paragon Buildings,” which scarcely answer to the magnifi-

cence of the name. The atmosphere seems to be half water at least, and drizzles, and spatters, and pours alternately ; yet nobody appears to mind it.

Bath is at present a deserted place, this not being the season for visitors. A few of the maimed, the halt, and the blind, lounging about the pump room ; and here and there a gouty alderman trundled along the pavement in his Bath chair—a very comfortable piece of furniture mounted on three wheels, and either drawn or pushed by a servant—are the only signs which indicate a vicinity to the medicated waters. The time for the fashionables to make their appearance here is late in the autumn, when folly, and vice, and dissipation reign with undisputed sway.

The Bath waters are not very nauseous, notwithstanding their tepidity. Nothing is more difficult to describe than *taste*—it can be done only by comparison ; and I scarcely know with what to compare the taste of these waters. They have very little taste of any kind while passing over the palate ; but leave a slight *tang* in the throat, similar to that produced by the juice of the wild turnip diluted. They have a yellowish tinge, occasioned by the presence of a small quantity of iron, amounting it is said, to a fraction of a grain in a gallon ; and contain besides, a little carbonic acid and nitrogen gas ; a little muriate and sulphate of soda ; a little carbonate and sulphate of lime, and a little silex. The iron is in a state of oxycarbonate. The whole solid contents in a pint of water amount only to something less than *ten grains*.—a quantity too small to affect the most delicate constitution, in an uncombined state. But notwithstanding the contemptible residuum obtained by an analysis of these waters, they powerfully affect the system, as I can abundantly testify, having already drunk myself into a fever, attended by a violent head-ache. Yet, the quantity I have taken in two days is less than a pint and a half. Most assuredly, it is unsafe to swill Bath waters by the pail-full, as our gentry do those of the Ballston Spa. The effects immediately perceived are, a warmth in the chest, presently diffused through the whole system ; the pulse is quickened ; the face is flushed ; and

copious perspiration follows, if aided by exercise. Their temperature at the source varies from 112° to 116° . The effects I have experienced are such as to oblige me to desist for a day or two, or only "taste the Pierian spring." Americans, who are accustomed in their own country to drink *water* at least free of expense, whether impregnated or not, are a little surprised to learn, that they cannot even taste the Bath waters without depositing five shillings a week, or entering their names as *paupers*! It is true, the accommodations of the pump-room are very magnificent. You have a bald-headed, sleepy old man, to pump the water for you; and it spouts through a bright brass pipe; and it is handed to you by a nymph of the fountain, in the shape of a coarse, fat, polite old woman; and you may dry your fingers on a napkin; and you may walk to and fro in the pump-room, a noble Grecian temple of Bath free-stone; and look at the statue of Beau Nash, the former *Deus loci*; and you may lounge on the sofas in the semicircular recess: but after all, the water would taste quite as well, if the visiter had the privilege of catching it himself. But the English extract profit out of every thing; and the corporation of the "Aunciente and Honourable Citie of Bathe" contrive to turn the free gifts of heaven designed for the benefit of the diseased, the maimed, and the wretched, into a source of enormous profit; besides the harvest of wealth which they reap indirectly from the annual influx of all that is gay, and noble, and wealthy in the land. In fact you can neither move, breathe, speak, think, be well, be sick, die, or be buried in England, without paying roundly for it. With an income of some thousands a year, you may have all the conveniences and luxuries under heaven, except that of fair weather, which all the wealth of the Marquis of Stafford cannot help him to.

Passing one evening by the Huntington Chapel, curiosity induced me to enter. A young man from London was exhorting the congregation, which scarcely amounted to thirty. It was gratifying to see that the Antinomian S. S. had so few followers in Bath. When the speaker had concluded his observations, he proposed, that "some of the brethren pre-

sent should relate what God had done for their souls. Come, brother Fisher; can't you tell us something of your religious experience?" Brother Fisher commenced a narrative, but in so low a tone that I was unable to hear him. A young man near me, being next called upon, got up; and after some apologies for opening his mouth in the presence of those, whose age and acquaintance with the Lord's dealings were so much greater than his own, gave a common-place relation of his experience, in which there was a great deal of cant, and very little which could edify. He concluded by desiring brother Miller, "one of the fathers in Christ, to offer something for the instruction of babes in christian experience, as he professed himself to be." Brother M. spoke with more ability than his predecessors; and amongst much which was objectionable, he had some strong thoughts, and made some striking, and not inappropriate allusions to Scriptural incidents; but the tendency of each speaker to do away the moral obligations of the gospel was most observable. Their observations were all decidedly of an antinomian cast, and were calculated to strengthen each other in that pernicious delusion. The burthen of their exhortations was,—“Am I in Christ? If so, then I am safe,” but a religious frame of mind, and holiness of life, were excluded as evidences of being in Christ, or even as necessary christian attainments. The preacher spoke of “the distress of some dear servants of God, because they were not holier or better. Why, said he, you have nothing to do with growing better—it will not help forward your salvation in the least. Paul said ‘as ye have received the Lord Jesus, so walk in him;’ that is, as ye have received him as a suitable and all-sufficient Saviour, who is to do every thing for you; continue to consider him in this light only: and *let holiness alone*. Rely on him—that’s all.”—Brother Miller said of *working*, “we have nothing to do with that no more than this pew”—giving it at the same time an emphatic slap with his spacious palm. Here then was divinity with a vengeance. The disciple has only to persuade himself that he has *faith*, and he is at liberty to “work all manner of uncleanness with greediness.” Yet

there were better things said in the course of the meeting ; and I have no doubt, but that the lives of many of these Huntington antinomians are more exemplary, than their speculative faith is calculated to make them.—I left the London exhorter commenting on Brother Miller's "experience," in a disquisition, which seemed to have neither beginning, middle, nor end.

Thursday, July 8.—Fever and excessive debility have obliged me to confine my excursions for a day or two past, within narrow limits. The weather is such, however, as to offer few temptations to a pedestrian. The heavens are constantly overshadowed, and now and then a copious shower relieves the sameness of the thick drizzle, with which the atmosphere is loaded. Under such circumstances, time passes heavily enough. Some languid hours I contrive to despatch over the pages of Griscom, who appears to be a plain matter-of-fact man, describing with fidelity the objects and events which came under his own observation.

The weather clearing up about noon, which it often does after a rainy morning, I made an excursion to Beechen Cliff, across the Avon directly south of the city. This is a bold, precipitous bluff, nearly two hundred feet high, rising immediately in front of Bath bridge, which crosses the Avon at the base of the hill ; and overlooks almost every house in the place. The prospect indeed is a perfect panorama. A thin, transparent veil of smoke hung gracefully over the mass of buildings which lay beneath ; and the declining sun, now shining out with uncommon lustre, revealed one of the most beautiful scenes in the world. The north bank of the Avon, on which Bath is situated, rises by an ascent gradual at first, but soon becoming very steep as it recedes from the river. The streets are necessarily irregular, in conformity to the variety and steepness of the surface. On the side of Beacon hill, they rise one above another, the houses in those above overlooking those below ; while in other quarters, they wind about with a graceful irregularity, presenting new and various points of view at every step. From the summit of the cliff where I stood, the whole city with its beautiful environs, and

the picturesque hills by which it is surrounded and overtopped, lay spread out before me. Far up the ascent to the north-west, stretched the splendid range of buildings in Lansdowne Crescent, with a delightful green lawn in front sloping rapidly down to All Saints' Chapel—a picturesque Gothic structure embosomed among trees. A little to the right is Lansdowne Grove—a thick mass of verdure, interspersed with white cottages and mansions, extending quite to the top of Beacon-hill, itself a prominent and pleasing object in the view. The Royal Crescent appears again on the left, a noble semicircular range of houses in a fine style of architecture; with its verdant Crescent Fields spread out in front—all looking towards the south, and all seen to the best advantage from this spot, which, one might fancy, was raised by the Creator as a chosen point of vision over the most beautiful city in the island. Directly to the north and nearer the river, where the slope approaches more nearly to a level, is huddled together a dense mass of buildings browned by smoke; in the midst of which the Abbey church rears its hoary bulk. The Avon above the city can be traced only by the line of houses and shops on its banks; but after passing under Bath bridge, it steals away with a gentle current, winding gracefully through meadows now adorned with that peculiarly light, mellow green, which appears immediately after the crop has been mown; and which, when illuminated by the gleams of a setting sun, presents one of the richest liveries in nature. Looking *up* this irregular valley, the eye wanders over Pultney Street, with its noble rows of dwellings—Sydney gardens—Bathwick new church, a handsome specimen of modern Gothick—Frances Square, a wilderness of shrubbery and fruit-trees; and rests at length on Little Salisbury, a hill in shape not unlike a truncated cone. In the back-ground to the north, the Lansdowne hills stretch along with their level summits, until they terminate in Prospect Point to the west. While gazing at this rich and varied scenery, it seemed difficult to determine, whether the hand of nature or of art has been the most lavish in its decorations. But what is Bath—Bath *in its season*—in the height of its

meridian glory; when its streets glitter with the equipages of the rich, the high-born and the gay, and its festal halls resound with the voice of mirth and dissipation? A scene of splendid iniquity—a resort of gamblers, noble and ignoble—of pleasure-hunters and debauchees—a great vanity fair—a theatre of folly, dissipation, extravagance, and all the childish amusements, which the panders of pleasure have invented to lighten the ennui of those who live without an object. Such is Bath. It owes its rise to the degradation of mankind—its splendid crescents, its gay gardens, its wealth, its magnificence, to the follies of the English people. Could HE who once paused on the Mount of Olives to weep over the sins and the fate of Jerusalem, look down from this elevation on the devotees of pleasure, running their perpetual career of dissipation—at the theatre, the gambling table, “the rooms,” the turf, the feast, the dance, and the masquerade; never once thinking, perhaps, of him who was bruised for their iniquities, or looking forward to a judgment to come and the recompense of reward: what compassion would not arise in his bosom, that of all the giddy multitude beneath, so small a number would “consider the things which belong to their peace!” Yet, I know not that Bath is more guilty than many other cities on the earth. In America, we have not yet the means of supporting such splendid follies; but we are dissipated in other ways. *Intemperance* reigns among us in a degree, to which I have seen no parallel in England; and our rulers have not the moral courage to tax the fiery poison. Perhaps the thing is impossible, under so popular a form of government as ours; in which case our reformation, if we are ever reformed, must be wrought out by moral causes alone.

The legendary history of Bath is perhaps as well worth reading, as many which claim to be more veracious. Bladud, son of Hudibras king of the Britons, nobody knows how long ago, was so grievously afflicted with the leprosy, as to render him unfit to appear at his father’s court. On his expulsion, however, he received from the queen his mother, a ring, by means of which he might make himself known to her

on his return, should he be so fortunate as to be cured of his disease. The unfortunate prince had not gone far in his wanderings, before he engaged himself to a swine-herd, but was unlucky enough to communicate the disease to his grunting charge. One morning he had driven them across the Avon at *Swineford*, just below Bath ; and as he ascended the hill, the rising sun, breaking through the clouds, saluted the royal swine-herd with his comfortable beams. While he was paying his morning devotions to the god of day, and praying that the wrath of heaven might be averted from him and his herd ; they were suddenly seized with an unaccountable propensity to run away. The prince followed them up the valley till they came to a thicket, where the warm springs bubbled up among the weeds and brambles, which overhung the margin. In they plunged, and wallowed with great apparent satisfaction in the warm, oozy bed of the fountain ; and it was with no small difficulty that they were prevailed on to abandon so agreeable a pastime. The prince washed them like a careful swine-feeder, and shut them up in separate inclosures, in hopes of arresting the progress of the infection. A favourite sow however made her escape ; and after a week's search, he found her in the spring, where she had experienced so pleasant a regale before. On washing her, he found to his ineffable surprise that the leprosy had disappeared. "If hogs, why not men"—reasoned the prince ; and in he plunged, and wallowed, to his heart's content, in the ooze and mud of the spring. This he repeated day by day until his own cure was effected ; and then led his whole herd to the salutiferous fountains where they all found the healing he had hoped and prayed for. He then returned in disguise to court ; and by dropping the ring into a glass of wine intended for his mother, he made himself known, and was joyfully restored to his place. In due time he succeeded to the throne, and reigned happily for twenty years ; and might have continued to reign much longer ; but unluckily having a mechanical genius and a turn for making experiments, he constructed a pair of wings, with which he made divers essays with very good success. This how.

ever proved his ruin ; for soaring aloft one day, he lost his poise, and fell and broke his neck on Salisbury church, to the grief of his loving subjects. That the healing quality of these waters was known to the ancient Britons, is altogether probable ; and it is certain that they were in great celebrity, while the Romans possessed the island. About the middle of the last century, the walls were uncovered by which the Romans had enclosed the thermal springs ; and which as well as some of their baths, were finished in a superior style of masonry.

The eminence of Bath in more modern times is owing to the contemptible creature *Beau Nash*, whose memory is embalmed in the *Spectator*. He was the first Master of Ceremonies, who reduced fashionable dissipation to a system—gave it laws—arranged points of etiquette and manners ; and, for near half a century, was the oracle on these momentous matters, as well as the glass by which the dandies of those days dressed themselves. Under his auspices the place became famous in the beau monde, and increased prodigiously. Here, this gay fool fluttered year after year—kept a splendidly furnished house—a chariot and six bays, and a host of footmen and horsemen, who attended him when he rode abroad in state, with bugles, French horns, and other instruments of musick. The Corporation expressed their gratitude for the important benefits he conferred on the city, by erecting his full length statue in the pump-room, between the *busts* of Newton and Pope, which gave rise to the keen and well-merited satire of Chesterfield—

The *statue* placed the *busts* between,
Adds to the satire strength ;
Wisdom and *Wit* are little seen,
But *Folly* at full length.

A notable squabble occurred about fifty years since, in a contested election to the dignified office of Master of Ceremonies. A subscription to the balls at the rooms was the qualification of a voter, whether lady or gentleman. A vacancy occurring, two candidates were proposed, each supported by a faction ; both were elected, irregularly of course.

The parties met at a ball, both sides resolved to support their favourite beau—high words passed—one of the rival kings of Bath was led out of the room by the nose—the dandies fell to blows ; and the ladies, who began the affray, joined in the *melée*, to the great discomfiture of laces, feathers, and other articles of ball-room finery.

Fair nymphs achieve illustrious feats—
 Off fly their tuckers, caps, and *têtes* ;
 Pins and pomatum strew the room,
 Emitting many a strange perfume :
 Each tender form is stangely batter'd :
 And odd things here and there are scatter'd :
 In heaps confused the heroines lie—
 With horrid shrieks they pierce the sky ;
 Their charms are lost in scratches, scars—
 Sad emblems of domestic wars.

Thus sang the Epic poet on the memorable occasion.

July 10th. I am now sitting on Prospect Point, the southwestern extremity of Lansdowne, and the most elevated ground within many miles of Bath. It is one of those glorious mornings which sometimes arise in such perfect beauty, as almost to make us forget that the repose of the elements can ever be disturbed. Low down in a valley to the southeast, and about four miles distant, the city appears, partially concealed by the projecting point of a hill, and arrayed in a transparent mantle of thin, blue smoke. Far beyond, and in the same direction, the Marlborough and Wiltshire downs, and Salisbury plain, stretch along the horizon, with a slightly irregular outline, till they terminate in an abrupt declivity at Stour Head ; on the brow of which, Alfred's tower is distinctly visible, twenty-five miles distant, and in a direction due south. Here commence the Mendip Hills, less elevated than the former ; and these, with other highlands, complete the boundary as far westward as the British channel.—In the valley at my feet, to the south-west and west, the beautiful Avon winds along in graceful sinuosities, through a velvet margin of meadows, across which the shadows flit before a strong breeze from the ocean. Hamlets, towers, and village churches—the stately mansions of the rich, and the lowly cot-

tages of the poor—clumps of trees, green hedges and lawns, are sprinkled all over the landscape, as if rained down from the clouds, and lie spread out beneath as on a map. Over all these, the sun sheds at times a glorious flood of light—the harvest, just beginning to look golden, waves gracefully before the wind—the larks are twittering over my head—a thrush is warbling his wild notes in yonder brake—sheep in countless myriads are grazing on the downs around me, the tinkling musick of their bells relieving the solitude; and “the soft musick of the village bells,” stealing up the valley on the breeze, “falls at intervals upon the ear, in cadence sweet.” A scene so rich, so peaceful, so inspiring as this, is not often to be met with even in this beautiful island, and seems to breathe new life and healthfulness into the soul.

Proceeding farther round the headland, to the westward, a new prospect is disclosed. The spectator traces the windings of the Avon down to Bristol, twelve or fourteen miles distant, whose site is marked out by the clouds of smoke which brood over the city; and through which, as they are occasionally puffed aside by the wind, the towers of the churches are visible. Turning more to the north, he follows the windings of the Severn far up towards Gloucester; and beyond in the distance, he descries the dim misty forms of the Welch mountains of Brecknock, Monmouth, the Skir-rard Vaur and the Sugar-loaf—more distinguished by their bold, swelling outline, than by their extraordinary elevation. To the westward, and in the extreme verge of the horizon, the light flashing billows of the sea are barely discernible from this point. A battle was fought here during the usurpation of Cromwell; and a monument, erected on the spot where an officer of distinction in the royal army fell, is still remaining. My walk hither led up a continued ascent of two miles; after which it lay across the more level surface of the downs. On my return, I passed over the “Lansdowne races,” where the workmen were employed in erecting booths and scaffolding, for the spectators of this refined amusement.

Sunday, July 11th.—This morning I spent in the Abbey

Church. This is said to be one of the latest specimens of ecclesiastical Gothic architecture in the country ; that is, of cathedral or abbey churches : for, of parochial churches, many have been erected since. Like other abbey churches, it is built in the usual style of cathedrals—with a clere-story, side aisles and transept. It is said to owe its erection to a vision of a prelate of Bath, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, so very similar to that of the patriarch Jacob, that the good man must have mistaken it for his own. It was not finally completed till the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was in a great measure re-built on the ruins of the old structure. The patriarch's vision supplied the architect with appropriate, but rather unusual decorations, for the exterior of the edifice. Two large octangular turrets flank the great window over the western entrance, and on the front of these the bishop's vision is represented. The turrets are wrought in the form of ladders, on which angels are ascending to unite themselves to the choir of Cherubim and Seraphim, who appear above the arch of the window in adoring attitudes, chanting the praises of the Holy Trinity. The ignorance of that age may perhaps excuse, in some degree, the presumption of representing the Divine Majesty under a visible form. Statues of the three persons in the Trinity once occupied a beautiful niche in the centre of the battlements, and appeared to be receiving the homage of the group of angels below ; but of these, only the middle one is remaining ! The interior view of the church is rich and majestic ; but the side aisles appear low and flat, compared with the lofty proportions of the nave. The church is 210 feet in length, by 126 in breadth at the transept ; the height of the main tower is 162 feet. It is, on the whole, a noble structure ; but the exterior view is sadly obstructed by the clumsy buildings, by which the lower part of its walls is concealed. In fact, the two ends only are exposed to view. The choir is now constantly used as a parish church, and to-day was filled by a numerous congregation. The cathedral service is partly used, aided by a powerful and fine-toned organ. The sermon was a respectable performance, but not sufficiently re-

markable to challenge criticism. In the afternoon, I attended service in Walcott Chapel, and heard an excellent discourse from a Wesleyan preacher; the chapel belonging to the followers of Mr. Wesley. The congregation here was thin, although the chapel is very spacious. Christ Church is a new and beautiful building erected by subscription, for the accommodation of the poor—all the sittings on the ground floor being free. I found a large congregation assembled in it, and heard a plain, practical sermon, well adapted to the character of the audience. I was disappointed in my attempts to hear Mr. Jay of the independent Chapel.

Monday, 12th. After breakfast this morning, Mr. P——, to whose attentions I already feel deeply indebted, called to propose a walk to some of the neighbouring downs which I have not yet visited. *Downs* in England are large expanses of uninclosed country, usually of a thin soil, and appropriated to the pasturage of sheep. The superior excellence of the mutton fattened on the downs, is ascribed to the abundance of wild thyme which grows on them. We first ascended Hampton downs to the south-east of the city, enjoying once more the beautiful prospects which every where expand to the eye in the environs of Bath. At the eastern extremity, we came to one of the principal quarries of Bath stone, of which, immense quantities are excavated in this neighbourhood. Near this place is the mouth of a quarry now deserted, but which is wrought under a considerable valley to Claverton downs, forming a tunnel of nearly a mile in length! The stone is found in the quarry intersected by transverse seams, by which the labour of quarrying is greatly facilitated. A railway leads from the quarry down a steep hill to a canal, nearly half a mile distant. The blocks are laid on carriages running on low iron wheels, which are let down the railway by a cable, passing over an immense cylinder. A carriage is attached to each end of the cable; and the loaded one in its descent draws up the empty one. The canal unites with the Avon at Bath; and, by means of another canal, a water communication is formed with the Thames, through which large quantities of the Bath stone are transport-

ed to the metropolis. Proceeding in our walk, we turned the brow of the hill, and came to an elegant mansion nearly finished. The owner had the bad taste to pull down a beautiful picturesque structure, farther down the valley, to make room for the erection of a formal three-story building. To the antiquary, the old one was interesting, from its having been damaged in the battle of Claverton downs, fought during the civil wars, in the immediate neighbourhood. A cannon shot which lodged in the house is still preserved. We passed the venerable pile, now fast disappearing under the pick-axes of the workmen; as well as the hoary, antique parish church of Claverton, situated in one of the most beautiful rural seclusions in the world; and called at the parsonage. In the absence of the Rector, we were hospitably received by a lady of the family, and regaled ourselves on the fruits with which the garden abounded. A more enviable situation than this, to a person fond of a retired life, can scarcely be conceived. The parsonage is a Gothic building, now mossed over with age, but neat and comfortable, and overlooking one of the most lovely vallies I ever beheld, through which "the soft flowing Avon" (not Shakspeare's) winds gracefully along by the side of its more formal sister, the Bath and Kennet canal. Resuming our walk, we reached town by a circuitous path, having rambled in all about ten miles.

Bath is wholly built of the free-stone brought from the neighbouring quarries. The blocks are sawed into the requisite size and shape with a common cross-cut saw, to which the stone yields almost as readily as wood. Indeed, when first taken from the earth, it is but little harder than chalk; and a stone-cutter with his chisel and mallet, will carve out a cornice or the tracery of a window, with even more rapidity than could be done in solid timber. The stone when fresh is of a yellow cream colour; but it grows brown by exposure to the smoke, and hardens in the air. An uncommonly pure taste in architecture prevails throughout the public buildings in Bath, as well as in the numerous crescents with which the city is beautified. The attention of strangers is usually directed to Bathwick New Church among other

buildings worthy of notice. This is in a light and florid style of Gothic architecture ; but connoisseurs in the science affirm that the ornamental parts want relief, and are distributed with too much profusion. It may also be questioned, whether the adoption of the style of the Minister is admissible in parochial churches of the ordinary dimensions. The parts are too much broken up, and a diminutive appearance is given to the building, by the clere-story, which properly belongs only to churches of ample size. Through the kindness of my attentive friend, I was shown some of the public rooms devoted to amusement during the gay season. Many of these exhibit beautiful specimens of architecture, and are fitted up in the interior with great magnificence and taste. On the whole, I have seen no city in the island which can vie with this in natural beauty of situation, or in the decorations which art has bestowed upon it. I leave it with reluctance, and with a lively sense of the politeness and hospitality I have experienced from some of its inhabitants.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BRISTOL—BRANDON HILL—REDCLIFF CHURCH—CLIFTON—THE ROMAN CAMP—SCENERY—RIDE TO WRINGTON—BARLEY WOOD—PLEASURE GROUNDS AND SCENERY—HANNAH MORE—CONVERSATIONS—REMARKS.

About the middle of the afternoon on Monday, I ascended the Bristol coach, and bade adieu to Bath. The guard “ put to his mouth the sounding alchymy,” and we flew away at a rapid rate over the hard, polished road. The weather was exquisite, and the ride delightful. Keynsham, with its fine looking old church, was the principal village on our road, which lay for a considerable part of the distance along the left bank of the Avon. Just before entering Bristol, we came upon the From, with its deep muddy banks, now exposed by the reflux of the tide ; but were soon lost in a narrow, ill-

looking street, quite darkened by the jutting of the old houses over our heads. At length we were deposited at the "Bush," in Corn Street, near the centre of the city. This is a shapeless, old-fashioned pile, like most city inns in places which boast of great antiquity; and the steams of Radical coffee did in no wise tend to raise my estimation of the drinkables of the house. However, after refreshing myself with a dish of the aforesaid beverage, and brushing off the dust, I sallied forth, and threaded my way through intricate streets, to Brandon Hill in the western suburbs. Ascending it by a steep path, I was amply rewarded by a prospect over the whole city, which lay spread out before me. It presented a broad surface of dun red tiles, relieved here and there by a steeple or tower of Bath stone projecting aloft, and breaking the unpleasing uniformity of colour. On my return, I provided myself with a map of the city, and set forth again in search of Redcliff church. This is a hoary, venerable pile, built and repaired at different periods; but presenting altogether a rich example of ancient Gothic. It stands in the edge of the city, on a hill of reddish clay, whence, I suppose, its name is derived. After spending some time in examining the exterior, I sent for the keys, and was admitted by a young woman of interesting appearance, but so near the last stages of the consumption, that it was evident she must soon make her bed among the sleepers hard by. She had scarcely voice enough left to explain what I wished. On one of the pillars within hangs the armour of Admiral Penn, the father of the patriarch of Pennsylvania, with tattered banners waving about it which had been wrested by his valour from his country's foes. What a poor thing is posthumous glory, when it can show no more than this? The marble effigies of "Canning" and his lady are stretched on a tomb in one of the side aisles. The almost illegible inscription bears, that he was the founder of the church. There is something very striking to the imagination in these marble figures, reposing at full length amid the silence and dimness of an ancient Gothic fane, as if waiting the time, when "all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son

of Man and shall come forth." The reader of English poetry will recollect, that it was in the tower of this church that Chatterton pretended to have discovered the Rowley manuscripts. The interior of the building is even more imposing than the exterior, and is altogether worthy the attention of the ecclesiastical antiquarian.

Tuesday, 13th. Having but little time to spare, I rose early, and walked to Clifton, the court-end of the town. The crescents, terraces, gardens and elegant mansions, half buried in foliage, which rise one above another on the steep side of the hill, and overlook the valley below, conspire to render this by far the most desirable part of Bristol. Indeed, the natural beauties of its situation are peculiar, and and in some points of view, quite picturesque. Passing through the principal streets, and ascending the hill, I came to "the Roman Camp," the highest point of land in the neighbourhood. On the top of the hill is an area of three or four acres, terminating on the side next the Avon in a bold and almost perpendicular precipice two hundred feet in height. An ancient circular tower, now partly dilapidated, rises in the centre of the area. For what purpose it was constructed, has excited as much speculation, as has been bestowed on the not dissimilar piece of antiquity at Newport, Rhode-Island. It is too slight to have been intended for the purposes of military defence, and tradition is silent I believe concerning its origin. It might have been a watch-tower erected in feudal times, as it commands an extensive view of the adjacent country. The Avon here leaves its low, verdant banks; and turning to the northward, enters a deep chasm, which seems to have been opened through the chain of rocky hills on purpose to give it a passage. As I stood admiring the wild scenery of the place, a dozen blasts were fired in quick succession at the bottom of the precipice, the reverberations of which along the narrow glen produced a striking effect.—The principal part of Bristol lies on a plain, intersected by the From and Avon, the latter of which is diverted from its bed by numerous canals and basins, for the reception of shipping. The city stands about five or six miles from the Severn, which is

visible from no part of the suburbs ; and its growth must be imputed to accidental circumstances, rather than to natural local advantages. Owing to the very winding course of the stream, and the lofty banks and narrow channel, it is often necessary to warp the vessels up from the Severn, which must be a tedious operation, even when aided by the tide. In returning, I traversed the principal streets of the city—visited some of the churches and public buildings, which appear to be scarcely worthy of a populous, commercial emporium, and present a striking contrast to the neat and beautiful edifices of Bath. In the centre of Queen Square is a handsome, bronze, equestrian statue of William III. ; but if the place abounds in works of art, they are unfortunately out of the reach of the traveller's inspection. The noise of commerce resounds in the streets and on the quays ; and most of the public works are as they should be, designed rather for utility than for show. I returned just in time for the coach to take me to Langford, in the neighbourhood of Barley Wood.

The coach set off at ten, with its top overloaded with a cargo of rustics, whose manners and conversation were not of the most courtly description. Our road lay over a long succession of hills, which afforded delightful views of the country, as well as of the picturesque scenery about Clifton. The day rivalled in splendor one of our finest and clearest in June. It was the season of hay-making ; and the number of female labourers in the fields appeared to be equal at least to that of the men. At Red Hill, about nine miles from Bristol, a pudding-stone occurs, the calcareous cement of which is so deeply coloured with iron as to render the soil of a deep Spanish brown. Proceeding in a south-easterly direction, we arrived at Langford, thirteen miles from Bristol, a little after noon. Langford is only a straggling hamlet of a score of houses, situated in a broad and fertile valley. I stopped at a paltry Inn ; and having despatched the indispensable labours of the toilet, walked over the plain to Wrington, a village situated about a mile from the post road, and in the immediate vicinity of Barley Wood. The approach to

the cottage is along a narrow road lined with hedges of a rural neglected appearance, and leading in front of Barley Wood, from which it is separated by a wall and sloping lawn. The cottage is almost concealed from the road by the trees and shrubbery planted along the wall. A winding walk leads from the gate up to the house. I gave my letters and card to the servant, and was soon after introduced in the midst of a large company, who were paying their morning visit at the Wood. So great is the attraction of visitors to this retired spot, that four parties have already waited upon Mrs. M. this morning, and been entertained by her conversation, although she is but just recovering from a recent illness. The party soon retired and I was gratified by an invitation to pass the day at the cottage.

I walked out before dinner to survey the grounds which are laid out in quite a rural, inartificial style. A thrifty grove of young wood rises from the ascending ground in the rear of the cottage, which it overlooks, as well as the verdant lawn in the midst of which the cottage is situated. Indeed, the premises are entirely surrounded by a border of trees and shrubbery, which deepen the natural seclusion of the place. Following one of the walks till it led to a deeply shaded spot, I found a marble urn bearing the following inscription—"To Beilby Porteus, late Bishop of London, in grateful memory of long and faithful friendship ;"—and further up the hill is another, "To John Locke (born in this village) this memorial is erected by Mrs. Montague, and presented to Hannah More." Two or three rustic bowers, in the most sequestered and shady spots, invited the pedestrian to pause in his walk ; and a Doric arch, built of stumps, knots of trees, and rough slabs, rises from the best point of observation, and has a very pleasing effect at a distance. The *cottage* is, in fact, a very convenient house, of ample dimensions for the accommodation of a moderately numerous family. It has a drawing and dining room on the ground floor, with bow windows, almost covered externally with the fox-glove, and other creeping vines. The walls of the dining room are hung with engraved portraits of her friends—the Bishops of St. David's,

of Litchfield, and Durham—the late Henry Thornton, Esq., Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Pitt, and other great men, who honoured the proprietor of Barley Wood with their acquaintance and friendship. I observed among them a very pleasing original sketch, illustrating a scene in Cœlebs. It represented Lucilla and Phœbe in the sick woman's cottage—the former kneeling by the bedside on which lay her hat and gloves—Lucilla preparing the broth by the fire; and Cœlebs without, observing the scene through the half opened door.—The grounds of Barley Wood command a lovely prospect over the valley of Wrington—the barren Mendip hills on the opposite side, sending up here and there a column of thin blue smoke from the furnaces for reducing ore, which is dug in large quantities from the mines; and the villages of Wrington and Langford, with the fine old Gothic church and spire in the former. The eye follows the valley as it stretches away to the south-east, where it is lost in the estuary of the Severn about seven or eight miles distant; from which Steep-Holm projects its bold, prominent bluff. Few scenes can be imagined more peaceful and secluded—nothing appears in the prospect to excite strong emotion—nothing that is grand or picturesque—all is quietness and repose. The trees at Barley Wood, with three or four exceptions, have all been planted by Mrs. More. A beautiful acacia in front of the house is not one of the least ornaments of the place; and roses and flowering shrubs in profusion display their colours, and shed their perfumes in all directions.

Mrs. More did not appear at dinner, as her infirmities scarcely allow her to leave her room. After dinner, we adjourned to her apartments, into which tea was brought; and just before sunset I took leave, and returned to Langford. As I retraced my steps over the plain towards the village inn, the air filled with fragrance from the newly mown hay, the sun just sinking in a cloudless sky behind the hills towards the ocean, and a universal stillness reigning over the peaceful valley, my thoughts naturally caught something of the spirit of the hour and of the scene; and I could not help reflecting on the good fortune which had befallen me, in hav-

ing been permitted to pass the day in company with one of the most distinguished females of the age.

Most readers, possessed of common curiosity, are desirous of knowing something of the personal appearance and domestic manners of those who have rendered themselves eminent in the world ; and there is no impropriety in their being gratified to a certain extent. Mrs. More is rather below the common stature, and sits for the most part in her easy chair, with her table and work before her. It is three years since she has left her chamber—not literally, for she has in that period occasionally rode a short distance—but since she has left her place in the drawing room and at table. Cheerfulness and good nature are strongly depicted in her face ; and her fine dark eyes retain a brilliancy and expression altogether uncommon in persons of her advanced years. Age and sickness appear not to have dimmed their lustre in the least. Whatever may be the topic of conversation, she engages in it with great feeling and vivacity ; her ideas are rapid, and often playful ; and if *the authoress* sometimes appears, it is only for a moment, and while she is giving utterance to some sentiment of more than common importance. There is evidently no effort, to talk in a written style ; but her general mode of expressing herself is in short, pithy sentences replete with meaning. The room where she sits is furnished with a copious selection of standard authors ; and the furniture of the different rooms is plain, but neat, and in good taste.

Much of her valuable life has been passed in a sick chamber. She remarked that she had been about twenty times brought near the borders of the grave ; but that in all her sicknesses her mind had been perfectly clear, so that she could give directions concerning her affairs. “ If I have any genius,” she observed, “ sickness has been the author of it ; for it has forced me to be *industrious*, when I was able to hold a pen.” Her views of Christian philosophy may be gathered from the following incident : Five years ago, a fever of twelve month’s continuance entirely destroyed the senses of smell and taste ; “ but see, she remarked, how I have

been *compensated*. For a year longer, I was obliged to take medicine eight times a day, and have taken it more or less every day since. My life depended on it ; but had my taste been spared, I could not possibly have taken these nauseous black draughts." This was what she called the doctrine of compensations.

Among the letters she had received from various correspondents, one from Cobbett was produced, dated at Philadelphia, which I was desired to read aloud for the benefit of the company. It was moral and religious, and all that—full of compliments to Mrs. M. for her useful and instructive writings. It was written in 1796, and represented the government of the United States as a patched up sort of a thing, without coherency or stability, and on the eve of a revolution. "This was before I knew him as well as I do now. When he came back, I used some exertion to get him made editor of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. I thought him a fit person to be set up against Tom Paine—he was strong, coarse, and vulgar ; but wrote in a style to take with the common people ; and I believed he had good principles. When he had got the paper, he turned about and abused me.—Such was his gratitude." The history of her early correspondence with Cobbett she related with great good humour.

Mrs. M. is gratefully sensible of the popularity of her works in America, and speaks of us and our institutions in terms of high regard. She hoped there would be no more differences between the two countries. They are one in language, one in religion, and one in blood : why should political differences divide them ? I observed, that the English journalists had done more, by their sneering, ill-natured remarks and misrepresentations, to exasperate the people of the United States, than all the acts of the government put together. "That is just what I said to Lord S.— ; and he acquiesced in the same opinion. He thought they provoked the revolutionary war ; he was sure they did much to bring on the last one ; and lamented that they would persist in misrepresentation and abuse. But so it is. The editors of Journals and Reviews find that a spice of malice and abuse makes their works

sell; and that is all they want. They are far from expressing the feelings of the English people, and they ought not to be seriously regarded."

How we contrive to support religious institutions without an establishment, and without any aid derived from government, is a point not readily comprehended by those of the English with whom I have conversed. Mrs. M. expressed her surprise, that no provision whatever had been made by the government for this purpose. I replied, that it was best things should remain as they are. This interference of government in any shape was impracticable, and by no means to be desired. The cause which they should undertake to support, would be ruined by their patronage. "But how *are* your clergymen supported?" By annual pew-rents, voluntary taxes and contributions. This dependence is an additional inducement for the clergy to do their duty. "But does it not make them servile and unfaithful in their preaching?" Quite the contrary. I believe our clergy, as a body, are more faithful in this respect than yours. It is the way to gain popularity and influence, as well as the way of duty.—"That speaks much for the American people."

From this imperfect record of the conversation which passed, some idea may be formed of her ordinary style of expression. Her manner is full of vivacity—she uses considerable gesture without being conscious of it, in the flow of her remarks; and her countenance is lighted up by a glow of animation, quite uncommon in others at any period of life. She has one or two female friends constantly residing with her; and from them I heard much of her good works—of her charities towards the poor—of her three schools for the children of the Mendip miners, to which she gave frequent personal attention while the state of her health allowed her to take the exercise.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RIDE TO BRIDGEWATER—SCENERY—BRIDGEWATER—SEDGEMOOR—GLASTONBURY—RUINS OF THE ABBEY—THE TORR—RIDE TO SALISBURY—FOTNHILL ABBEY—SALISBURY—CATHEDRAL—ARCHITECTURE, MONUMENTS, &c.—RETURN TO LONDON—BAGSHOT HEATH—MILITARY SCHOOL—RUNNY-MEAD—ROLLS CHAPEL—OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

Wednesday, July 14.—After discharging a bill at my paltry inn, which would have justified a much more magnificent entertainment than I experienced, I was taken up by the Bridgewater coach, about nine in the morning. Our road soon left the valley, and began to ascend the Mendip hills which form its southern limit; and as our progress was slow, I dismounted and walked on, that I might avail myself of the promise which some of the neighbouring eminences afforded, of new and extensive prospects. In this, I was not disappointed. The country is here completely rural. Lying remote from any of the noisy thoroughfares, it has an air of seclusion and quietness not unlike the interior of one of the New-England States; the population is less numerous than in most parts of the island I have visited; and less attention seems to be paid to that exquisite neatness and order, which are generally seen in the fields and hedges of the English farmer. From the top of the range of hills, I had a most commanding view over the valley I had left—of the estuary of the Severn, studded with little prominent islands; and of the mountainous region of South Wales, stretching along for a great distance in the back ground. Barley Wood was also distinctly visible. It was a green spot on the slope beyond the valley; and, with its white cottage glittering through the mass of verdure, formed a pleasing object in the prospect; the more so, by the moral associations with which it is connected. I ought to have mentioned, that the celebrated John Locke was born in a mean looking cottage,

close by the church-yard of Wrington. The lustre of that philosopher's name was in no respect indebted to his birth. After riding about ten miles, we emerged from among the hills; and for the rest of the distance to Bridgewater, our road lay over a plain or moorland, presenting on the whole a dreary appearance. We crossed the Axe and the Brue, two little streams dignified with the name of rivers, and arrived at Bridgewater just in time to escape a copious visitation from the clouds. This place contains a population of about 4000, but is very indifferently built. It stands on a stream formed by the confluence of two others, and is navigable for sloops to the town. Many of these were taking in cargoes of brick and tiles, which are manufactured in large quantities in the neighbourhood. Opposite the town, the river is spanned by a light bridge of cast iron—these structures having now become quite common in various parts of the island. The church, which is old, with a lofty spire lately rebuilt, is rurally situated within a large church-yard, quite enveloped in shade. I had leisure for only a hasty ramble about the town before dinner, which was shared with my host and half a dozen jurymen. Our dessert would have been considered, perhaps, a little original at a fashionable repast in London. It was a huge, yellow, pickled cucumber, flanked by four peeled, raw onions, fresh from the garden. How the awarders of justice disposed of these dainties, I did not stay to see, as the twanging horn of the Glastonbury coach summoned me to take my seat, which I did in the midst of a furious rain. The distance to Glastonbury is about fifteen miles. Ten miles from Bridgewater, we passed Sedgemoor, where the battle was fought which terminated the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, in 1685. It is a low, sedgy plain of considerable extent, from the margin of which rises the range of the Poldrip hills, over which the road lies. The country in this region seems to be a plain of great extent, occasionally broken by hills of a slight elevation. Before we arrived at Glastonbury, the rain ceased to descend, and the remainder of our ride was pleasant. Glastonbury is a small, ill-built village, with a population of two or three thousand; and is remarkable only for the ruins of

its once magnificent Abbey. These are said to be the most extensive in the kingdom; and, judging from the scattered masses which yet remain, and from the hillocks evidently formed by the crumbling down of the masonry, the pile must have covered many acres in the days of its glory. Ranges of wall are however still standing, displaying a variety of pointed arches and rich tracery, over which the ruin-loving ivy has trailed its deep green foliage. In the windows which yet remain, I observed a prevalence of the Saxon zig-zag mouldings, indicating, I believe, an early period of architecture. The most striking features of the ruin which now meet the traveller's eye, are the clustered columns of a spacious arch, which must have once been sixty or seventy feet in height, and probably connected the nave and choir of the Abbey church. The arch has fallen; but the pillars are entire to the base of their capitals, which are full forty feet from the ground. He must be strangely insensible to the power of local associations, who can walk among these half buried ruins, from which the traces of former grandeur have not yet become obliterated, without recurring in thought to the days, when the fame of St. Dunstan's miracles, and the odour of his sanctity, were diffused through all this region; nor can he well avoid musing on the mutability and decay, which sooner or later seize on the proudest productions of human art. Of all the once splendid pile of Glastonbury Abbey, nothing now remains but broken columns and crumbling walls; and of these only a few remnants are left. Cattle were quietly grazing under those curiously wrought arches, where the monks of olden time chanted their matins and vespers—feasted, quaffed, and grew fat on the richest ecclesiastical revenue in the kingdom. The kitchen, however, is still quite entire. It is an octagon of forty or fifty feet diameter, terminating in a dome of the same form, and a lantern, through which the savoury steams of many a haunch of fat venison arose in days long gone by. All is now silent as the grave. The Torr, in shape and size not unlike the tower of a cathedral, stands on the summit of a conical hill, about half a mile from the ruins of the Abbey. For what purpose it was erected, is now a

matter of unavailing speculation. I regretted that I had not time to examine it more nearly, as it appeared to be constructed in a bold style of architecture ; and, from its elevated position, is seen at a great distance in the neighbouring country.

My curiosity to see these ecclesiastical remains had led me out of the meridian of coaches, and I was obliged to have recourse to mine host of the Abbey Inn, for the means of getting to King-Weston, on the Salisbury road. It would have shortened the business had I applied at once at headquarters ; as in the cabinet consultation which was held thereupon, in the adjoining apartment, I heard a female voice *directing* the poor husband, in tones too decisive to admit of dispute, to go with the gentleman himself ; and giving instructions to the ostler to get the chaise ready. Of this promptness I reaped the full benefit, the chaise being soon at the door, and my complying landlord on the box, as he was in duty bound to be. The distance was seven miles, for which ten shillings were exacted ; and one shilling to “the coach boy.” The Salisbury coach soon arrived, and I took my seat on the top.

The sun broke out with great splendor just as it was sitting, and gave a striking relief to the Torr, and the lofty conical eminence on which it stands. On our road, we passed Castle Carey, Bruton, Mere, and a few scattered hamlets—all seen to pretty good advantage by a bright moon-light. Bruton we entered by a *cleft* in the houses just wide enough to admit the coach. As we approached the city of the plain, the large bulk of Fonthill Abbey appeared at some distance on the right. The history and the fate of this gorgeous mansion are well known. After Alderman Beckford had expended a princely fortune in its erection ; and had furnished it in a style surpassing all former magnificence, it was besieged by clamorous creditors, and the work of dilapidation began. Its tapestry, and Italian vases, and painted windows, were exposed for sale at auction ;—the place which eight months ago attracted crowds of admiring visitors, is now deserted ; and, through some defect in the masonry, is fast going to ruin. At length, the lofty spire of the cathe-

dral appeared before us, towering far above all surrounding objects ; and an hour or two past midnight, we were set down in the yard of a comfortable Inn.

A stranger, having a day to pass at Salisbury, will naturally make its famous Cathedral the first object of his attention. I have accordingly devoted a number of hours to a survey of this stately pile, and to whatever else appeared to be worthy of notice in the city and its environs. On the whole, I cannot think the cathedral a very striking object of its kind ; for although it has amplitude, and its spire is lofty ; the mouldings and carved ornaments appear to want *relief*, which, in Gothic architecture, is to want almost every thing. It is surprising how much the effect of such a building depends on the depth and tracery of the windows ; and in these respects, there appeared to be a great deficiency. The architecture is of an early period ; the windows are broad and low ; and the extreme plainness of their mullions, and the absence of all tracery in the window-heads, give them a flat and meagre appearance. The proportions, however, both of the exterior and interior, strike the eye agreeably. The extreme length is 452 feet, and the breadth at the transept 210 feet. The situation is excellent for displaying the building to the best advantage, it being surrounded by an area of many acres, unincumbered with buildings, and shaded by a few large elms. The cathedral is destitute in a great measure of stained glass ; the reforming zeal of the puritans having purged away all such abominations. There is a painted window representing Moses and the brazen serpent ; and another of the resurrection, by Eggerton of Birmingham ; but like most of the productions of that artist I have seen, the drawing is bad. Two or three others are deserving of still less praise. In the side aisles, there are a few marble knights cased in armour—a monument of the “ Boy Bishop”—a splendid one of Somerset, the Lord Protector in the reign of Edward VI., and of his wife and children—one of Lord Stourton who was hanged for murder ! and a beautiful one of the Earl of Malmsbury, a statue in a reclining posture, by Rysbach. The tower is said to be the highest in

the kingdom, it being about 400 feet in height, of which, the steeple is 190. It is stone to the top, yet the pillars on which it rests are so clustered and arranged as to appear light and airy. "The Cloisters" attached to the cathedral enclose a quadrangle; and, unlike the main building, are richly decorated with carving. They open on one side into the Chapter-house, an octagonal building so full of large windows as to resemble a green-house. Its roof is supported by a light pillar rising gracefully in the centre. I attended the cathedral service, which is pretty well performed; but as in most cathedrals, few were present to witness it.

Salisbury is very indifferently built, and has a mean and poverty-stricken look. The best streets in it are barely decent, and are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the cathedral. The Avon, the *third* river of that name I have seen in the island, traverses the city. It is a clear, pleasant stream, running over a gravelly bed. Among the public edifices, three or four parochial churches, the prison, the infirmary, and the council rooms, are next in point of appearance to the cathedral, but present little worthy of notice. The population of the place cannot exceed eight or nine thousand. About a mile and a half to the north-west, are the ruins of the castle, standing on the site of Old Sarum, and fast crumbling into decay under the hand of time. I was disappointed in not finding Salisbury situated in an extensive plain. It stands in a valley of no great dimensions, which is bounded by hills of a gentle elevation.

Friday, July 16th. This morning at eight, I took my seat on the London coach, in company with five or six other passengers; and we set off in a copious rain, which continued half the way to London. By no contrivance could the umbrellas be adjusted so as to form a complete roof. The rain spouted from one to another, and at length found its way into our laps in very ample streams. However, we forgot our troubles in a spirit of good humour and mutual accommodation—qualities, which I have universally met with among the travelling companions whom chance has thrown in my way. Our road lay, for the most part, over bleak downs,

cultivated here and there in patches, but generally waste and occupied by shepherds. Near Andover, we passed Hurstborn Park, a noble mansion on the left, the property of the Earl of Portsmouth. The whims of this demented nobleman, while they excite commiseration, are sometimes unaccountably queer. When any one dies in the parish, it is said that he tolls the bell and walks behind the body at the funeral; and has fairly got the office of grave-digging into his own hands. This he calls "the black job." How do the facinations of exalted rank and wealth disappear, when it is seen that they afford no protection against misfortunes and infirmities like these! A herd of deer, amounting it is said to eight hundred, were grazing in the park, which extends for a mile or two along the road. We passed through Whitechurch, Basing-Stoke, Hartfordbridge, and Blackwater, the latter the seat of the new Military School on Bagshot Heath. This is a large establishment, under the patronage of government; and the range of buildings for the accommodation of the cadets presents quite a collegiate appearance. I counted thirteen houses, built in a uniform style, and occupied by the professors of the school. Bagshot heath is now partly enclosed and planted with fir-trees. It is a wide expanse of undulating surface; and the uninclosed spaces are covered with the prickly furze, a most uncomfortable looking shrub. Just before we came to Egham, Cooper's Hill, immortalized by Denham the poet, appeared on our left; and soon afterwards, Runny-mead, the birth-place of Magna Charta. It is a low meadow or *mead*, of considerable extent; and the spot where the timorous John set his hand to the instrument of English liberty, is indicated by a small monument of stone, not unlike a Roman altar. We crossed the Thames at Stains, about sixteen miles from London; and passing a number of splendid country seats and villas, arrived in London just before sunset.

Sunday, July 18th. I attended worship in the morning at the Rolls Chapel, Lincoln's Inn, where I heard the service very well performed, and a highly respectable sermon delivered by a Mr. Raymond. It was faithful, practical, and

could scarcely fail of doing good, if mixed with faith in those who heard it. The chapel is very neat, and the finishing and pews finely carved in oak. Prophets and saints of the Old Testament fill compartments of the windows on one side ; and the twelve apostles appear on the other. The large windows in the end contain also a variety of coats of arms in stained glass. This chapel, like the Temple church, is a place of worship for professional men of the robe. Their demeanour was highly decorous, if not remarkably devout. In the afternoon, I threaded the mazes of the city to the northward of the Bank, in search of the church of the Austin Friars—a task not easily executed without a guide. This is a plain but very antique church, once attached to a religious house ; and is now occupied by a few French protestants. The service was in that language. The clergyman was quite a young man, and read the prayers in rather a monotonous tone, but with devotion. There were no responses, and no sermon. In the evening, I went to St. Clements, Danes, where I found a thin congregation, and heard a tedious sermon from Mr. G.—the younger.

I am still struck with the silence and good order of the streets of the metropolis on Sunday. It indicates a healthful feeling among the mass of the people in regard to sacred things ; for the decorum is such as could not be enforced merely by a police. It is true there is a good deal of promenading in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon ; but the same decorum is observable there, which is visible in the throngs that are seen moving to or from the house of God. It argues well of the moral state of the population at large, when those who are disposed to violate the sanctity of the Lord's day, are obliged by publick opinion to conceal their irregularities from observation. Judging by what meets the eye, the day of rest is not better observed in the cities of New-England, than in the city of London. The people here are evidently a church-going people ; and there is a propriety and decency in their behaviour in the sanctuary, which cannot fail to make a favourable impression, and which, so far as my observation has extended, is universal. It is in vain to say, that

this may be all formality—that this decent exterior may be maintained, without supposing any very deep or universal spirit of piety. It may be true in individual cases; but cannot be true of any community in the mass. Nothing but a general and heart-felt sense of religion can long support a reverent attention to the externals of publick worship such as evidently exists in this vast metropolis, and every where meets the observation of a stranger.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—CHAPEL OF HENRY VII.—POET'S CORNER—MONUMENTS OF ADDISON, SHAKSPEARE, HANDEL, &c.—REMARKS—EXCURSION TO RICHMOND—SCENERY ON THE RIVER—VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL—VILLAGE—THOMPSON'S GRAVE—SUNDAY AT THE ABBEY, AND ST. MARY WOOLNETH—PREPARATION TO LEAVE LONDON.

July 22.—It is not in every state and mood of feeling, that one can visit Westminster Abbey to advantage. When he sets his foot under its arched portals, he must abstract himself from the living and moving realities of life: its everyday scenes, its bustle and business must be to him, at the moment, as though they were not; or he will be disappointed in the impressions he receives from treading among the dust of England's kings. Common ideas and the occurrences of the hour must be dismissed; the chain which connects him with present material things must be severed, ere he can enter fully into the *religio loci*, and bring his mind into the attitude of musing and reflection, with which he would wish to survey this sanctuary of the illustrious dead. This, however, is no easy matter. The transition from the gay and bustling world without, to the dim and solemn scene within, is too striking and instantaneous, for the mind to be suddenly brought into unison with the recollections and images associated with the spot. In addition to this, the visiter

has to encounter annoyances, which tend very much to dispel the illusions in which he is beginning to indulge. What he has read of Westminster Abbey has led him to anticipate a scene of solemn repose, of seclusion and silence, favourable to meditation. He enters ; but the noise and din of a thronged metropolis, the rattling of wheels, and the voices of the busy multitude, follow him ; and he wonders what has become of the enthusiasm he expected to feel. Then, again, his attention is perplexed by the crowds of visitors promenading among the tombs ; and by the officiousness of the guide, seemingly anxious to point out every thing worthy of notice ; but in reality only studying how to beguile him along from object to object, and to get rid of him as soon as possible. In short, it is not till after repeated visits, that he can abstract himself from these incidental matters, and fall into that train of musing and reverie, which the objects around are so well calculated to produce.

To attempt a description of what has been so often and so well described, must be needless ; nor is it easy to moralize, with any chance of being read, in a place, where Addison and Irving have mused with so much solemnity and pathos. Most assuredly, there is no place on the earth, where so many striking mementos are assembled, or which conveys a more forcible impression of the truth of the poet's reflections—

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Beneath the pavement repose the ashes of a long line of kings and queens, warriors “ which caused their terror in the land of the living,” statesmen, philosophers, poets :

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi ;
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat ;
Quique pii vates, et Phæbo digna locuti ;

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes ;
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo*—

A congregation of mighty dead, sleeping each in his narrow house, till “ the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.” I know not that I was more impressed by any thing I observed, than by seeing the initials of the names of the rival statesmen, Pitt and Fox, rudely cut in the flagging, at a few feet distance from each other. The noble monuments erected to their memory, in other parts of the Abbey, do not strike with half the force of these simple memorials, pointing out the identical spot where their ashes lie.

No description can do justice to the magnificence of Henry Seventh’s chapel. The carving and tracery, both in stone and wood, are rich beyond conception ; and art and skill seem to have been exhausted, in decorating the tombs of the royal sleepers. But what does it all amount to ?

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?

Why should I be solicitous whether my “ earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved” within consecrated walls, or in a lonely church-yard, when I reflect that my spirit must return unto God who gave it?—This chapel having been designed as a royal sepulchre, none have hitherto been buried in it but those, whose descent could be traced from some of the ancient kings.

In the Poet’s Corner, the monumental statue of Addison will continue to be an attractive object, while genius and taste are held in honour. The sight of it naturally reminds

*Virg. *Æn.* VI. 660. Dryden’s translation, though more faithful than poetical, is here subjoined.

Here patriots live, who, for their country’s good,
 In fighting fields were prodigal of blood :
 Priests of unblemished lives here make abode,
 And Poets worthy their inspiring god ;
 And searching wits of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac’d their age with new-invented arts ;
 Those, who to worth their bounty did extend,
 And those, who knew that bounty to commend.

one of Tickell's Elegy on the death of the moralist, "If dumb too long," &c., one of the most plaintive and touching elegies the language affords. The monument of Craigs, the intimate friend of Addison, stands at the west end of the nave. In their deaths, they were scarcely divided;—

And Craigs in death to Addison succeeds.

The monuments in the Poet's Corner present by no means an imposing appearance, if considered merely as works of art. They generally derive their interest from the illustrious names they commemorate. Those of Shakspeare and Handel are designed however with much felicity. The former is a statue of the poet, holding in his hand a scroll partially unrolled, on which is inscribed the well-known speech of Prospero in the *Tempest*,—"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces," &c. The passage derives new force and beauty from "the solemn temple" in which the spectator stands, and which, with its solid buttresses and fretted aisles, is doomed to dissolution among the fires of the last day. The monument of Handel is also a full-length statue, leaning on a table covered with musical instruments. He is looking upward; and on the scroll depending by his side, is inscribed the divine solo from the *Messiah*,—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Crossing over to the northern aisle of the Abbey, the spectator is lost in a wilderness of monuments, some of which are well worthy of attention, while others were erected to commemorate names of which the world never heard.

O fond attempt to give a deathless lot

To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

Why should mausolea of *children* find a place here, merely because they were of noble descent, or because the families were sufficiently wealthy to purchase a niche in this temple of worthies? The monument of Pitt loses its effect by its too great elevation, it being placed over the great western door. Chatham's is better situated; and if elegance consisted in the quantity of marble employed, this would stand pre-eminent. The great fault of the works of modern English statuaries is, that the features are passionless and vacant;

a fault which appears to indicate a want of genius for the art. The productions of Bacon's chisel are singularly deficient in this respect. His figures on the monument of Fox—Brittania receiving the expiring patriot in her arms, are totally devoid of meaning. The guardian genius appears as unmoved, as though she held a log of wood. The personification of Death, in the monument of Lady Nightingale, has been much and justly censured as a departure from good taste ; for it is not *every* poetical personification which will bear to be represented in statuary. Setting aside, however, the defect in the design, nothing can be more beautiful than the execution. There is as much of eager joy in the face of the skeleton-archer, as can be expressed in a bony visage ; and the anxious husband, receiving the fainting form of his wife, and striving to protect her from the fatal dart, presents a most admirable picture. The female figure is eminently beautiful. The drapery hanging on the skeleton, and protruded here and there by the angular bones, is wonderfully light, and wrought with such skill, that the marble folds appear to be transparent. But a description of the monuments worthy of particular study would be as endless, as it must be uninteresting to the reader.

How vain and profitless does human glory appear, when studied among these mouldering tombs ! And wherein does the dust they contain differ from that of the undistinguished dead ? Faith anticipates the day, when “ all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth ; they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation.” The proceedings of that day will level the artificial distinctions, which now place men at so wide a distance from each other ; and the prize of our high calling will be awarded, not to the wise, the mighty, and the noble, but only to the best.

July 23d.—After breakfast this morning in company with an American friend, an excursion up the Thames to Richmond was proposed and joyfully acceded to. The day was most delightful—we had a joyous party of citizens and their families on board, going to rusticate themselves for a few

hours on the breezy hill of Richmond—the Thames was alive with boats hurrying to and fro; and a very passable band of music, playing on the fore-castle of the steam-boat in which we had embarked, contributed to the exhilaration inspired by the scene. The beautiful objects which were revealed in succession, as we sailed up the river, were numberless—Chelsea Hospital, Fulham, Kew Gardens, Zion House, &c., appearing among the most prominent. But the pride of this far-famed river is Richmond Hill, with its lawns and villas sloping down to the waters edge. All this glory bursts upon the view immediately on passing the bridge, where a slight bend in the river presents a succession of agreeable objects to the best advantage. The tide being favourable, the boat proceeded up the stream as far as Twickenham, and landed the party on a little island furnished with summer-houses, tents, gardens and walks, for the recreation of the pic-nic parties by which it is much frequented. After making the tour of the island, which proved to be no very fatiguing exploit, we rowed down the river a little distance, and were set ashore at “Ham’s embowered walks.” Nothing can be more delicious than the situation of the villas on the sloping bank, overhung by the fine oaks and elms which tower aloft from the side of the hill. Following a winding walk which led us through a variety of sylvan scenes, we emerged into the Park, a royal demesne eight miles in circumference, and containing upwards of two thousand acres. On the highest point of land, a noble house of entertainment has been erected, commanding, from its bow window in the third story, one of the finest and most luxuriant prospects in the world. As we looked down into the long, serpentine valley,

“Where slowly steals the winding wave;”

and the eye ranged over its osier beds, its clumps of trees, its “dry, smooth shaven greens” and gravelled walks, with here and there a boat lightly skimming the glassy surface of the river, it was impossible not to approve the taste of the poet, which led him to select this as the scene of one of the

most enchanting descriptions in his "Summer." The landscape is finely varied with hill and dale, and every where clothed with a deep verdure. At a distance to the westward, "majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow" in fair relief; and in the other direction, the dome of St. Paul's, "in shape and stature proudly eminent" above the mass of London, presents a bold and striking object even at the distance of nine miles. Indeed, the mighty bulk of that noble structure cannot be properly estimated, until it is seen at a distance, when the eye has an opportunity of measuring it by the surrounding buildings. I believe I have already remarked, that the foliage of the trees in England is particularly dense and verdant. The branches are ramified into an innumerable multitude of small twigs, each one clothed with abundance of leaves, giving to the tree the appearance of being carved out of a mass of verdure. The cause is probably to be sought in the humidity of the atmosphere, and the absence of scorching suns. English trees have not the light and feathery appearance of those which crown our New-England hills; and, viewed as objects of mere taste, and ornaments of a landscape, are perhaps less pleasing to the eye.

After dinner at the "Star and Garter," for which we paid a little less than five dollars although it consisted of but a single dish of roast beef, we descended the hill to the village of Richmond, and got admission into the parish church. Here is the grave of Thompson the poet. He was buried in the north-west corner of the church; and the place of his interment is denoted by a brass tablet on the wall, bearing an appropriate inscription. His monument is erected in the Poet's corner at Westminster Abbey. After seeing all which was worth seeing in the village, we were taken up by the boat at the bridge, and reached town about eight in the evening. The regulations in regard to steam-boats, although not very convenient for the passenger, are curious, as illustrative of the monopoly claimed by the boatmen of the Thames. No steam-boat which plies up and down the river is allowed to come to the wharf to receive its passengers. On going on board in the morning, we were surprised to see

ours anchored in the middle of the stream. On asking our waterman the reason, he replied with some warmth,—“ why they might as well allow us no *privileges* at all.” The Thames was once their sole property, and they naturally consider the steam-boats as interlopers, and look upon them with no very friendly eye. Government has therefore interposed, and compromised between oars and steam, by forbidding the latter to approach the wharf; thus securing to the waterman his fee for transporting passengers on board. Every body is privileged here, I believe, except the traveller, and at his expense. A lad places a plank to assist you in getting into the skiff, for which he expects a trifle; the waterman demands three pence for rowing you twenty yards, and sixpence, if the distance exceeds it by a few steps. You pay your fare on board the steam-boat, and suppose your account with your purse settled. No—the musicians come round with their box. “ We have no other way of getting our living, sir;”—and you drop in your sixpence with the rest. Finding your surtout troublesome, you give it to the steward, who throws it across the railing; and for this piece of service he expects sixpence. You disembark, and re-embark, and disembark again, on the same terms as before; and whether you sit still, or travel, by land or by water, your pockets are like the buckets of the daughters of Danaus.

July 24th.—The morning’s paper gave me the first intelligence of an alarming fire last night in Chancery Lane, not twenty rods from my present lodgings. Two or three houses were burnt; one life was lost, and a number of the inmates were injured by jumping from the windows. A person in London hears fewer alarms of fire in his life-time, than a citizen of New-York does in a year. Here, they attract the attention of the firemen only; while with us, particularly in our smaller cities, the outcry raised is as stupid as it is needless. An alarm of fire is a perfect holiday for the boys, and seems to put every body beside themselves.

Sunday, 25th.—I attended church at Westminster Abbey in the morning, and heard, what I expected to hear, the cathedral service finely performed. The discourse was neither

very eloquent, nor very lucid in its doctrines ; yet the people were attentive. The cathedral service is generally performed in the Abbey churches, as well as in the Minsters ; but neither of them are *parochial* churches, or have regular congregations attached to them. The audience is composed of strangers and casual visitors.

In the afternoon, I walked to St. Mary Woolnoth, of which the late Rev. John Newton was Rector. Here, I found a very crowded and attentive congregation. It is strange what an interest is communicated to a house of worship, by the fact, that it was once the scene of an eminent and faithful minister's labours ; for such was the character of the Rev. John Newton. The present Rector, Mr. Pratt, is a very engaging preacher, although rarely *eloquent* in a high degree. His manner has more of solemnity, perhaps, than of force. He uses no notes—discourses with fluency, and has a free and happy command of Scriptural language. His sermon was plain, practical, and apparently well adapted to the character of the audience.

July 27th.—After a variety of delays, and some vexations at the Alien Office, at which I ought to have presented myself on my first arrival in London, I have got my passport, and am just leaving the city, where I have spent seven or eight months, certainly with much satisfaction, and not, I would hope, without some little profit. I must leave it with the reader to form his own judgment of the impressions I have received, of the various interesting objects which have fallen under review. General deductions are little regarded in the journal of a traveller. It has rather been my aim to describe what I saw and what I heard, with fidelity ; and to allow the reader to form his own conclusions.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RIDE TO BRIGHTON—NAKEDNESS OF THE COUNTRY—BRIGHTON—ROYAL PAVILION—CHAIN PIER—STEAM-BOAT—PASSAGE TO DIEPPE—VEXATIONS ON LANDING—HOTEL DU ROI D'ANGLETERRE—TOWN AND HARBOUR OF DIEPPE—COSTUME OF INHABITANTS—CASTLE—DEPARTURE FOR ROUEN.

July 27th.—After discharging an enormous bill at Dicks, paying for some things which I had not, and roundly for those I had ; I took coach, and arrived at Brighton at six in the evening. For one quarter of the distance, the road was good ; through another it was indifferent ; and the remaining half may be described under the comparative and superlative degrees of badness. An hour was consumed in delays ; and after we had fairly got out of London, which requires more than a Sabbath days journey, we began to ascend the Surrey hills, and to feel ourselves once more in the country. This part of the ride offers many interesting views of rural scenery ; and the peeps into the broad valley of the Thames are occasionally extensive, as well as richly diversified. Brixton was the first village of note which lay on our route, and owes its celebrity to the fact, that the tread-mill was here first introduced into the penitentiary. Streatham, Croydon, and other little hamlets were thinly scattered along the road ; but there was, on the whole, no appearance of a superabundant luxuriance in the fields, or of a dense population on the roads. One is indeed surprised to see so many Downs and barren heaths in the southern parts of England. We expect to find every where a soil, if not rich by nature, at least rendered so by cultivation, and supporting a numerous population ; but this is far from being the fact. For one third of the distance between London and Brighton, the road lies over tracts of barren country, much of which is unenclosed, and the little which is cultivated yielding but a scanty reward for the husbandman's toil. The latter part of the ride was over

a remarkably fine road, winding along between the hills of the South Downs, which are generally barren of vegetation, but affording here and there a shady nook, and a cultivated patch, agreeably contrasted with the surrounding desolation.

Brighton is approached from London between two of these naked hills, and is invisible until you are just entering the suburbs. The town is built principally on two or three streets running parallel with the shore, and in the ravine by which it is entered from the country. In the midst of the area of level ground formed by the opening of the hills, and at a short distance from the shore, stands the "Royal Pavilion," a humble imitation of a Turkish palace, surmounted by a dome, in shape not unlike a huge inverted balloon. "Great princes have great play-things;" and the taste of his present Majesty leads him to take much of his pastime in brick and mortar. Why he has deigned to honour Brighton above all other watering places in his dominions, it is difficult to say. The spirit of barrenness seems to have enthroned himself on the neighbouring hills, which are almost wholly naked of every kind of verdure. The shore is a chalky bluff, commanding a good view of the channel; and the "Terrace," a broad street running along the top of the bank, affords a pleasant promenade in the cool of the day. The bathing is indifferent, owing to the very gradual slope of the bottom into deep water. An uncouth covered box, mounted on four clumsy wheels, is drawn out into the sea. In this, the bather takes his passage; and plunges in, when the vehicle has arrived at a sufficient depth of water. Between the Pavilion and the sea, there are two or three enclosed grass plots, which are much used as promenades. These, and the Terrace, are now thronged in the evening, as the town is filling up with company. Brighton seems to abound in fine women. In no part of the island have I seen so many fresh complexions, and such a general appearance of health. The Circulating Libraries are favourite places of resort in the evening, where there is a due mixture of cards, musick, and conversation. In fine weather, there is much riding out in donkey phaetons, and on Welch ponies; but the visiters seem to be not a little

straitened in their resources for killing time. Sea-water is pumped up for sprinkling the streets by a vertical tread-wheel, turned by a horse which travels on the inner circumference. As for harbour, there is none; and a stranded brig, another at anchor, and a sloop, constitute the whole marine of Brighton. The style of building is rather gaudy, and displays a good deal of *Nashional* taste. Many of the houses are built of vitrified bricks; and those on the Terrace have generally bow windows looking out towards the sea. The Royal Stables, also built in the Oriental style of architecture, are next in importance to the Pavilion as objects of curiosity. The dome of the Riding School, composed almost wholly of glass, is quite worthy of notice.

Brighton, judging from what I have been able to see of it, is not unlike other places of mere amusement; a scene of idleness and ennui—a haunt of dissipation, both high and low—a vanity fair for pleasure-hunters and gamblers, and whatever is worthless in society. It owes all its present prosperity to the preference given to it by the reigning monarch; and will probably sink into oblivion when he ceases to live, or when his fancy takes another turn. The number of unfinished buildings is almost equal to the inhabited ones; and a suspicion has already gone abroad among the people that they are going on too fast. Indeed the tide of prosperity is already beginning to ebb, since the king has diverted his attention to reforming the architecture of Windsor palace. Since his accession to the throne, his visits to this place have been few and far between—his favourite residence is Windsor. In no place in England have I seen such throngs of worthless fellows as here.

X Among the curiosities of the place, must be mentioned the chain pier. This is a species of bridge laid on piles driven into the mud, and suspended by chains stretched from one pier to another. It extends about one third of a mile into the channel, which deepens very gradually from the shore; and terminates in a platform of considerable extent. This is also supported by piles resting in the mud. It has been injudiciously paved with heavy flagging-stone, the weight of which has disposed the supporting timbers to get rid of their

burthen by a movement down the channel. As an expedient to keep the pier in its place, an anchor has been cast at a distance in the opposite direction, to which the timbers are moored by a chain cable. The bridge is a favourite promenade with the visitors^d at Brighton, and is certainly a very inviting place for enjoying the breezes from the ocean. A toll of two pence is taken from each person at the foot of the bridge; and so great is the throng of pedestrians, that £70 have sometimes been taken in a day.

Having spent a day or two in rambling about the streets of this uninteresting town, and the desolate hills which encompass it on the land side, I am waiting for the boat which crosses to-morrow to Dieppe.

July 28th. After paying a moderate bill at the "Royal Pavilion Hotel," and getting my passport countersigned, I repaired to the pier at eleven, the hour of sailing; but eleven came, and scarcely half our freight was on board. The deck being twenty feet lower than the pier, carriages, horses, trunks, &c., were swung off and lowered down by a crane, furnished with a windlass, and a suitable combination of mechanical powers. At last, we shoved off about noon, having a motley deck cargo of horses, carriages, dogs, and other appendages of gentlemen travellers, and leaving at least a thousand spectators on the pier and bridge gazing after us. What ennui must possess these hunters after amusement, to take so much interest in the departure of a steam-boat! We crept along at a snail's pace, not at all answerable to the celerity promised by the name inscribed on our stern—"The Rapid." Twice we stopped, and lay floating *in gurgite vasto*, while the engineers hauled out *the clinkers*, and actually extinguished the fire. The coal, it seems, was bad; and instead of generating steam, only fused, and ran together in a solid mass on the grate of the furnace. At sunset, when we ought to have been in our hotel at Dieppe, the coast of Normandy was barely visible; and it was eleven o'clock when we hauled up by the quay, instead of making the run in eight hours, as the hand-bill flatteringly announced. Here we lay full half an hour,

waiting the arrival of *Mons. le Commissaire de Police* ; while a number of gens d'armes paraded to and fro, to see that nobody dared to set foot upon the quay. The condition of some of the passengers, particularly the females, was truly pitiable, afflicted as they had been with the *maladie de la mer*, and shivering in the night air. Some scolded—some complained—the Frenchmen jabbered, and John Bull gave vent to his impatience in execrations on the police ; but there was no moving till the great man came to take our passports. At length we were permitted to disembark, one by one, leaving all our baggage behind to go to the custom-house for inspection. Supposing we were now at liberty, we set off in pursuit of a hotel ; but the gentlemen of the sword had not yet done with us. We were conducted into a little office on the quay, where our pockets, hats, and boots were searched, to see that no contraband goods found their way into the imperial nation. This office is usually performed on the ladies by police officers of their own sex, though I understand sometimes not. One of the gens d'armes is always at hand, to compose differences and enforce submission. I had formed an acquaintance on the passage with an amiable young Englishman, who had formerly resided in Switzerland, and spoke French with perfect fluency. We adjourned to the “Hotel du Roi d'Angleterre,” which is said in the antiquities of Dieppe to have been the chateau of the kings of England, when they held possessions in Normandy ; but I should apprehend that little of the original chateau is now remaining. However, the “Hotel of the King of England” is a magnificent name ; and the honour of sleeping in such a place might be deemed some compensation for the indifferent accommodations we met with. Our chamber was a comfortless looking apartment, paved with bricks. My bedstead was propped up at one end by a billet of wood ; that of my companion was in no better plight. These, and a rickety chair and an old chest, constituted the only furniture of our sleeping apartment, in the “Hotel of the King.”

The next morning, July 29th, we sallied out before break-

fast, and rambled through the town. It needs no records of its antiquity. The narrow streets—the projecting walls, sustaining in many instances a luxuriant vegetation in the crevices—the houses striped with wood and stucco—the steep roofs, and the general appearance of decay—all refer to a time at least as remote as the Henry's. The entrance into the river Arques is barely wide enough to admit a single ship, and has a wall on the left, of hewn stone, rising thirty feet higher than the water at low tide. This narrow passage soon expands into a basin of very convenient size, around, and in front of which, stands the town of Dieppe. The whole basin, at ebb tide, is nothing but mud, with the exception of a narrow channel formed by the river, a small, rapid stream. Near the head of the basin, on the quay, is the principal market place. We found it thronged; and as I plunged into the crowd of buyers and sellers, the strange costume of the market-women, together with the foreign language I heard, combined to produce a lively impression that I was now in a land of strangers. An American in England scarcely feels that he is not at home. The language he hears, the objects he sees, the style of the buildings and the furniture of the houses, are all so much like what he has been accustomed to in the cities of the United States, that he is easily beguiled into a forgetfulness that he is no longer in his native land. This delusion is dissipated, however, on crossing the channel. Here, every thing has a foreign aspect; and nothing strikes his attention more forcibly, than constantly hearing a dialect, to which his ear has been unaccustomed. The dress of the lower classes of the women is one of the first things which attract his observation. It consists of a cap, rising nearly two feet high from the crown of the head, with long broad flaps hanging down the back side of the neck; and a short-gown and petticoat, the latter reaching half way below the knee. These garments are often of a scarlet colour, and extremely dirty. Coarse woollen stockings, red, yellow, or green; and *sabots*, or clumsy wooden shoes, complete the nether part of their attire. As the cap forms the only covering of the head, in

the field or in the market, their faces are tanned into a tough, dingy looking parchment, although their natural complexions are a ruddy brown. In the peasant girls, whose faces have been less exposed, this is not disagreeable, particularly when set off by a pair of sparkling black eyes. The features are generally spare, and the persons light and active.

The town is surrounded by hills and chalky cliffs, with the exception of the part which looks towards the sea. The castle stands on a high hill in the rear of the town, which it overlooks, together with a wide expanse of ocean. It is too elevated to receive much injury from the guns of a naval force, to which its heavy batteries would prove very annoying. From the bridge, too, there is a very pleasing rural prospect up the valley, through which the Arques flows in its course towards the harbour. The churches have the same appearance of antiquity, which is visible in the dwellings of the inhabitants. That of St. Jacques is a very ancient structure, of blended Norman and Gothic, dark, heavy, and ill-proportioned. I observed hanging on the walls and pillars numerous votive offerings to "Our Lady," of vessels wretchedly painted, for her kind interference in preserving sailors from shipwreck. The general appearance of the town is picturesque; but its streets are narrow and filthy, and darkened by the height and projection of the houses. The population is about 20,000.

Our breakfast was as meager as our sleeping accommodations had been comfortless. Roasted rye, or some such trash, supplied the place of veritable coffee; for it seems the hotel-keepers have tried their impositions on English travellers with success. On demanding of the waiter, whether the beverage with which they were treating us was meant for coffee? He replied with the usual shrug, "Oui, Monsieur; *e'est caffe Anglois.*" We tried again, and got a mixture, in which *English coffee* however predominated. I got my trunk from the custom house by going two or three times for it, and paying two shillings for having it ransacked; procured a new passport for two francs, the original one having been sent on to Paris; and about noon, mounted the Diligence for Rouen.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FRENCH DILIGENCE—SETTING OFF—HILL OF ST. AUBIN—COUNTRY
 —VALLEY OF MALAUNAY—THE SEINE—ROUEN—VIEW OF THE CITY
 —CATHEDRAL—CHURCH OF THE BENEDICTINES—MENDICITY—PEAS-
 ANTRY—DINNER AT THE HOTEL—DEPARTURE FOR PARIS—PONTOISE
 —ST. DENIS—PARIS.

An American, travelling in this country, finds amusement enough, for a stage or two, in contemplating the *outré* vehicle in which he is whirled along, and the equipments by which the horses are tied to it. The body of the Diligence—or more properly, the *three* bodies put together—cannot be less than sixteen or eighteen feet long, each compartment being covered so as to form a continuous roof for the luggage, and a station for passengers in a fair day, whence they have a fine view of the country. The timber employed in constructing the machine, would go far towards building a small barn. The driver's place is every where—sometimes on the dickey—then on the top—then on one of the wheel-horses; and, in going up hill, two or three rods behind the diligence. The horse-gear is an indescribable composition of old scraps of leather, ropes, tow-strings, raw hide, chains, and bits of wood, put together as fancy or convenience dictate. The arrangements do not seem calculated for any particular number of horses; but if the load requires an additional one, he is hitched on at any convenient place; so that there are sometimes three or four abreast, or disposed along at different intervals. If a trace is too long, it is shortened by tying knots; if too short, it is spliced with a bit of rope or old bridle rein. Gear of such a description is expected to be often giving way; but a breach is quickly repaired. The most common place of the driver is on the wheel horse; where, with a long whip made of a leather thong, and a rein, or two from the mouths of the leaders,

pieced out of cords, strings, and leather straps, he manages his fiery steeds in a very Jehu-like style.

All things being finally adjusted, we began to move; a change of state not accomplished in a moment, considering that it depended on the unanimous consent of six or seven half-trained, ill harnessed horses; and after lashing and cracking through a street or two, we got fairly under weigh, and swept along with portentous rapidity. By this time, however, traces and straps were trailing on the ground, the effort having proved too mighty for our rigging to withstand. Stopping was no easy matter with such a momentum as ours, but was at last accomplished; and we hove to while the Conductor dismounted to repair damages. Similar accidents happened a dozen times before we reached Rouen, and the conductor as often ran back to look for some piece of broken gear, which had fallen off in the hurly-burly—the piles of flint stones by the way-side always supplying a convenient hammer for adjusting the iron work.

Clearing the town by the suburb Barre', we began a long ascent up the hill St. Aubin, the summit of which commands a noble view of Dieppe and the channel, and of the country. The prospect towards the sea is peculiarly grand and imposing. The road lies along this elevated ground for a short distance, and then descends by a winding rout to St. Aubin-sur-Seye, a small straggling hamlet on the Seye, which is here little larger than a mill-stream. Our course now led us over a gently waving well cultivated country, adorned with hamlets, farm-houses and chateaux, presenting every where a neat, and often picturesque appearance. The country is better wooded than in England; forests of considerable extent crown the distant hills; and around the chateaux, the trees are generally disposed with a careful attention to mathematical regularity. The wheat harvest has commenced, and the labour seems to be performed principally by the women. They are far more numerous in the fields than the men, and toil at the most laborious occupations. Wheat, oats, and flax were the crops which we most frequently observed. About eight or nine miles before we came to Rouen, we descended

by a steep winding road, into the beautiful valley of Malaunay, through which runs the Cailly, turning the machinery of a long succession of cotton manufactories. This establishment is said to give employment to many thousand operators. High heathy hills rise on each side, leaving a valley between of half a mile in width for the mills, bleaching lawns, and cottages of the workmen. Most of the buildings are covered with white stucco ; and even the manufactories are ornamented with no little architectural taste. Contrast-ed with the green of the elms and lombardy poplars ; the smooth bleaching-lawns where, thickly interspersed, “the acacia waves her yellow hair ;” and with the brown, but varied hue of the hills in the back ground, they present a succession of pleasing and picturesque objects ; and I thought I had rarely seen a more beautiful valley than that of Malaunay. The road winds along through it on the north bank of the river, which is overhung with trees, until you come to Yonville, situated in the same valley. Here, too, you have a rich view down the river, the majestic Seine appearing in the distance, with a few white sails slowly moving along among the trees. Indeed, the ride for many miles presents a succession of rural beauties, varying with every turn in the road ; and we not a little regretted the necessity of quitting the top of the diligence for the inside—*Mons. le Conducteur* informing us, that the regulations of the police did not allow passengers to occupy the roof. We were too sensible of the indulgence he had shown us during the ride to dispute his orders, and contented ourselves with what we could see from the windows. Passing the barrier of Rouen, in the shape of a turnpike gate, where our luggage was overhauled by an officer of the police, we entered the long, straight avenue of double rows of trees, by which the capital of Normandy is approached on this side, having the noble Seine on the right. After a ride of a mile or two under this arcade, with numerous lamps suspended over our heads by ropes stretched across from tree to tree, we came upon the broad paved quay ; and turning up the Rue des Carmes,

were deposited in the yard of the Hotel Vatel, about six in the evening. Distance from Dieppe thirty-nine miles.

I am now writing in my well furnished chamber, on the third floor. A round marble table in the middle of the room, serves for a wash-stand. At one end is a recess, in which stands a bed, separated from the apartment by a moreen curtain ; and under my feet is an old fashioned floor of deal, of small pieces laid in a zig-zag form, and painted yellow. A row of tall, solid buildings of free-stone, with heavy cornices and mouldings, rises on the opposite side of the narrow street ; and the unceasing din of wheels, and the clatter of *sabots*, and the lively jabber of passengers, ascend in mingled confusion from below. My chamber is, on the whole, very *comfortable*.

Friday, July 30th. Rouen, the capital of the conqueror of England, and now, "the first city of the department of Lower Seine," stands on the north side of the river, which is here a little wider than the Connecticut at Hartford. It is a very beautiful stream. Before entering the city, it makes a sweep to the northward ; and on leaving it, turns again to the south, and runs along at the foot of a range of hills. A number of little islands, brightly verdant, arise out of the bosom of the stream, and greatly enrich the scenery as viewed from the neighbouring hills. At the east end of the city rises a perpendicular, chalky bluff, a hundred feet high, which commands one of the finest prospects imaginable ; the eye now resting on the dark mass of buildings below, the bridges, and quays thronged with a busy population ; and then following the majestic sweep of the Seine, as it steals away and is lost in the distance, between the lofty hills which confine its waters. A broad paved quay extends along the whole length of the city, lined with shops on one side, and with the boats used in the river navigation on the other. These are of a singular construction ; and it is by no means obvious what peculiar advantage is derived from their lofty sterns, and rudders, in shape and size not unlike a barn door. Many of them were laden with charcoal and billets of firewood. Opposite the Rue de Grand Pont is a

bridge of boats of ingenious mechanism, which is about to be superseded by a noble one of hewn stone. The city stands on a slope, ascending gently at first, but becoming quite steep as you approach the northern suburbs. It is environed, indeed, by an amphitheatre of hills, which overlook every part of it. The Boulevard de Belle Voisine, or some such name, lies on one of these eminences; and forms a beautiful promenade under its quadruple rows of elms. At one end is a spacious square, also thickly set with trees, which seemed to be a cattle market. Large *piles of calves*, tied by the legs, were lying on the ground, and bleating piteously under their tortures. The houses of Rouen are of all the fantastic shapes that were ever invented; most of them are lofty, built of wood, and jutting over the narrow streets. Some of them must have been cotemporary with William the Conqueror. The mode of building these houses seems to have been, to erect a frame, composed of a great many pieces of timber fancifully arranged, and to fill the intervals with a wall, plastered on the outside. They are from three to five stories high. Those inhabited by the more wealthy are of free-stone, and very handsome; but the narrowness of the streets, having the water-course in the middle, and the absence of side-walks, give the place a dark and dirty appearance. The Rue des Carmes, in which my hotel is situated, is one of the best built streets, and leads up from the quay through the centre of the city.

I had formed too high expectations of the cathedral of Rouen; it has neither the size, nor lightness, nor magnificence of most of the cathedrals in England. It was built by the Conqueror; and must of course be near eight hundred years old. The front is in the richest style of ancient Gothic, and presents an abundance of bold tracery; but one of the towers appears never to have been completed, nor was the other finished according to the original design. Indeed, the upper part by no means corresponds with the lower, in the style of its finishing, and was manifestly the work of a later and inferior architect. Some pretty good paintings adorn the walls within. There is no choir divided

off from the nave, as in the English cathedrals. The organ is placed over the great western door at the end opposite the chancel, so that the eye takes in the whole range at once, by which the effect of the architecture is greatly improved. The coloured glass is brilliant, but not remarkable for beauty of design or correctness of drawing. A few poor devotees were kneeling in different parts of the church, and busily engaged in counting their beads; but for every worshipper, there were two or three beggars following the visitors about, and craving their charity in a whining tone, "for the love of Christ." These are found every where. They swarm in the corners of the streets, in the market places, and around the hotels; but principally in and about the churches. The exterior of the cathedral is disfigured by the mean houses built against its walls, leaving nothing displayed but the front.—The church of the Benedictines has a noble tower; and in point of size, is little inferior to the cathedral. Here, the same scene of beggary and devotion presented itself. The view up and down the Seine from the Boulevards, is truly delightful. The Boulevards are an extension of the quay in both directions, and are planted with double rows of elm trees.

The same singular costume which is worn by the inhabitants of Dieppe, prevails here also, and throughout Normandy, having been handed down from a very remote age. This attachment to antiquated customs may be remarked in almost every thing, and effectually prevents all improvement among the peasantry. Their saddles are of a monstrous size, and cover almost the whole back of the horse. Both ends are shaped alike, and rise so high as to render it an exploit of some difficulty to mount. A full-rigged baggage waggon is a curious spectacle. The harness contains leather enough for three of moderate strength; and the poor horse is loaded about the head with a number of tassels of red or blue woollen yarn, literally as big as one's fist. The collar is stuffed to an immense size; and a wide board projects on either side, through which the reins are passed. To crown all, the back of the horse is covered with a large,

shaggy rug, fringed and tasselled in a cumbrous style of ornament, the whole forming a most oppressive as well as unnecessary burthen to the wearer. Nothing could have been contrived, less adapted to the narrow streets of Rouen, than the carts employed in transporting articles of commerce. The nave projects far out from the plane of the wheel, like a nine-pounder from the side of a privateer ; and it requires some address to squeeze by it, without getting marked with a streak of tar and grease, or being crushed against the wall. The same inattention to convenience, and determined hostility to improvement, is observable in the farming utensils. The ploughs, harrows, carts ; all the implements of husbandry, in short, which I have had an opportunity of examining, are ill contrived, and of the rudest workmanship. No arguments would probably convince a Norman peasant, that he had twice as much timber in his plough as was necessary, and that it could run without wheels.

At the hotel, the guests dine at a common table ; and not, as in England, in their own apartments. The French certainly do ample justice to the multifarious dishes which are placed before them ; nor have I yet seen any thing to support the popular opinion, that they live principally on soups. The company at dinner amounted to about forty ; and I never beheld a more sincere and active devotion to the contents of the various dishes. Judging by this single specimen, they eat voraciously, and are far from stinting themselves in the quantity they devour. Every man partook of nearly every dish, twelve or fourteen in all, in addition to a large quantity of soup, salad, bread and dessert. A dinner at a French hotel is no holiday for the waiters. The slovenly French knife is little used ; fingers and forks do every thing ; and the same knife and fork are used throughout without being changed.

On application at the office, I found all the inner seats of the Paris diligence occupied ; and was forced to go upon the top, or wait another day. At seven in the evening, I clambered up the side of the machine, which, with its pile

of luggage above, and the quantity slung beneath in a kind of shoe suspended from the bottom of the carriage, almost rivalled in size a cart-load of hay. There were sixteen or eighteen passengers within, and six on the top, including the Conductor, who is, in fact, the captain of the whole establishment. The postillion has nothing to do but manage the drove of horses, by which the ponderous vehicle is moved along.

Leaving the city by the northern Boulevards, we began to ascend by a zig-zag road ; and on reaching the top of the hill, had another charming view of Rouen, and the beautiful scenery in its neighbourhood. It appeared to the greatest advantage, by the mellow light of a setting sun. Our route was different from any laid down in the itineraries. We soon left the Seine, and saw no more of it till our arrival at St. Denis early the next morning. About ten, we passed the village of Montague and then dismounted to ascend a steep hill by a short cut, while the diligence gained the summit, by a long circuitous route. We were nearly half an hour in reaching the top, whence I could observe, by the light of the moon, a widely extended prospect of hill and dale, while the fires of the village, and of the numerous iron-works, were glimmering far below in the valley. Here we found a neat cottage with a table spread, covered with refreshments, of which we partook while waiting for the diligence. As the day dawned, we found ourselves travelling along an elevated ridge of land, which afforded a more extensive sweep of vision than any that had occurred on our route. We were now about thirty miles from Paris, yet Mount Valerian, only two or three miles from the metropolis, was distinctly seen rising from the plain ; and over the wide expanse, lay a profusion of hamlets, cottages and chateaux, just revealing themselves by the morning light. About sun-rise, we came to Pontoise, a village situated on the Oise, which we passed by a stone bridge ; and soon after, arrived at St. Denis. This place was formerly celebrated for its cathedral, against which, the revolutionary fury of the *sans culottes* was directed, because it contained the tombs of departed kings,

and the ashes of many illustrious dead. The cathedral was restored by Buonaparte, and presents a noble appearance. St. Denis is only six miles from Paris, and stands on the bank of the river. From this to the metropolis, the road is of great width, and lies over a perfectly level and sandy plain. But little of the city is therefore seen as it is approached from this quarter. About nine in the morning, we entered by the Barriere St. Denis, and were set down in a yard in the Rue du Bouloy. Distance from Rouen ninety-seven miles. As soon as I could get my trunk disengaged from the chaos of travelling furniture beneath which it was buried, I repaired to the "Hotel Montmorency" in the Rue St. Marc, and provided myself with comfortable lodgings at a very moderate price. The previous day had been one of exercise and fatigue, and the night had been passed without sleep. I threw myself on the bed for an hour's repose before going out; and on waking after a nap, as I supposed, of moderate length, was surprised to find that it was near midnight.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PARIS—STREETS—HABITS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARISIANS—THE BOULEVARDS—TASTE IN THE FINE ARTS—GARDENS OF THE THUILLERIES, OF THE LUXEMBOURG, OF THE PALAIS ROYAL—MONTMARTRE—VIEW FROM ITS SUMMIT—DEFENCE AGAINST THE ALLIED FORCES—SCENE IN THE SUBURES—DISREGARD OF THE LORD'S DAY—PETE OF THE ASSUMPTION—CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME—MASS FOR THE DEAD.

As dates are of little importance to the reader, it is unnecessary to encumber my journal with them, in recording the observations I may make during my stay in the metropolis.

Paris is seen at a great disadvantage by the traveller, who enters as we did by the port of St. Denis. None of the pub-

lic edifices are situated on this road. Divest the city of its palaces, its gardens and monuments, and little remains to distinguish it from other large cities. The principal streets are long, very narrow, and very dirty. The gutter is usually in the middle, along which runs a little dirty stream from the public fountains, to be splashed on the passenger with its thick precipitate of filth. The feet of the horses operate like the paddles of a water-wheel, to distribute the black stream on the unlucky pedestrian, who is kept within point-blank distance by the narrowness of the way. In the few streets which have two gutters, the wheels of the numerous cabriolets perform the work of distribution with a facility and precision still more admirable. The stones, of which the streets are paved, are large round pebbles; and, as side walks are unknown, the stranger is apt to experience some little inconvenience at first in his perambulations, from the roughness of the surface. Yet I have found walking over the pavements of Paris less fatiguing, than over the smooth flagging of the streets in London. The filthiness of the public ways is hardly reconcilable with the excellence of the police regulations in other respects. Every kind of nuisance is emptied into them during the night. This seems never to be wholly removed; so that the passenger is often saluted with a compound of most unsavory smells in his morning walks. So much for the *trivia* of Paris. A stranger will do well to reject the advice usually given, to hire a cabriolet to take him to see the curiosities of the place. He may possibly make a little more speed, if speed is his object; but he will lose a thousand opportunities of observation, which none but a pedestrian can enjoy. Let him make his excursions on foot; let him thread the dark alleys and arcades—look into the shops and market-places, and examine every thing worthy of notice, and at his leisure; if he wishes to collect information, or find sources of amusement.

The houses in the best built streets are usually four or five stories high; and the material used is free-stone, almost without an exception. This is of a light cream colour, and is taken from quarries excavated beneath the city. The

general style of architecture is rather heavy, though not inelegant; and all the buildings, except those of very recent date, are browned with smoke and dirt. These defects are compensated, in the interior, by a redundancy of gilding, mirrors, and ornamental furniture, at least in the publick houses. The passion of the French for *mirrors* is unique. They are found every where—in their café's, in their restaurateurs, and their shops, and in every place where there is room to receive them. I have even observed the *stairs* of a café lined in front with strips of plate glass, which an incautious step could not fail to shatter to pieces.

The habit of the Parisians of living in public is a trait of national manners, which strikes the attention of every foreigner. To see and be seen, is essential to the felicity of one of the inhabitants of the gay city. He is found every where, except at home. He breakfasts at a café—takes his luncheon in publick—dines at five at a restaurateur—goes to the Theatre at six—returns to a café after the play, and goes to bed at midnight. The intermediate portions of time appear to be occupied with billiards, dice, and promenades. How these people support this round of idleness and amusement, is a mystery. Nobody appears to be engaged in any gainful occupation, except the publick waiters, the tradesmen, and the shop-keepers. Even the latter are seen with their families by thousands on the approach of evening, in the gardens of the Thuilleries and of the Luxembourg, about the walks of the Palais Royal, and on the bridges and quays. On a pleasant evening, I have counted four or five hundred, sitting in groups in the boulevards, within the distance of eight or ten rods. Here they resort, to sip their coffee and other light refreshments, brought from a neighbouring house of entertainment, and *talk*, and laugh at the jokes of some light-hearted merry-andrew exerting himself for their amusement. It is surprising what droll characters exhibit on the boulevards, where they are always sure of spectators enough at the close of a pleasant day. Here, every kind of amusement adapted to the taste of the lower classes, is going forward; and if to excel in one's vocation is a test of merit, many of

the *artistes* of the boulevards are worthy of all praise. Yet among the immense groups collected in these areas, I never beheld the least disorder. In England or America, there would be intoxication enough to set the whole mass in an uproar, and send the sober-minded away to their homes. Here, it is only a scene of calm and quiet amusement. The nostrils are not saluted at every step with the stench of gin and brandy ; nor the ear stunned with the obstreperous roar of vulgar debauch. There is a propriety, a decency, in these popular amusements of the Parisians, which does not exist elsewhere. Their passion for *spectacles* is, however, excessive and unique. They enter necessarily into their ideas of happiness. After the toil of the day is over, the tradesmen and mechanicks take their wives and families to the neighbouring boulevard, as naturally as people of the same class in England or America retire to their own firesides, to spend the evening in the bosom of their families. If the French have no correct idea of *comfort*, in our sense of the word, as some writers are fond of maintaining, they are certainly alive to *enjoyment*, which answers their purpose quite as well.

The prevalence of a cultivated taste in the fine arts shows itself in all the articles of ornament, which are exhibited for sale in the shops. A chaste and classical style is observable in every thing. The Greek and Roman histories and mythologies furnish innumerable subjects of design, which the artists seize and adapt to their purpose, with admirable judgement and skill. Every one has seen some proof of this, in the time-pieces and porcelain which find their way to the United States : but the shop of a *Horologer* is quite a magazine of classical antiquity. Heathen gods and goddesses, heroes, emperors and statesmen, in fine attitudes, and beautifully executed in *or-molu* ; vases, urns, Grecian temples and triumphal arches ; every thing, in short, which is calculated to gratify a classical taste, figure on mantel-pieces, and other articles of ornamental furniture, where they can be admitted with propriety. The cup from which you sip your coffee is modelled after the most admired proportions of the Grecian vase ; the pitcher in your chamber is fashioned after the Ro-

man urn : and your *eau de vie* is poured into a glass, which is moulded into some one of the forms excavated at Herculaneum. In short, a refined taste is discoverable in almost every article, whether for use or ornament. How the common artists have arrived at such a degree of perfection in the *beau ideal*, it is difficult to say. They have certainly left the English and Americans far behind—not so much, perhaps, in the neatness of the workmanship, as in the beauty of design.

The *gardens* attached to the palaces in and about Paris afford the most charming promenades for the citizens, to whom they are always open. Nothing can be imagined more agreeable in its kind than the garden of the Thuilleries, notwithstanding its formal regularity. You walk through long colonnades of trees, or among gay parterres of flowers ; you are refreshed with jets d'eau, which diffuse a delightful coolness through the shade ; and heroes and nymphs and demi-gods, in elegant sculpture, are your companions. The profusion of statuary in Paris is really surprising. How much do the fine arts here owe to the liberal taste of Louis XIV ! One is presented almost at every step with some noble monument erected during his reign. The gardens of the Luxembourg are little inferior to those of the Thuilleries in beauty, and superior in extent. Both are wholly artificial, and are laid out in broad, gravelled walks, lined with trees planted with the utmost attention to regularity. The garden of the famous Palais Royal is only a quadrangle, enclosed by the palace, planted with rows of dwarfish trees closely trimmed, and having a jet d'eau and basin in the centre. Towards evening, and particularly on a Sunday, the concourse of people in these gardens is surprisingly great.

Montmartre is a bold and steep eminence just without the Fauxburgs on the north side of Paris, and commands a view of almost every house in the city. I visited it one fine afternoon, in company with a young American, and gazed for some hours at one of the most magnificent spectacles in Europe. All Paris lay at our feet with its palaces, and gardens, and glittering domes shining resplendantly in a clear sun, and the Seine easily traced for a long distance in both di-

rections. To the westward, the eye ranges over a long extent of cultivated valley; and a little farther south, the Bois de Boulogne, Mont Valerian, a steep conical hill crowned by a noble edifice, the Palace and park of St. Cloud; and in the distance, the water-works of Marly, all appeared in view, amidst an agreeable succession of hill and dale. To the southward and across the Seine, the prospect is bounded by a low ridge of hills, which begin to take their rise at no great distance from the city. Charenton, the Bois Vincennes, the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise on Mont Louis, appear in succession to the south-east and east; while to the northward, the view extends over a level country, in which the village of St. Denis forms a prominent object. Paris lies in a valley of gentle depression intersected by the Seine, which makes numerous turns and doublings to get in and out of it. What a contrast between the atmosphere of Paris, and that of London! The former transparent as an American sky; the latter foul as the dungeons of Vulcan. This difference is undoubtedly to be attributed to the fact, that in Paris they burn little bituminous coal, except in a few manufactories. Wood and charcoal supply its place, with a great advantage in point of cleanliness; although it is difficult to imagine whence the supply is derived to meet the consumption of so large a city. Montmartre is the highest of the semicircular chain of eminences, which environ Paris on the north; and held out the longest against the attacks of the allied forces, in 1814.—The houses and windmills on its summit, perforated with shot, yet bear testimony to the sanguinary conflict. Here, a heavy battery of cannon was planted, which did great execution on the masses of Silesian infantry directed against it. In fact, this post was maintained after the French had been dislodged from every other point of defence; nor did it surrender, till the capitulation of Paris was resolved upon. It is naturally a strong military position; but the fortifications on the southern slope of the hill seem better calculated to annoy the city, than to defend it against invaders. But the storm of war has long since rolled away; and numerous parties of young people from the Fauxburgs were taking their refreshments on

the rustic seats, distributed around the brow of the hill. It is problematical how long a Frenchman would fast, if he had not spectators to see him eat and drink. We descended the hill on the eastern side among the quarries, at the risk of breaking our necks; and on reaching the Fauxburgs, our ears were saluted with the sound of rustic revelry and mirth. It proceeded from a spacious tavern, which might be taken either for a house or a barn; and our curiosity induced us to mix with the crowds who were lounging about the door. Looking in at the window, a scene of low conviviality presented itself, which would have convulsed Momus himself with laughter. An immense room browned with smoke, was furnished with a row of tables running quite around it, at which, in thick array, the guests, consisting of artizans, soldiers and serving men, in their holiday attire, were addressing themselves vigorously to the feast. The room was low, and a huge fire blazed up on the hearth, where the process of cooking was going forward—the windows were blocked up with heads—the day was hot—the meats and soups hot, and the air confined. Moustaches reeked with gravy—an atmosphere of tobacco smoke bedimmed the upper regions of the apartment; and the strangest confusion of tongues issued forth, *ex penetralibus*. High on a throne enveloped in the murky cloud sat a band of fiddlers; and in the space between the tables where the feast was at its height, the *waltzers* were toiling through the giddy maze. The ladies were mostly accommodated with partners in military coats, for

“None but the brave deserve the fair”—

But the fatigues of a campaign in the torrid zone could be nothing to this. Such sweltering, and labouring, and perspiring, in an affair of mere pleasure, were never seen before. One might judge by the grave and exhausted appearance of the fair, that, but for the high honour to which they had been called by the valiant sons of Mars, in being selected as partners of the dance, they would gladly have begged a temporary suspension of operations. We left this amusing scene of suburban revelry, and returned to our hotel.

There is little, in the appearance of Paris on a Sunday

morning, to remind one that it is a day of rest. The shops are generally open ; the markets are thronged as on other days ; carts, and drays, and all sorts of vehicles designed for the transportation of merchandize ; are in motion ; buying and selling, and manual labour, proceed as usual ; there is rest neither for man nor beast. In the afternoon, the shops are generally closed ; labour is suspended, and the remainder of the day is devoted to pleasure. Few of those who go to the churches, appear to have any other motive than amusement. They walk about the aisles, gazing at the pictures, and listening to the solemn music of the mass ; and go away when they are tired. Those whom I have seen really engaged in worship appeared to belong to the lower classes ; and with the exception of these few, the persons you see in church are merely spectators, attracted thither by curiosity, or to pass an idle half hour before they go to promenade in the gardens. If the mass were stripped of some of its mummery of the perpetual changes of posture, and of its frequent bowings and crossings, and waving of censers ; and above all, if it were performed in a language intelligible to the common people ; it could not fail to be an impressive service. As it is, the canting of the white-robed priests, accompanied with various instruments ; among which, the deep and mourning tones of the *serpent*, and the startling blasts of the *trombone* predominate ; with now and then a burst from the mighty organ of Notre Dame, cannot be listened to with indifference, by one who has an ear and a soul for solemn music. The churches in Paris swarm with beggars, whose importunities are excessively annoying. Experience has probably taught them, that the offices of devotion open the heart and hand to charity.

Perhaps a more lively idea may be conceived of the manner in which Sunday is observed, or rather disregarded, in this gay city, by the following incidents, in which I was undesignedly implicated, than by any general remarks. By a mistake, which might naturally enough occur to one journeying from place to place, and having his mind occupied by a variety of objects, I had lost a day in my reckoning, and Sun-

day came, when I supposed it to be Saturday. Having some business to transact, I breakfasted as usual at a cafe', and repaired to the book-sellers, all of whose shops I found open. The streets and quays were thronged as at other times; the stores were all open; the market places were crowded with buyers and sellers; and in no quarter did there appear the least cessation of business, to remind one of the day of rest. After being engaged till dinner-time, I went out in search of refreshment. The sound of labour was dying away—the tradesmen were closing their shops—the bells of Notre Dame were pealing forth, and large groups of well-dressed citizens were collecting in the gardens and Boulevards. Presuming that it might be the day of some festival in the Romish calendar, I made enquiry, and was answered that *it was Sunday!*

The 15th of August being the Fete of the Assomption, I had an opportunity of witnessing the processions, and the performance of high mass in the church of Notre Dame. The procession was made up of priests, in their rich robes and velvet caps—singing boys—crucifixes—wax tapers—the crozier of the Archbishop, and Mons. l'Arch Eveque himself, in a robe of embroidered gold, a golden mitre, and white satin shoes richly embroidered with gold. He is a handsome man of fifty years of age. He walked in the procession with his hands clasped on his breast; his face, every muscle of which was motionless as a sleeping infant, a little upturned; and his eyes directed towards the pavement. I will not trust my skill in physiognomy so far as to say, that the lines of his face are those of a man of pleasure; and that the expression he endeavoured to throw into his looks was called up for the occasion. The great bell of the cathedral continued tolling while the procession lasted, the priests chanting at intervals, accompanied by various instruments, with now and then an *explosion* from the full organ, which made the vaulted ceiling of the temple echo. After marching up and down the aisles, and doubling and redoubling, till almost every foot of the pavement had been passed over, the procession entered the choir; the tolling of the bells ceased, and high mass began.

Notre Dame is a cathedral of considerably smaller dimen-

sions than St. Paul's, it being four hundred and fourteen feet in length, by one hundred and forty-four in breadth. Its style is Gothic, but with much of the ponderous character of the Norman in its architecture. It wants the light and airy elegance of many of the English cathedrals. One hundred and twenty enormous columns form a double colonade, extending the whole length of the fabric. Those at the west end, which help to support the inner walls of the two square towers, I estimated to be fifteen feet in diameter. The choir is enriched with a profusion of carving in bas-relief, paintings, and statuary, all of which is well worthy of attention. This noble building has stood above eight hundred years, having been erected in the reign of Robert the Devout, early in the eleventh century. During the celebration of the Fete of the Assomption, the church was thronged with visitors, walking up and down the aisles, and examining the paintings and other curiosities. Of devotion, there was scarcely the faintest appearance, except among a few of the poorest classes.

I happened one day to step into a church, where they were celebrating mass for the dead. The deceased appeared to have been a man of some consequence. The chancel was hung round with black, forming a back ground, which set off the brilliant silver shrine of the Virgin to the greatest advantage. The body was raised on a bier about five feet from the floor, and covered with a pall, with a broad border of stripes of white satin. About two dozen wax candles, elevated on tall candlesticks, were burning around it, although it was then mid-day. The mass was chanted in a solemn, slow kind of recitative, the voice dwelling the same length of time on each syllable, which rendered it monotonous to the ear. The priestly performers appeared to execute their parts mechanically. One of them took his instrument from his mouth to shake hands with a friend; and another, to take a pinch of snuff. We hear much of the impressive character of the Romish service; but so far as I have yet observed in this country, its solemnity is lost in the irreverent behaviour of the performers. I have scarcely seen an instance, in which they appeared to entertain any sentiments of devotion. The Pa-

risians go to mass, as they go to any other spectacle : that is, the few of them who enter church at all. Most of the ecclesiastics I have seen are hard featured men, evidently sprung from the lower classes of society, and indifferently dressed. The cures are said to be but slenderly provided for ; and to this, their personal appearance bears testimony. All of them are distinguished by the *tonsure* ; yet this is so much concealed by the long, curly locks of some of the younger and handsomer clergy, as to be scarcely perceptible.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RIDE TO VERSAILLES—ST. CLOUD—GARDENS OF VERSAILLES—BASIN OF NEPTUNE—BASIN OF APOLLO—THE ROCK—BASIN OF LATONA—GRAND TRIANON—PETIT TRIANON—ROYAL CHAPEL AT VERSAILLES—HALL OF HERCULES—GRAND GALLERY—RETURN TO PARIS.

The palace and garden of Versailles are famous, both on account of their own magnificence, and their having been the favourite dwelling place of some of the former kings of France. I left Paris one morning in company with a young man from New-England, on an excursion to this former abode of royalty. This was my first airing in a cabriolet ; and I found it of a piece with other public conveniences in this country, in point of style. We were obliged to extricate ourselves from the grasp of half-a-dozen drivers, all soliciting our custom most clamorously ; a species of annoyance often felt here as well as in England. Our horse being none of the strongest, another was tied to one of the shafts a little forward of the axle-tree ; and as they were not at all times exactly agreed as to the direction in which the tattered vehicle was to move, we had frequent illustrations of what is known

in mechanicks, by the name of "composition and resolution of forces." We left the city by the Barriere Franklin, and pursued our route over a fine road across the plain, having the Seine on our left. After going through the village of Passy, and leaving the Bois de Boulogne on our right, we had a fine view of the village and palace of St. Cloud, the park, the gardens, and the Lantern of Demosthenes, on the other side of the river. The situation of this palace, embosomed among trees, and on a declivity sloping down to the river, is extremely beautiful. It has the appearance of uncultivated nature, which is observable in many of the parks around the country residences of the English nobility. The grounds are broken, and often abrupt. This was the chosen residence of Bonaparte, when he was not marshalling his armed battallions in the field ; and here, in 1814, he rendered up for the last time the crown of the empire. How many objects in and about Paris, recal the memory of that wonderful man ! After crossing the river, the ground rises rather abruptly, affording numerous delightful situations for the mansions of the wealthy. Sevres, another small village, next occurred ; and after a ride of a couple of hours, we were set down in the Place d'Armes, in front of the royal palace. We found a number of boys in readiness with their brushes, to put us in decent plight, for a few sous ; and a most loquacious ragged Frenchman exhibited his license to conduct strangers through the gardens. We found him very useful, particularly as he had learned, by long practice, to speak his own language so as to be intelligible to those, who were but little accustomed to it.

The south-eastern front of the palace, which looks towards the village and the Avenue de Paris, is by no means imposing ; although the imagination of my companion had been so highly excited with the anticipation of seeing the most celebrated palace in Europe, that he broke out in exclamations of wonder on beholding the irregular pile of brick buildings which obscure, but certainly do not decorate, this quarter of the palace. Three broad avenues planted with trees, those of St. Cloud, Paris, and Sceaux, unite in the

Place d'Armes. Traversing this area, the visiter arrives at "the Court of the Ministers," it being erected for their reception. He is next conducted to the court of the palace; and by an arched passage in one of the wings, into the gardens, which are spread out in the rear, or rather, before the principal front of the palace. They are three or four miles in circumference, exclusive of the park, which contains some thousand acres. What an assemblage of avenues, parterres, basins, jets d'eau, cascades, canals, water-gods, statues, orangeries, bosquets, quincunxes, salles and alleys! What taste, what labour, what expense, have been lavished, to decorate this residence of kings! The basin of Neptune, representing the triumph of that deity, is truly superb and imposing. It is a semicircular reservoir, twenty or thirty rods in diameter; in the centre of which sit Neptune and Amphitrite, in a huge marine shell, with a group of Naiads, Tritons, Phocæ, Dolphins, and all the fabulous monsters of the deep, gambolling and splashing and spouting around them. The sea-god, it is presumed, is here represented as large as life. He would measure about twenty feet in height, and Amphitrite something less. These, it must be admitted, are very god-like proportions. Their limbs are fashioned with perfect symmetry, and do credit to the genius of the elder Adam, whose handy-work they are. The borders of the basin are thickly decorated with urns and vases, on the sides of which, crabs, lobsters, and other marine animals, are crawling up to get a taste of the water. When the fountains play, which is only on Sundays and a few other festivals, jets of water issue from the mouth of each animal, and the hollow of every urn. Neptune once had a crown upon his head, as every deity *majorum gentium* is entitled to have; but in the famous era of *Egalité*, such an offensive emblem of kingly power was not to be endured. The populace therefore hacked it off, leaving his god-ship with a bald pate, and his brow encircled by a rim of lead. They left him his trident however, which might almost serve Polyphemus for a walking-stick. All these figures are of lead. At another basin, one is a little surprised to find Ceres in a puddle, reaping wheat; and in

another, the elegant Flora as uncomfortably situated. How they came there, it is not easy to conjecture. It is not recollected that either of them is described, in any of the books of mythology, as belonging to the class of aquatic deities. The basin of Apollo is in better taste. There, the god of day is represented as rising from the ocean, and shaking the reins of his panting steeds. Tritons, half immersed beneath the waves, are sounding their shells; and dolphins gambol by his side. They seem to be taking a boisterous leave of the radiant god, as he is setting forth on his daily journey. To my taste, there is something highly poetical in the mythological representations of Apollo. I always look at his statues with pleasure, particularly when he is set forth, as in the present case, as the god of day. The spirit of the horses is finely displayed in this group, which scarcely yields to the celebrated ones in the British Museum, taken from the Parthenon. The horse figures admirably in sculpture. The fountain of the Pyramid is also much admired. The Bath of Apollo, or "the Rock," is a delightful grotto, cool and shady, in which Apollo sits surrounded by a group of Nymphs, all anxious to minister to his convenience. Some are washing his hands, some are laving his feet, and one administers an ewer of water. His godship on the whole is very agreeably attended. He seems to be refreshing himself after the fatigues of the chase, and his horses stand hard by. The grotto, it is needless to say, is wholly artificial; and the rocks of which it is composed, some of which are of a large size, were brought from Fontainebleau. The parterre and basin of Latona are pointed out as worthy of particular attention. The vases are designed with uncommon beauty, after some of the most admired antique forms. The centre is occupied by a group, composed of Latona and her two children, and surrounded by upwards of a hundred lizards, tortoises, and frogs, into which the peasants of Lybia are in the act of being transformed by Jupiter, at the prayer of Latona. These pour a copious shower of water on the central group, when the fountains are in operation. But to describe minutely the works of art which adorn the gardens of Ver-

sailles, would require a volume ; nor could the description be rendered interesting. The fountains are supplied principally from the water-works of Marly, five or six miles distant, where the water of the Seine is raised to the astonishing height of six hundred feet, and conducted to the gardens by subterranean pipes.

Leaving the gardens on the north side, we were conducted to the *Grand Trianon*, a beautiful marble palace constructed in the Italian style, by Louis XIV., on the spot where the village of Trianon formerly stood. The front is nearly 400 feet in length, and is elegantly decorated with pilasters of Languedoc marble, in the Ionic order. So beautiful and luxuriant are the gardens, that this elegant retreat has been termed the palace of Flora. Here, some of the queens of France have given birth to heirs apparent to the throne ; and here too they have expired. The centre, uniting the two wings of the palace, is one entire saloon lighted on both sides by large arched windows, which give it the appearance of a magnificent green-house. We were led through all the apartments, some of which are finished in a style of great splendor, particularly the queen's bed-chamber. The bed-stead is covered with gold, and golden angels support the folds of the tapestry in their arms. Mirrors are disposed every where on the walls.

Petit Trianon is a small palace, about a mile distant, with a large garden laid out in the English taste ; that is, with winding walks, thickets, irregular groups of trees, and a general studious attention to the effect of natural scenery. The palace itself consists of a pavillion in the Roman style, forming a complete square, each front of which measures about eighty feet in length. The gardens are beautified with statues, grottos, temples, cottages, cascades and canals ; the latter nearly dry, and the former going to decay. It is still however a beautiful spot, and pleases more by its wildness, than the stiff and stately gardens of Versailles, to which it is an appendage. *Petit Trianon* was the work of Louis XV., who created it as an agreeable retreat, where he could enjoy, in its beautiful apartments, a temporary seclu-

sion from his court. It was also the favourite residence of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, under whose taste the garden received many of its decorations. We found here a party of English ladies and gentlemen, admiring like ourselves the beautiful scenery, which the hand of art had wrought into so close a resemblance to nature.

Returning to the palace of Versailles, we were conducted, in company with ten or a dozen more, through the different apartments, by a fine looking Swiss officer of the guards. We were first shown the Chapel—an edifice as glorious and resplendent, as the richest marble, and a profusion of gilding, tapestry and carving, can render it. Bronzes, ormolus, and bas-reliefs, are disposed in all parts of this superb temple, with the choicest taste; and the effect is greatly heightened by the painted ceiling, on which several passages of the sacred history are traced, by the most eminent masters of the age of Louis XIV. The altar is of fine marble, decorated with a glory; and on each side is an angel bending in adoration. This beautiful chapel was also the work of the same Louis: the style of architecture, both on the exterior and interior, is Corinthian.

From the Chapel, we were conducted to the *Saloons*. Entering from the north terrace, we were first shown the Saloon of Hercules. This chamber is reckoned the glory of the French School, and is certainly decorated with a wonderful degree of magnificence. It is sixty-four feet long, and fifty broad. In the painted ceiling, Olympus itself appears to open, revealing all the deities of the heathen mythology; and in a series of groups, the labours and apotheosis of Hercules are represented. A long range of Saloons, eight or ten in number, follow in succession, deriving their names from some mythological deity, whose story is usually painted on the ceiling. The pencils of La Fosse, Le Moine, Audran, Le Brun, Blanchard, Hourasse, and Jouvenet, were employed in these decorations, which impart a wonderful richness and effect to the splendid architecture of the rooms. The walls, too, are adorned with paintings on canvass, by the eminent masters of the art; and by the tapestry of the

Gobelins, scarcely to be distinguished from paintings, without a very narrow inspection.

But the glory of Versailles, and perhaps of Europe, is the *Grand Gallery*, in which is almost realized the ideal splendor we read of in the fabulous tales of oriental magnificence. It is 232 feet long, 30 broad, and 37 high; the architecture and painted ceiling by the celebrated Le Brun. Seventeen large arched windows, opening towards the gardens, light it on one side; and corresponding with these on the side opposite, are seventeen arcades of plate glass, of similar size and shape, reflecting the trees and numerous beautiful objects in the gardens, and producing the appearance of a double gallery, when the spectator stands with his back to the windows. Between the windows and arcades, which are alternate, are marble pillars of the composite order, the bases and capitals of which are of gilt bronze. The ceiling is vaulted; and on it is depicted in Le Brun's rich and mellow colouring, the history of the acts of Louis XIV. Nothing is more deceptive than the dimensions of this gallery; it does not appear to be more than one hundred feet in length. We were conducted through a vast number of apartments, in which painted ceilings, mirrors, and gilded mouldings and cornices appeared in endless succession. Indeed, our eyes were completely satiated with the sight of costly magnificence, before we had completed the circuit.

The façade of the palace next the garden is by far the most imposing. The centre and wings compose a front *eighteen hundred* feet in length, consisting of a basement, a first story, and an attic. It is decorated through the whole of this immense range, with Ionic pilasters, and fifteen projections supported by isolated columns of the same order. The whole is crowned with an entablature in the Roman style, surmounted by balustrades enriched with vases and trophies. Statues representing the Seasons, the Months, and the Arts, are disposed along at proper intervals; and bronze figures of Silenus, Antinous, the Pythian Apollo, and Bacchus, adorn the front of the central pavilion.

Since the unfortunate Louis was conducted a prisoner to

the capital, to return no more, Versailles has been little occupied as a royal residence. Its splendid rooms are stripped of their furniture, and echo to the tread of idle visitors like ourselves. Desolation reigns in its gorgeous halls; and although its gardens are still kept in fine order, their sweetness is enjoyed only by the groups of travellers, who are attracted thither by the far-famed celebrity of the place; and the bourgeoisie of Paris, on the festivals, when the play of the fountains affords them an amusing spectacle.

Having completed our survey of *mirabilia* pertaining to this celebrated palace of the Bourbons, and been five or six hours on our feet, we adjourned to the Hotel de France, and got a moderately good dinner, for which we paid at an immoderate rate. I find my English speech a source of perpetual vexation, in the article of charges and douceurs; it being expected that every Englishman—and all who speak the language are supposed to be of that nation—should pay double. I have not French enough to dispute with a Frenchman in his own language. He has a most provoking way of evading your arguments and objections, by a shrug of the shoulders, and replying with a vacant stare, that *he does not understand Monsieur*. We engaged a cabriolet, at full price, to take us back to Paris, and were entitled of course to the whole vehicle, to the exclusion of all way-passengers. On the way, however, the driver respectfully asked permission to introduce *une petite dame*, which we were of course too gallant to refuse, but the petite dame was accompanied by her *beau*. Another and another was introduced without leave, until the cabriolet was completely loaded. Our contract being thus broken, we conceived ourselves released from our obligation to pay for the whole carriage; but the dispute ended as might have been expected. The ragged driver made up in vociferation, what was wanting in reason; and we paid him his whole demand, rather than have him shouting at our heels along the quay.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE—PROMENADE PHILOSOPHIQUE—TOMB OF ABELARD AND ELOISA—OF MASSENA—LEFEBVRE—SERRURIER—NEY, &c.—REFLECTIONS ON THE TASTE OF THE FRENCH—DRESS OF THE PARISIANS—PALAIS ROYAL—GAMBLING—INGENUITY OF BEGGARS.

Among the popular productions of the day, is the *Philosophical Promenade to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise*, on Mont Louis, written by Viennet, a retired officer, who has contributed his share towards establishing the military glory of modern France. It is, as might be anticipated, wholly *philosophique*—it speaks of genius, and glory, and campaigns; but not a word of HIM, by whom “thy dead men shall live;” for in the estimation of a French *Philosophe*, the resurrection and a judgement to come are not philosophical ideas. “Be not frightened, madam,” says the lively writer to the lady, to whom he addresses his letters, “at the title of this work. I date my letters neither from Elysium nor from Tartarus; nor have I taken this excursion in a hearse, nor in one of the funeral coaches which compose its train: it is on foot, it is *en philosophe*, that, under a bright sun in May, I set forward towards the illustrious rendezvous of all the dead of good company. I sought to dissipate the gloomy vapours of a profound melancholy.”

With this philosophical guide under my arm, I took the road one beautiful morning towards the Barriere d’Aulnay, which opens in front of the cemetery of Père la Chaise—the Elysium of the dead. As I emerged from the buildings by which my view had been obstructed, a wilderness of monuments appeared before me, half concealed beneath the trees, which clothe the breast and crown the summit of Mont Louis. The entrance is through a portal of heavy mason-work; above and on each side of which are engraved, on marble tablets, inscriptions from the Vulgate, indicating to the visit-

er, that he is approaching the place of rest for weary mortals, and repeating the sublime sentiment of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Passing under the arch, I stood in the city of the dead. What a wilderness of foliage, acacias, ever-greens, limes, flowering shrubs, and monuments of every conceivable form, lay spread before me! It seemed as if nature and art had brought hither their richest gifts, to beautify the sanctuary of the sleepers. The cemetery occupies the broken face and summit of Mont Louis, and commands one of the most splendid views in the neighbourhood of Paris. It is very similar to that from the heights of Montmartre, only that it is more limited towards the west. Here repose the ashes of those, who have ennobled France by their virtues, delighted it by their genius, or rendered it terrible by their arms. All around is silent as the graves beneath: the reasoning philosopher has done with the construction of ingenious theories: the poet's fire is extinct; and the warrior, "who caused his terror in the land of the living," has gone down to his rest. No place on earth, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, presents such a throng of associations to a reflecting mind, acquainted with the history of France for the last half century.

One of the first objects which presents itself is the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, which rears its light, elegant, Gothic form, on the right of the entrance. The bones of these unfortunate lovers performed a variety of pilgrimages, before they arrived at their final place of repose. Abelard was first buried at Chalons-sur-la-Saone, where he expired: hence, the body was conveyed to the Paraclete; and on Eloisa's death, their bones were mingled in the same coffin. A holy father, scandalized at this union, caused them to be disinterred, removed to the conventual church, and buried separately on opposite sides of the choir. Again they were taken up, and deposited in one of the chapels; and on the dissolution of the monastery, their ashes were mingled and enclosed in one tomb, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

Near the south-eastern angle, and on a projecting point of the hill, reposes a group of warriors, whose lofty monu-

ments attract the eye at a distance. Here sleep the ashes of Massena, Lefebvre, Serrurier, Lamartilliere, Colaud, Leclerc, and Dumuy—names dear to the recollection of the veteran soldier, who may be often seen lingering on this spot, consecrated to the genius of war. “What glory, madam,” exclaims my philosopher, “is included in this little space! What a noble pride, what a perfume of grandeur, does one respire on this plateau! How proud does he feel to belong to France, and to the age of so many illustrious men! What lessons, what examples, what noble recollections issue in a throng from the tombs embraced within my view! How many fields of battle, what various countries, what celebrated marches, represent themselves to my astonished imagination: the rocks of the Pyrenees, the vallies of Spain, the plains of Germany, have witnessed the combats of Lamartilliere. The armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of Egypt, and of Silesia, have placed Dumuy in the rank of their bravest men. Colaud has seen the English and the Duke of York fly before him, on the plains of Hondschoote; and he has shared the toil of the same army of the Sambre and Meuse, where Jourdan, Championnet, Marceau, Kleber, Moreau, Hoche, and Gouvion, have impressed all the austerity of their character; and, in times of anarchy and disorder, have exhibited to the enemies of France the discipline of the Spartans, and the virtue of the ancient Romans.”

Differing very materially from my philosophical guide, in my ideas of military glory, I went in search of the tomb of Ney, whose mangled remains were deposited at some distance from the above mentioned group. He fell ingloriously, for the crime of deserting his sovereign at a time when all stood appalled at the ascendancy which the terrible man seemed on the point of regaining. Ney, a conspicuous actor in fifty pitched battles, three hundred skirmishes, and three memorable sieges; always leading on the advanced guard, the first in perils and the last to retreat; like Bayard, surnamed “the bravest of the brave;” but like the constables Bourbon, Montmorenci, Biron, Turenne, and the great Conde’ himself, the betrayer of his king; now sleeps,

an unhonoured, but not forgotten heap of dust. An iron railing enclosing a vault covered with a coarse flagging stone, on which, some soldier, who followed him in his campaigns, has scratched the letters *NEY*, in rough characters, alone marks the place of his repose. In how many battle-fields has he rendered his name terrible, from Portugal to Moscow!

In other parts of the cemetery, the tombs of Kellerman, Labedoyere, and Nansouty—names also engraved on the military history of France; of Moliere, La Fontaine, and Delille; of Sicard and Haüy, attracted my attention. In a shady spot, where a group of young elm-trees, cypresses, yews and poplars, mingled their umbrageous foliage, I observed a cluster of monuments; among which was a marble column surmounted by a flaming globe. The inscription recorded, that the mutilated remains of Madame Blanchard reposed beneath. It will be recollected, that the balloon in which she made her last, fatal ascent, took fire, and she was precipitated from a vast height to the ground, before the eyes of thousands of spectators. The flaming globe on the top of her monument is an allusion to the frightful cause of her death.

After gaining the summit of the hill, which may be ascended by a multitude of irregular, winding walks, you come upon a narrow plain extending along the whole length of the cemetery. Here, a neat chapel of free-stone has been erected, in the Doric order, and just on the brow of the hill. In the midst of the level piece of ground above mentioned, is a plot allotted as a burying place for strangers; and among the groups of monuments contained in it, it was with melancholy feelings that I read the names of several of my countrymen, who had rendered up their spirits in a foreign land. Although not one of them had ever been personally known to me, I felt that they had once pertained to the country of my birth, and seemed for the moment to stand among the graves of my familiar acquaintances.

Many of the tombs, in this great national receptacle, more resemble small chapels and triumphal arches, than mausolea

of the dead. That of Massena is an obelisk of solid granite, thirty feet high : others are in reality small chapels erected over the vaults, and decorated with appropriate emblems. The crosses surmounting the marble columns, and the frequent inscription—*orate pro anima mea, omnes fideles*—remind the passenger that he is no longer in a protestant country ; and when one who has been educated in a purer faith observes these frequent solicitations of his prayers for the dead, he is involuntarily reminded of the great and impassable gulf, which opens between the righteous and the wicked in the world of spirits. The cemetery, which is about eighty acres in extent, is almost entirely occupied with tombs, from the splendid monumental pile, down to the upright piece of plank, bearing the initials of the name commemorated, and inscribed with the sign of salvation. Here are names which will live, when the marble on which they are engraved shall have crumbled into dust ; and others, that were known only in the little circle of their neighbourhood. Almost every tomb is enclosed with a hedge of sweet-scented shrubs, which is kept trimmed with the nicest care ; and the hillock of turf is planted with flowers. Indeed, the whole cemetery is thickly set with various kinds of trees and evergreens, amongst which, the cypress, the yew and the fir-tree, with their dark foliage, shed a soft gloom over the place, which harmonizes well with the purpose to which it is consecrated—the reception of the mortal remains of man. The tombs are adorned with artificial wreaths and chaplets of flowers, generally of yellow amaranth, hung upon them by the hand of domestic affection ; and in frequent instances, I observed a miniature likeness of the dead sunk in a panel in the marble, and covered with glass. The amaranth is, after all, but a fading emblem of immortality. The manufacture of the chaplets gives employment to a number of poor cottagers in the neighbourhood ; from whom they are purchased by the relatives, in their pilgrimage to the tombs.

It is impossible not to contrast the delicate sensibility manifested by the French in thus adorning their places of sepulture, with the negligence of other nations in this respect,

and particularly of our own. It seems as if our dead were no sooner inhumed, than forgotten. To rear a slab of marble, with the name and age of the deceased graven upon it, is in most instances the extent of our endeavours to perpetuate their memory. When Wesley was in Scotland, he remarked, on the unceremonious manner in which their funerals were conducted, that they reminded him of the burial of Jehoiakim, king of Judah—"He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem." This severe satire cannot apply to the Episcopal Church, so long as its solemn, pathetic, funeral service continues to be read at the grave. But it is worthy of consideration, whether certain desirable moral effects might not be gained, by taking some pains to beautify the place, where sleep the ashes which are one day to be raised in incorruption, and clothed upon with immortality. One has only to spend an hour on the shady summit of Mont Louis, to be convinced of this. The heart is softened, if it is not made better: the feelings are soothed by the scene of quiet, pensive beauty spread around; instead of being chilled at the spectacle of nakedness and desolation, which our grave-yards so often present; and we willingly surrender ourselves to the dominion of those fast-coming thoughts, which the place is calculated to inspire. Every nation has its own peculiarities; but in their sedulous attention to render the mansions of the dead pleasing, rather than repulsive, objects, the French have shewn a truth of sensibility, and delicacy of taste and natural feeling, exhibited by no other people.

The mass of the citizens of Paris dress precisely as we do in our large cities in America. I see nothing of the ruffled sleeves and tawdry ornaments, which we have been taught to believe were always appended to a Frenchman's apparel, and to constitute a necessary part of it. The ladies dress with remarkable neatness and good taste, and betray far less partiality for gaudy colours than those of London. The practice of *rouging*, I should apprehend, is confined to actresses and women of pleasure; I have scarcely seen an instance where I had reason to suspect that the complexion was arti-

ficial. The ladies of Paris cannot, on the whole, be pronounced very beautiful, if regularity of features is essential to beauty. But they have *expression* and *vivacity* depicted in their countenances; graceful persons, and an air of ease and gentility in all their movements. They walk with singular grace—a rare accomplishment in persons of either sex. Many of them have the true, brilliant complexions of the English women, the due compound of the lily and the rose; although the olive and the brunette of the southern provinces are occasionally met with. One must have a very fastidious taste not to admire some of the *fine women* he passes in the promenades and public gardens, in a pleasant afternoon. The American ladies have perhaps better forms than those of either England or France. While in London, I often had occasion to remark the nearer equality in point of stature between persons of different sexes, than in our own country. As they walk together in the street, the lady proceeds, *pari passu*, with her partner, and measures her steps by his. The common dress of the gentlemen in Paris is of a more grave and sober kind than I expected to see. An observer will meet with more dandies and petit maitres in Bond and Oxford streets, on a fine morning, than in Paris in a week. Judging merely from appearances, I should also apprehend, that people in the same circumstances in London dress more expensively than in this capital. The French are rather light than athletic in their persons, and fall below the English in stature, and an appearance of muscular strength. In short, I shall hereafter give little credit to the representations which the English have been fond of making, of the frivolous taste of their neighbours in the article of dress. What it formerly was I know not; but at present, I am convinced that, in point of good taste, Paris has greatly the advantage, not only of London, but of the cities in the United States. Probably the events of the revolution, and the reign of despotism which succeeded, have had their influence on the national costume, as well as on national manners.

Every writer of a journal feels obliged to scribble something about the *Palais Royal*; which after all does not ap-

pear to merit all that has been said about it. Scott, the London editor, gave it a flaming character, in his "six weeks' residence in Paris;" and subsequent writers have taken their *cue* from him. The splendor of the shops is not greater than that which is displayed in the Boulevards, and far less than that which arrests the eye on Ludgate hill, and in many other streets of London. The beauty of the original architecture was destroyed, in the construction of the bazaars and numberless arcades, by which, from being the residence of a prince, it was converted into a receptacle of every thing calculated to please the eye, gratify the taste, or corrupt the heart. The building is in the form of a parallelogram, enclosing a garden of five or six acres, which is nothing but a gravel-plot containing a jet d'eau and basin in the centre, and a few rows of clipt trees. Here are shops elegantly fitted up, and containing every imaginable article of luxury and ornament—café's, inviting the taste of the epicure, by an innumerable variety of dishes prepared in the choicest style of French cookery—halls appropriated to scientific and literary pursuits; while in the upper and lower regions, it is said there are apartments devoted to every species of profligacy and debauch. How much gambling and sensuality there are in the garrets and cellars of the Palais, must be learned from the representations of those, who have taken the pains to explore its inmost recesses. Englishmen, however, ought to be the last persons to reproach their neighbours with these vices. The public have been, in some measure, made acquainted with the gambling establishment in Pall Mall, with its gorgeous saloons and expensive appointments supported by noble patronage, where fortunes to no moderate extent are lost and won in a moment: and as to female profligacy, a templar surely need not go far in quest of scenes for many pages of glowing description. The southern arcades and alleys of the Palais Royal seem to be in a degree appropriated to this unhappy race of creatures. Here they swarm in the evening, gaudily attired; and from the familiarity with which they are allowed to mingle and converse with those of their own sex of better character, it is

impossible to avoid the inference, that the line of division between virtue and vice is but faintly traced in the popular estimation. Gambling is practised all over the city, as a common and licensed amusement; nor does government disdain to derive a large revenue from the sale of licences. “Cafè estaminat, Deux Billiards”—“On jou à poules,” and other inscriptions on the signs hung over the doors, intimating that gambling conveniences are to be found within,—meet the eye in almost every street; and the click of the billiard rods, and the rattle of dice, are heard every where. When I see the numbers occupied in these and similar amusements, not only in the evening, but in the morning, at mid-day, and at all hours, my wonder returns—how these Parisians contrive to support themselves! Whence come the five franc pieces and louis d’ors which are staked on the game, and expended in orgueats, liqueurs and vins?

The Palais Royal, it is known, was the property of the infamous Duke of Orleans, of revolutionary memory. Having squandered his princely revenues by a course of extravagance and crime almost unparalleled even in the history of royal profligacy, he had recourse to the expedient of turning his splendid palace into an immense bazaar. The shops were let to the highest bidders; and either the avarice or the necessities of the owner prompted him to consign many of the upper apartments to the most infamous purposes. It is questionable whether any spot on the face of the globe, of equal extent, presents such a variety of scenes and characters; in which, however, unless it has been greatly belied, there is little to inform the understanding, and every thing to corrupt the heart.

A person walking the streets at his leisure, may amuse himself with the ingenious expedients resorted to by the beggars to arrest notice. I once observed a couple of hale fellows, one of whom had left both legs, and the other, one, on *the field of glory*, crawling along the boulevards, chanting most lustily, and leading a beautiful *doe*. The animal arrested the attention of the passengers long enough for the chanters to beg of them a few sous, for poor crippled soldiers,

Another chants all day long upon his knees by the way-side, with his charity box in his hand. A third wears a broad breast-plate of pasteboard, on which is inscribed in large letters, *aux aimes sensible*; followed by some melting tale of distress. A fourth sits from morning till night, shaking his coppers in a tin cup; and another covers her face, as if oppressed by suffering too big for utterance, till some kind soul pauses to enquire into the cause of her grief. But there are not only beggars by profession, swarming in every place of publick resort; but many who take up the trade occasionally as opportunities are presented. You see, perhaps, a market woman jogging cheerfully along with a basket on her arm, singing, or gossipping with a companion as light-hearted as herself. As you approach she suddenly disfigures her face with a look of sorrow, and begins some melancholy ditty; and you can hardly refrain from repaying her hypocrisy with a grin of derision. One has less patience with these, than with the regular practitioners of the profession, many of whom are real objects of pity.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VINCENNES—CASTLE AND MOAT—MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEIN
 —VIEW FROM THE PYRAMID—DISAGREEABLE INTERRUPTION—WOOD
 OF VINCENNES—FORBIDDEN GROUND—PARIS—PLACE OF THE BAS-
 TILE—THE THUILLERIES—THE LOUVRE—PALACE OF THE LUXEM-
 BOURG—HOTEL DES INVALIDES—THE BOURSE—TRIUMPHAL ARCHES
 —BRIDGES—PALACES—FOUNTAINS.

I took a cabriolet one morning to Vincennes, a village of great antiquity about four miles to the eastward of Paris. Just before arriving at the Barriere occurs the Place du Trone, a wide circular expanse shaded with trees. This is in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine; from whose dark cellars and squalid brothels, during the reign of terror, issued some of the fiercest blood-hounds of the revolution. Passing the

Barrière, a spacious gate-way between two heavy Doric columns, each seventy-five feet high, with a lodge on either side, you enter upon a long level avenue, ten or twelve rods wide, and ornamented with rows of trees. The *chateau* of Vincennes, with its huge, dark donjon and tower, appears in the distance. On arriving at the village, consisting of a few straggling, ill-built houses, I proceeded to the chateau; and seeing the gate open, I attempted to enter, but was stopped by the musket of the sentinel, and commanded *parler au concièrege*. The result of the conference with the porter was, that I was permitted to go no further. I learned afterwards, however, that strangers are readily admitted; only it is necessary to provide themselves with a ticket at a neighbouring bureau—a piece of information which the porter was too surly to give me. I was therefore obliged to satisfy myself with an exterior survey of the chateau, which is a quadrangle of sixty or seventy rods on each side, enclosing houses, stables, offices, dungeons, and a Gothic chapel of considerable beauty. The whole is surrounded by a dry moat about sixty feet wide and thirty deep, faced with hewn stone. It was in this moat, that the intrepid, high-minded, and accomplished Duke d'Enghein was inhumanly executed, on the 21st of March, 1804, after a mock trial before the savages Hulin and Savary. Bloody as they were, and obsequiously devoted to the will of Bonaparte, the manly behaviour of the young prince on his trial staggered them. Instead of proceeding at once to his execution as they were expected to do, they drew up a report of the trial and evidence, and sent it to the First Consul; and it was not till this was returned, with the laconic sentence written on the back with a lead pencil—*condemned to death!* that they proceeded to enact the tragedy which filled Paris and all Europe with horror. The circumstances attending that memorable act have been often related. At the dawn of day, a postern was opened into the castle-ditch, where a fresh grave had been dug—a file of musketeers was drawn up—the victim was stationed—lamps and torches were suspended around to enable the executioners to take a deadly aim; and in a moment, the last descend-

ant of the great Condé was no more. It is surprising how much more deeply our indignation is moved by a single act of cruelty and injustice, than by the incalculable miseries wrought by an unholy ambition. How many execrate the murder of this youthful prince, who see in the bloody fields of Germany, Italy, and Austria, and in the five hundred thousand men sacrificed in the Russian campaign, only proofs of a noble ambition, and displays of unrivalled military skill and prowess! How differently do we judge of a murder, committed by torch-light in the moat of a castle, and of ten thousand murders perpetrated in a few hours on *the field of glory!* The pirate, whom Alexander caused to be brought before him to be questioned relative to his atrocities, did not understand the political metaphysics, which put so wide a difference between murder on a small scale, and hewing men to pieces in a pitched battle. "I am called a *robber*, because I have only one small vessel: you are styled a *conqueror*, because you command fleets and armies." But this is a digression. The walls of the chateau, measured from the bottom of the moat, are between fifty and sixty feet high, and strengthened at small distances by turrets. There are port-holes for cannon, and loop-holes for musketry; and the two principal entrances are defended by a draw-bridge and portcullis. The donjon over the northern gateway is a high Gothic tower, of massy stone-work, and has been at different times the prison of many illustrious unfortunate victims of oppression. Vincennes was the residence of many of the early kings and queens of France. Here the warlike Henry V. of England expired, and here Cardinal Mazarin breathed his last. The chateau was erected by Francis I.; and like most of the palaces built in feudal times, is a fortress of considerable strength. Nor were the subterranean dungeons, emphatically termed *oubliettes*, forgotten, in laying its deep foundations.

After musing a while around its massy walls and battlements, I proceeded along the grand avenue which leads through the park to a lofty pyramid of earth, thrown up to receive the balls in proving cannon. By clambering up fifty

or sixty feet, I reached the top, and enjoyed a fine sweep of prospect over the plain, the chateau, the park, the meanders of the Seine, and the distant city, with its numerous glittering domes. At this moment, a troop of near two hundred horsemen suddenly issued from beneath the arch of the gate-way, crossed the draw bridge, and rode away over the plain. The sight, so unexpected, and occurring in such a place, naturally carried the imagination back to those days of chivalry, when gallant men-at-arms pricked forth in battle array, and from the same identical spot, to joust in the tournament for the favour of bright eyes which looked down on the pageantry from yonder rampart. Already I was living in the days of the Montmorencys and De Courcys, and peopling the plain at my feet with knights, and heralds, and squires, when my reverie was disagreeably interrupted by the voice of a gendarme, calling to me to come down. There is no disputing the commands of this sort of folks ; so I reluctantly bade adieu to the tourney, and descended from my airy position, to learn the pleasure of the man with a feather in his cap. He pointed my attention to a board nailed on a post, which had escaped my observation, bearing the usual inscription,—“ Il est defendu,” &c.—*anglice*, “ it is forbidden to ascend this pyramid ” on certain pains and penalties, which were remitted on this occasion, in consideration of a piece or two of coin tendered and accepted. I then turned into one of the long, narrow, straight avenues leading through the wood. The Bois de Vincennes covers an extent of about 2,000 acres. It consists of young trees, principally oak, thickly planted ; and abounds in small red deer, hares, partridges, and other game. The deer were so wild that I could scarcely get a glimpse of them, as they bounded away through the thick underbrush. I continued walking along the weary avenue, till I arrived at the skirts of the forest, where I suddenly found another *defendu* staring me in the face. I was again on forbidden ground ; and had just gathered the information from the “ lettered post,” how this quarter of the park was reserved for his majesty to take his royal pastime therein, in chasing the deer and rabbits care-

fully fed for that purpose, when I perceived at a distance another of the armed gentry running towards me, and bawling with the whole force of his lungs. Not choosing to explain myself to him in bad French, I did not wait his arrival, but plunged again among the thick trees. What a blessing is a military government! How comfortable to be chased, or halloo'd after, in your peaceful, solitary walks, by a fellow with his musket in his hand, because you may chance to scare a partridge! After tiring myself in rambling through the woods, and satiating my eyes with the almost interminable vistas, by which the forest is intersected, I returned to the chateau. The whole is a dead level; and around the walls of the castle is a wide esplanade destitute of trees.

Returning to the city, I passed along the site of the memorable Bastile, now about to be converted into a handsome Place, or paved area surrounded by houses. Its situation is to the eastward of the centre of Paris, and about half a mile north of the river, with which the prison formerly communicated by a fosse which still remains. The spot is now covered with large quantities of stone, to be employed in constructing the contemplated buildings; and a few trees are scattered about the area. Humanity must rejoice, that such a terrible instrument of despotism has been levelled with the earth; while it turns with horror from the atrocities which were perpetrated after its demolition, in the sacred name of liberty.

It would be hopeless to attempt a description of the numerous palaces and works of art which adorn this metropolis. The palace of the Thuilleries has little to recommend it besides its great extent, although a few of the subordinate parts are very beautiful. Having been built at different times, and apparently without the least attention to unity of plan, it presents a long and irregular range of buildings, whose high and steep roofs and tall chimnies give it a singularly heavy and ungraceful appearance. It stands close to the river, from which one of the wings is separated only by a quay; and has two fronts, the one facing the Place du Carousel, and the other looking towards the gardens, the

Place de Louis XV. and along the avenue which leads through the Elysian Fields, to the triumphal arch and Barrière Neuilly. The latter view is singularly striking and beautiful. The large pavilion in the centre, which is the most ornamental part of the whole structure, was the work of Louis XIV. The rest was built by his predecessors, although the palace was begun by Catharine de Medicis. Here the king resides at present; but evidently destined soon to occupy a narrower and humbler tenement. Every day when the weather is fine, his dropsical and bloated form is deposited in a carriage, and driven through the least publick streets into the country—a humiliating picture of helplessness and mental imbecility.

As a pleasing display of architecture, the Louvre is far superior to the Thuilleries. It is a noble quadrangle, presenting on every side a front of more than 500 feet, and executed principally in the Corinthian style of architecture. The top is crowned with a balustrade, and is not disfigured by the awkwardly projecting roof, which gives such an inelegant appearance to the Thuilleries, the Palais Royal, and even to the Luxembourg. It stands on the north bank of the Seine, a little to the eastward of the palace of the Thuilleries, with which it is connected by a gallery on the side next the quay. That on the other side is only partially completed, having been begun by Bonaparte.

Of all the royal palaces in Paris, and perhaps in France, none surpasses the Luxembourg in magnificence. It stands on the south side of the river, and at a considerable distance from it, on the northern extremity of the gardens which have been described in a former page. The prevailing style is Doric; and the general appearance is that of bold, solid, massive grandeur. It forms nearly a square; the longest front being 360 feet, and the shortest about 300. At each of the angles is a heavy square pavilion; and in the centre of the principal front rises another, crowned by a dome of elegant proportions. The Chamber of Peers hold their sittings in this palace. A little to the west, and adjoining the

gardens, is the Hotel du Petit Luxembourg, in which Bonaparte resided when he was First Consul.

The new church of Madelaine, "The Temple of Glory," is yet unfinished; the columns are without their capitals, and the walls without a roof. It is of very large dimensions, and the extent appears greater than it really is by its not being broken by a transept. Every body admires the light, spacious, airy proportions of the Pantheon; its mighty sweep of dome, and noble peristyle of twenty-two Corinthian columns, each fifty-eight feet in height. The gilded dome of this church, and that of the Hotel des Invalides, are striking and beautiful objects when seen at a distance, and in the rays of a declining sun. This hospital, erected for the accommodation of mutilated and worn-out veterans, does honour to the humanity of former monarchs. It was completed in the reign of Louis XIV. The buildings are distributed around five courts of equal dimensions, and afford accommodations to six or seven hundred pensioners, who are maintained here in ease and comfort at the publick expense. Between the hospital and the Seine opens a noble esplanade, bordered by rows of trees, and furnished with seats, where groups of these aged veterans may be seen reposing from the toils of war. Some have lost a leg, and some an arm; some have their faces "seam'd with many a gory scar" obtained in distant battle-fields; and one may read, in their bronzed and wrinkled visages and mutilated forms, that they have dearly bought the repose they now enjoy. The church connected with this magnificent establishment is another of the fine specimens of chaste architecture, which are so numerous in this metropolis.

But the claim of superiority appears to me to belong to the Bourse, or new Exchange, the exterior of which has just been completed. It is an oblong square, entirely surrounded by a peristyle of upwards of sixty columns of the Corinthian order, supporting a rich entablature. The whole is raised on a sub-basement so as to overlook the surrounding buildings. The beautiful proportions, together with the simplicity and neatness of the architecture, strike the eye most

agreeably, and remind one of the chaste and pure designs of Greece in her best days. The architect of this noble building, Brongniart, did not live to see his work completed : his monument stands in the Cemetery on Mont Louis.

Paris is adorned with a number of triumphal arches, termed *Portes*, or Gates, although a part of them only deserve the latter name. That of St. Denis, erected by the city to commemorate the military triumphs of Louis XIV., is absolutely faultless. It stands in the middle of one of the Boulevards, and the great road from St. Denis passes beneath its ample portal. It presents a square front of upwards of seventy feet ; and on each side of the arch rises a pyramid covered with trophies in bas-relief. I can conceive nothing more perfect in its kind. The Porte St. Martin is also of the age of the same Louis, and scarcely inferior to the other in beauty. The Arc du Carousal in front of the Thuilleries, on the plan of one at Rome, is of more complicated architecture, and pleases the eye less than those just mentioned. Over the centre arch was formerly a statue of Napoleon in a triumphal car, and the famous bronze horses pillaged from the square of St. Marc at Venice. The steeds of Lysippus have been transported back to the city of islands ; and the statue of Napoleon has been tumbled to the ground. The triumphal arch at the Barrière Neuilly, commenced by the same individual, was to have been a splendid monument of his triumph over Europe ; but the battle of Waterloo rendered it useless ; and it stands, an unfinished monument of baffled ambition. The chaste, severe architecture of the palace of Bourbon and Chamber of Deputies, cannot fail to be admired. The taste displayed in these and many other buildings is superior to most which London exhibits ; but the traveller will observe the frequent substitution of pilasters in the place of pillars, in some of the most expensive edifices. The effect is always meager and unpleasant. The structure is rendered too flat—it wants *relief*. This defect, however, is less observable in the buildings erected since the revolution.

Of the numerous bridges across the Seine, few can boast of superior elegance. They are broad, solid, and conven-

ient; but nothing more. The Pont des Artes is a pretty, light cast-iron bridge in front of the Louvre, for foot pasengers only; but the Pont des Invalides, quite in the west end of Paris, is by far the handsomest of those constructed of stone. All of them must yield the palm to Waterloo bridge—the pride and glory of English architecture.

The *Places*, or paved areas, which occur in various parts of the city, are scarcely worthy of the name of squares. The French denominate every open space, surrounded by houses, a *Place*; and of these, there are said to be not less than seventy. They are of various shapes and sizes, though scarcely ever more than a few hundred feet across. That of Louis XV. separates the garden of the Thuilleries from the Elysian Fields. It was in the centre of this Place that the blood of the unfortunate Louis XVI. was poured out, as a libation to the goddess of Liberty; and here, too, some of the most horrible scenes of the revolution were acted. The Place Vendome is celebrated for the column in the centre, erected by Bonaparte to commemorate his triumph over the Austrians. It is erected on the model of Trajan's pillar at Rome, is 130 feet high, and entirely covered with brass, furnished by the artillery taken from the enemy. A series of the military events of the campaign, which terminated with the battle of Austerlitz, is traced in bas-relief, in a series of panels ascending in a spiral direction to the top. Three sides of this beautiful square are built in a uniform style; and on the ground floor is one continued covered gallery, pierced with arcades. In the Place du Chatelet is a large basin, from the middle of which rises an Egyptian column, inscribed with the names Jena, Lodi, Arcola, Rivoli, &c. On how many objects in and about Paris, has that terrible man impressed the memorials of his campaigns and victories! With what truth might he exclaim, with the son of Anchises,—*Quis jam locus—quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!* But the deep silence and repose into which the nations of Europe sunk immediately after his downfall, are perhaps the most forcible commentary on the fearful and restless energy of his character. “The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet.”

The Place de Greve is open to the river on one side, and lies nearly opposite to the church of Notre Dame. It is the Tyburn or Tower-hill of Paris. For more than 300 years, every sentence of death pronounced in the city, except by military tribunals, has been executed here. During the Revolution, the square was almost perpetually drenched in blood ; and the fatal guillotine is still preserved in the Hotel de Ville, which fronts this modern Golgotha. The French still retain their ancient mode of executing criminals by decapitation, and the guillotine is the instrument used for that purpose. Where publick justice requires that life should be taken away, there is no method so strongly recommended by considerations of humanity. The stroke is instantaneous and certain, and probably attended with no physical suffering whatever ; while in England and America, a public execution is often rendered a scene of horror, by the slow and painful extinction of life.

The inhabitants of our hot and dusty cities might take some valuable suggestions from the numerous publick Fountains, which adorn the squares of Paris. These are said to amount to sixty in number. Many of them are constructed with singular beauty, and look more like little palaces than distributors of water. The Fontaine de Grenelle is much admired for its architecture and decorations ; but a *utilitarian* would not fail to ask, where was the necessity of erecting an Ionic temple, ninety feet in length by thirty-six in height, adorned with statues, and niches, and nymphs and river-gods, merely to spirt a puny stream or two into a basin. The Fontaine des Innocens, on a smaller scale, is exquisitely beautiful. That of the School of Medicine is a species of Doric grotto, and weeps a perpetual shower from its spherical roof.

CHAPTER XL.

PARIS—THE ELYSIAN FIELDS—CHAMP DE MARS—ROYAL GARDEN OF PLANTS—CAFÉ'S—RESTAURATEURS—HOTELS—PASSPORT—SCENE AT THE ROYAL MESSAGERIE—DEPARTURE FROM PARIS—A FATALIST—VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS OF ECOUEN—CRIEL—CLERMONT—AMIENS—CATHEDRAL—ST. OMERS—CALAIS.

The Elysian Fields.—This fine promenade in the western suburbs of Paris, says a French writer, has but one fault ; and that is, its striking resemblance to the place in mythology from which its name is derived. His ambition to turn a lively sentence did not allow him to anticipate a question which impertinent people would ask—by what means he became possessed of the knowledge implied in the comparison ? During the Revolution, there was a design of rendering it more worthy of the name, by peopling it with the ashes and monuments of the illustrious dead ; but this was laid aside, for the obvious reason that the place was too small to contain all the great men in France. It therefore remains, and is likely to remain, an Elysium for the living Parisians, clothed in veritable flesh and blood—for the whiskered corporal and the young tradesman, each leading off his *femme de chambre* or *grisette* in the dance, with an easy carelessness and gay indifference not surpassed in the tapestried and gilded saloons of the noblesse. The place is a vast, level enclosure, extending from the Place Louis XV. to the Barrière Neuilly, opening on the river to the south, and bordered on the north by the faubourg St. Honoré. The walks are overshadowed by long rows of trees, and a spacious avenue leads through the whole extent from east to west. Its entrance from the Place Louis XV. is between two lofty pedestals supporting the figures of restive horses admirably carved in marble ; and it terminates at the opposite extremity in the picturesque gate of Neuilly. As a Frenchman's ideas of Elys-

ium necessarily include the felicities of *la danse et la musique*, there is no want of provisions here for these favourite amusements. Coffee-houses and pavilions supply every kind of refreshment at a moderate price; and in the Pavilion of Flora is an immense circular room for dancing and waltzing, and furnished with a regular band. On the evening of a fine summer's day, particularly on a *Sunday* evening, these fields of Elysium resound with the twanging of catgut and the step of the merry dancers; while the side walks are occupied by groups of calm spectators, who seem to have been debarred by the sentence of Radamanthus from attaining the highest felicities of the place. It was here that the Cossacks *bivouacked* during their unwelcome sojourn in Paris after the battle of Waterloo.

The Champ de Mars is a wide expanse opening in front of the Military School, and extending quite to the Seine, a distance of more than half a mile. It is surrounded by a double avenue of trees, and affords a fine field for the review of troops, fifty thousand having been on some occasions brought together in this spot. Like almost every square and street in Paris, this has been the scene of some of the remarkable events which have occurred since the breaking out of the revolution. Here was displayed for signature the petition for dethroning the king in 1791; a ceremony attended as usual in those times of anarchy, with the effusion of blood. The rabble, having signified their zeal on the occasion by the commission of a few murders, were attacked and dispersed by the grenadiers under La Fayette, leaving a hundred dead on the field. Here, too, in the preceding year, Louis XVI. took the oath for preserving the new constitution, in the presence of nearly the whole population of Paris. The embankments, by which the Field of Mars is enclosed, afford to spectators a commanding prospect of the military reviews, and chariot and horse races, which are exhibited here on public festivals.

To attempt a description of the Royal Garden of Plants, with the various departments of natural science connected with it, would be useless, in these brief notes on Paris. The

Botanic garden contains upwards of seven thousand specimens beautifully arranged. Here is a range of green and hot houses six hundred feet in length ; a menagerie, replenished with almost as many varieties of animals as Noah's ark ; an aviary, containing specimens of every bird known in France and the neighbouring kingdoms—an immense collection of minerals arranged in a series of apartments ; together with skeletons of all manner of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, and wax preparations of every thing rare and curious in the animal world. The gardens are upwards of a third of a mile in length, by a breadth somewhat less. They are entered by three avenues leading up from the quay, and intersected by various others terminating in the public promenades.

It was a subject of no little vexation to the foreigners at this time in Paris, that all admission was denied to the Gallery of Paintings in the Louvre. At every attempt, we found it shut against all visitors, *sans aucune exception*, as the placard forbiddingly expressed it ; nor could the interest made with the officers who had charge of the palace procure the least remission of the interdict. On enquiring into the cause, we were no better reconciled to the exclusion. It was, that workmen were employed in displacing the choice pictures of antiquity, to make room for the exhibition of the works of living artists ! A better reason existed for excluding visitors from the Catacombs, which I had felt a strong wish to explore. Large masses of the ceiling had fallen in, and more of it hung in so precarious a state, as to threaten destruction to those who should venture beneath it. The entrance was accordingly barricadoed against all admission into these caverns of death.

The Cafés, Restaurateurs, Restaurants, &c., are incredibly numerous ; and many of them are fitted up in a style of splendor quite unexpected, though the ornaments are rather showy than elegant. As you enter one of these rooms, you see your own image reflected on every side from the numerous mirrors which literally cover the walls, and sometimes the ceiling. Every thing is highly gilded, from the cornices

and mouldings of the apartment down to the humblest article of furniture. After making a slight obeisance to the divinity of the place—the gaily attired female, who occupies an elevated seat at one corner of the room behind her rosewood desk, you take your seat on a sofa covered with damask or silk velvet, having a beautiful little marble table in front. You have scarcely time to notice the light staircase winding around a rod of polished steel; the seas of plate glass multiplying your image wherever you turn; the elegant porcelain which loads the side-boards, and all the rich variety of tasteful furniture displayed in a coffee-house of the better class; before the servant presents himself to receive your commands. You call for a dish of *café au lait*, and contrast the richness of this favourite and delicious beverage, with the meagre, over-boiled, and scarcely drinkable stuff served up at the publick houses in England, under the name of coffee. French coffee is made very strong, is boiled but little, and drank mixed with an equal quantity of richly boiled milk; a far better as well as cheaper diluent than cream. The number of coffee-houses in Paris is said to amount to nearly a thousand; and when illuminated, as they always are in the evening, have a very dazzling effect. The *Café des Mille Colonnes*—of a thousand columns—in the Palais Royal, is one of the most elegant and expensive. Corinthian columns beautifully fluted, and covered all over with gilding, are disposed around the room, and reflected by a multitude of large mirrors until they seem to amount to at least a thousand. The priestess of this temple is remarkably beautiful, and occupies what was once the throne of the Viceroy of Italy! This was purchased by the proprietor, for the trifling sum of 12,000 livres, (about 2,200 dollars.) The *Café Turc*, in the Boulevard du Temple, has gardens annexed to it laid out in the oriental style, and is much frequented. It looks like a palace in Faery Land.

The Restaurateurs are the houses where the Parisians dine, as they breakfast at the *cafès*, and are fitted up in a similar style. The *carte*, or bill of fare, usually contains an enumeration of more than two hundred different dishes, with

their prices annexed ; any of which may be had at five minute's notice. I never looked at one without perplexity. It is absolutely necessary to know something of the mysteries of French cookery, to form the remotest idea of what is meant by the strange names appropriated to some of the dishes ; and after all, a foreigner must remain quite in the dark as to the composition of half the dishes he calls for. I one day attempted, with the aid of a lexicon, to rénder a *carte* intelligible ; but gave up in despair before I had translated a dozen appellations. Very passable wine may be had at nearly the same price as ale in London ; and the kind usually drank is less strong than cider. A half bottle costs about a franc, equal to eighteen cents.

The Hotels in Paris scarcely answer to the idea we attach to the name in America. From the street, you pass through a spacious gateway, arched above to support the upper stories of the building ; and find yourself in a paved court of from sixty to one hundred feet across, frequently adorned by a jet d'eau and basin in the middle. This court is surrounded by a range of buildings four stories high, affording numerous lodging rooms and saloons for the accommodation of guests. The front has usually nothing to distinguish it from the houses on either side, except the portal ; and forms indeed only one side of a quadrangle. The guest is not obliged, and scarcely expected, to eat and drink in the hotel at which he lodges. He pays a stated price *per diem* for his apartments, and breakfasts and dines and sups were he pleases. Whether he takes his meals at the hotel or elsewhere, he has the advantage of knowing, by the bill of fare, the precise cost of every article, and may regulate his expenses according to his means or his pleasure. The Hotel Montmorency where I stayed is much frequented by Americans, of whom however I saw but little. The wife of the master is an Englishwoman, and English is spoken by some of the waiters. The fare however proved so indifferent after a few days' trial, that I availed myself of the privilege of taking my meals at some of the neighbouring houses of refreshment.

It must be confessed, that a stranger, wishing to spend a few weeks in Paris, may accommodate himself here with less trouble, and if he chooses, with less expense, than in almost any other populous city. Once fixed in his apartments at the hotel, which may be done in a few minutes, his cares are at an end. But although it is easy, with a passport, to get *into* Paris; to get *out* of it is a task of more difficulty. Having finished my arrangements, and seen as much of the gay city and its environs, as my occupations and limited time would allow, I repaired to the Royal Messagerie on Monday, Aug. 16th, and took my seat all the way through to London. The business of passports had been arranged in the following way: After getting my instructions from the Secretary of the American Minister, I went to the General Office of Police on the Quais d'Orfevres, for my original passport, which had been forwarded from Dieppe—returned with it to the American Minister's for counter-signature—went again to the Police Office, and had it endorsed with certain additional names; and was directed to present myself at the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Here I left it—paid ten francs; and was directed to call the next day at 4 o'clock. Called according to direction, and obtained it, after waiting half an hour. Thus, was the best part of two days consumed in attending to these childish forms. It must be a weak, or wicked, or unpopular government, which requires to be strengthened by so many and such trivial securities; and I could not help feeling some degree of complacency at the thought that I was born on the western side of the Atlantic.

The Royal Messagerie is a spacious court, in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, surrounded with offices and stables, and at certain hours in the day, completely thronged with diligences, horses, postillions, passengers and trunks. It is the centre whence diligences *radiate* to every part of this great empire, and presented a most amusing scene. Here were a number of John Bulls, arrayed as usual in benjamins, surtouts, great-coats and cloaks,—for John is never satisfied with less than three or four *extras* on his back when

he travels—three country curés in coarse, clerical attire—a multitude of women and children, Dutch, French, and English—two or three fiddlers—seven parrots—five dogs, most of them belonging to our establishment—hostlers hurrying to and fro—porters craning up the luggage, pile after pile, to the top of the groaning diligence ; and postillions hobbling about in their mighty jack-boots. Never was any thing so ludicrously out of proportion as these strange implements. They are made of the thickest and stiffest sole-leather, large enough to receive two or three ordinary legs ; and stuffed within, leaving a calibre just sufficient to receive the diminutive shank of a French postillion. The weight of an ordinary pair may be about fifteen pounds ; and they look not unlike a couple of carronades with their ramrods sticking out. Our cargo was made up, in part, of four or five obstreperous young Englishmen, from whose conversation it appeared that they had been displaying a little “ life in Paris,” in the Tom and Jerry style ; of two or three others of the same country, intelligent and agreeable ; and of a host in the *rotunda*, of both sexes, whom I scarcely saw during the ride. Travellers may journey together for days in a French diligence, without seeing each other ; so completely are they separated by the structure and arrangements of this strange, but comfortable vehicle. I had secured a seat in the *chaise*, which is a front seat furnished with a top to be raised or let down at pleasure ; and had for my companions an English Unitarian Clergyman just returned from Switzerland ; and a Frenchman, who proved to be a very amusing sort of fellow. He had been a surgeon attached to Bonaparte’s army ; but lost his place when France changed masters ; and to keep himself from starving, enlisted as a common dragoon. He said he had known nothing but misfortune all his life. News had just reached him that his mother was dying at St. Omers, and he was hastening to see her. He was singing, joking, telling stories, and thoughtful, by turns, as the gay or melancholy humour prevailed. One evening he had sat for a long time silent and abstracted ; but after supper, in which he did not spare the juice of the grape, he suddenly broke silence

by saying, “*he had a good presentiment* that his dear mother would not die.” It was an amusing instance of the efficacy of good wine and a warm supper, in inspiring favourable presentiments. But we discovered that he was a fatalist, and believed in destiny.

We left Paris at 5 o’ clock in the evening, by the Barrière St. Denis, and on arriving at the village of that name, took the road to Clermont. Just before reaching Ecoeu, about ten miles from Paris, we came to a long, steep hill, at the foot of which, we left the diligence to crawl up the ascent at its leisure. By digressing from the road, we gained an eminence which overlooked a wide expanse of country, and the metropolis we had left. It lay stretched out on the distant plain; and, with intermediate villages and hamlets, and cultivated fields, presented a noble and inspiring *coup d’œil*. The evening was fine—the atmosphere soft and golden—the last rays of the sun were gleaming on the rich and lovely landscape; and it was not without reluctance that we quitted our post of observation by the windmill, to resume our seats. This part of France is most agreeably diversified with hill and dale, and presents a series of charming views to the eye of the traveller. Yet he will not fail to remark the deficiency of cottages and farm-houses in the landscape. He will ride sometimes for miles over highly cultivated fields, without seeing a single habitation of man. In Normandy, it is otherwise; but here in Picardy, the inhabitants adhere to the absurd custom of residing in villages, at a distance of two or three miles from their farms. Luzarch and Chantilly next occurred, which were visible only by moon-light; and of Criel we could see but little, except that it was situated on the Oise in a valley. The Oise is a tributary of the Seine, and nearly equal to it in size. It is divided at Criel by an island, across which the road lies. Here the spirit of slumber came over us, from which we were awakened by the shouts of the postillion, pulling up with some difficulty before the *Wooden Sabre* in Clermont. It was now past midnight, and we were allowed to stop long enough to take some refreshments before a blazing fire in the kitchen. The situation of

Clermont is said to be highly picturesque. I can only say, that what I saw of the place itself presented a very shabby appearance ; but I thought of it as the seat of the Diocese of the eloquent Massillon. On getting again in motion, our eyes were speedily sealed ; and the beauties or deformities of St. Just and Wavigny passed unregarded. Day dawned upon us at Breteuil ; and passing through Flers, Hebecourt—a very poetical name—with other villages of inferior note, we began to descend into the valley where Amiens is situated. The approach from this quarter reminded me of that into Leicester on the London road. Amiens is as old as the days of Julius Cæsar, and was the occasional residence of the Roman Emperors in their visits to Gaul. It was once fortified ; and there is still a good display of ramparts and ruined towers on the borders of the city. The population is said to amount to 40,000 ; and the streets are less meanly built than most I have seen in France, but still their appearance is indifferent enough. The Cathedral is reckoned one of the most perfect in the country. We stole a look at it after dinner : nothing can be finer than the front ; but the tower and steeple are too diminutive to correspond with the rest of the building, and seem to have been finished on a reduced plan. It was the work of the English during the regency of the Duke of Bedford. The waters of the Somme are ramified into a multitude of mill-races for turning machinery, all of which are crossed by the road.

On leaving Amiens, we passed under two or three massive arches by which the ramparts are pierced ; and on gaining the summit of the hill, a most dreary plain opened before us, which continued for many hours' ride. The roads in this part of France, are universally laid out in straight lines, where the nature of the ground will admit of it. They are broad, usually paved in the middle, and lined with double rows of trees. These long stretches, in which there is often no change of scenery, and no perceptible progress made for hours, become not a little tiresome. Night again overtook us, after a tedious ride through the rain ; and about two in the morning we reached St. Omers. The moon was now

shining brightly, and gave us a view of the draw-bridges and portals by which we entered the town. Here were scarps, and counterscarps, and ravelins, and bastions, and moats and portcullises in abundance. How one of these fortified places could be reduced, except by starvation or bombardment, it is difficult to conceive. We passed the walls of the famous University, and turned through a variety of streets, which appeared to be tolerably well built; discharged our presentient philosopher, and issued from the town in an opposite quarter from that by which we had entered. The postillion announces his approach to the barrier by letting fly a volley of cracks with his short whip, which he brandishes with a dexterity peculiar to himself—an old woman appears with the keys, accompanied by a sentinel—a portcullis is hauled up, and we are allowed to pass. A turn or two, under a continued arch of solid mason-work, exposed to loop-holes for musketry, brings us to a second gateway, and then to a third; on issuing from which, we find ourselves again in the open country. Morning rose upon us as we were traversing the tiresome level between St. Omers and Calais; and about 8 o' clock, we arrived at Quillaque's Hotel, 173 miles from Paris, in about thirty-nine hours.

CHAPTER XLI.

CALAIS—RAMBLE—VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS—EMBARKATION—STORM
 —ARRIVAL AT DOVER—EXTORTION—DESCRIPTION OF DOVER—CASTLE
 —CLIFFS—RIDE TO CANTERBURY—CATHEDRAL—SCENERY IN KENT
 —CHATHAM—ROCHESTER—GRAVESEND—BLACKHEATH—APPROACH TO
 LONDON—ARRIVAL AT CHARING CROSS—REFLECTIONS.

I had not the "Sentimental Journey" in my trunk; and not having lately refreshed my memory by looking into that too entertaining compound of sentimentalism, licentiousness and folly, I was unable to connect the scenes therein de-

scribed with their proper localities. The hotel has changed masters ; but it was once Dessein's, and here commenced the acquaintance between Sterne and the widow. After breakfast, which was far from being as sumptuous as our bill would have authorized, I walked out with my clerical companion to look at the town. We attempted to enter the Town Hall, where an anniversary of the schools was held, and prizes were about to be distributed to the boys, but were turned away because we had not an *etiquette* ; we tried the Citadel with no better success ; we stormed the ramparts, but were as quickly dislodged—every thing seemed to be *defendu*. By perseverance, however, we got at length on a part of the wall, which commanded a view of all that was to be seen about Calais, viz : marshes on the land side, and sand-hills next the sea.—The walls of one of the principal churches were covered with some of the most horrid daubs, and hideous looking wax-figures, I remember to have ever seen. The most curious of these were the votive offerings of sailors to the Virgin, for her interposition in saving them from shipwreck. In such an emergency, it is usual for them to vow to *give her a ship*, if she will only bring them off in safety : but it is all a sham. She only gets a vile *painting* of a ship, tossed up and down in a storm, with her own figure seated in one corner among the clouds, with her child in her arms. French sailors must think very favourably of her maternal indulgence, or they would dread being caught a second time in a storm. That such gross superstitions are encouraged, or at least, connived at, by the Popish clergy, is evident from their allowing these wretched things to be hung against the walls and pillars of the sanctuary. The quays are noble works, but are left nearly dry at low water. A Dover packet had just arrived ; and among the passengers was a son of the Emerald Isle, who had taken a fancy to see the world. He had contrived to get ashore without a passport ; but was immediately arrested by the officers of police, who could do nothing with him except by downright force, which Pat was ill disposed to submit to. Having shaken them off, one of our company asked him where he

was going. "Going? Why along with the rest of the jontlefolks, to be sure;" and swinging his bundle over his shoulder, he steered away towards the hotels.

It seems there is no getting in or out of the French dominions, without submitting to a great deal of vexation, and expense, and delay on account of passports. One word more concerning these matters, and I shall not again obtrude them on the attention of the reader. Ours were taken from us, with our trunks, immediately on our arrival, and sent to the office of police; and after undergoing an examination, were returned, with *Milor Mair's* gracious permission to embark; for which gracious act only seven francs were exacted, although the permit had *gratis* printed on it in italics. This means, in France, five, or seven, or ten francs, as the case may be. I unintentionally escaped the demand, through a momentary inattention of the officer stationed on the quay; and the recollection of the little emphatic word saved me the regret of having violated any moral obligation, when I came to understand my good fortune.

Nothing could exceed the hurry and confusion of embarking. The steam-boat for the Thames had sailed an hour earlier than the appointed time, in consequence of the state of the tide, and left nearly fifty passengers behind to be taken into our small boat. Our numbers were thus augmented to about one hundred—as motley a tribe as ever committed their fortunes to the same vessel. Among the passengers were the three Rothschilds, with a long train of footmen, clerks and lackeys. Among them was a queer looking being, who announced himself at the alien office at Dover, as the private secretary and courier of Monsieur Constant—a skinny, hard-visaged Frenchman, about four feet and a half high, with a roll of orange-coloured moustaches stuck under his nose and curling into his mouth. A chapeau bras large out of all proportion; a coatee covered with lace; a scarlet, embroidered waistcoat; buckskin breeches, and a mighty pair of boots reaching to the middle of his thighs, composed the attire of this little whimsical original. He strutted up and down with an air of infinite self-complacence.

cy ; and at last mounted a curricule on the deck, where he seemed totally absorbed in meditations on the grandeur of his official character. The wind was blowing a gale from the westward, and we got off a little afternoon. The white cliffs of Dover had disappeared—the spray blown up from the water having spread a thick haze over the atmosphere. For hours, we scarcely made any sensible progress, as the boat required to be laid with her head nearly to the wind to prevent her from drifting. Almost all her progress was consequently made in a lateral direction. We continued this slow motion till we had gained the middle of the channel, when the gale became a perfect tempest, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and such a deluge of rain as I have scarcely ever witnessed. Whoever has crossed the channel in a violent storm, will not require to be told what a terrific sea is rolled up by the wind meeting the strong current, which sets through the straits of Dover. It broke in deluges on our deck ; and our little boat, scarcely a hundred tons burthen, was often almost on her beam's end, and had rarely more than one of her wheels in the water at once. In short, I would rather take my chance of safety in a good ship on a voyage round the world, than in crossing the channel again under similar circumstances. The condition of the passengers all this time was truly pitiable. The cabin, which would not receive more than twenty persons, was occupied by children and females, and presented a scene which could hardly be looked upon with composure. The rest, men, women, and children, lay strewed about the deck in all the horror and filthiness of sea-sickness, and drenched by the rain and spray which every moment broke over the boat. Many of them had neither strength nor inclination to seek a shelter, if a shelter could have been found ; and it required some vigilance on the part of the crew to prevent them from being washed overboard. On the whole, the scene for half an hour was truly appalling, with a little dash of the ludicrous. The Rotheschilds fared no better than the rest save in the article of wetting. When the storm came on, they retreated to the inside of their car-

riage, where they soon provided a vacuum for a new dinner. It was amusing enough to observe the change of mood in the Toms and Jerrys, who had entertained or disgusted us all the way with the history of their adventures in the Palais Royal. It was evident from their pale looks and frequent enquiries into the extent of the danger, that the idea of going to the bottom was not particularly agreeable at that time. However, the machinery of the boat held fast; the tempest lulled, after drifting us far up the channel; and we arrived at Dover near midnight, having been ten or eleven hours on a passage, which is usually made in three. We anchored about thirty rods from the shore, the tide not allowing us to get nearer. Boats came along side to set us ashore, "for four shillings a head;" and a plank, not in the least needed, was laid to facilitate our getting on the beach "for one shilling a piece." Never was there such extortion. The boatmen swore oaths without number that these prices were fixed by the Corporation. Passengers, drenched, cold and fatigued, do not dispute very long at midnight. We paid the unrighteous demand, after a short but not very amicable debate; and soon forgot our perils and vexations in the comfortable parlour of the "Kings Head Inn."

Thursday, Aug. 19.—The early departure of the coach allowed us but little time to look at the town. It is small, irregular, and confined by steep bluffs on the one side, and the sea on the other. There is, indeed, nothing about it worthy of particular notice, except the castle, which has often been described; and the cliffs rising almost perpendicularly out of the channel. The former owes much of its celebrity to its imposing situation; and as for the famous cliffs of Dover, which have figured in the journals of every tourist since Will Shakspear's time, they were far less lofty and striking objects than I had imagined. The downs above are perfectly barren, and terminate in abrupt declivities next to the sea, of a chalky colour. On the whole, the cliffs have rather a comfortless than a magnificent appearance, and are more indebted to the poet than to nature for the celebrity they have acquired. We learned that the Margate

steam-boat fared worse in the storm yesterday than our own. It was near being lost, and one of the passengers was swept overboard and drowned.

The morning was bright and sunny, and I found a set of agreeable companions in three or four young men, just returned from a tour through Germany and France. One of them had visited nearly all the civilized countries on the globe. Another kept the company in good humour by ludicrous anecdotes of his adventures among the Dutch. They were all light-hearted fellows, intelligent, and well bred; and our time passed away most agreeably. I could not but notice the sterility of the country round about Dover, which is a continuation of the extensive downs that stretch along near the south-eastern coast of England. It improves, however, as it recedes from the channel, and soon becomes fertile. A ride of a couple of hours brought us to Canterbury; and while the horses were changed, we hastened to get a view of the Cathedral. Fortunately it was the time of morning service; the doors were open; and the melodious voices of the choir, accompanied by the cathedral organ, were audible as soon as we entered the rich old gate-way which leads to the temple. This cathedral is in finer preservation than any I have seen in England; and, like most of the rest, displays an admixture of Saxon and Norman architecture, with the light and florid style of more modern times. The choir is elevated above the nave, and ascended by a flight of stone steps. After a hasty survey of this "wondrous pyle," and listening a few minutes to the solemn cathedral service, exquisitely performed on this occasion, we returned just in time to avoid being left behind. The city is of considerable extent, and bears the marks of great antiquity. We left it by a huge gate-way, which seems to have once belonged to the walls of the city. The scenery now presented a beautiful variety of hill and dale, in a high state of cultivation. Kent county, through which we were now passing, is famous for its hops, of which immense quantities are raised for the supply of the breweries in the metropolis. We passed many large fields quite overshadowed

with them. After riding a few miles, we ascended an eminence, from which we had a charming view of the city, and of the gently undulating plain in the midst of which it is situated. The most conspicuous object was of course the cathedral, "proudly eminent" above every surrounding object. I think I have already remarked, that no just conception is formed of the size of a cathedral, until it is seen at a considerable distance. Then it appears rather to rest upon the city, than to stand in the midst of it. Our road now lay along an elevated stretch of country, and commanded a distant view of the German Ocean, the island of Sheppy with the intermediate arm of the sea, the estuary of the Medway, and the shipping thickly interspersed along the coves and angles formed by the river. The land on our right descended by a gentle slope, until it was lost in the wide plain bounded by the distant sea. We passed through Chatham, a dirty, ill-built town, situated on the Medway, and famous, as all the world knows, for its dock-yards; and crossing the river, we entered Rochester, which is separated from Chatham only by the breadth of the stream. To the south-west of Chatham, the ground rises abruptly, offering delightful situations for a number of country seats, which have a pleasing appearance from the opposite side of the river. Gandolphin's Tower, a huge, square, iron-grated fortification or prison, stands in hoary majesty on the steep bank of the Medway. It looks like the keep of some ancient castle now demolished, and is in good preservation. It is altogether a striking and picturesque object. There are said to be subterranean communications in its neighbourhood, which strengthens the belief that it once formed part of a baronial castle.

Having made a hasty dinner at Rochester, and spent a few minutes in examining the Cathedral, the smallest I believe in England, we mounted the coach again. Passing through Stroud, which is but a continuation of Rochester, and over Gad's hill, the scene of Jack Falstaff's valour, we arrived at Gravesend, a very neat, well built town on the Thames. This seems to be a very flourishing place. The streets are broad and well paved, and the houses have an air

of great neatness and comfort. Leaving Gravesend, the road passes over Shooter's hill, from the top of which we had a fine view of the valley of the Thames, with the windings of the majestic stream; of Greenwich Hospital; of Blackheath, and of the metropolis in the distance, shrouded as usual in a mantle of smoke. Blackheath, once a noted resort of foot-pads, is now a beautiful village built around a spacious common. Here we fell in with the travelling equipage of the Rothschilds, consisting of four coaches with four horses each, and another with two; affording accommodations to a retinue of about twenty persons. We drove into the city a little after sunset, and were set down at Charing-Cross just as the rain began to descend rather copiously. Not liking my apartments in the attic of the "Golden Cross," I provided myself the next day with more comfortable lodgings, during the short remainder of my stay in London.

It is not without some feelings of regret that I anticipate leaving a place, where I have spent so many months in frequent and agreeable intercourse with a social circle, of which I shall always cherish a pleasing recollection. During my sojourn in the metropolis, I have seen a great deal that is estimable, and some things less deserving of commendation. I have learned to believe that excellence is not peculiar to any one country; and that civil and religious institutions, which would be ill suited to the state of society on the western side of the Atlantic, are far from being attended here with all the inconveniences, which theoretical politicians are fond of attributing to them. If England is old, it cannot be denied that her old age is green, healthy, and vigorous; her piety is as fresh and strong as ever, and even more so. From the extensive opportunities I have enjoyed of forming an opinion of the state of religion in her establishment, I am satisfied that, generally speaking, the principles of the reformed religion are taught in faithfulness and purity, and with a commanding influence on society; and that the number of *evangelical* preachers, in the best sense of the word, is yearly increasing. Of the warm, open, friendly hospitality of the English people, I have had too many proofs,

to feel any reluctance in bearing a favourable testimony on this point ; and can say with truth, that, one single instance excepted, I never met with an expression of any feelings but those of kindness and amity, towards the people of the United States. I am convinced that nothing is more fallacious, than to measure every thing abroad by our own standards at home. The great mass of people in America are as thoroughly disqualified, by the prejudices of their education and their early associations, to form a correct judgment of the political and religious institutions of Great-Britain, and their adaptation to the state of society here ; as the bulk of the English people are to judge aright of our republican institutions, and their suitableness to *our* state of society. I shall give no credit hereafter to the reports of travellers, who affect to see nothing but corruption and licentiousness among the high and low ; tyranny and misrule in the government ; fat benefices and contented idleness among the clergy, and wretchedness among the peasantry. That abuses of this description do exist, there can be no question—what country is without them ? But that they stand out among the prominent features of English manners and English society, no candid and well-informed man will deliberately assert.

CHAPTER XLII.

FINAL DEPARTURE FROM LONDON—MAIL COACHES AT ISLINGTON—BEDFORD—SINGULAR HUMOUR OF THE COACHMAN—RIVER TRENT, AND NOTTINGHAM—H. K. WHITE—SHERWOOD FOREST—BOLSOVER CASTLE—CHESTERFIELD—TWISTED SPIRE OF THE CHURCH—SHEFFIELD—MANUFACTORIES--STEEL--CUTLERY--MACHINERY FOR ROLLING STEEL—DEPARTURE FOR YORK—HARVEST—SANDAL CASTLE—WAKEFIELD—ARRIVAL AT YORK.

Sept. 1.—Having completed my arrangements preparatory to a final departure from London, I took my seat about

eight in the evening in the Sheffield Mail Coach. The number of passengers in the coaches which carry the mail, is usually limited to seven, four within and three without. In the construction of the vehicle, there seems to have been a studied design to render the situation of the latter as incommo-
dious as possible, the seats being small and very insecure. Bad as they were, I found them all engaged, and was forced to take my seat with the driver, a station requiring some address to prevent falling off, and allowing nothing like sleep. At Islington, the point of departure for the northern mails, we found ourselves in company with five or six other mail coaches, all leaving town by the same road, and at the same hour. The departure of such a fleet always brings together a few hundreds of the rabble ; and indeed, the scene is one of more interest and animation than might be expected from so ordinary an occurrence. As we were nearly the last in the procession, we had the full benefit of the dust stirred up by a long string of coaches, but were gradually relieved from the inconvenience by their striking off on their various routes. Our road lead over Highgate by the "Holloway," and across Finchley Common to Chipping Barnet ; all of which places having been described in this Journal, a repetition is unnecessary. Continuing our route, we pitched down a steep hill into Hatfield, passed through Hitchin, and arrived a little before day-break at Bedford, a very decent town on the Ouse river, about fifty miles from London. Here, we began to find the fogs very chilly and uncomfortable. The dust, which had accumulated in great abundance on our clothes, was fixed by the drenching mist, so that we made but a sorry appearance in the morning. About twenty miles farther on, we came to Wellenboro', situated on the Nen river, a tributary of the Wash, where the morning dawned upon us with its welcome beams. Hitherto, the road had been tolerably level, but we had now got into a region of hills, and our road seemed to lie over the tops of the highest of them. Our broad-faced Yorkshire guard had sufficient occupation in jumping down to clog the wheel ; and "Sawny, ye goat it oaff?" "Aall's roight, John—drive on,"—was repeated

almost without variation, as often as we slid down into a valley. The humour of our coachman was somewhat singular, and it was owing more to our good luck than to his prudence, that it did not bring us into trouble. The harness of one of the wheel-horses gave way, and let the breeching down against his hams, to our no small peril in pitching down the steep descents. Nevertheless, John refused to tie it up, because he was in ill humour with the proprietors for not rigging the horses in better style, as he had often admonished them to do. "If he did toi it up, he should have to do it again." There was no arguing the stupid Yorkshire clown out of his philosophy; he had fully made up his mind that it was the proprietors' business to see that our necks were not broken.—Passing through Higham Ferrers, we crossed the Nen, a beautiful stream flowing through the meadows; and a few miles farther on, came to Kettering, a village with a population of about 4,000. The Castle, a seat of Lord Sondes, is beautifully situated in a park on the left, near Rockingham. We crawled up a tedious hill to Uppingham, a quiet hamlet overlooking a valley and the stream which meanders through it; and soon after came to Oakham, a pleasant town in the fertile and beautiful vale of Catmoss. Here we saw, near the church, the remains of an ancient castle, but had no time to examine it with much attention. After we had passed through Melton Mowbray, we had a fine distant view of Nottingham, an extensive, undulating plain being spread out in the intermediate space. We entered the town by a bridge of eighteen or twenty arches, spanning the Trent "with its needful but weary length." The Trent is here a beautiful, clear, limpid river, flowing over pebbles through a broad meadow, edged on its northern side, both above and below the town, by cliffs and abrupt eminences. One of these, overhanging the river about two miles to the westward, was pointed out to me as Clifton Grove, the scene of one of Henry Kirk White's early descriptive poems. Nottingham was the birth-place of that accomplished poet, so early a victim to his own intense mental application. The country all about is beautifully varied with hill and dale, and

exceedingly fertile. The admirers of the Nottingham bard will pardon the insertion of a few lines, descriptive of his own native scenery.—

“ And oh ! how sweet this walk o’erhung with wood,
 That winds the margin of the solemn flood !
 What rural objects steal upon the sight !
 What rising views prolong the calm delight !
 The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
 The whispering birch, by every zephyr bent,
 The woody island, and the naked mead,
 The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
 The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
 And frequent interspers’d the woodman’s pile.
 Above, below, where’er I turn my eyes,
 Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.”

The *island* mentioned in the above sketch divides the river directly opposite the town, and is crossed by the bridge. Among the public edifices, the old church, lately repaired in the best taste, is the most remarkable. It is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, and presents a very picturesque object to the traveller approaching from the south. At Mansfield, a small village with beautiful environs, we entered upon the limits of Sherwood Forest. Having seen some of the English “forests” before, I was prepared to find any thing but what the term signifies ; and was not disappointed—farmhouses, hedges, and well tilled fields now occupying the region, where Robin Hood and his merry outlaws once forayed among the king’s deer ; and held their revels, or divided their booty, “under the greenwood tree.” The road continued to be rather hilly, but the hills were generally of small elevation, destitute of rocks, and under fine cultivation. Bolsover Castle, once a place of considerable strength, is situated on a promontory jutting out from a range of hills on the right hand of the road, and overlooking a long extent of valley. It is now an occasional residence of the Duke of Somerset, but has the castellated appearance of a baronial fortress. A heavy, low tower occupies the angle which hangs over the descent into the vale. A ride of a few miles, over a very uneven road, brought us to Chesterfield. This is a dirty look-

ing place, with a population of about 5,000. The twisted spire of the church is a most unsightly object. The circumference is composed of a number of salient and re-entering angles, which ascend in a spiral direction. Some of the projecting angles are gradually drawn in, until they are lost as the steeple diminishes; while others are continued to the top. The consequence of this odd design is, that when seen from certain positions the spire appears to be crippled, and the apex looks as if it were not over the centre of the base. Twelve miles farther, over a road winding pleasantly among green hills, brought us to Sheffield, about four in the afternoon; and I left without reluctance the uneasy seat I had occupied for twenty hours without a moment's rest. The entrance down the hill, and along the banks of the Sheff, presents a variety of agreeable prospects, which are obscured on the side next the town by the dense clouds of smoke, vomited forth from innumerable furnaces and manufactories. Sheffield is 162 miles from London. We were set down at the "Commercial Inn," where I found very comfortable quarters, the landlord himself acting as waiter.

My letters procured me a most obliging reception from Messrs. Naylor and Sanderson, who, in addition to their personal attentions, afforded me every facility I could wish in viewing the different manufactories which have long rendered the town famous. Their own establishment for manufacturing and refining steel, was not the least worthy of examination. The best Swede's iron, and from a particular mine, is used for this purpose. The bars are piled up in alternate layers with the purest coal, in a large conical furnace, having a grate and flue beneath for receiving fresh supplies of fuel. Here they are subjected to a high heat for eight or nine days, and are allowed about the same length of time to cool. They are then taken out in the state of blistered steel; a part of which goes to market without any further preparation. That designed for the refining process is broken up into small pieces, and melted in clay pots each containing about fifty pounds, and poured off into moulds made of cast iron. These blocks are carried away to the forge, where they are ham-

mered or rolled into the requisite form. Each piece of steel, when taken from the furnace and broken up, is marked with some number to denote its quality. Every variety of steel is found in the same furnace, from the unavoidable inequality of the heat, and of the proportion of carbon taken up in the process. Some of the bars when taken out are found to have undergone a partial fusion, which renders them useless. The apparatus for casting steel is very simple. It consists of a long row of furnaces constructed of fire brick, each furnace being just large enough to receive one of the pots containing the metal, and heated by a coke fire beneath. Coke is obtained from pit coal by a process similar to that of reducing wood to charcoal, and burns with an intense heat. The pots are covered with lids made also of clay, and are occasionally removed by the workmen to examine the state of the metal. Nothing can be more intensely brilliant than the light given out by steel in a state of fusion. The workmen pretend to have some secret for refining steel, which they withhold even from their employers. Each of the furnaces for converting iron into steel contains about fifteen tons of bar iron; and as there are four of these belonging to the establishment, the quantity constantly undergoing the manufacturing process, may be estimated at near sixty tons.

From the steel manufactory, I went to the platers, where every species of silver and plated ware is produced on a large scale. A composition like brass, with a large proportion of copper, is cast in an oblong form about half an inch thick, to one surface of which is soldered a plate of silver of the thickness of pasteboard. This is rolled down to the requisite thickness—the silver diffusing itself equally during the process; and is then cut up and wrought into the various articles of plated furniture.

Rogers' establishment for cutlery was of course an object of curiosity. His finest articles are exhibited for sale in a large, well-furnished apartment, fitted up in a style which would not discredit a drawing-room. Beneath a case at one end is a penknife, with 1823 blades, and another at the opposite end little less formidable for the number of its bristling

points. Near by are also exhibited in a rosewood case, a penknife of perfect construction less than a quarter of an inch long, a pair of scissors of still smaller dimensions, with a variety of other articles which seem to have been the handy work of Lilliputian artists. We afterwards visited the shops where penknives, razors, &c. are manufactured. Penknives are made by a very rapid process. A blade is forged in about two minutes, but passes through a variety of hands before the knife is ready for sale. The whole amount of time, however, which is actually expended in its construction, is very trifling. In tempering, the workmen are directed by the colour of the oxyd, when the blade is taken from the water. An orange colour is considered to indicate the proper degree of hardness. If the crust on the blade is blue, the temper is too soft; if white, too hard.

The files which are exhibited in the American markets, are manufactured in some little dark shops, situated in narrow, dirty alleys, in the most miserable looking part of the town. The cutting is performed by hand, with a sharp, cold chisel, and with great rapidity, the file lying on a bed of lead. Here, too, the workmen pretended there was some mystery in the art of tempering, which is done by plunging the heated file into a kettle, filled with a whitish looking liquor. Many of the operations I have alluded to must be unhealthy, as much from the confinement and bad accommodations of the workmen, as from the nature of the employment. Their countenances were generally pale and haggard; and the Infirmary, I was told, is never without a large number of patients belonging to the class of operatives.

The Infirmary, and some of the churches, occupied our attention till dinner; after which, the Messrs. S. accompanied me to view their machinery for forging and rolling steel, a mile or two out of town. The machinery is all moved by water. Most of the trip-hammers are carried by a large water-wheel, to which a heavy fly-wheel of cast iron is attached to give steadiness to the motion. There are six or eight hammers of various sizes, in one apartment; and

when all of them are in motion, the din is scarcely endurable. The steel is heated in reverberating furnaces, and exposed only to the blaze. The texture of cast steel is so unyielding, even at a high heat, that it seems to rise under the stroke of the hammer; and requires to be often returned to the furnace before it is reduced to a proper size. We returned by a circuitous route among the hills, which rise in every direction about Sheffield, and are covered with a most delightful verdure. I have scarcely seen a place in England, whose environs are more beautifully varied than those around Sheffield. Some of the scenes in *Ivanhoe* are laid in the neighbourhood; but Sherwood forest has disappeared; and the traveller may fix the site of *Front de Bœuf's* castle where he pleases.

Sept. 3d.—I took a seat very early in the morning in the York coach, with a company of Yorkshire passengers, whose dialect has now become somewhat familiar and intelligible. The road at first was very hilly, and our driver “took a swing through the valleys,” as he called it, to get us on the faster, to the no small terror of the inside passengers, and productive of some feeling of insecurity in those without. Remonstrances followed; the road grew better, and *coachy* used more moderation. The idea of being upset at full speed in an English coach is particularly uncomfortable.

Yorkshire, in which we were now travelling, contains the richest soil I have seen in England, and seems equally adapted for grazing and tillage. It was now in the midst of the wheat and oat harvest; the crops seemed to be excellent, and the fields were full of women and children employed in reaping, binding, and dragging the sheaves together. I remarked that not more than one eighth part of the labourers were men, the most laborious part of the operation being performed by the other sex. As we left the village of Barnsley, the rich and beautiful valley of the Dearne opened before us, with a stream of the same name flowing through it. On a fine slope to the left stands Wentworth Castle, a noble mansion; and still farther up, and half concealed by the trees of the park, appear two heavy circular towers, belong-

ing probably to the original castle of the Wentworths. At Sandal, a small village, are the remains of an ancient castle occupying the ridge of a hill; on the plain before which, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and father of Edward IV. was slain in a battle with the Lancaster faction, headed by Queen Margaret, in the year 1460; and his son the youthful Earl of Rutland, was murdered by "stern Clifford" in cold blood, after the victory was decided. The dramatic poet has only followed history in painting the Earl of Clifford as a ruthless and revengeful monster.—

"The sight of any of the house of York

"Is as a fury to torment my soul;

"And, till I root out their accursed line,

"And leave not one alive, I live in hell."

The ruins of Sandal castle occupy a considerable extent, and consist of masses of thick wall, and a few broken arches, among which sheep and cattle were grazing. Three miles farther on, we entered Wakefield by a bridge over the Dearne. One of the piers rests on a little island, on which stands a richly carved Gothic chapel, erected by Edward IV. to the memory of his father, and of those who fell with him at Sandal. It being market day, the streets were so completely obstructed by carts and horses, that it was not without much trouble and delay that we made our way to the Inn where we breakfasted. Wakefield is a very dirty looking town, defiled with coal-dust and smoke. The streets are narrow; and to render my first impressions the reverse of agreeable, the rain began to descend in no very measured quantities, and the smoke lay so thick in the streets as to render objects invisible at a short distance. As we drove out of the town, we passed the new Retreat for the Insane, a large brick building on the left of the road. Proceeding onward, the country grew mere level; and about five miles before reaching York, as the road turned round a gentle eminence, we caught the first glimpse of the Cathedral, towering high above the city, and bristling with turrets and pinnacles. We entered by the "Micklegate," and were set down at the Black Swan, a well furnished Inn nearly in the centre of the city.

CHAPTER XLIII.

YORK—SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY—DESCRIPTION OF THE MINISTER—
ORIEL WINDOW—CHAPTER-HOUSE—HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

York, the *Evor-wic* of the Saxons, stands in the midst of a vast plain, at the confluence of the Ouse and Foss, the former of which is navigable quite to the city for vessels of eighty tons burthen. It is about seventy miles from the sea, and midway between London and Edinburgh, being about two hundred miles from each. If not founded by the Romans, it was at least greatly enlarged and fortified by them; and in no part of the country have the antiquities of that extraordinary people been found in greater abundance. Here the Emperor Severus fixed his court, on his arrival in Britain at the beginning of the Third Century; and here he expired. Three large hills a little to the westward of York still bear the name of "Severus' Hills," his funeral pile having probably been erected there. A century later, Constantius Chlorus, another Roman Emperor, died at York; and here, Constantine the Great, his son and successor, was born, and invested with the imperial purple. The citizens of York experienced their full share of calamities from the quarrels of the Scots and Picts, and the incursions of the Saxons and Danes. Soon after the Norman invasion, York withstood a long siege by William the Conqueror; who, on gaining possession of the city, erected a citadel which still remains. This metropolis experienced a variety of distressing vicissitudes, during the sanguinary contests between the houses of York and Lancaster. The battle of Towton was fought about twelve miles to the southward, in which the fortune of the White Rose prevailed, after the most bloody conflict which ever took place between the rival factions. In 1644, the city underwent another siege by the parliamentary forces, which was interrupted by the approach of Prince Rupert and the battle of Marston Moor, in which the royalists were de-

feated after a long and sanguinary contest. The siege was renewed, and the city surrendered after a defence prolonged for four months, and suffering greatly from the fire of the enemy. The population is now about 23,000.

Although my expectations had been highly raised by the fame of the splendid Minster, I for once felt no disappointment.—

“What wond’rous monument! What pyle is thys!

“That bynds in wonder’s chayne entendement!

“That doth aloof the ayrie skyen kiss,

“And seemeth mountaynes joyned bie cemente,

“From Godde hys greete and wond’rous storehouse sente!

Neither the mighty “pyle” of St. Paul’s, nor the massive architecture of Notre Dame, nor the cathedral of Rouen, with all its gorgeous tracery, nor any other building I have seen, in England or in France, has impressed me with the awe and veneration I felt on entering this solemn temple. The spectator, being admitted through the great western door, is presented with a spectacle of unrivalled sublimity and beauty. Beneath his feet is a mosaic pavement, of dark and light coloured marble, the parts of which are on a scale adapted to the grandeur of the building. Casting his eye upwards, it rests at length on the roof, at the amazing height of *ninety-nine feet*, the ribs of which are disposed in a singular kind of tracery, and adorned with large carved knots, which were once covered with gilding. In front, the view extends along the nave, with gigantic pillars on either hand, fluted in such a manner as to appear light and graceful, and branching off into groined arches above. The rich, statuary screen, with the organ resting upon it, appears midway in the distance; and the view is terminated by the noble oriel window, decorated with matchless beauty, *five hundred and twenty feet* from the point which the spectator is supposed to occupy. Such is the *coup d’œil* which is presented, on crossing the threshold of the western door. Advancing to the middle of the transept, he is placed under the centre of the great lantern tower. Four massy pillars, composed of clusters of round columns, on which are cast four arches uniting nearly

one hundred feet above the pavement, support the enormous weight of the central tower, which rises to the height of 213 feet. During this upward gaze, the attention is attracted by the armorial bearings over the arches, the rich cloister-work, the embattled stone gallery, and finally, by the knotted and ribbed roof of the tower, which is open to the top. To the westward, the most striking object is the great window over the door, with its beautiful tracery in the form of a heart, filled with stained glass. The figures of the first eight Archbishops, and eight Saints of the Church, delineated in full size and with flowing robes, and the richly ramified tracery of the window head, give it a peculiarly splendid effect, especially when illumined by the rays of the setting sun. The North Transept is adorned with five tall, narrow, lancet windows, called the Five Sisters, from a tradition, that five maiden sisters were at the expense of putting them up. The coloured glass is so light, and so fancifully disposed, as to resemble needle-work in muslin. Their diameter cannot be more than four or five feet, while their height is nearly sixty; and they are separated by slender columns so clustered as to produce an effect of extreme lightness and delicacy. The spectator is now supposed to turn his face towards the South Transept, which is the oldest part of the whole fabrick, and displays the architecture of an obviously earlier period. It is constructed with side aisles, which are wanting in the other transept; and Quatre and Cinquefoils are profusely introduced among the arches. Three tiers of windows terminate the view in this direction, that at the top being the most remarkable. It is a beautifully designed piece of masonry, wrought in the form of two concentric circles, with small columns like the spokes of a wheel terminating in trefoil arches. It is designed to represent a marygold, and the glass is richly stained in imitation of that flower.

Proceeding a few steps to the eastward, the visiter arrives at the entrance of the choir, which is separated from the nave by a magnificent screen of the most delicate and florid sculpture. In the front are fifteen niches, containing the

effigies of the kings of England, from William the Conqueror down to Henry VI., in whose reign the screen was probably constructed. In the centre, is an iron gate leading into the choir, or that part of the church dedicated to divine Service. Passing through this, the visiter is saluted by one of the most gorgeous spectacles of the kind to be found in the world—the magnificent eastern window of the cathedral. A space, seventy-five feet in height by thirty-two in width, is filled with a series of splendid paintings in stained glass, the subjects of which are principally taken from the book of Genesis, and the Revelations. The tracery in the window-head is very beautiful; below, the window is divided into 117 compartments by mullions and transoms, each compartment containing a separate picture. This work was executed in the reign of Henry VI., at the commencement of the fifteenth century. Such an object, beheld in any place, would strike the dullest imagination with wonder and awe; but when seen by the “dim religious light” of a Gothic fane, among fretted canopies and ancient carved oak, between a double colonnade of clustered pillars springing aloft into the air, and spanned above by a richly ribbed and knotted arch, the emotions excited are of the most sublime description which human art is capable of producing. Wishing to observe the effect of the rising sun, I repaired to the cathedral one morning, just as he was beginnaing to

“Shed his dim blaze of radiance, richly clear,”

through the transparent colouring of the window. What a flood of glory here burst on the sight! It seemed like a scene of Arabian enchantment. The groups of kneeling saints and patriarchs, the winged forms of cherubim and seraphim, illuminated and glowing under the rays of a clear morning sun, the tessellated pavement chequered with a thousand rainbow hues, and the perfect stillness which reigned at this early hour—all conspired to produce a momentary illusion that I was not in a temple made with hands, but translated to a palace called up by the wand of an eastern magician. I did not omit the opportunity of attending the ca-

thedral Service, which is here executed in a masterly style. The effect, in a distant part of the building, is peculiarly grand and solemn. The peals of the organ, rolling huge billows of sound along the vast arches—the soft voices of the Choir, breaking out into sweet gushes of melody, soaring on high and playing about the lofty vaulted roof like the pure airs of heaven—the pause, the swell, the stunning explosions of sound in the Gloria Patri and the Chorus of the Anthem—cannot fail to entrance the ear which delights in the solemn harmony of Cathedral music.

—————“ When beneath the nave,
 High arching, the cathedral organ 'gins
 Its prelude, lingeringly exquisite
 Within retired the bashful sweetness dwells ;
 Anon like sunlight, or the floodgate rush
 Of waters, bursts it forth, clear, solemn, full ;
 It breaks upon the mazy fretted roof ;
 It coils up round the clustering pillars tall ;
 It leaps into the cell-like chapels ; strikes
 Beneath the pavement sepulchres ; at once
 The living temple is instinct, ablaze,
 With the uncontroll'd exuberance of sound.”

How strongly is one tempted to envy the privilege of good George Herbert ; of whom, his biographer relates, that “ his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury ; and at his return, would say, ‘ That his time spent in prayer, and cathedral music, elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth.’ ”

The Chapter-House—“ the chief of houses, as the rose of flowers”—is a regular octagon, sixty-three feet in diameter, and sixty-eight feet in height, and affords a beautiful specimen of the early florid Gothic. The roof is unsupported by any pillar, but rests on a knot placed geometrically in the centre. The windows, adorned with glowing representations of a variety of saintly figures, armorial bearings, &c. are in fine preservation. Indeed, it is wonderful how the rich carving and splendid windows of this Minster escaped

the brick-bats of Oliver's Vandals; particularly as York did not surrender to their forces till after a long siege. There is a tradition among the inhabitants, that Fairfax, provoked by the resistance of the citizens, at length planted a battery against the cathedral, and threatened to open a fire upon it unless the city surrendered—a threat which produced the desired effect.

It may be gratifying to trace the history of the present building, as it will afford some idea of the process, by which many other cathedral churches were erected. It appears that, in ancient times, the ecclesiasticks were well skilled in architecture, and often built their own Abbies and Cathedrals. Gandolphin's Tower at Rochester, formerly mentioned in this Journal, was built by Bishop Gundulph, who was reckoned one of the best architects of his time. Newark Castle, demolished in consequence of its holding out so long for Charles I., was the work of the Bishop of Lincoln; and the Abbot of St. Mary's erected the Abbey near the north-west angle of York, whose ruins are now so much and deservedly admired. The first Christian edifice erected at York was a small wooden oratory, for the baptism of the Saxon King Edwin, in the early part of the 7th century, and stood on the site of the present cathedral. This was afterwards enclosed by a large stone church, which was destroyed by fire, after it had stood about one hundred years. In 767, Albert, Archbishop of York, commenced rebuilding it, employing Eanbald and Alcuin, two learned and accomplished ecclesiasticks, to design and superintend the work. A splendid church of Saxon architecture was the result of their joint labours. This too was consumed during a siege of the city by the Normans, in the year 1069. It was speedily rebuilt, and again destroyed by fire, in the year 1137. The vaults and choir were however re-constructed in the latter part of the same century, by Archbishop Roger, the famous opponent of Becket. The south transept was added in 1227, and the northern one about 30 years later. A steeple was also erected, which was afterwards taken down. About thirty years later, the foundation of the nave

was laid, and completed, with its noble western towers, by William de Melton, about the year 1330. The old choir, or all the building east of the transept, was now pulled down, to make room for the present one, which, with the great central tower, was completed in 1380. The present cathedral was therefore about 150 years in building, and was erected in portions, at different intervals of time. So well were the parts united, however, that it appears to be *œ* entire structure, although a great variety of tastes is observable in the style of architecture. The interior dimensions of the whole pile are as follows: length from east to west, 524½ feet; breadth, 109; do. at the transept, 222; height of the nave, 99 feet. It would be idle to attempt to convey any idea of the external appearance of this stupendous structure, by mere description. The effect of light and shade is best exhibited by a morning or evening sun, when the towers and pinnacles acquire a degree of lightness far superior to that which is shewn at mid-day; unless the visiter prefers a survey by moon-light—

“ When the cold light’s uncertain shower
Streams on the lofty central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

YORK--ST. MARY'S ABBEY--CLIFFORD'S TOWER--MULTANGULAR TOWER--
CITY WALLS--RETREAT FOR THE INSANE--CHURCHES--DEPARTURE--
COUNTRY--THIRSK--CLEVELAND HILLS--MOUNT GRACE--YARM--
LONG-NEWTON--REV. MR. FABER--SUNDAY AT LONG-NEWTON--STOCK-
TON-UPON-TEES--DURHAM.

York affords many noble remains of early days, well worthy the attention of the antiquary; and among these, the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey and vaults are not the least conspicuous. But little has survived the depredations of that destroyer of

religious houses, Henry VIII., and the corroding hand of time ; yet that little shows it to have been an edifice of surpassing elegance. A beautifully wrought gate-way, and a portion of the wall, perforated with arches and fretted with tracery, still remain, to attest the taste and architectural skill of Simon de Warwick, the Abbot under whose superintendence the work was constructed, in the latter end of the thirteenth century. From these ruins, a subterranean vault of heavy mason-work leads to a range of buildings, situated at a considerable distance, the use of which it is now difficult to determine. The whole was enclosed by the monks, at an early period, with a wall, and fortified with towers, some parts of which are yet remaining.

The attention of the stranger will not fail to be attracted by the ruins of a tower, situated on a mound evidently artificial, and shaded with trees.

“ ————— How reverend grey
 In hoary age, its walls !
 With tufted moss and ivy rudely hung.”

This fortification, which was once a Keep to the Castle, whose foundations are hard by, was erected by William the Conqueror immediately after the surrender of the city, about 760 years ago. It goes by the name of “ Clifford’s Tower,” one of the Clifford family having been the first governor of it. The form is singular, and consists of four segments of circles joined together. The walls are still twenty or thirty feet high, and are perforated with loop-holes for discharging arrows. It made a good defence against the parliamentary forces in the time of Charles I., a battery of cannon having been mounted on the top. The interior works were demolished, however, a few years later, by the explosion of a magazine ; and although it has since been greatly injured by the slow consuming hand of time,—

“ ————— whose gradual touch
 Has moulder’d into beauty many a Tower,
 Which, when it frown’d with all its battlements,
 Was only terrible ;”——

yet it is still an object of singular attraction, to those who take delight in searching into the relics of feudal antiquity. A Roman fortification of great extent once covered the ground in the neighbourhood of Clifford's Tower. These works are on the eastern side of the river, and near the south border of the city. On the other side of the stream, and directly opposite, is another artificial mound, which is also supposed to have been the foundation of a castle, constructed by the same extraordinary people. The remains of the Roman Multangular Tower are situated on the north-western angle of the city, and close to the Ouse, which divides York into two unequal parts.

York is a fortified city—not after the manner of towns on the continent, with triple lines of defence—but with a single wall and moat, and these of very ordinary dimensions. The moat was simply a ditch, not faced with stone; and the wall is scarcely above six or eight feet in height, although it must have been much higher, when it detained the republican forces so long, before the place surrendered. It is now fast going to decay; and the moat is, in many places, quite filled up. The entrances are by Micklegate, Bootham, Monk, and Walmgate Bars; some of which have their barbicans, portcullises, &c., yet remaining, and exhibit much architectural beauty. The Fosse, a small, swampy stream, runs along at the base of the eastern wall, and discharges itself into the Ouse by a very winding channel.

I took an opportunity to visit the York "Retreat for the Insane," which is situated a little more than a mile to the eastward of the city. Some beautiful little Quaker girls, dressed with the characteristic neatness of the sect, were near the gate, one of whom conducted me to Mr. Jepson, the superintendent. I had no introduction; but on my expressing a desire to see the institution, and that I was in some degree interested in the success of a similar establishment in the United States, he very politely introduced me to Mr. Tuke, the author of an interesting published account of the Retreat, who had just returned from Paris. I have scarcely ever seen a man of more prepossessing appearance. He is

small in person, of lively manners, and has a remarkable sweetness and vivacity of expression, mingled with a large share of intelligence. He accompanied me through most of the wards ; but other visitors arriving, he gave me in charge to the superintendant, who showed me the rest. There was an air of neatness and comfort in all the apartments, which contrasted agreeably with the melancholy purposes to which they were devoted. The inmates appeared to be very strongly attached to Mr. Tuke, who had something kind and soothing to say to them all. It was impossible not to smile at some of their extemporaneous rhymes, for which they manifested a good deal of propensity. The observations I had an opportunity to make, convinced me more strongly than ever, of the propriety of excluding visitors from the insane. It was easy to see that the presence of a stranger gave pain. Some immediately turned away on our entering the apartment, evidently agitated and distressed. In certain stages of the disease, or rather, among those of a certain class, there is an apparent consciousness of mental infirmity—a feeling of degradation, which they are anxious to hide from the world ; the exposure of which distresses them, while it cannot fail to aggravate their malady. The seclusion which is now allowed to those afflicted with mental alienation, in the various Retreats recently erected, must be considered as a vast improvement on the system formerly pursued. Mr. Tuke does not recommend their building as a model, they have made numerous alterations, but it is still defective. That at Wakefield, he said, was constructed on a far better plan. The Retreat is about thirty yards from the road, from which it is entirely concealed by a lofty hedge, and a dense row of trees. It is built on a small eminence, which commands a beautiful and extensive prospect in all directions. In this respect, however, it will not bear a comparison with that at Hartford, in Connecticut, to which it is also much inferior in point of arrangement, neatness and convenience. The structure is of rough brick, without any pretensions to elegance. A new building has been added in the rear, called “the Lodge,” and connected with the main one by a long

covered passage. This institution belongs to the Society of Friends, and was opened for the reception of patients about twenty years ago. The founder of it was the venerable William Tuke, the grandfather of the gentleman, to whose politeness I was indebted for the opportunity of examining the interior.

“The Lunatic Asylum” is an institution of much older date, and situated near Bootham Bar ; but I had no time to visit it.

The number of parish churches in York is very large in proportion to the population. There are said to be more than twenty ; and in ancient times, the number was nearly double. Although some of them are very handsome and venerable edifices, they show to great disadvantage in the neighbourhood of the splendid Minster, the pride and glory of English Ecclesiastical architecture. The city is very irregularly built, with narrow, crooked streets, and jutting houses. Its attractions do not consist in the beauty of its modern edifices ; but in its cathedral, and the venerable remains of antiquity, which lead the imagination back to the period of disastrous civil commotions ; to scenes of lazy, monkish seclusion ; or to an era still more remote, when the imperial eagle waved over the castle, and Roman Emperors received the homage of rude British chieftains, surrounded by a guard of mail-clad warriors. How forcibly do scenes like these remind one of the instability of empire, and of the short immortality assigned to the most solid works of human art !

Sept. 3.—I left York this morning in one of the northern coaches, with a cargo of passengers, whose broad unmeaning faces, and continual talk about cattle in the dialect of the county, sufficiently indicated them to be substantial yeomen of the neighbourhood. The morning was delightful, and as we rode over the wide plain in the midst of which the northern metropolis of England is situated, we took a parting view of the Minster and the subjacent city, which disappears long before the turretted pile becomes sensibly diminished to the eye. When seen at a distance over the plain, it has much the appearance of a vast ship sleeping on

the bosom of the ocean. Our course led us through a rich and scarcely undulating country, in no high state of cultivation, and but thinly inhabited. A great proportion of the fields is allotted to grazing, and large herds of cattle and horses were scattered over the level pastures. Neither the dwellings nor their inhabitants had the air of neatness and comfort observable in the southern parts of the island. This shire seems not to be a favourite residence of the nobility and gentry, as none of their country seats appeared during the whole day's ride. Easingwold, through which we passed, is a small, ruinous village, miserably contrasting with the fertile country around. We arrived at Thirsk, a village of larger dimensions and more genteel appearance, just as the Yarm coach was setting off, in which I immediately secured a seat, with a company as unintellectual as before. We found a little amusement however during our monotonous ride, in the conversation of a diminutive, ragged, enthusiastic professor of the rod—a sort of Will Wimble—whom we picked up by the way. His fishing tackle looked as if it had done service in a hundred campaigns; and he entertained us with a glowing description of his storming a wasps' nest, to get their young for bait. We dropped the little leather-faced angler, just as a shower came up to lure the trout from their lurking-holes; and silence was again restored. About twenty miles from York, we began to exchange the level champaign, for a gradual ascent towards the Yorkshire or Cleveland hills, which appeared stretching away to the north and east. As the road swept around the western base of the range, the soil became less fertile, and the face of the country more varied. We continued our ride along the foot of this heathy ridge for twenty miles, till we came to the Fountain Inn, standing quite in the midst of a solitude—a very unusual occurrence on the public roads in England. Leaving the party to dine, I went to look at some ruins about a quarter of a mile from the road, which had attracted my attention. They are the remains of Mount Grace, a Monastery of Cistercian monks, delightfully situated in a little quiet recess at the foot of the Cleveland hills. When seen from the side

next the road, the ruinous chapel and dilapidated walls of the Monastery, half concealed beneath clumps of trees ; the green lawn in front stretching down to the little brook ; and the bold and barren swell of the mountain rising abruptly in the rear ; formed altogether a picturesque assemblage of objects, borrowing additional interest from the purposes to which the place had been consecrated. No situation could have been chosen better suited to the seclusion of monastic life, than that of Mount Grace at the foot of the Cleveland hills.—Ten miles farther brought us to Yarm, a pleasant village on the Tees, which is here a boatable stream about fifteen yards broad. Leaving the coach, I took a post-chaise for Long-Newton, about three miles distant ; and was set down at the door of the Rev. G. S. Faber a little before night.

The letters of Mr. F. had led me to anticipate a kind and cordial reception ; nor was I disappointed. He is advantageously known among our American divines, by his excellent work on the Holy Spirit, his writings on the Prophecies, and various other theological tracts. In conversation, he is remarkably sprightly and entertaining, and he has a happy talent at illustrating his ideas by appropriate and often humorous anecdotes. He frequently reminded me of Professor K——, whom he resembles very much in person, and still more in his original, and lively turn of remark. The income of the Rectory of Long-Newton affords him an easy subsistence ; and the smallness of his parochial cure allows him much leisure for the pursuit of his favourite studies. With the cordial frankness of English manners, the lady of Mr. F. is so much like one of our best educated American ladies, that I was placed quite at my ease while enjoying the hospitality of this worthy family. They have two sons, both students at Oxford, but now spending their vacation at home. A few acres very neatly laid out in gardens, grass plots, and gravelled walks, and planted with trees and shrubbery, surround the Rectory, an old-fashioned but very convenient building. It stands in the rear of the church, with which it is connected by a walk, over hung with trees. The church

is a plain, Gothic building ; and the congregation is composed principally of the neighbouring tenants and their families. The hamlet consists of half a dozen cottages inhabited by the peasantry, and situated on the long straight road which leads by the church. During the evening, Mr. F. received a note from Lord L——, announcing the intention of himself and lady to attend church the next day ; but on Sunday morning, the arrival of another message indicated a change of intention in consequence of the indisposition of Lady L——. It was easy to see that so much parade and formality, in discharging a duty alike incumbent on the high and the low, were by no means agreeable to the honest, manly feelings of the Rector. Lord L. has estates in the neighbourhood, where he spends a few weeks in the shooting season ; and usually favours the church at Long-Newton with half a day's attendance, to the no small discomposure of the humble, simple-minded parishioners. On Sunday, we had two excellent discourses from the Rector, to the little flock which constitutes his charge. His style of delivery is plain and unassuming, but earnest ; his voice is too weak to admit of many inflections, and he preaches without gesture. His pronunciation partakes in the slightest possible degree of the peculiarities of the North of England, of which he is a native. The Yorkshire *dialect* is a mixture of English and Scotch ; and forms, in fact, a transition between the two languages, having at the same time some expressions peculiarly its own. Traces of it are perceptible to the southward of Yorkshire ; it prevails in Durham and Northumberland, and is finally merged in the Scotch dialect, on the north side of the Tweed.

Monday, Sept. 6.—After an early dinner, I took leave of my hospitable entertainer, for whose character my esteem has been increased by a personal acquaintance ; and set forward on horseback for Stockton-upon-Tees to meet the coach, accompanied by honest John to lead back the horse. Stockton is a pleasant thriving town, containing a population of five or six thousand inhabitants. It is principally built on one broad, well-paved street, and many of the best houses

are new. On our way, we passed the Darlington Rail-road, on which, when completed, steam-carriages are to be employed. At Stockton, I took the coach to Durham, and proceeded for several miles over a level country to Sedgefield, an inconsiderable village. Soon after leaving it, we passed Hardwicke, a beautiful country seat on the left of the road. About seven miles before we reached Durham, as we gained the summit of a hill, the Cathedral became dimly visible through the smoke, and situated apparently at no great distance, on the fartherest verge of a plain. But I have learned to make a liberal allowance for the apparent distance of cathedrals. Their bulk, so much above the dimensions of ordinary buildings, always impresses the idea of their being much nearer than they really are; nor is the mistake corrected till after repeated trials. As you approach this ancient city, you descend, by a very steep and romantic glen, into a plain, three-fourths of a mile broad, through which the river Wear makes its way by numerous sinuosities. Crossing the stream by an ancient stone bridge, you ascend a steep bluff by a cut with high banks on either side; and soon are presented with another view of the Cathedral, and of the city spread out beneath you. You again descend by a winding road leading into one of the principal streets, and are set down at the "Waterloo Inn," a very comfortable house of entertainment. As I arrived a little before sunset, I had time to ramble over the city before dark, and to see most that was worth seeing. In the evening I called on Mr. Sumner, a Prebendary of Durham, with a letter from Mr. Faber, and passed a few hours most agreeably in his family. Having engaged the porter to be at his post early in the morning to admit me to the cathedral, and taken a moonlight survey of the castle, and ruinous "Keep" situated on an artificial mound, I returned to my lodgings.

CHAPTER XLV.

DURHAM—CATHEDRAL—ST. CUTHBERT—VIEW FROM THE CATHEDRAL TOWER—REMAINS OF FORTIFICATIONS—BISHOPS OF DURHAM—DEPARTURE—NEWCASTLE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—ANTIQUITIES—HISTORICAL SKETCH—DEPARTURE FOR EDINBURGH—MORPETH—RINSIDE MOOR—CHEVIOT HILLS—PERCY'S CROSS—FLODDEN FIELD—THE TWEED—COLDSTREAM—KELSO—LAMMERMOOR—EDINBURGH.

Sept. 7th.—I rose this morning at a very early hour, and repaired to the Cathedral, where I found the porter waiting to admit me into the building. The material of which it is constructed is a free-stone, resembling that from the quarries near Middletown, but with a deeper tinge of red. The texture seems to have been too soft for the purpose; such at least was my impression, until I recollected that the venerable fabric had stood the storms of seven hundred winters. Although many parts of the exterior are in a crumbling state, the general appearance answers to the description given by Dr. Johnson, that “it strikes with a kind of gigantic dignity, and aspires to no other praise than that of rocky solidity, and indeterminate duration.” Like other cathedrals, this was the work of many successive years,—the foundation having been laid in 1093, and the structure completed in the following century, without much reference to unity of design. The exterior, however, is wholly of Norman architecture, with the exception of a few pointed windows at the west end, and the chancel window at the east. The splendid stained glass which once adorned them, was demolished, when a regiment of Cromwell’s fanatics converted the cathedral into a stable for their horses. The style of architecture within is solid and heavy, rather than elegant; and is altogether a favourable example of the Norman taste. The arches over the side aisles are semicircular, while the vault over the nave is of the pointed Gothic form, but wanting altogether the lightness and grace of the style of which it is a humble imitation. Some

of the pillars are forty-seven feet in circumference, and ornamented with a great variety of zig-zag chiselling. No two of them are alike, and the capitals are all carved in a different manner. The general effect is that of massive strength, capable of resisting for ages to come, as it has for centuries past, the slow-consuming hand of Time, which

“ ——— makes the column'd arches fail ;
And structures hoar, the boast of years.”

A number of monuments are shown to the visiter, but none worthy of particular attention. The tutelary saint of the place, according to the monkish legends, was St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne in the seventh century. The monks of that place having been dislodged by the Danes, escaped into Scotland, carrying with them the treasure they most prized—the relics of the holy man. The saint was obliged to take some long and painful journeys, before he came to his final place of repose. At one time, he was shipped for Ireland, but was driven back by a tempest. At another, he made a halt at Norham ; then he reposed for a short time at Melrose ; but becoming weary of a state of inaction, he caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, in which he made a prosperous voyage down the river, and landed in Northumberland. Thence, he took an excursion into Yorkshire ;

“ But after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear :
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relicks are in secret laid ;
But none may know the place.”

Satisfied with being in the neighbourhood of the saint, without knowing the precise spot where he reposes, I commenced an ascent to the top of the great square tower. Some idea may be formed of the thickness of the walls from the fact, that they contain the stair-cases and galleries by which the tower is ascended. Sometimes the passage was up a spiral

stair-way in one of the angles, and then along a vaulted gallery leading to another angle. The tower is 212 feet in height, differing only one foot from that of York Minster; and the walls at the top are three or four feet in thickness. The sun had just risen above the horizon; the city all lay at my feet, with the windings and doublings of the river, whose thin, grey drapery of mist had not yet been entirely dispelled by his morning beams. The view from the tower is limited, in almost all directions, by ranges of hills ten or twelve miles distant; and the city, as seen from this elevation, or indeed from any point of view, presents but a mean appearance. Some of the stone bridges across the Wear, of which there are three or four, are fine, solid structures. The cathedral is built across the neck of a high, rocky peninsula, formed by a sudden turn in the river, whose banks are singularly precipitous, and fringed with wood. There is barely room for a path between either the eastern or western end, and the bluffs which overhang the river to the height of sixty or seventy feet. This site was selected probably because it admitted of being easily fortified; a consideration not to be overlooked, at a time when the northern counties were ravaged in the frequent wars between the English and Scotch nations. A wall, castle and keep were built by William the Conqueror, without the cathedral, thus rendering the peninsula secure from attack. The keep is now a venerable pile of ruins; or rather, in that state of dilapidation which renders it a highly picturesque object; the wall has mostly disappeared; and the castle, which is now the residence of the Bishop when at Durham, has been rebuilt at different times, and in every variety of taste. These remains of military fortifications, together with the extraordinary massiveness of the cathedral, itself a place of strength, when artillery was unknown, suggest images of battles and sieges, as well as of holy religious seclusion, not unaptly represented by the genius of the Border Minstrel:—

“ Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot;
 And long to roam these venerable aisles,
 With records stored of deeds long since forgot.

The houses of the Prebendaries occupy a quadrangle on the south side of the cathedral. The Prebends are said to be some of the richest in the kingdom. On the north is the Place Green, extending to the castle and the remains of the wall, which formerly defended the peninsula. Only one of the gate-ways has been preserved. It is a heavy tower of great strength, pierced by an arch, and defended by a portcullis, and constructed with sally-ports and galleries for the annoyance of assailants. It is now converted into a prison.

The walks about Durham are singularly beautiful, and afford a great variety of picturesque and romantick views.

“ Fair on the half-seen stream the sunbeams danced,
 Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
 And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
 Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank,
 Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,
 And girdled in the massive donjon Keep.”

These objects are seen to peculiar advantage from the high bluffs on the western bank of the river opposite the cathedral. Indeed, the whole of the natural scenery about Durham is singularly wild and romantick.

The Bishops of Durham formerly possessed a jurisdiction both in civil and military affairs, which constituted them, in fact, independent princes; and it is still more ample than that belonging to any other See. Among the prelates whose brows have been graced by the mitre of St. Cuthbert, some have left behind them names dear to science, to virtue and religion. Butler is better known by his *Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion*, than by his open-handed charities, which left, of his immense revenues, only sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral.

“ Matthew and Morton we as such may own;
 And such, if fame speak truth, the honoured BARRINGTON.”

The city of Durham is irregularly built—the streets being in some degree conformed to the inequalities of the ground, and the very serpentine course of the Wear. The houses are generally old and uncouth, and present a striking con-

trast to the stateliness of the public edifices. The population is about 8000.

After making the best use of the short time I could spare, in viewing the antiquities of this picturesque city, I left it in the Newcastle coach, and passed some delightful situations on the banks of the Wear, as we drove out of the suburbs. Chester-le-street, a straggling village about seven or eight miles from Durham, contains little worthy of notice besides its extensive cannon foundry. About half a mile to the right, and in full view of the road, is Lambton Hall, a huge, quadrangular, turreted old mansion, rising out of the bosom of Lumley Park, finely skirted in the distance by a grove of trees. The road leads directly over Ayton Bank, a lofty hill commanding a distant view of the ocean; while directly before us in the valley, appeared Newcastle, with "shadows, clouds and darkness resting upon it." The Tyne came winding down a pleasant vale on the left, on the south-western bank of which, the snow-white towers of Ravensworth Castle were visible above the trees of the park. We had now got into the region of coal-mines, and passed several shafts very near the road, with steam engines pumping up the water, drawing coal out of the pits beneath, and hauling and letting down the cars, by which the coal is transported to the river. Descending the hill, we plunged into the dark mass of coal-dust and smoke that overhangs this dirty city; and crossing the Tyne by a long stone bridge, clambered up a steep paved way to the "Turf Inn." Distance from Durham about fifteen miles.

I had letters to a gentleman interested in the coal-mines, which I was desirous of exploring; but after a search of two or three hours, learned to my disappointment that he was not in town. It was now too late in the day for a subterranean expedition, and I had not another to spare. I accordingly passed the day in looking out the various objects of curiosity in this city of coals; and was rewarded by the discovery of many interesting antiquities, though the research led me through more dirty alleys and heaps of filth, than would have served to cool the ardour of an antiquarian of moderate zeal.

The city stands on both sides of the Tyne, but principally on the northern bank, which descends by a steep declivity to the water's edge. The higher streets are not inelegantly built ; while the lower ones are narrow, dark, and filthy in the extreme. The population amounts to about 30,000.

Among the buildings of modern date, the new court-house, a solid Grecian structure of free-stone, presents an imposing appearance, as the city is entered from the Durham road. It is of large dimensions ; and its light, unsoiled colour forms a pleasing object, amidst the dun and irregular piles of houses, blackened with perpetual smoke. The church of St. Nicholas is remarkable for its light Gothic spire, supported by flying buttresses springing from the angles of the tower. The interior is wholly destitute of ornament, and has a comfortless appearance.

Few cities in the north of England have been the theatre of more frequent sieges and sanguinary battles, than Newcastle. Of its ancient fortifications, there are still many relicks, to attest the military importance once attached to the place. On the brow of a hill in the western suburbs, rises a huge, square, Gothic tower, which seems to have been a *keep* or citadel to the walls, in the days of their strength. It is eighty feet in height, and the walls are at least twelve or fifteen feet in thickness. It has shared the fate of many other strong holds of olden time—that of being converted to the purpose of a county prison, although new ones are being erected in various parts of the city. The walls on this side are yet in tolerable preservation. They are about five feet thick, and ten or twelve in height. Formerly, they were strengthened with towers at short distances, most of which have been removed to make room, and supply materials, for the extension of the city. I commenced a perambulation of the walls ; but got into more filth, and encountered more villainous odours, than it would be edifying to record, ere the exploit was accomplished. Of the numerous convents and nunneries which once existed here, some traces yet remain. The house and church of the Black Friars are still standing ; and near the bridge is the chapel of Thomas à Becket, no otherwise re-

markable than as being of early date. The collieries in this vicinity are among the most extensive in the kingdom. The hill which rises a mile or two south of the city is bored with a great number of shafts, the mouth of each being marked out to the distant spectator by the steam engine, the huge piles of coal, and the railway leading down to the river. The Tyne is not so wide as the Connecticut at Hartford; it is navigable for shipping, and covered with little steam-boats as smutty as a coal-pit. Newcastle was a Roman station; and here commenced the famous wall, built by the emperor Hadrian, to defend the country against the incursions of the northern barbarians. Coins, and other relics of the same adventurous people, have been frequently dug up in the vicinity. The historical events, of which Newcastle has been the scene, are numerous and interesting. Its name is derived from a strong fortification built by a younger son of the Conqueror, on his return from an expedition against the Scots. It was seized by the Earl of Northumberland, and attacked and reduced by William Rufus. The prowess of William Wallace was often directed against its ramparts without effect; and about the middle of the fourteenth century, the Scottish army was defeated before it with immense slaughter. The Covenanters, under the command of Leslie, got possession of it, on the breaking out of the rebellion; and it sustained another siege, when the power of parliament passed into the hands of Cromwell. Thus, is the history of these ancient cities little else than the history of battles, sieges, and murders. It bears no flattering testimony to the moral dignity of man, that his first care on building a city has been, to secure it against the violence of his brethren of the human family. In proportion to the strength of his intrenchments, he becomes an object of jealousy to his neighbours; and his means of defence invite the destruction they were intended to avert. How many blessings have resulted to the inhabitants of this island, from the union of the crowns of the two countries! If the Scotch lost by it the empty pageantry of a court at Holyrood, they have gained the substantial blessing of peace, and the border cities are no longer be-

leaguered by hostile squadrons. Such have been the fruits of "the sad and sorrowfu' union," so much lamented by the elder Covenanters, who used to sigh in secret over the right hand defections and left hand fallings away from reformation attainments, to the abominations of prelacy, and the scarcely more tolerable errors of the Kirk.

Wednesday, Sept. 8th.—My bill, emblazoned as it was with a very edifying and characteristick engraving of the Newmarket races, was so extravagant, as to caution me in future against "Turf Inns." Having discharged it, more to the satisfaction of my host than my own, I set off in the coach at six o'clock, for "the land o' cakes." As we were leaving the suburbs, we passed a company of some hundred reapers, principally women, going into the country in search of employment. I have before observed many similar parties on the road, but none so numerous as this. The mail route to Edinburgh, through Berwick, was described as being very dreary, and destitute of attractive objects; which induced me to choose the more direct, but less frequented route by Kelso. We had a very mixed sort of a company on board; but the two companions with whom it was my fortune to ride were, a young travelling Dutchman who spoke English remarkably well; and a little Scotchman, a knight of the oven, whose boast it was that he supplied a hundred families in London with the staff of life. The wind was high from the eastward, portending a gathering tempest; and the smoke lay on the ground as thick as a fog. Our road lay for some miles over a dreary plain, exhibiting a sterile soil in a very indifferent state of cultivation. About fifteen miles from Newcastle, we arrived at a dirty hole of a village, Morpeth by name, clustered on the banks of the Wansbeck, a small stream dignified with the name of a river. Notwithstanding its small size and mean appearance, it is a borough and a market town; and as it chanced to be market day, we had to make our way through herds of fat cattle and droves of sheep, with which the street was thronged. The ruins of Morpeth castle, once a place of some renown as a baronial fortress, overhang an eminence near the borough; but I had no time to examine it. We snatched a hasty breakfast—

twenty minutes being the time usually allowed for making and devouring the meager tea and dry toast—and again took our seats. The sea was occasionally visible on our right, and the country grew more and more barren as we advanced. Crossing the Coquet, a pleasant little stream as clear as crystal, we began to approach the hilly country, the swells of which were covered with a brown looking heath. Rinside Moor, over which we passed, is a scene of the most cheerless desolation, bounded on the west by an amphitheatre of heathy hills. By this time, the clouds which had been hanging all the morning over the distant ocean, came rolling in upon us before a heavy gale, and contributed to heighten the dreariness of the scene. A wide, continuous heath was spread around, interspersed with swamps green with treacherous bogs, and stretching away to the sea on the right; while on the left, and at no great distance, rose the Cheviot Hills, whose peaks were lost in the dense clouds driven against them by the gale. The Aln river, which we crossed by a stone bridge, was now little more than a dry channel; but its banks had the appearance of being sometimes overflowed by mountain torrents. Our road continued to lead through a very barren and uninviting country. A few miles farther on, we passed “Percy’s Cross,” a rude obelisk of stone, erected in a rocky, broken field near the road. It was raised in commemoration of some battle, and probably on the spot where one of the Percy’s fell. Passing Millfield, a hamlet near the little river Till, our road led us along the skirts of Flodden Field, immortalized in history by the sanguinary battle fought here in 1513, in which King James and the flower of the Scottish chivalry perished. It is a plain of considerable extent, limited on the north-west by a long hill of moderate elevation, the top of which is now covered by a plantation of young trees. On the western skirt of the plain rises a steep eminence, which is said to have been occupied by the Scottish army, and which they did not leave till the English forces had crossed the Till a little lower down and by a skilful countermarch, had placed themselves in the rear of the Scottish king. The first mentioned hill, overlooking the field of battle, I of course selected as the station of

Clara, under the charge of Blount and Fitz-Eustace, while the fight was raging in the plain below. The spring of "Sibyl Grey," probably bubbled up near the base of the hill; and hither the expiring Marmion was brought to breathe his last. To the east and south-east stretches the plain of Flodden, on which the chivalry of England was set in array, on that day so fatal to the nobility of Scotland. It is now enclosed in well cultivated fields, and dotted with the humble habitations of the peasantry. Continuing our ride, we arrived at Cornhill, a small hamlet, where we dined sumptuously on boiled salmon; and a mile beyond, came to the Tweed, the boundary between England and Scotland.

Contrary to my expectations, the scenery along the Tweed is of a soft and mild character, compared with that which we have left behind; the farms are highly cultivated, and beautiful country seats are scattered along the banks, which are agreeably varied by green knolls and little glens, at the bottom of which a small stream often trickles down into the river. The Tweed is here little more than half the breadth of the Connecticut at Hartford, and sweeps under the stone bridge with a rapid current. On the Scottish side, we entered Coldstream, a large and well built village of free-stone, with a population of three or four thousand. It is the Gretna Green of disconsolate lovers in the eastern parts of England, the officiating priest being a toping cobbler. Leaving Coldstream, we turned to the left, and ascended the river to Kelso, a distance of five or six miles. Many agreeable prospects occurred in this part of the ride, as the river with its wooded banks was generally in view.

The village of Kelso occupies a delightful situation on the northern bank of the Tweed, just where it is joined by the Tivid. The houses are built around a public square, and on streets diverging from it as from a centre. Many of the buildings are neat; and the multitude of shady trees which are planted around the square and in the suburbs, give to the place an air of retirement and rural beauty. I had just time to take a view of the ruins of the Abbey, beautifully situated on

the margin of the river. The roof of the church has fallen in ; but some of the arches are entire, and indicate a Norman style of architecture.

The road now diverged from the Tweed, and pursued a northerly direction, over a country growing more and more barren. A few miles to the westward, the Eildon Hills rear their high, conical peaks into the air, naked of vegetation. Hume Castle, on the top of a hill ; and Thirlstane, a seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, embosomed in a narrow valley, were among the few objects of attraction which occurred ; the country generally presenting little to the eye except barren moors, peat-bogs, and naked, swelling hills. The village of Lauder has more the appearance of a range of barracks, than of comfortable habitations for families. The sun set upon us while we were winding up a steep, narrow glen, to Lammermoor, a wide and desolate waste, without tree, or shrub, or enclosure, to break the dreary monotony of the scene. By this time, the twilight was fast gathering around, and the wind increased to a tempest, driving the rain in sheets across the moor. Nothing could be more in harmony with the dismal tale of "the Bride of Lammermoor," than the circumstances under which we crossed it ; and my imagination was of course busy in assigning the localities of the "over true tale." The scene of the tragedy lay a short distance to the left of the road, and farther up the glen, where the ruins of Ravenswood Castle still exist. The moor is an undulating surface of table land, of considerable extent ; and dreary and desolate to the last degree. We left it by a gentle descent, and soon arrived at Dalkeith, situated between the North and South Esk, and near their junction. Another hour brought us to Edinburgh, where we arrived, cold, wet, and fatigued, having rode about 110 miles, and been sixteen hours on the coach under a most inclement sky.

CHAPTER XLVI.

EDINBURGH—BISHOP SANDFORD—DR. BUCHANAN—WALK TO LEITH—
HARBOUR—DOCKS—RETURN BY CALTON HILL—NELSON'S MONUMENT
—PROSPECT—DR. DICKSON—HOUSES OF WORSHIP—ST. GILES'—EPIS-
COPAL CLERGY—ST. PAULS' AND ST. JOHNS' CHAPELS—OLD TOWN—
HIGH STREET—THE COWGATE—BRIDGE STREET—JOHN KNOX.

Oct. 9th.—Through the kindness of my English friends, I had been provided with letters to a number of gentlemen in Edinburgh, and I lost no time in calling to deliver them. In the venerable Bishop Sandford, I became acquainted with a prelate of great personal worth, highly instructive in his conversation, and devoted to his Episcopal duties with all the ardour of a much younger man. In my subsequent visits at his house, I frequently met, in addition to his own family circle, with much intelligent and agreeable company. The Bishop is slender in person, and has the pallid and care-worn features of a hard student, and a watchful and anxious overseer of the church. It is needless to say that he is highly respected in Edinburgh. In addition to his Episcopal charge, he is minister of St. John's Chapel, one of the newly erected Episcopal edifices in Edinburgh. In Dr. Buchanan, minister of the High Church, I also met with an accomplished and agreeable man, holding an eminent station in the Established Kirk of Scotland.

Not being able to find some of the other gentlemen, to whom I had been furnished with letters, I took the road to Leith, the port of Edinburgh. The weather being clear, I enjoyed a charming view of the Forth, with its numerous islands and broken shores, from the long stone pier which stretches out into the harbour. Leith presents few objects of interest, except in a commercial point of view. The docks are constructed on a scale of magnificence, which I hardly expected to see in this northern metropolis. Two wet docks, each covering about five acres, have already been completed.

Connected with these, are three dry or graving docks, for the repair of vessels. The cost of the whole, including the purchase of the land and necessary bridges, amounted to nearly £300,000 sterling. Another wet dock, equal in dimensions to both of the others, has been projected. These magnificent and useful works were designed by Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge. A martello tower rising from the sea about three-quarters of a mile from the pier, constitutes the defence of the harbour. The streets of Leith are narrow, dirty, and irregular; and the houses generally old and paltry. Some new streets to the south and east are, however, built up with sufficient elegance. This place is about two miles from Edinburgh; but the broad and beautiful road which leads to it will soon form one continued street, by the rapid increase of buildings. After walking through most of the streets in town, and contemplating the beautiful scenery of the Forth, its bays and bold headlands, and the low, broken shore of Fife, stretching along the farther side of the broad estuary, I returned by a circuitous rout to Calton Hill, a steep, rocky eminence in the eastern suburbs of the city. The Observatory and Nelson's Monument crown the summit of the hill. The latter, a lofty circular pillar, is one of the most conspicuous objects in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. The city, from this eminence, is seen below as if it were delineated on a map; and the Frith of the river, expanding into a broad and glassy surface as it stretches away towards the sea—the shipping, some swinging idly at anchor, and others gliding over the blue depths under a press of sail; and the mountain scenery around, present a succession of objects of a most diversified and pleasing character. The area of the top of the hill is scarcely an acre; and the descent on every side is steep, and in some places precipitous. A winding road has, however, been dug through the rocks, by which carriages may ascend with facility. The site of the National Monument, which is to be erected in honour of British heroism displayed during the late war, has been marked out, and the corner stone was laid about two years ago. The building is to be an exact copy of the Parthenon or the

Acropolis at Athens. No progress has yet been made in the erection of the walls.

Descending from the hill, I proceeded in my walk about the city, with that indecision of purpose to which no traveller I presume is always a stranger. I made a circuit around the Castle—threaded the narrow streets, and still narrower *wynds* of “Auld Town”—was jostled by caddies and bare-legged gillies—got unwittingly into the atmosphere of various unsavoury smells, for which this part of the city is famous, in searching after the picturesque; and returned at length to my lodgings, admonished by the aching of my limbs, that I had not recovered from the effects of the previous day’s drenching and exposure to the cold.

The clergy of the established Kirk, with whom I have become acquainted here, are all men of agreeable and polished manners. Mixing constantly with the best society, they acquire the urbanity and ease of men of the world; and if there yet linger among the Scottish clergy any remains of the old Cameronian spirit, they must be sought, I apprehend, among the poor remnants of that once famous sect. Indeed, it is understood that the theology of the Kirk has insensibly undergone a change within the last half century; a milder and more benevolent tone of doctrine having taken the place of the stern metaphysicks of Geneva—the strong meat in which the members of the Kirk once delighted. Admitting such a change to have taken place, it could scarcely be without its effect on the manners of the clergy. With Dr. Dickson of the West Kirk, the colleague of the venerable Sir Henry Moncrieff, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted; and was no less delighted with his frank and cheerful manners, than with his sprightly conversation. On one of my visits to his house, he took me to his meeting-house at the foot of Castle Hill, the largest, he said, in Edinburgh. The architecture has not the least pretensions to elegance, and the finishing within is in the plainest style. I could have easily fancied myself in one of the old meeting-houses in Connecticut; the interior arrangements being precisely the same,

The Episcopalians are already a numerous and highly respectable body in Edinburgh ; and their Liturgy and impressive rites of religion are daily growing more and more popular with moderate and intelligent men. They have seven houses of worship in Edinburgh and Leith. The most beautiful of these are St. John's Chapel, Prince's Street, in which the Bishop officiates ; and St. Paul's Chapel, York Place, of which Mr. Alison is minister. The former of these was erected at an expense of £15,000 sterling, and the latter of £12,000. The funds were raised by voluntary subscription. Both are in the Gothic style, and were finished in 1818. The Presbyterian Kirk being the established church of Scotland, the Episcopalians are of course ranked among the dissenters, and their houses of worship are termed chapels. The Kirk has twenty-four places of worship in Edinburgh, including chapels of ease ; and the Secession church, nine. The whole number of buildings for divine worship in Edinburgh and the port of Leith is sixty-four, to a population of about 140,000.

One of the most remarkable objects in Edinburgh is St. Giles' Church, an ancient Gothic fabrick, standing on an elevated part of High Street as it leads up to the Castle. It is upwards of 200 feet in length, and seems to have been built at different times, in utter contempt of all symmetry and regularity. The windows are of all forms and sizes, and have the appearance of having been let into the walls wherever more light was wanted, and without the least regard to arrangement. Four or five churches of various plans and dimensions, brought into juxta-position, would convey no bad idea of St. Giles' Church, which in fact contains four separate places of worship, besides smaller divisions for various public offices. Dr. Jameson's meeting-house, and the Roman Catholic Chapel, have both very handsome Gothic fronts, and are of recent erection. Besides these, many of the new churches and chapels in the New Town exhibit elegant examples of Grecian architecture. The Episcopal clergy of Edinburgh, with whom I had opportunities of intercourse, are men of intelligence and pleasing manners, and

apparently much devoted to the duties of their profession. To Dr. Walker of Edinburgh, and Dr. Russell of Leith, I am indebted for many civilities, and much information relative to the state of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Its clergy are supported by their congregations. In addition to this source of income, a general fund has been raised by subscription, under the management of trustees; the interest of which is divided into annual stipends, as the extent of the fund, and the exigencies of the case may require. There are six dioceses in the whole country, each superintended by its own bishop; and the places of worship amount to nearly sixty. I attended worship on Sunday morning at St. Peter's chapel, where Dr. Walker preaches to a small congregation; and in the afternoon went to St. Paul's, in the hope of hearing the celebrated Mr. Alison. In this I was disappointed. His pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Mr. S—, of Upper Canada, who seemed to have prepared a discourse for the occasion, in Mr. Alison's own style. His text—"Art thou my very son Esau? And he said, I am"—might have given occasion, one would suppose, to introduce some useful reflections on the mischiefs of parental partiality, and the turpitude of falsehood. No such thing. The sermon was a tissue of sentimentalism and affectation, abounding in pretty conceits, but wholly without point. Mr. Alison was present—a good looking, portly personage, with a head venerably gray. Although in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church, he is considered by his clerical brethren as falling far short of the doctrinal standards of the church, in which he holds a place. His sermons, like Dr. Blair's, have had their day, and no longer retain a place on the shelves of Christian Theology. St. Paul's chapel, as has already been remarked, is a very neat and beautiful Gothic structure. Its dimensions within are 105 feet by 63. The ceiling of the nave is a flat Gothic arch covered with ornamented tracery mouldings, and rising 46 feet from the floor. The chancel window is adorned with painted glass, which has an agreeable, but not a splendid effect. St. John's Chapel is of nearly the same dimensions, but of more costly workmanship. It

is without galleries ; and the upper story and roof are supported by a double row of very light Gothic columns.

The Old and New Towns of Edinburgh are completely separated by the North Loch, a deep and narrow valley once filled with water, which has been drained off in the course of the improvement and extension of the city. The general direction of this valley, from the foot of Calton Hill, is a little to the south of west, the Old Town lying wholly on the south side of it, and the New Town on the north. The principal street in the Old Town is High Street, commencing near Holyrood House on the east, and extending westward along a ridge which gradually ascends, till it reaches the Castle situated on a bluff, inaccessible on all sides except in the direction of High Street. Its width is very unequal, and it bears a variety of names. Next the castle it is called Castle Hill ; farther down, the Lawn-market ; then the Luckenbooths ; then High Street ; while the narrow eastern section running down to the palace of Holyrood, takes the name of the Canongate. The high houses for which Edinburgh Old Town is famed, are situated principally on the steep bank which slopes down from High Street into North Loch ; but the stories one meets with in the journals of travellers are calculated to mislead the unwary reader. The principal buildings are in fact only four or five stories high in front ; but standing on a steep bank, the rear walls are sometimes much higher. In two or three instances I counted eleven tiers of windows one above another ; but those nearest the ground were very low. The house of John Knox, one of the oldest stone houses in Edinburgh, stands on the north side of the foot of High Street ; and projecting far in advance of the rest, reduces it to nearly one half its width. A human figure, uncouthly sculptured in alto relievo, and pointing upwards towards a radiated stone, with the name of the Deity engraved upon it in different languages, decorates the western front.

Parallel with High Street, but farther south, and in a valley, is the Cowgate, a street from ten to twenty feet broad, and extremely dark and dirty. It is of about the same

length with High Street, and terminates in the Grass-market on the south side of Castle Hill. The *Wynds* and *Closes* which communicate between these two streets are dark, steep, and difficult of passage, to say nothing of the unsavoury atmosphere which exhales from the heaps of filth, with which the pavements are strewed. In the Scottish terminology, a *Wynd* is a lane wide enough to admit a carriage; while a *Close* is an alley for foot-passengers only.

The principal street which traverses the abovementioned is the North and South Bridge Street. By the North Bridge, thrown across the North Loch in front of the Register Office, it communicates with the New Town; while by the South Bridge, it is carried over the Cowgate, the latter street being seen at a distance below. The North Bridge is a noble and expensive work. It is upwards of eleven hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and sixty-eight feet in height from the bottom of the Loch to the top of the parapet. It rests on three great central arches, with several smaller ones at the ends.

To the southward of the Cowgate, the ground rises again; and in this quarter of the city are situated the College, a variety of hospitals and publick institutions, with many houses of worship of very unpretending appearance. The Scotch Reformers seem to have been at war with every kind of magnificence in houses dedicated to the service of God. Not satisfied that any of the religious houses should remain entire, Knox daily harangued against "the monuments of idolatry" they contained; and insisted with such flaming zeal, that the "surest means of driving the rooks away was to pull down their nests," that the cloisters and abbey churches throughout the land were levelled with the ground. Thus after clearing the country of popery, they found it necessary to commence rebuilding the edifices they had destroyed in their fiery indignation; or rather, they supplied their places with new ones, as mean as the former were magnificent. It was with great difficulty that the venerable St. Giles' was saved from the destruction with which it was threatened by "the Army of the Congregation." They seized on the statue of the tutelary saint—dispersed the

priests and monks, and tore the effigy in pieces; at which feat, Knox expressed himself greatly satisfied. "Then," said he, "Dagon was left without head or hands; down goes the cross; off go the surplices, round caps, and coronets with the crowns. The grayfriars gaped; the black friars blew; the priests panted and fled; and happy was he that got first to the house; for such a sudden fray came never among the generations of Antichrist within this realm before."

CHAPTER XLVII.

EDINBURGH—NEW TOWN—PRINCE'S STREET—REGENT BRIDGE—GEORGE STREET—LORD MELVILLE'S MONUMENT—THE CASTLE—PORTOBELLO—ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL—SALISBURY CRAGS—ARTHUR'S SEAT—CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE—HOLYROOD HOUSE—ROYAL CHAPEL—CEMETERY OF SCOTTISH KINGS—LEGEND OF THE ABBEY—QUEEN MARY'S APARTMENTS—FURNITURE—MURDER OF RIZZIO—TRACES OF BLOOD ON THE FLOOR—PICTURE GALLERY.

The northern district of the city, usually called the New Town, is in all respects a perfect contrast to the old part of Edinburgh. Crossing the North Loch, the spectator finds himself in Prince's street, a noble terrace running from east to west along the margin of the Loch, above which it is elevated fifty or sixty feet. To the eastward, the Loch makes a turn to the north at the foot of Calton Hill, where it is crossed by Prince's Street, terminating in Regent Road, which winds around the southern base of the hill. Regent Bridge, extending across the Loch, is altogether a magnificent work. It is nearly sixty feet in height, and is perforated by one large arch, beneath which passes Calton Street, at the bottom of the ravine. The street built along Regent bridge is called Waterloo Place; and as some of the houses rise out of the

valley below, they are eight or ten stories in height as seen from the rear. The Waterloo Tavern and Hotel is a splendid structure, erected on the eastern part of the Bridge, at an expense of more than 130,000 dollars.

Returning to that part of the New Town which faces Castle Hill, the traveller is struck with the air of solid magnificence apparent in the various buildings, all of which are constructed of hewn stone of a light grey colour. Parallel with Prince's Street, and farther north, is George Street, one of the most magnificent in Europe. It is 115 feet broad, and is unrivalled for the elegance and uniformity of its architecture. The view from this street is terminated to the eastward by Lord Melville's Monument standing in the midst of St. Andrew's Square; and to the westward by Charlotte Square, faced by superb buildings, with St. George's Church directly in front. This is a very handsome Grecian edifice, with a miniature dome in imitation of St. Paul's. Lord Melville's Monument is a fluted pillar, upwards of 130 feet in height, intended to support a statue of that nobleman on the top. The form of the pillar and pedestal is taken from that of Trajan at Rome. It is ascended by a spiral stair-case within. Parallel with George Street, and still farther north, is Queen Street, forming a terrace which overlooks Queen's Gardens. These are planted with shrubbery, and lie on the slope of the hill as it descends towards Leith. Nothing can exceed the regularity and beauty of the part of the New Town just described. The additions which are now being made to the north and west are in a style of great neatness and beauty, though wanting the perfect uniformity of the fore-mentioned streets. The New Town of Edinburgh has been erected during the last half century. The Old Town will always, however, possess a superior degree of interest, from the peculiarity of its situation, and the scenes in the early history of Scotland, of which it has been the theatre. Its narrow streets and wynds, and high houses, calculated to accommodate the greatest amount of population under the protection of the Castle, naturally lead the imagination back to those unsettled times, when the Scottish nobles and barons, in their wars with the En-

glish, were driven from their burning castles to seek a refuge under the guns of the fortifications in the metropolis.

The most conspicuous object in the Old Town is the Castle. It stands on a high, rocky bluff, inaccessible from all quarters except High Street, from the buildings of which it is separated by an esplanade about one hundred yards across. The top of the rock is elevated about one hundred and fifty feet above the New Town, and more than two hundred above the North Loch, which stretches along its northern base. The entrance from High Street is by a strong palisade, a dry ditch and draw-bridge, flanking batteries, and two gateways in the castle walls, defended by portcullises. The fortifications correspond with none of the rules of art, being built according to the irregular form of the precipice on which they stand. The area covered by them is about seven acres, and they extend all round quite to the verge of the precipice. Various batteries were constructed in former days for the annoyance of besiegers; but in the times of peace which followed the last hopeless efforts of the Pretender, they were gradually dismantled, and only a few guns are now mounted on the ramparts, to announce a royal birth-day, or ratify a patriotic toast. The buildings within the Castle consist of the Governor's house, a chapel for the garrison, with the necessary complement of barracks, guard-rooms, store-houses and arsenals. In the south-eastern angle is shown a small room, in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was delivered of her only son, James VI., under whom, the crowns of England and Scotland were afterwards united. The Castle would be accounted a place of little strength, since the modern improvements in artillery; as it would be exposed to great annoyance from the heights of Calton Hill and Salisbury Crag. It made a long and obstinate defence, however, under Kirkaldy of Grange, who held it for Queen Mary; and another, in 1650, against the parliamentary army commanded by Cromwell. It is now merely a station for soldiers quartered in this part of the kingdom.

Having letters to a gentleman at Portobello, I took advantage of a pleasant morning to call and deliver them. A walk

of about three miles brought me to the village, very agreeably situated on the Frith of Forth, to the eastward of Edinburgh. It contains some neat streets, and many handsome villas; and is much resorted to in the summer season as a bathing place. Walking along the beach, I saw a number of persons diverting themselves in the surf, although a strong bracing breeze was blowing in from the sea, as cold as a New England blast in October. On my return, I made a circuit by St. Anthony's Chapel and Hermitage, and the celebrated Salisbury Crags. The former is a pile of ruins, romantically situated on an eminence near the base of Arthur's Seat, and commanding a fine view of the metropolis. From the character of the ruins, it would appear, that the saint had satisfied himself with lodgings of a very rude and humble description.

Continuing my walk, I ascended Salisbury Crag on the north side, and was amply repaid by the charming view from the summit. These celebrated Crags present a range of precipitous rocks, bent in the form of the point of a horse-shoe, with the apex towards the city, and have much the appearance at a distance of a mural crown. In the rear, the ground slopes by a rapid descent, forming a singularly retired hollow, known by the denomination of 'The Hunter's Bog'. Standing on the highest point of the ledge, which rises 550 feet above the level of the sea, the city, partially concealed by smoke, lay before me; while the distant prospect was cheered by the flashing waves of the Forth, with its winding shores, islets, and headlands; the sails dancing over its waters; and the bold and broken swell of the mountains of Perthshire. Behind me rose Arthur's Seat to the height of more than 800 feet, with here and there a pilgrim slowly toiling up its sides, or pausing to recover breath, or turning to explore the new and more distant prospects which every step revealed. This mountain is of a conical shape, rounded at the top; and its dreary surface is unrelieved by tree or shrub. Being pressed for time, I was obliged to content myself with a more limited excursion, and continued my walk along the brow of the precipice to the southern extremity of the hill. Here is a small ridge of rocks, noted for producing a remarkable echo; and a little

to the eastward, is a range of basaltic columns, of a pentagonal or hexagonal form, fifty feet in height. I returned along a walk formed a few years ago at the base of the perpendicular face of the Crag, on the *debris* which has been accumulating for ages by portions of the rock shelling off. The views from this walk are singularly beautiful and varied. The greenstone, of which the hill is composed, affords an inexhaustible supply of stones for paving the city. It was in the hollow, between Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, that Prince Charles's army of Highlanders bivouacked, when they had possession of Edinburgh, in the rebellion of '45. The admirers of the Scottish novels will also recollect, that some of the scenes in the Heart of Mid-Lothian are laid in this neighbourhood. The whole of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag was enclosed by a wall, in the reign of James V., and is about three miles in circumference. This enclosure still goes by the name of the King's Park, and presents an uncommon variety of landscape.

To the southward of Edinburgh, Hope Park and Brunnsfield Links afford some beautiful promenades for the citizens. Beyond, the face of the country is undulating, until it reaches the base of the Corstorphine and Pentland Hills, about three or four miles from the metropolis. A number of gentleman's country seats, and some ruins of castles, contribute to enliven a scene otherwise rather barren and uninteresting. Craigmillar Castle is still a noble ruin, about three miles south of Edinburgh. It was the frequent residence of Queen Mary after her return from France. The city is skirted on the north-western side by the Water of Leith, a stream of no great dimensions, which discharges itself at the port of Leith. Beyond this, the ground gradually descends to the estuary of the Forth, about two miles distance from the centre of the metropolis.

Holyroodhouse is an object of too much interest long to escape the notice of a stranger. With an imagination excited by recollections of what I had read in childhood of this palace of Scottish kings, I explored the environs of the city, in expectation of finding an edifice, magnificent and beauti-

ful in its decay, of large dimensions, and rich in the decorations of its splendid Gothic architecture. At length I discovered, at the foot of the Canongate, in the eastern extremity of the city, and in the lowest part of the valley which winds round the base of Salisbury Crag, a clusture of diminutive circular turrets, rising out of a pile of steep roofs and clumsy battlements. And this, thought I, is Holyrood-house, the seat of the ancient kings of Scotland, the place where the gay and chivalrous James IV. held his martial court, the theatre of Mary's follies, perchance of her crimes, too deeply and fatally avenged.

I was conducted by a lassie to the ruins of the Abbey and Royal Chapel, at the north-west angle of the palace. The Abbey has, in fact, entirely disappeared; and nothing remains of the chapel but a part of one of the towers, one of the side-walls, with its buttresses, of half its original height, and the eastern gable in tolerable preservation. The mullions of the chancel window have been replaced within a few years in their original form, and are very beautiful. The zig-zag mouldings, by which some of the arches are bordered, indicate an early date of architecture, before the characteristic of the Saxon taste had been wholly lost. The area of the church was used as a cemetery of the royal dead. Their tombs were broken open at the revolution; their leaden coffins carried away and plundered; and the royal relicks made the sport of a fanatical populace. Some of the bones were collected, however, and are now locked up in the royal vault in the south-east corner of the chapel. Among them were some of a large size, said to be those of Lord Darnley. The appearance of these ruins is damp, cheerless and desolate, in an oppressive degree.

The Abbey, once of large extent, was destroyed by the English, in the reign of Henry VIII. A pious legend relates the history of its origin and name, to the following purpose. Early in the twelfth century, King David I., hunting on this spot, which was then a forest, was attacked by an infuriated buck, and his life put in imminent danger. While defending himself against the horns of his formidable antag-

onist, he suddenly found himself brandishing a shining cross instead of a hunting spear, miraculously slipped into his hand ; and with this unusual weapon, he quickly put the stag to flight. A dream with which he was visited on the following night, instructed him what was the nature of the return he was required to make for so signal a deliverance. It was, to erect a house for canons regular, on the spot where he was so seasonably armed with the celestial cross ; and to dedicate it to the honour of the Holy Rood or Cross, to which he owed his life. It was unlucky that the incident happened in the midst of a swamp ; but that was a matter not left to David's discretion. This good-natured, weak-minded prince, was very pious withal, as piety went in those days ; that is, he was the mere tool of his spiritual guides, and "a sair sanct to the crown," as James VI. termed him for his liberality to the religious orders. Holyrood Abbey was erected, and bestowed on the canons regular of St. Augustine ; whence the denomination Canongate given to the street leading to it ; and the adoption of a hart's head surmounted by a cross, in remembrance of the miracle, as the arms of the religious house.

Leaving the cemetery of Scottish kings and nobles, whose blazoned arms are fast mouldering into dust ; I requested to be shown the apartments of Queen Mary. "And ye'll no see the hoose, and the picter gallery?"—asked my attendant in affected surprise. It is necessary to be on one's guard against the tricks of these conductors and conductresses ; and I readily conjectured the reason of being shown the picture gallery first. For the convenience, doubtless, of the traveller, but greatly to the disadvantage of his purse, the curiosities of Holyroodhouse are portioned off into districts, each having its presiding divinity to receive visiters, and conduct them *in penetralia*. The fees of course must be as numerous as the guides, and amount to five or six shillings in all. It is, therefore, good policy to keep the visiter as long as possible from the chief attractions of Holyrood—the apartments of the unfortunate queen ; lest having seen these he should be indifferent about the rest. After some

altercation, I was given in charge to the priestess who presides over Queen Mary's rooms, in the north-west angle of the palace.

The first room into which the visiter is shown is the audience chamber, a dark low apartment, hung round with tattered tapestry, and furnished as in the days when Mary held her court here. The fire-place, bating a few attempts at finery, is much like one in a farmer's kitchen. The original grate still remains, a rough piece of furniture of wrought iron, awkwardly surmounted by a knot of strips of iron, twisted into the form of a thistle. In this room is a portrait of Mary, taken in France when she was but sixteen years old, very stiff and faded. The ceiling is of Gothic panels, but so low that it may almost be touched with the hand. The bed-chamber, into which the visiter is next introduced, is furnished with chairs embroidered by the queen and her maids; but a working-box, with Jacob's ladder wrought in needle-work on the lid, by the queen's own fingers, is not the least worthy of inspection among the curiosities of the place. This royal production is equalled only by certain pastoral landscapes and mourning pieces, hung up on the parlour walls in Connecticut; the admired productions of Miss while at the boarding school. The bed remains in statu quo. It is of crimson damask, bordered with green silk fringes and tassels, and is almost in tatters. Observing a small door in the wall, I opened it, and entered the narrow passage and trap-stair, through which Darnley introduced the conspirators, with Lord Ruthven at their head, to assassinate Rizzio. The bed-room opens into a little closet, not more than twelve feet square, where the queen was at supper with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few domesticks, when this inhuman act was perpetrated. Here are kept a boot and spur, once belonging to Lord Darnley; his iron helmet, gauntlet, spear, and sword-belt of buff leather. By induing myself in these implements, I was satisfied that they were once worn by a man of more herculean proportions than are produced in these degenerate days. The boot of Spanish leather has a very high heel; the toe is

broad and square ; and the top full, and made to turn over and hang loosely below the knee. Returning through the apartment first described, I stopped in the little ante-chamber at the head of the principal stair-case, where Rizzio is said to have expired under the daggers of the assassins. That there are a number of spots on the floor which might have been caused by blood, is evident. The floor is of deal, a species of wood well calculated to absorb and retain any colouring matter which might be thrown upon it. The blotches, which are of light brown, are strewed around in two or three places ; and as they are found on the spot where Rizzio is said to have been pierced with more than fifty wounds, it is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that they are genuine witnesses of the tragical scene. What renders this conclusion still more probable is, that the ante-chamber in which these traces are seen, has been partitioned off from the large apartment, much to the detriment of the latter, and without any apparent cause, except it was to hide so revolting a spectacle as the stains of human blood on the floor of an apartment. The whole suite of rooms occupied by the Queen, is dark, cold, and cheerless.

The picture gallery, which I next visited, is altogether a poor affair. It contains a series of portraits of all the kings of Scotland, drawn wholly after the imagination of the artist, with the name of each monarch duly inscribed upon the picture. It is a pity that so much oil and canvass should have been consumed to so little purpose. A few portraits by some of the English masters are tolerably good. In this hall or gallery are held the elections of the Scottish peers. The apartment is about one hundred and fifty feet long, and without any pretensions to elegance.

By this time, I was pretty well tired of the long recitations of my guides ; and in being dismissed from the gallery supposed I should be allowed to depart. But the guardians of the place had ordered the matter otherwise ; and instead of being conducted through the intricate passages to the door, I was led into a room fitted up in modern style, with some very ordinary paintings hanging against the wall, under the

care of another high priestess, prepared to retail her shilling's worth of knowledge. As I cared not a farthing for the present Duke of Hamilton's mahogany chairs and sofas, I signified to my divinity, who was putting herself in an oratorical attitude to explain every thing to my satisfaction, my wish to escape. "What, mon! Then ye suld na have come in here, if ye did na wish to see the hoose."—I informed her that it was with no good will of mine, that I had got within the purlieus of her dominion; and accordingly received a very unceremonious dismissal, leaving behind another unfortunate stranger, who seemed to have meekly and reverently resigned himself to her guidance, and was prepared to view with becoming wonder the apartments in which his Grace the Duke sometimes condescends to eat and sleep. Strangers will do well to confine their curiosity to the ruins of the chapel and the apartments of the queen: the rest of Holyroodhouse being quite a modern affair, with the exception of the bare walls. It is a building of a quadrangular form, enclosing an open court nearly a hundred feet square. The western front consists of two large square castellated towers, four stories high, joined by a lower gallery, with a flat roof and double balustrade. The towers have each three circular turrets at their exterior angles, with a parapet and conical pinnacle at the top. They are Gothic, so far as they can be said to partake of any style in particular; while the Doric order generally prevails in other parts of the building. Plain, heavy, and unimposing in its external appearance, it owes its celebrity to its having been a royal residence, while Scotland remained a separate and independent nation.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DALKEITH—DALKEITH HOUSE—MELVILLE CASTLE—LASSWADE—HAW-
 THORNDEN—ADVENTURES, &c.—ROSLIN CASTLE—CHAPEL—RUINS—
 SCENERY—RETURN TO EDINBURGH—DINNER AT DR. H——’S—VACA-
 TIONS.

Having heard much of the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Esk, I directed the porter to call me at day-light, that I might be in time for the coach to Dalkeith. Every one, who has committed his comfort to the keeping of a stage-coach, has a lively recollection of the disturbing effects on the nerves, produced by a loud rap on the door, in the midst of a sound sleep—how he starts bolt upright at the unwelcome sound—wonders what it can mean—then recollects his engagement—determines, in a moment of ill-humour, to forego the picturesque for another delicious nap—thinks better of it, and proceeds doggedly to indue himself in his habiliments. But—

————— “The charm dissolves apace ;
 And, as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness ; so his rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 His clearer reason.”

Taking my seat on the top of the coach, while the grey twilight was scarcely spread upon the hills, I set off upon the road to Dalkeith. It was the same as that by which I had entered Edinburgh, sweeping round the base of Arthur’s Seat by a gentle curve, and leading over an undulating country. Like all the roads around the metropolis, it is Macadamized, and of course excellent. A ride of five or six miles brought us to the bank of the North Esk, down which the road descends by a winding track, presenting various views of the river and valley and the woody park of Dalkeith House. Crossing the stream, which is here ten or fifteen yards broad, we entered Dalkeith, and I was comfortably deposited in a *stable-*

yard, before the publick houses were opened, or any of the inhabitants had left their couches. My present accommodations were not so inviting as to detain me from a ramble about town until breakfast time. Dalkeith is composed of a few broad and well paved streets, kept in a state of tolerable neatness ; and ranges of low, stone houses, not at all remarkable for the latter quality. I followed an avenue leading out of the suburbs, till it brought me to the entrance of the park. The sun had by this time arisen upon the fine large trees which adorn the park, and awakened the song of the lav'rock and the mavis. A foot-path courses along the south-eastern wall, and descends the bank to the bridge over the South Esk, spanning a deep woody glen, in which the stream is soon lost beneath rocks and the thick overhanging foliage. Dalkeith House is the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, and stands on the point formed by the junction of the two rivers, on the site of an ancient castle of the Douglasses. It has few pretensions to elegance or beauty, but displays that cumbersome majesty which is produced by amplitude without proportion. Like Tillietudlem, it has been honoured with the presence of royalty ; " his most sacred majesty having condescended to take his disjune," or rather, to take up his residence at Dalkeith House, during his late visit to Scotland. After viewing these beautiful grounds from a variety of points, I returned to the village, and made good my entrance into a house of entertainment, amidst the flapping of carpets, the twirling of mops, and the flourish of brooms.

After breakfast, I set off on my walk in the direction of Roslin Castle, on one of those days of alternate sunshine and clouds, which one would always desire when going to look at beautiful scenery. My road lay over a plain leading up the stream of the North Esk ; but I soon left it, to follow the winding and broken banks, and to get a peep at Melville Castle, the seat of Lord Melville. The principal building is square, with a round tower at each angle ; and crowned with battlements in imitation of the old Gothic castles. It is situated close to the stream at the very bottom of the valley. The only prospect from the house is a very limited one up

and down the river ; but a profusion of trees, shrubbery, and green turf, and an air of seclusion and rural beauty, render it a most delightful place.

A walk of two miles farther up the river brought me to Lasswade, a little village situated on both sides of the Esk, in the gorge of a narrow glen. My arrival seemed to create an unusual sensation among the old women and children, and brought upon me a whole squadron of village curs of no very pacific disposition, with which I was compelled to keep up a sort of running fight, till I had evacuated their territories. A little farther on, the banks became so precipitous, and rose so high, that I was obliged to leave them and regain the road, but not until I had been presented with some charming views in this romantick neighbourhood.

Hawthornden was the next object of my search. It is approached by a private road winding down a descent along a double avenue of trees, and leading to an old, curiously wrought gate-way in front of the house. The present building is comparatively a modern structure ; but the remains of heavy walls, pieces of arches, and carvings covered with grey moss, scattered about the premises, give evidence, that in former days it was a place of strength. In fact, it was anciently a baronial fortification, whose walls and battlements have long since passed away like those who constructed them. But the *situation* is one of the chief attractions of the place. The rear wall of the house is built on a rock of reddish free-stone, which descends perpendicularly at least one hundred feet into the bed of the Esk, whose faint murmurings are barely audible from above. The opposite bank rises less abruptly ; and both sides are covered with white birches and *hawthorns*—the latter in such profusion as to render the name of Hawthornden peculiarly appropriate. A bare-footed lassie, the usual cicerone in Scotland, led the way by a steep path turning a little distance down the precipice, to the subterranean cavern hewn out of the rock, which afforded a hiding-place to the Covenanters in the days of Old Mortality ; and whence, under the leading of Alexander Ramsay, and other fierce chieftains of that sturdy sect, they

issued forth, and made unexpected attacks on the outposts of the English troops quartered in the neighbourhood. There are two or three of these *dens* or galleries, about six feet in width and as many in height, winding far into the rock, and capable of secreting a hundred men. In a little nook in the face of the cliff, overshadowed by hawthorns, is shown the seat of Drummond, the historian and poet, where he usually sat when he composed his works. It is a wild and romantick spot.

My next essay was to get to Roslin Castle—an exploit attended with some difficulty. It was situated on the opposite side of the river, the banks of which were faced with precipitous rocks nearly two hundred feet high. There was a path leading to a beautiful foot-bridge part way down the precipice; but of this, I could not avail myself without the key to the bridge. Keeping the dun red, ruinous tower of the castle in view, I set off across the fields, in hopes of finding a practicable descent down the precipice, and being able to cross the stream by jumping from rock to rock. My researches proving vain, I had recourse to a peasant lad at work in the fields, for direction. “Ye want to gang till the Castle? An’ ye’ll no have then the ka till the brigg? No. Weel, then, ye maun gang down yond path, and turn a wee sae—(here he stood up in his potatoe-cart, suiting the action to the word and the word to the action)—till ye come to the wad; only before ye come to the wad, ye’ll keep a wee off sae:—An’ ye’ll no mind to gang across without a brigg? No. Aweel, then, ye’ll jist gang awa the gate I tauld ye,” &c. The direction not being the most intelligible, though delivered with a great deal of action and emphasis, I naturally lost my way, and came back, resolved to find the *ka* which promised to open a passage through the manifold difficulties by which I was encompassed. But the game keeper was from home, and the key not to be had—so I was obliged to lay siege to the Castle in another quarter. By forcing my way through briars, tumbling into gravel-pits, sliding like an avalanche down the declivities, followed by a torrent of rolling stones, and taking sundry leaps to the great

discomposure of my bones, I reached the bottom of the glen, and found, as I might have expected, the stream much broader and deeper than it had appeared above. In vain, like Virgil's ghosts, I coasted the river backwards and forwards in search of a favourable place for effecting a passage ;—

Tendebamque manus ripæ ulterioris amore :—

In vain I cast my eyes towards the beautiful "brigg," as inaccessible to me as the bridge of the Mahometan paradise to the apostate Moslem. Making a virtue of necessity, and prepared, like young Lochinvar, to "swim the Esk river where ford there was none," rather than lose the fruit of my past labours, I walked on, till a round smooth stone, barely within leaping distance, unluckily offered a temptation to which I yielded. I cannot say that my success was what I wished ; but it was what I might have expected, prepared as my boots were by the slime of the river for such an exploit. I pass over in silence the lofty lavoltas, the graceful pirouettes, and the amusing, but somewhat antick attitudes, which preceded my quietly settling down in the cooling waters of the Esk, comforting myself that matters were no worse. At this moment, I would not have given a farthing for all the "briggs" in Mid-Lothian—not that I was armed with the curse of Southey's Rajah—

" And waters shall hear me,
And know thee, and fly thee——

but for the better reason, that a wet man need not dread the water.

Clambering up the bank through the bushes, I came to a gravelled walk, which led up the glen towards the castle. This I followed, till I came in front of a high park wall, on which was inscribed the very comforting intelligence of "No passage here—man-traps and spring-guns set in these premises." After a variety of doublings and turnings, and by many a weary step, I at length reached the height of the bank, and found my way to the Castle Inn, in a little hamlet close to the ruins.

I had just seated myself in the parlour, when a barouch

filled with ladies and gentlemen from the metropolis, drove up, and the whole party soon proceeded towards the ruins. The first object of our attention was the Chapel, situated on a beautiful esplanade near the brow of the bank, and overlooking the wild sylvan scenery on the river. This little edifice, constructed in the fifteenth century by St. Clair, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, exhibits as many of the "liberal conceits" and odd freaks of the over-witty artists of that period, as could well be brought together in so small a compass. The style scarcely falls under the designation of Gothic; but combines, according to the judgment of an eminent architect, the Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and Saracenic styles, and exhibits the arch in all its possible forms and principles. It is only sixty-eight feet in length, by thirty-five in breadth; and has a multitude of buttresses, flying abutments, and pinnacles, almost all different from each other. The founder is said to have "caused artificers to be brought from other regions and forraign kingdomes, and caused dayly to be abundance of all kinds of workemen present;" and each one seems to have come with some conceit of his own to add to the general stock, "to the end the worke might be more rare." Each window has something to distinguish it from the rest, though all are designed and wrought with the most exquisite skill. In some, the transom of the arch is decorated with half figures of persons in the attitude of supplication, wrought into the tracery, and with foliage carved in an endless variety of forms. The clere-story, the windows in which are in a very mutilated state, is supported by a double row of columns, dividing the chapel into a nave and side aisles. These pillars are also designed in a great variety of styles, and enriched with every possible diversity of ornament. One of them is wreathed in a very masterly manner, and goes by the popular name of the apprentice's pillar, from a tradition respecting its history. It is said that the master mason, despairing of being able to understand the model furnished to him, went abroad for instructions; and during his absence, an ingenious apprentice accomplished the work. Two sculptured heads in the chapel are supposed to refer to this

circumstance, and the catastrophe to which it led. That of the master is represented as frowning with rage ; while the forehead of the apprentice is indented with a deep scar, and the features relaxed by death, to denote that he had fallen a victim to the envy his superior genius had provoked. It seems to have been the humour of the artists to engrave, in bas-relief, a representation of all the remarkable events in Scripture ; and accordingly, column, capital, and cornice—bracket, niche, and frieze, are literally covered with patriarchs, angels, prophets, evangelists, saints and heroes, performing the various actions attributed to them in sacred story. What endless strokes of the chisel have been bestowed, in carving and fretting the interior of this sacred fane ! While our guide was painfully tracing the interminable series in chronological order from Adam downwards, I stole away into another part of the holy edifice, where I could “ think my ain thoughts,” without interruption from his monotonous recitations ; and at length retreated towards the ruins of the castle, before he had come down to the prophet Malachi.

The floor of the chapel is a pavement, now partly broken up ; and beneath is the vault of the Sinclairs, or St. Clairs, the former Earls of Caithness. I know not whether the edifice is still illuminated by unearthly tomb-fires, previously to the death of any of the family ; but am always disposed, on such occasions, to let the traditions of olden time pass unquestioned.—

“ Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie;
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath’d in his iron panoply.

Seem’d all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy, and altars pale;
Shone every pillar, foliage-bound;
And glimmer’d all the dead men’s mail.

Blaz’d battlement and pinnet high ;
Blaz’d every rose-carv’d buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.”

The ruins of the *Castle* are situated on a bold and lofty rock, overhanging the *Esk*, which dashes over a rugged channel at the base, in a semicircular sweep, forming a promontory inaccessible on all sides except that towards the chapel. The natural strength of the position is still farther improved by a deep ravine across the base of the promontory, by which, the high knob of rocks which forms the site of the castle is completely insulated. This is crossed by a high narrow bridge; and the spectator passes under the fragment of an arch into the midst of the ruins. These consist of pieces of wall of great thickness, but now, with few exceptions, almost levelled with the ground. The castle is supposed to have been erected early in the twelfth century, and was long the residence of the *St. Clairs*, whose affluence and power exceeded that of most contemporary nobles either in England or Scotland.

After pausing for a while among these memorials of fallen greatness, I retraced my steps up the ridge leading towards the chapel, and threw myself down on a grassy bank, commanding a most delicious view of the wild sylvan scene around and beneath me. High, precipitous rocks, thickly fringed with "the gay green birk," the hawthorn, and a variety of creeping shrubs, rose from the bed of the stream, whose faint murmurs ascended from the depths of the glen, and were the only sounds which fell on the ear in this romantick solitude, save the twittering of the lark and the whistle of the black-bird. The ruins were gilded by the rays of a bright sun, which only rendered their desolation more impressive. In the hoary, crumbling pile, I saw the fate which awaits all the towering monuments of human pride, and a striking comment on the simple words of the apostle, whose truth is most impressively felt in scenes like these—"the fashion of this world passeth away."

Roslin Castle is seven or eight miles from Edinburgh. After seeing all that was worth seeing in the vicinity, I set out on my return on foot, and got back in time to keep an appointment to dine with Dr. H——. In coming from London hither, I seem to have advanced at least six weeks in the sea-

son. -It is now the eleventh of September; and the weather is much like that of New England in the latter part of October. Cold and chilling blasts are occasionally interrupted by hot suns; on some of the trees, "the autumn's leaf is sear and dead," and the general fading of the foliage betrays the rapid approach of the inclement season. The temperature of this part of Scotland is extremely variable; and before I had reached my lodgings, I had reason to wish that I had been more fortunate in my adventure at Hawthornden.

Dr. H. is a young physician of great eminence in Edinburgh, and is highly esteemed for his active, benevolent, and religious character. -At his table, I met a small but very intelligent and agreeable party of ladies and gentlemen. I did not remark here "a custom, more honoured in the breach than the observance,"—that of taking a glass of undiluted spirits after dinner. At some of the places where I have dined, the guests are presented with raw brandy, gin, Highland whiskey, &c., of which each guest helps himself to a glass, the ladies not being exempted from taking their share. The whiskey is generally preferred by the Scotch; but to my taste, it was little more palatable than cider brandy, New England rum, or any other species of "blue ruin." The Scotch collops is a favourite dish here. It is composed of meat finely hashed, and stewed till the juice is all extracted. It did not appear to me to merit very high praise.

As it is now in the midst of vacation in the courts, in the university, and in the high school; the literati of Edinburgh are generally out of town. Jeffrey is taking his pastime in the country; Sir Walter is entertaining Mrs. Coutts—so say the public prints—at Abbotsford; and the Professors are gathering stones in the Highlands, or eating classical suppers in London. As to the rest of the lions, I believe I have seen them all; and shall take the road in a day or two, like other travellers, to Loch Katrine and the Highlands.

CHAPTER XLIX.

DEPARTURE FROM EDINBURGH—PASSAGE UP THE FORTH—DALMENY HOUSE—HOPETOWN HOUSE—CAMBUSKENNETH ABBEY—STIRLING CASTLE—WALK TO DOUNE—DOUNE CASTLE—WALK TO CALLENDER—RIVER TEITH—BRACKLINN—PASS OF LENY—LOCH LUBNAIG—LOCH VENNACHAR—COILANTOGLE'S FORD—LOCH AUCHRAY—BRIDGE OF TURK—ARRIVAL AT STEWART'S—DRUNKEN LIEUTENANT.

Having sent forward my baggage to Glasgow by the canal, I left Edinburgh on the morning of the 13th of September, intending to proceed up the river to Stirling. The coach, after collecting a few passengers, took us to New Haven, a populous little village to the northward of Edinburgh, whence the steamboats of the Forth take their departure. A handsome chain pier has been thrown out to a considerable distance for the convenience of passage-boats; alongside of which was lying "The Lady of the Lake," in which we were to take our passage up the river. The elegance of her accommodations by no means corresponded with her classical name; as in point of neatness, she was on a par with an oyster boat, or the greasy shallop of a Chesapeake skipper. If our motion against wind and current was not distinguished by extraordinary celerity, it at least afforded us an opportunity of examining at leisure the banks of this beautiful river, although the distant prospect was obscured by a haze in the atmosphere. A few hamlets, of very unpretending appearance, are scattered along on either bank; but the ruins of a monastery on the little island of Inchcolm, and Aberdour Castle on a rising ground nearly opposite, will not fail to attract the observation of the traveller. About eight miles from the metropolis, and on the south side of the river, is Dalmeny House, the seat of the Earl of Roseberry. It is a recently erected mansion, in the Gothic style of architecture, and is situated in the midst of very picturesque and beautiful grounds. A little further on, the princely mansion of the Earl of Hopetown appears, in the

midst of green lawns, and clumps of trees. It stands about half a mile from the river, from which it is seen to great advantage. Hopetown House is a Grecian building of great extent; and the grounds around it appear to be laid out with much care, and attention to effect. The clumps of trees are so disposed as to allow of frequent glimpses of the mansion from the river; at the same time that it seems to be almost enveloped in a forest. About nine miles from Edinburgh, at a place where the river is compressed between rocky shores to a width of less than two miles, is Queen's Ferry, with a few straggling houses at each landing. The river expands again above; and the towns of Culross, Kincardine, and Alloa, are successively seen on the north side. Opposite the latter place, the river becomes quite narrow, and changes its generally rectilinear course, for one extremely winding, the banks being very low and marshy. The valley through which it flows is here not more than one or two miles wide, and bounded on both sides by high abrupt hills. Before entering these defiles, we passed the mouth of the Carron, flowing through a vale from the south-west. On this stream are situated the famous Carron iron-works, the smoke from which was seen hanging like a murky cloud over the vale. We had now got in sight of the hill and castle of Stirling; but so crooked was the channel, that they sometimes appeared quite over our stern. The ruins of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth form a very striking object in the approach to Stirling, from which they are only a mile or two distant. Heavy masses of walls and towers, with arches and battlements, some in tolerable preservation, still mark the site of this once famous Abbey. It was once of great extent, and occupies a tongue of land almost insulated by the windings of the Forth. Tradition reports, that it formerly communicated with Stirling Castle by a subterranean gallery: but as the distance is more than a mile, and is crossed by the bed of the river, nothing but the actual discovery of the communication will probably satisfy a skeptic, that the art of *tunnelling* was so well understood in those times. We arrived at Stirling late in the afternoon, and

disembarked as motley a company as ever took passage together in *The Lady of the Lake*.

During our sail up the river, I had formed an acquaintance with a young barrister of the metropolis, and accidentally learned that he was bound on the same route, and was travelling like myself without a companion. As he was an intelligent young man, of pleasing manners, I had no hesitation in proposing that we should proceed in company—a proposal which was as readily accepted. We accordingly swung our bundles on our backs, and took the road up the hill together to look at the town and castle.

The situation of these is in a remarkable degree similar to that of the castle and Old Town of Edinburgh. A high ridge running from east to west forms the site of the town, which is also clustered around the northern side and base of the hill ; while the castle stands on the bold, high bluff which terminates the ridge to the west, and overlooks the river. The ascent from the landing is by a steep and winding street, leading into the principal one running along on the top of the ridge. On arriving at the ramparts of the castle, the weather had cleared up, and gave us a fine view of the surrounding scenery. The windings of the Forth above and below, are seen as on a map ; richly cultivated fields and gentlemen's country seats form the middle and foreground of the panorama ; while the Highlands are seen heaving their bare summits into the sky, to the north and west. No less than twelve battle-fields are visible from this spot in a clear day. That of Bannockburn, fought early in the fourteenth century, in which Robert Bruce gave so fatal a defeat to the troops of Edward II., is plainly seen from the castle, about two miles distant. The scene of this deadly strife is a broken plain, gently sloping to the north, through which runs a small stream or *burn*, which gave name to the battle.

Stirling was at one period not less distinguished as a royal residence, than for its scenes of border warfare. It was the favourite retreat of James I., and the birth-place of James II. Here, too, James V. often held his court, and indulged his natural love of fun and frolick, as *the guidman of Ballangiech*.

Events of a more tragical character have also transpired here. A dark entry or closet, in the north-western part of the castle, is shown as the place where the second James stabbed his kinsman, the Earl of Douglas, with his own hand. Here, some of the best blood of Scotland has flowed under the hands of the publick executioner ; and here, the unfortunate Mary lived in retirement for a time, during the minority of James VI. The tilting-ground is a level, enclosed plain, near the base of the hill ; on the margin of which is "The Ladies Rock," whence the female spectators were accustomed to gaze at the knightly exploits of the combatants. The royal park and garden, containing a high artificial mound of earth, lie on the south side of the fortress.

One of the soldiers, a very civil, intelligent fellow, conducted us over the castle, and pointed out, on the north side of the principal entrance, a small circular tower, which still goes by the name of "Roderick Dhu's cell."

"————— 'Twas a prison room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and flinty floor."

The walls of the castle are of considerable extent, and are traced in irregular lines corresponding with the shape of the ground, and the brow of the precipice from which they rise. They are commanded by two or three eminences to the eastward, and would be untenable against batteries of heavy artillery. The castle was besieged by General Monk, who placed a park of cannon in one of the church-yards ; and the steeple and roof of the edifice still exhibit marks of the shot thrown by the garrison. Several guns are mounted on the ramparts, and a few troops are quartered here. The Lion's Den is a small, dark quadrangle, surrounded by high walls ; but why it goes by this appellation I did not learn. The Parliament house, and the royal chapel, the latter a small Gothic edifice, are also situated within the circumference of the walls, which, on the whole, contain few things worthy of

particular notice. Leaving the castle, we passed by the Earl of Marr's house, begun by him while Regent of Scotland, in 1570, but never finished. Between the castle and the town is the palace of the Earl of Argyle—a very unpretending structure. Among the other publick buildings of Stirling, none struck us as worthy of particular notice. The population is about six thousand, and the distance from Edinburgh thirty-five miles.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and taken such a hasty dinner as our time would permit, we took up our bundles and set off for Doune, eight miles distant. We crossed the river by a bridge in front of the castle, and pursued our walk over a plain in a northerly direction. Much of the land under tillage appeared to have been reclaimed from the marsh by ditching and dykeing. Blair Drummond, the favourite retreat of Lord Kaims, stands on this road; but owes its celebrity more to the character of its late possessor, than to any beauties of its own. At length, our road led to the woody bank of the Teith, which we crossed by a noble stone bridge; and turning a little down the stream, arrived at Doune about nine in the evening, and found quarters at a miserable inn, but the best which the village afforded.

I awoke in the morning from a feverish and disturbed repose on a most “uneasy pallet;” and our first object was to visit the ruins of Doune Castle. The day had but just dawned; the rain was pouring down violently; and the dirty streets of Doune presented but a sombre appearance, as with dripping umbrellas, we made our way through mud and water towards the hoary pile. The castle is still in a state of such fine preservation that it scarcely deserves the name of a ruin. It is a large quadrangle, the walls of which are at least fifty feet high. Although they have stood for about seven hundred years, they have suffered but little from the ravages of Time,

“———— who 'mid the world-revolving gloom,
Sit'st on yon solitary spire,
Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome.”

The battlements, however, have disappeared ; and the rents which are disclosed in the massy walls, proclaim that the work of decay is going on. The pile is beautifully situated in the suburbs of the village, on a grassy mound, whose base is washed on the south-west by the roaring Teith ; and on the west, by the Ardans, a little tributary stream. The view of their woody banks, when seen from the castle, is highly picturesque and pleasing. The castle is built of a reddish sandstone, not unlike that found on the Connecticut river ; and the walls are of immense thickness. It was for a time the residence of Queen Mary ; and here, the prisoners taken by the rebels in the year 1745, were confined, among whom was the author of Douglas, whose military ardour had induced him to exchange his gown and cassock for the weapons of carnal warfare.

Few objects impress the imagination more forcibly than one of these crumbling fortresses, situated in a lonely, unfrequented place. We involuntarily contrast it, in its desolation, with what it was in the day of its power ; and think of those times, when each baron was a monarch and a warrior ; and rode forth from beneath its lofty portals at the head of his military retainers, armed with bows and battle-axes, to avenge the wrongs of the clan, or chastise the insolence of a border noble. Now, the scene is changed. Silence is in the halls, and the arched corridor only echoes to the tread of the visitant, or to the fall of the crumbling masonry, as it slowly yields to that consuming power, whose touch dissolves the proudest works of man. These walls of strength are now tenanted only by the rooks, which seem to enjoy a prescriptive right to the possession of ruined castles ; a few shreds of ivy have wreathed their roots into the crevices, and swing to the passing blast ; the long grass waves on the battlements ; and beneath, the eye reposes on cottages, and herds of cattle, and sylvan scenes, whose peacefulness is no longer disturbed by murder, rapine, and the confused noise of the battle and the warrior.

As we had a long walk before us, we were obliged to content ourselves with a hasty survey ; and taking our bundles

under our arm, we set out, intending to walk to Callender before breakfast. A heavy rain had fallen during the night, which rendered the road almost impassably bad ; and a furious wind compelled us to furl our umbrellas and take the peltings of the storm, which abated nothing of its violence until we reached Callender. Our road lay on the left bank of the Teith, swollen prodigiously by the torrents from the mountain glens, and keeping up a continual roar. We passed the mansion of Cambusmore, and Lanric Castle, the latter across the river ; but neither of them offering much to invite criticism. Now and then, as the clouds were scattered by the blast, we caught a glimpse of the naked Highlands ; but a violent splash of rain in our faces the next moment obliged us to content ourselves with more circumscribed prospects. Having drank somewhat into the spirit of the border minstrelsy, we naturally recollected that we were travelling the road, by which Fitz James and his squires returned to Stirling, after his fight with Roderick Dhu at Coilantogle's ford.

“ Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide ;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past,
 And Deanstone lies behind them cast ;
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodlands soon :—
 They bathe their coursers' swelling sides,
 Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides—
 Right hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !
 And soon the bulwark of the north,
 Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career looked down.”

As we were obliged to struggle forward on foot, and as some address was necessary to avoid leaving a boot behind as a token of our having been this way, we were compelled to satisfy ourselves with a more moderate degree of speed ; but arrived at Macgregor's Inn at Callender, about nine, cold, drenched, and fatigued. The distance from Doune is eight miles.

After breakfast, we walked to Bracklinn, a romantick water-fall a mile or two from the village, and were joined by

a young man from the South of England, who was making the tour of the Highlands. Our path lay over a high, steep hill, on the north side of which was the cascade of which we were in search. It was invisible, until we came to the edge of the cleft, down which the torrent rushes. Following the steps of our guide, a little bare-footed girl as light and fleet as a mountain roe, we emerged from a tangled thicket which had concealed the chasm from view, and suddenly discovered that we were on a foot-bridge scarcely three feet wide, without hand-rails, or any thing to protect us, in the event of a false step or of sudden giddiness, from being precipitated thirty or forty feet into the infuriated torrent. We were far advanced on this perilous bridge, before we were aware of our situation ; and the sudden discovery gave a shock to our nerves, which was visible enough in each other's looks when we had reached the farther bank. Indeed, scarcely a word was spoken by any of the party, until we had got safely back. Sir Walter Scott thus describes the object of our visit : " This is a beautiful cascade made at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, by a mountain stream called the Keltie, about a mile from the village of Callender, in Menteith. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown a rustic foot-bridge, of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension." This little structure, on which we had been carried by surprise, is formed of two small trunks of trees laid side by side, and covered with sticks and turf. The cataract, which is composed of a number of leaps from rock to rock, amid a variety of projecting angles from the perpendicular cliffs, is seen to the best advantage from the aforesaid bridge. It was now swollen by the heavy rains ; and by the noise and fury of its turbid waters, was no unfit emblem of the qualities of the chieftain, whose suit Ellen Douglas would not brook.

" ——— I grant him brave,
But wild as *Bracklinn's* thundering wave."

Below the linn, the stream sinks into a deep quiet bed, and soon steals away from the view behind the bushes and stunted trees, which grow in the crevices of the overhanging rocks. On regaining the top of the hill, we had a splendid view of the windings and overflowing of the Teith through the valley, which opens to the eastward from Loch Venachar; of the placid lake itself, and the bold naked hills which rise from its southern bank; while in the distance, the brown towers of Stirling Castle, with the broken back ground, terminated the prospect. Callender is situated on the boundary line of the Highlands; and the scenery around it, though wanting in rugged majesty, is bold and impressive. The day was as favourable as we could have wished for exploring the wild passes before us. At one moment, the sun broke out in all his splendour; and at the next, a heavy body of clouds seemed to be condensed over our heads, and gave infallible tokens of their presence by the precipitation of a copious mist; while they as suddenly disappeared again, leaving the highest mountain tops basking in the light of day. On our return to the inn, we found a party of young Scotchmen at breakfast. They were fine looking men, but "not intellectual," as Dr. Johnson would say.

We resumed our journey towards Loch Katrine, and a mile and a half from Callender, came to the entrance into the Pass of Leny. Down this Pass runs a foaming torrent, which, uniting just below with a stream issuing from Loch Venachar, forms the river Teith so often mentioned. "This Pass," says a writer, "in a continued series of the falls of the river, from Loch Lubnaig to Kilmahog, through a declivity of probably not less than two hundred feet, with the addition of a beautiful skirting of wood, furnishes a feast to the eye, as well as to the ear, which can be pleased with the cataract's roar, not often to be met with even in the Highlands." We here turned out of our road to follow the bank of this romantic stream. A space, in some places barely sufficient for the road, lies between the torrent on the left, and the lofty precipices which rise perpendicularly on

the right, at the base of a high mountain. The Pass continues for a mile and a half, the cliffs encroaching more and more on the river, until a sudden turn to the right opens into a wider part of the glen. Here, the stream became placid; the banks were less precipitous; and a walk of another half mile brought us within view of the waters of Loch Lubnaig, deeply embosomed among mountains. Before arriving at the margin of the lake, we passed the ruins of the Chapel of S. Bride, celebrated in the progress of Roderick's Fiery Cross.

“Nor rest, nor pause, young Angus knew,—
 Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
 Betwixt him and a wooden knoll,
 That graced the sable strath with green,
 The Chapel of S. Bride was seen.”

The lake is a quiet little sheet of water, from which the Teith takes its origin; and is surrounded by high, swelling, naked mountains. On its northern side, Benledi rises to the height of three thousand feet. The beauty of the scenery at the outlet of the lake is greatly enhanced by a little grove of trees, and some thickets of copse-wood which are scattered along the margin. At the opposite extremity, and in a hollow scooped out from the mountains's breast, is a small white house, in which Bruce, the discoverer of the source of the Nile, was born, and passed the years of his childhood. While my companions amused themselves with skipping stones on the lake, I attempted a sketch of the scenery; and we soon after returned down the Pass to the point of our departure. Here are two or three miserable huts known by the euphonous name of Kilmahog. We entered the most respectable looking one, which professed to be a house of entertainment; but could get nothing but bannocks and whiskey. The *smell* of the latter was sufficient; and after scraping our throats with a mouthful of oatmeal bannocks, we resumed our walk.

Our road now lay on the south side of the valley, through which the waters of Loch Katrine flow in their way to the Forth. Keeping along the base of Benledi, and the lofty

range of mountains which lay on our right, we came at length,

“ ————— where stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep ;
Here, Vennachar in silver flows ;
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.”

This little lake is formed by the expanding of the waters, which are discharged from Loch Katrine. It is four or five miles in length by a mile and a half in breadth ; and is of a regular oval form, without any of the green headlands and shady nooks which look so beautiful in poetry. It is encompassed on the north and south by high heathy hills, so naked of every species of vegetation, except the heather, that I could compare the prospect to nothing but—Muse of Sir Walter, forgive me—a huge, brown, wooden bowl partly filled with water. To an eye accustomed to the delightful sylvan scenery on the banks of our New-England lakes, there is something quite irreconcilable with our ideas of beauty, in this general aspect of barrenness. It is true, that here and there a tuft of stunted birch shrubs, or a dwarf willow, grows on the margin : but they are at best a poor compensation for the nakedness of the surrounding landscape. Pursuing our walk a little farther,

“ We reached that torrent’s sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines,
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome the empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle-wings unfurled.”

This “sounding torrent” is one of the principal tributaries of the Teith ; and the place where it issues from the lake is called “Coilantogle’s ford.” The reader need not be reminded, that this was the scene of the imaginary combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu. If he feel little interest in these localities of the Lady of the Lake, he can avail himself of his privilege of *skipping* as much as he thinks proper, during our short sojourn among these mountain glens ;

and a scrap or two of poetry will generally indicate the portions to be avoided.

We resumed our walk along the northern side of the glen, sometimes following the windings of the shore, sometimes clambering over rocky eminences, and crossing foaming torrents, which looked like stripes of silver on the mountain's breast. The heather with which the hills are covered grows to the height of from two to four feet; and throws out such a multitude of intricate branches, as greatly to impede the progress of the pedestrian. Its purple blossoms, by the touch of the frosts, have been changed to a dun brick colour, which imparts a singularly dreary aspect to the scenery. We passed a few solitary huts, and here and there a patch of starved oats or barley, which in more fertile countries would be thought scarcely worth reaping.

About a mile above Loch Vennachar, on approaching the Bridge of Turk, Loch Auchray, pronounced *Auhree* by the Scotch, with a strong accent on the last syllable; and the windings of the stream that issues from it, open to the view. This is really a beautiful little lake, about two miles long, indented with bays and promontories, and exhibiting, on its northern bank, some

“ ——— copse-wood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch Auchray.”

The opposite bank is bare and heathy.

Proceeding onward, we next came to the “Brigg of Turk,” a high, solid bridge of rough masonry, cast by a single arch, over a deep, black, boiling flood, which issues from one of the glens in the mountain. The principal of these is Glenfinglass, which opens a considerable distance into the hills, and contains a few cottages, as miserable as the rest we had seen. We here met with an angler returning from his sport on the lake, with a string of beautiful trout. He readily parted with one weighing about two pounds, for six-pence, which we took along for our supper. We arrived in the dusk of the evening at a farm-house, with a most unpronounceable name, situated at the entrance of the Tros-

sachs, and kept by a Highlander of the name of Stewart. A high fever, together with the fatigues of a walk of thirty miles, partly in the rain, had reduced me to such a state of weakness that I was scarcely able to stand. To add to my miseries, a roaring bully of a lieutenant of his majesty's navy had come on a land cruise among the Highlands, and to get gloriously drunk at the Trossachs. The narrow accommodations of the house allowed us no escape from his impertinences ; and as our sitting room had been assigned as a dormitory for half a dozen of us, I was compelled to listen with a throbbing head till midnight to the slang of the cockpit, and the incoherent ravings inspired by deep potations of whiskey. He insisted on navigating us all up the lake in the morning ; and became so outrageous at length that he was given in charge to two or three stout Highlanders, who executed their task so faithfully, that we were deprived of the benefit of his nautical skill on the following day. About sixty tourists had lodged at the house the night before, and the guests were not much less numerous on the night of our arrival. Our host was altogether an original. As he claims to be descended from some collateral branch of Highland nobility, he has to support the somewhat incompatible characters of publican and petty chieftain, the latter of which he is evidently most anxious to maintain. His squab figure is arrayed in the full costume of what was once his clan ; and a feather or two stuck in his bonnet denotes his alliance in the fiftieth degree with some Highland Mac, who once reigned over a portion of these naked mountains.

CHAPTER L.

THE TROSSACHS—LOCH KATRINE—ELLEN'S ISLAND—VIEWS ON THE LAKE
 —CHANGEFUL APPEARANCE OF MOUNTAIN MISTS—BATTLE OF BEAL' AN
 DUINE—GOBLIN'S CAVE—SCENERY ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE—HUT
 OF A HIGHLANDER—LOCH ARKILL—INVERRNAID—FALLS—LOCH LO-
 MOND.

Sept. 15th.—We took an early breakfast, and set off for Loch Katrine, with a couple of boatmen to row us up the lake. A walk of a mile brought us to the entrance of the Trossachs, one of those wild and rugged scenes of nature, which cannot fail to excite the dullest imagination. It is a narrow gorge in the mountains, at the east end of Loch Katrine, through which its superfluous waters are discharged into the small lakes already described. To form a just idea of the scene, one may imagine the steep and high mountains on either hand to have been rent in pieces by some strong convulsion, and large portions of them to have been hurled down into the glen, each one occupying the place, and retaining the position, in which it fell. These mighty fragments of rocks, and woods and hills, are strewed along a passage of a mile or two at the east end, and on the sides of Loch Katrine; but assume the most rugged and imposing forms just at the outlet, where the mountains approach so near as to leave only a very narrow, dark passage, like that by which Æneas descended to the dreary land of shadows—*vastoque immanis hiatu*. Above, appear many a beetling rock and cliff, which threaten, on the slightest concussion, to quit their precarious seat, and scatter their ruins among those which are already piled up in every fantastick form at the bottom of the glen. In the crevices of the rocks, and on the sides and summits of the precipices, the aged weeping birches have fixed their roots, and hang down their

waving ringlets as if to conceal the horrors of the dell. Daylight is almost excluded from this valley of the shadow of death. In the steepest and narrowest part of it, we could see only a narrow strip of the horizon, across which the light clouds were flitting before a strong breeze. The deep silence of the place was interrupted only by the falling of the drops which had gathered during the night on the foliage, and the faint murmurs of the stream struggling through its rocky channel on our left. A scene like this was worthy of the poet's pencil ; and by way of atonement for my own meager description, I must take the liberty of introducing his vivid sketch, which in this instance has the merit of being true to nature. The morning sun was shedding forth its brightest rays, illuminating every point of the scenery to which its beams could have access :—

“ Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.
 But not a *rising* beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the towers which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 Their rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dies,
 Waved in the west-wind's summer's sighs.”

Pursuing our winding foot-path, we came to a sudden turn round a point of rocks, where Loch Katrine, or rather one of the bays in which the lake is terminated at this end, was presented to our view. To this dark sheet of water, from whose glassy surface the gigantic mountains and overhanging cliffs were reflected with a surprising clearness of outline, there seemed to be no outlet, the view being obstructed by an island lying about a third of a mile from the point where we stood, and the promontories which stretched out from either shore. Here were presented new scenes of sublimity, not less striking than those we had left behind.

“High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mound, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar ;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.”

Our boat lay moored in an inlet among the rocks, and we embarked to explore the shores and localities of this picturesque lake.

With a few strokes of the oar we doubled a little headland, and came abreast of “Ellen's Island,” which lay about a quarter of a mile distant. It is a little mound of rocks and earth rising abruptly out of the bosom of the lake, and covered with shrubs and young trees. We landed, we were at liberty to suppose, at the identical place where Ellen's shallop guided the knight of Snowdown—indeed it is almost the only point on the rocky shore where it is possible to disembark—and clambered up the bank by a narrow foot-path,

“That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.”

Since the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, the proprietor of the Island, a Scotch nobleman, has erected a hunting lodge here, and decorated it in a style answering to the description given in the poem.—

“ For all around, the walls to grace,
 Hung trophies of the fight or chace ;
 A target there, a bugle here,
 A battle-ax, a hunting spear,
 And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,
 With the tusked trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,
 And there, the wild-cat’s brindled hide
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,
 Or mantles o’er the bison’s horns :
 Pennons and flags defaced and stained
 That blackening streaks of blood retained,
 And deer-skins dappled, dun, and white,
 With otter’s fur and seals unite,
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all
 To garnish forth the sylvan hall.”

The island covers about an acre, and is very thickly wooded. It lies about a stone’s throw from a little bay scooped out of the northern bank, where, black frowning rocks, dipping perpendicularly into the waters, meet the eye, instead of “the silver strand” kissed by the eddying waves. One of our boatmen who could speak a little English, pointed out a rocky ravine up the side of the mountain, where, as he said, Fitz James lost his horse ; and a yard or two of pebbly beach in the aforesaid cove was doubtless the point of his embarkation to visit the island.

We returned to our boat by the same path we had ascended, constructed of rude steps formed of rocks, roots of trees and pieces of timber. A favouring breeze having sprung up, our boatmen set their little sail, which soon swept us round the southern point of the island, and gave the whole range of the lake to view.

“ One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath us rolled ;
 In all her length far-winding lay,

With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the silver light ;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

No day could have been more favourable for viewing the scenery to advantage. The bright shining of the sun was occasionally obscured by clouds driven swiftly along, and casting a fitting shade on the lake and rugged precipices. At one moment, a thick covering of mist clothed the summit, and rolled down the sides of Ben-Venue ; but while we sat wondering at the suddenness of the phenomenon, an opening would appear in the heaving mass, allowing the eye to range far up into the desolate solitude of the mountain, where the beetling rocks and fragments assumed a variety of fantastick forms, as they were exhibited through the distorting medium of the vapour. Since entering the Highlands, we have been particularly struck with the almost instantaneous rapidity, with which the mist is gathered and dispersed on the sides of the mountains. Their summits are so perpetually covered, that they are only now and then visible for a moment. Often, as I sat gazing on the giant form of Ben-Venue, the mist which rested on its top seemed to dissolve and roll down quite to its base like the loosened folds of a garment, leaving the summit exposed ; and as suddenly to be gathered up again, shrouding the upper regions in darkness. It is difficult perhaps to account for these sudden changes, the effect of which, in such wild scenery, will be easily supposed to be highly picturesque.

In the Trossachs which we had just left, a bloody skirmish once happened between a party of Cromwell's troops and the men of the country, which goes by the name of the Battle of Beal' an Duine. The invaders were at first successful, and compelled the Highlanders to withdraw into the neighbouring glens and hiding places, with which they were well acquainted. Emboldened by their success, they resolved to plunder the little island where the Highlanders had secreted their families ; and one of the party swam towards their retreat to

fetch the boat, which lay moored in one of the creeks. Just as he reached the nearest point, and was laying hold of a rock, Helen Stuart, a heroine of the clan, met him sword in hand ; and before he could make good his landing, struck his head from his body at a single blow. The adventure terminating so unfortunately for the party, and the Highlanders continuing to annoy them, they lost no time in retreating from their perilous situation. The Celtic name of a particular pass in the Trossachs, is derived from the grave of one of Cromwell's party, which is still pointed out by the guides.

As we sailed along the lake to the westward, we had a full view of Coir nan Uriskin or the Goblin's Cave, situated near the base of Ven-Venue, and celebrated in Highland superstition as the abode of supernatural beings. It is a gloomy recess in a deep chasm of the mountain, the entrance to which is marked out by a huge pile of fragments of rocks. The shores of the lake along the eastern extremity are indented by bold headlands, often terminating in high cliffs of black rocks dropping perpendicularly into the deep still water, and little bays displaying a narrow margin of white sand, bleached for ages by the waves. Sometimes, the view of the lake is almost lost among capes and islands ; and again, it opens on the sight through the long vista of hills which skirt it on either side. The recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain torrents, which flowed down in a hundred streams, breaking the solitude by their continual roar, and scattering their foam on the lake. In a word, new scenes opened upon us perpetually as we advanced on our way ; behind every cliff and cape, some new and wild form of nature appeared, while others were as continually retiring out of sight ; and far to the west, the towering and serrated heights of Arrochar bounded the prospect. By the time we had rowed half the length of the lake, however, we had left all these picturesque scenes behind. The hills retired farther from the shore, and presented less rude grandeur of outline ; all signs of vegetation disappeared, except the interminable beds of brown heather ; and a few scattered, miserable huts, afforded the only indications that the region was frequented by man. A change in the

wind obliged our boatmen to haul down their little sail, and take to their oars; and the rest of our voyage was performed against a strong breeze, which dashed the water into our boat in quantities which proved rather uncomfortable. One of the boatmen could speak nothing but Gaelic, which, when spoken by a Highlander in conversation, is neither harsh nor unmusical. The waters of the lake are remarkably transparent; and when the surface is calm, the white pebbles may be discerned at a great depth. The lake is about twelve miles in length, by a breadth varying from one to two miles. Quite at the west end, the mountains rise again with a bolder swell, but want the picturesque and rugged forms of Ben-An and Ben-Venue. Glengyle, or the Stranger's Glen, is a deep recess in the mountains on the north, and just at the extremity of the lake. We disembarked, about eleven, at a little rude pier; and commenced our walk over the naked hills to Loch Lomond, about five or six miles distant. On gaining the first eminence, we paused to enjoy another view of the scenery we had just left. The wind had subsided; the glassy surface reflected the giant forms of the mountains, whose heads were lost as usual among clouds; the view being terminated by the narrow gorge of the Trossachs. One of the huts of the Highlanders standing close to our foot-path, curiosity induced us to enter it. It was built partly of stones and partly of logs, the crevices being filled with clay and moss. It contained but a single apartment, and was without floor or chimney, a hole being left in the roof for the smoke to escape. As this was in no haste to make its exit, and glass windows being unknown in this region, the room was so dark that we could not at first discern the inmates, consisting of a Highlander lazily stretched out on a bench; his blear-eyed wife; two or three half naked children, and as many pigs—all dirty beyond description. The earthen floor was strewed with the refuse of fish, and the smells which saluted our nostrils from this receptacle of filth, were far from being savoury. We made what seemed to be a satisfactory atonement for our intrusion by giving a sixpence or two to the ragged urchins, and pursued our walk. About a mile from Loch Katrine we

passed Loch Arkill, a little pond on our left, which sends out a roaring torrent towards Loch Lomond. Following this stream, we came to the Fort of Inversnaid, a little, ruinous fortress situated near the bank of the lake. The bank is here very steep, and the descent is by a narrow, winding path, overhung with trees and creeping shrubs. After a variety of turnings, we reached the pebbly margin of Loch Lomond, and had a noble view of the Arrochar mountains on the opposite side. My attention had been attracted by the loud roaring of a water-fall, and I followed the shore in the direction from which the sound proceeded. A sudden turn round a point brought me in front of a beautiful cascade, formed by the torrent already mentioned. It burst out from a thicket at the top of the bank, and after being dashed from rock to rock in a descent of about thirty feet, was received into a bason, whence its waters rippled away over a stony bottom to lose themselves in the lake. My companion stretched himself out on the bank, to dream of briefs or build castles in the air, while I attempted a sketch of the falls of Inversnaid. In picturesque beauty they surpass the falls of Bracklinn which we had visited the day before, and present a most pleasing object to a passenger sailing along the lake.

CHAPTER LI.

LOCH LOMOND—STEAM-BOAT PARTY—AMUSING SCENE AT ROB ROY'S CAVE—SCENERY OF THE LAKE—BALOCH—LEVEN WATER—DUMBARTON—CASTLE—RIVER CLYDE—INTEMPERANCE—ARRIVAL AT GLASGOW—THE UNIVERSITY—HUNTER'S MUSEUM—CATHEDRAL KIRK—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY—SUBURBS—BRIDGES—NELSON'S MONUMENT.

The appearance of the steam-boat, for which we had been waiting, paddling up the lake, interrupted our amusements; and on our hoisting a strip of a flag which lay on the beach, a boat put out to take us on board. There was a crowd of swains and lassies on the deck—a party who were seeking to

diversify the pleasures of the fair at Balloch by an excursion to Rob Roy's Cave and as merry as a band of musicians could make them. The *skirling* of bagpipes, fiddles, and French horns "pit mettle in their heels;" and reels, jigs, and country dances were executed in a most vigorous style. The rain sometimes drove the other passengers below, but caused no interruption to the dance, which went on laboriously, the performers smoking under the exercise, and splashing about the puddles of water on the deck.

After sailing a few miles up the lake, the boat hauled along side of a ledge of rocks, and the company disembarked, and commenced scrambling up the rocky base of one of the summits of Arrochar. The cave, which is said to have been one of the numerous retreats of the outlaw, is situated ten or fifteen rods above the lake. As fast as the party reached the entrance—and the contest seemed to be who should get there soonest—they plunged in, and the scene which followed was amusing enough. It was necessary to bend almost double to enter this burrow of the Macgregor; and as it descended very abruptly a distance of eight or ten feet, and the party were in too high spirits to heed trifling obstacles, the first rush brought some half a dozen, of both sexes, to the bottom, in all possible positions except the perpendicular. It is true, the soft viscous mud, which plentifully strewed the floor of this first landing, was exceedingly well adapted to obviate the ill consequences of such a disorderly entrance; but could not alleviate the momentary apprehensions experienced during the descent, from the disagreeable uncertainty where it was to terminate. A sudden turn in the passage presented another descent of a few feet into an irregular cavern, capable of holding eight or ten persons. This was filled immediately, but the stream continued flowing down, until the pressure became suffocating; and those of us who had attained the honourable distinction of rolling first to the bottom, were most inconveniently wedged away in the nooks and crevices of the cavern. A ludicrous scene of confusion and uproar ensued. A dozen voices arose out of the depths; and all were loud in expressing their indignation at being brought to

such a dark, dirty hole. Seeing a glimmering of light through a chink in the rocks, in a different quarter from that by which we had entered, I groped my way towards it, followed by two or three of my companions; and after a few involuntary prostrations, and accumulating a reasonable quantity of the slimy soil, on hands, face, knees and elbows, and creeping on all fours across a chasm, we escaped to the upper air—not like the Trojan hero, by *an ivory gate*; but like wood-chucks smoked out of their burrow. The party were now emerging one by one from the passage which they had so precipitately entered, some bearing heavy fragments of schist, covered with slime, and others clearing off the mud from their garments, or rubbing knees and elbows which had suffered in the adventure. The ludicrous appearance of the party completely restored their good humour; but the hail of the boatmen left us no leisure for new discoveries.

As we sailed down the lake, the scenery on both sides lost some of its ruggedness and desolation, and improved in beauty. On the east side, Ben-Lomond rises from the very margin of the water, to a height of more than three thousand feet. The cloud of mist which hovered around its summit occasionally rolled down, and exposed its bare top to view. It had been my intention to land at the Tarbet Inn and ascend the mountain; but I felt my strength so much reduced by a fever, which had hung upon me ever since leaving Edinburgh, that I was reluctantly obliged to give up the excursion. The distance from the inn to the top of the mountain is said to be six miles; and the traveller is often disappointed of his expected view, by the clouds in which he is enveloped on reaching the top. An elevated range of mountains continues to skirt the eastern side of the lake, from Ben-Lomond quite down to the outlet, the more sheltered parts of which are adorned with plantations of trees, and gentlemen's country seats. The lake is about thirty miles long from north to south, and varying in breadth from one to three or four miles. The southern portion of it where we were now sailing is studded with a number of beautiful islands, delightfully green and shady. On some of the largest were herds of deer grazing,

which shot away through the glades at the startling sound of our bagpipes. After our sojourn among naked rocks and heather, it was truly refreshing to be greeted again with the sight of verdure, and the improvements of civilized life. We were landed at Balloch, a little village at the mouth of the lake, just before sun-set, and took coach to Dumbarton, a distance of five miles. The fair at Balloch had brought together a large concourse of people, who flocked to the pier in a drizzling rain to see us land.

The road to Dumbarton lies along the western bank of the Leven, a stream immortalized in song by Smollet's beautiful Ode to Leven Water. It flows out of Loch Lomond at Balloch; and after a short course through pleasant fields, and among thickets of birches, is lost in the waters of the Clyde at Dumbarton.

“Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I went to lave—
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.”

About two miles from Dumbarton is an old mansion house, on the bank of the river, in which the poet and historian was born; and near by, is a handsome Tuscan column erected to his memory. The scenery along this delightful river is soft and rural, consisting of verdant meadows and rich pasture lands, separated by hedge fences which still retain their greenness. We crossed the stream by a handsome stone bridge, and entered Dumbarton, a large and irregular town, situated at its junction with the Clyde. As we drove directly through the place to the wharves, we could only take notice of the narrowness of the streets, and of the numerous glass-houses which filled the town with smoke. It was sun-set when we went on board the Glasgow steam-boat; and a few moments detention at the wharf gave me an opportunity of sketching Dumbarton Castle, and the singular eminence on which it is situated. At the junction of the Clyde and Leven, a short distance from the town, two high conical rocks, united near the base, rise apparently to the height of two hun-

dred feet. These are girded by the walls of the castle, which look like an irregular belt laid round the hills, and ascending on one side nearly to the top. It was formerly deemed impregnable, and is still kept in repair as a station for soldiers.

From Dumbarton to Glasgow is about fourteen miles. The Clyde is here a wide estuary flowing between low banks, often fringed with wood, but offering little variety of prospect. The evening was delightfully clear ; and I was glad to escape from the stench of hot whiskey punch to the deck, to enjoy the bracing air of the river, and mark the broad shadows cast upon its perfectly smooth surface by the trees and objects on the shore. Whatever musings I might have been disposed to indulge in were interrupted by the sounds of drunken merriment below. In the party on Loch Lomond were a number of young Englishmen, who by their dress and manners might have been taken for gentlemen, had not their devotion to the bottle given the lie to their pretensions. On our disembarking at Balloch, some of them were unable to get to the carriages without assistance ; and before we arrived at Glasgow, they were stowed away in a state of most beastly intoxication. Much as intemperance prevails in the United States, I have never witnessed such scenes on board any of our steam-boats, and am confident they would not be permitted. We reached Glasgow about ten in the evening ; and took lodgings at the Star Inn, a spacious establishment in Ingraham Street. Here, we found the same disgusting custom prevailing, which I have observed in all the public houses in Scotland. The first care of a traveller, after he has washed off the dust, is, to seat himself in the public room, and call for a mutchkin of whiskey, with hot water and sugar. These are placed on the table, and he commences mixing a little at a time, sipping it hot, and turning over the newspapers. Thus he goes on, mixing quantity after quantity, till the contents of the mutchkin, which will hold a gill or more, are exhausted ; and he rises from his potations, if not in a state of inebriety, yet far from being sober. I am confident no American constitution could resist the effects of this fiery drink for more than a year

or two ; it would end in apoplexy or delirium ; but in this climate, the poison operates more slowly. In the publick room of the inn, I counted ten or twelve engaged in the manner I have described ; and as they retired to their lodgings, their places were supplied by others. Whiskey is the favourite beverage ; and a more wretched and corrosive liquor was never distilled, unless it be the cider brandy of New England.

Our long beards and soiled garments were letters of recommendation not calculated to introduce us to the special attentions of our host ; and we were accordingly stowed away without ceremony in very paltry lodgings. All the eloquence we could use was insufficient to persuade the knight of the bed-chamber that we were personages of some consequence, entitled to comfortable apartments at least ; and from his red-haired, bare-footed underlings, we got nothing but abuse, in answer to our request to be supplied with the most common articles of convenience. I retired feverish, fasting, and fatigued ; and passed the night without sleep.

Sept. 16.—After breakfast, I set out in quest of such objects of curiosity as the city affords, and directed my walk towards the University. The buildings are separated from High Street by dead stone walls, and are accessible by two or three gate-ways. The University consists of four courts of unequal size, surrounded by buildings erected at various periods, and in various styles of architecture ; but generally plain, inelegant, and old-fashioned. The quadrangles all communicate with each other, and with the college-yards in the rear, a spacious plat of ground extending to a deep dell, and planted with shade trees and shrubbery. After wandering for a while through narrow courts and dark alleys, I called on Professor Sandford, with whom I had become acquainted at Edinburgh, at the house of his father, the Bishop of the Diocese. He received his education at Oxford, and has lately been elected Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. To his polite attentions I was indebted for an opportunity to examine the Museum, lately bequeathed to the institution by the celebrated Dr. Hunter of London. A handsome Doric building has been erected for the reception of this

splendid collection, which is justly regarded as the pride of the institution. It consists of a fine gallery of paintings; a vast variety of anatomical preparations; a cabinet of medals, and a library. The cabinet of medals is one of the most extensive in the kingdom, and contains many specimens of great antiquity. The Trustees of the British Museum are said to have offered £25,000 sterling for this department alone; which liberal offer was declined. The University Library, though not large, is extremely valuable.

Leaving the University, I followed the narrow, winding street, over rough pavements, up the hill towards the cathedral, whose tall spire was conspicuous in all parts of the city. Upon attaining the summit of the hill, I came to a low wall enclosing an area of two or three acres; and passing through a gate, found myself in the burying ground which surrounds the Minster. The pile itself is a gloomy and massive, rather than an elegant structure, of a dark-coloured free-stone; and displays less of ornamental carving than is usually seen on Gothic Cathedrals. The effect, however, is grand and imposing; and standing as it does apart from the bustle of the city, and close by a deep dell, through which, invisible to the eye, a murmuring rivulet wanders over a pebbly bottom, it has an air even of sequestered solitude. On the opposite side of the dell rises a steep bank, covered with evergreens, which, sending their umbrageous foliage across the narrow ravine, and overhanging the cemetery, add greatly to the solemnity of the scene. As I stood gazing at the majestic pile, and observed the niches divested of their statues, and the mutilated heads which had once been carved in the architecture, I thought of Andrew Fairservice's description of its narrow escape from "a doun-come lang syne at the Reformation," when so many kirks "were pu'd down to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplices, and sic like rags o' the muckle hoor that sitteth on seven hills." The neighbouring villagers, fired with emulation on hearing of the glorious havock which Knox's zealots were making with the churches elsewhere, assembled to administer the same rough physic to the kirk of St. Mungo; but the

towns-people happened to be of a different opinion, and fairly offered battle in defence of their cathedral. The affair was compromised, however, by a sacrifice of the idolatrous parts of the architecture; "and sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the fleas are caimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased."

Proceeding over the broad, flat, monumental stones, which cover the narrow houses where the weary are at rest, I entered the cathedral by a low side-door; but instead of the long drawn aisles, and vistas of clustered columns, which the form and dimensions of the exterior had promised, I found myself in a house of worship of the ordinary size, but ill-proportioned, and of very broken architecture. A second glance explained the cause of this appearance. The Scotch, with more attention to economy than regard to the proprieties of architecture, have divided the nave into two apartments for publick worship, by carrying a partition quite up to the roof; and erected another across the entrance into the choir, which is used as a place of interment. The effect of these innovations has been to destroy the beauty and grandeur of the interior, and ruin the groined ceiling of the vault. In its present state, there is little in the inside to satisfy the curiosity of the visiter, or to fulfil the expectations excited by a view of the front. After perambulating the various apartments and dark cells, which once formed the spacious area of a noble cathedral, and visiting the tomb of St. Mungo, the patron Saint to whom it was dedicated, I returned to renew my survey of the building without. Compared with most of the English cathedrals it is of inferior size, and of far less pretending architecture. The spire bears a miniature resemblance to that of the Cathedral of Salisbury, and rises to a considerable height. The building is of great antiquity, having been erected early in the twelfth century, and consecrated in the presence of king David I.

Glasgow, being a city of modern growth, contains few antiquities entitled to any great share of attention. Those I

have already mentioned, together with the remaining tower of the old Tolbooth, comprehend nearly the whole catalogue. The latter is a low square tower, with walls of enormous thickness, and grated windows, standing in the midst of the city near the Exchange.

Among the publick buildings of modern date, few are worthy of particular notice. The Corinthian portico of St. Andrew's church is deservedly admired, and the Theatre is handsome, without being magnificent.

The population of Glasgow is now at least one hundred and fifty thousand, although at the time of the union it scarcely amounted to one eighth of that number. The streets along the Clyde exhibit all the bustle of a great commercial city; and the manufactories of various kinds, particularly of cotton goods, are very extensive. The city stretches about two miles along the northern bank of the river, with a breadth not much exceeding a mile. The lower part is nearly level, while the rest lies on the southern declivity of a hill of moderate elevation. The eastern portion, in the neighbourhood of the college and cathedral, is the most ancient; and presents the narrow, crooked streets, and ill-built houses, which are characteristick of other times; but these defects are remedied in the modern part of the city. Here, the streets are regular, spacious, and admirably paved; the houses of freestone are large and lofty, and every thing is in a style of the most perfect neatness. Few cities which I have seen have an appearance of more solid wealth and greater comfort.

The city communicates with the southern suburbs by four bridges across the Clyde, which is navigable to the lower bridge for vessels of one hundred tons burthen. This is a beautiful stone structure, inferior only to Waterloo bridge in beauty of design. Two of the others are also of stone, very solidly built; and the fourth is a handsome wooden bridge for foot-passengers.

The Green is a fine expanse of turfed ground on the south side of the river, bordering on the populous village of Calton. It is laid off in walks, and is not only frequented by the citizens for purposes of recreation, but used as a washing and

bleaching ground. It contains upwards of one hundred acres. The unfinished monument of Nelson occupies the middle of a square on the northern bank of the river. It was struck with lightning when nearly completed, and so much damaged as to require to be partly taken down, before the work can be carried on. It is probably owing more to a failure of funds, than to the alleged hazard of approaching the threatening column, that the mutilated monument has stood for so many years in its present awkward position.

The country, stretching along the banks of the Clyde for many miles in both directions, is generally fertile, and in a high state of cultivation. It is a broad valley, gently depressed, and contains a number of populous villages, more or less connected with the metropolis, and inhabited by the operative tradesmen. The country is also rich in coal, lime-stone and iron-ore; affording great advantages to the agricultural and manufacturing classes. Quarries of free stone and granite abound in the vicinity, furnishing the best of materials for building and paving the city. Water is supplied in abundance from reservoirs, which are replenished from the river by steam engines. After undergoing a filtration, it is conveyed in iron pipes to every part of the city and suburbs, and supplied to the inhabitants at a moderate price. In short, if Glasgow cannot boast of the magnificence of the eastern metropolis of Scotland; it more than equals it in the appearances of wealth and comfort which it displays.

It is a disadvantage which attends travelling in haste, that one is debarred the pleasure and profit of forming acquaintances among the inhabitants. He can only take a rapid glance at the objects which present themselves to the eye; describe the natural scenery and the works of art which fall under his observation; and then pass on. I accepted an invitation to dine with Professor S—— at the University; but was obliged by ill health to retire, immediately after dinner, from an agreeable party. A return of fever—bad accommodations—servants perfectly inattentive, and loneliness—for my travelling companion had now left me—all conspired to render my situation comfortless. The next morning, the

coach, in which I had secured a seat to Carlisle, departed without me, and the day was passed at my lodgings in ruminations of no very cheering character.

CHAPTER LII.

DEPARTURE FROM GLASGOW—KILMARNOCK—HOUSE OF BURNS—REFLECTIONS—MAUCLIN—SANQUHAR—NITHSDALE—DUMFRIES—SOLWAY SANDS—GREINA GREEN—CARLISLE—SUNDAY—CATHEDRAL—ST. CUTHBERT'S—EARLY HISTORY OF CARLISLE—CITY WALLS—CITADEL AND CASTLE—COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS—DEPARTURE—PENRITH—KENDAL—CASTLE—CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS—LANCASTER—CASTLE—PRESTON—ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL—A. HODGSON, ESQ.—REMARKS.

Saturday, Sept. 18th.—I summoned strength sufficient to rise at an early hour, and to place myself in the coach to Carlisle. To Kilmarnock, about twenty-two miles from Glasgow, the country is rather barren and uninteresting. We had left the wild scenery of the Highlands behind when we lost sight of the shores of Loch Lomond: and although Ayreshire abounds in many rural beauties, they are of the soft and quiet character which leaves little impression on the mind. The small county of Renfrewshire, which stretches along the south bank of the Clyde, is generally level, interspersed with peat bogs and heathy swells; but as we approached Kilmarnock, the country improved in fertility. This place is celebrated for its manufactories of coarse woollens, carpets, and cotton-stuffs; and the coach had no sooner pulled up before the public house where we were to breakfast, than it was surrounded with a squad of ragged apprentices, and “batches o’ wabster lads, blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,” such as figure in Burns’ description of an Ordination or a Holy Fair. The population of the place is eight or nine thousand; but the buildings are generally mean, and the streets crooked and dirty. Near the town is the unfinished

ed building of Loudon Castle, designed to be one of the largest and most splendid mansions in the kingdom. The Irvine, a pleasant little river, crosses the road about a mile to the south of the town, beyond which, the country becomes rather more hilly and less fertile. Few trees grow in this region, and the state of cultivation indicates no high degree of improvement in the art. The oat harvest is gathering in, and the labour is principally performed by women, who wield their sickles with a dexterity and vigour not inferior to that of the other sex.

Just before we reached Mauchlin, we passed a house on our right, which was pointed out by my stage companions as the residence of the poet Burns. It is a low tenement one story high, situated in the midst of a stretch of level country, and almost hidden by trees. What a melancholy example was afforded by that unhappy man, of genius, as often waging a reckless warfare with religion and good morals, as enlisted in the support of virtue—of intellectual riches, kept to the hurt of the owner thereof! Amidst the extravagant praise and admiration, which it has been the fashion to lavish on his writings, their immoral tendency has been too often kept out of sight; a tendency, but imperfectly redeemed by his *Saturday Night*, and a few other poems of a similar character. His religion was no more than a poetical sentiment; an occasional glow of fervid fancy, which imposed no restraint on his headstrong passions. To these he abandoned himself, and they proved his ruin. The even course of well-balanced virtue had no charms for him; life was with him a possession of no value, without the seasoning of high excitement; and to this, he fell a splendid victim. When history takes cognizance of characters like that of Burns—and this will continue to be the case so long as genius is worshipped—ought it not to deal less in the language of indiscriminate eulogy? Is it not due to the paramount interests of sound virtue and religion, that, while there is no extenuation of the glory wherein the subject is worthy, his offences against moral order should not be slurred over, as if it were a sin against the prerogative of genius to intimate, that virtue had higher

and more sacred claims on the reverence of immortal beings? He who leads an immoral life, is justly accountable for the mischief produced by his example; while he who teaches immorality with all the advantages of a fervid and fascinating genius, incurs a more fearful responsibility. "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall *teach* men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven."

Mauchlin is a smart looking town situated near the Ayr, which, after a course of a few miles to the westward, empties into the Frith of Clyde. Crossing this stream, and soon after, the Glenmore one of its tributaries, we passed through Old and New Cumnock, both insignificant villages, occurring in the midst of wide and unfertile plains. Near the latter place, the Nith takes its rise in a little pond by the side of the road; which follows the course of the stream all the way to Dumfries. Sanquhar is a village, dignified with the name of a borough, on the left bank of the Nith. It consists of one principal street half a mile long, on which a number of meanly built, straggling houses are situated; and a plain old church of pointed architecture. The most interesting object in the vicinity is the ruins of Sanquhar Castle, the ancient seat of the Crichtons; a name rendered famous by the extraordinary accomplishments of one of the family, known as "the admirable Crichton." The ruins lie on the south side of the town, and are fast crumbling into a shapeless pile.

We now entered into the picturesque scenery of Nithsdale, which supplies a great variety of beautiful rural views, as the traveller follows the windings of the stream. The banks are often abrupt, presenting surfaces of slate and lime-stone overhung by trees; and the numerous sudden turns of the river, to escape the bold bluffs and green knolls which oppose its course, form an endless variety of prospect. A magnificent seat of the Duke of Buccleuch stands at the entrance of the dale, and but a short distance from Sanquhar. This young nobleman, who has lately come into possession of his estate and title, is said to be the richest nobleman in Scotland.—Pursuing our ride, without meeting with any other

object worthy of particular attention, we crossed the Nith again by an elegant stone bridge; and halted at Dumfries about five for dinner.

This is a town of considerable importance, and is exceedingly well built of a red free-stone, which abounds in the neighbourhood. It occupies the eastern bank of the stream, just where it begins to widen into an estuary. The scenery in the neighbourhood offers a variety of beautiful views, adorned with the elegant mansions of the rich. The town itself is neat, airy, and well paved; and has the appearance of being a populous and thriving place. Our surveys were necessarily limited to the objects which were visible from the top of the coach, as the fifteen minutes allowed for despatching our dinner left us no time for rambling.

As we proceeded on our route, the Solway began to appear at a distance on our right, with its wide wastes of sand which are overflowed at every tide. At the ebb, these sandy flats are laid bare for some miles from the shore; but its reflux is so rapid and violent as to sweep every thing before it, and is attended with a loud roaring noise, which may be heard at a great distance. As I sat gazing at these treacherous sands, the twilight gradually stole them from my view; and we soon after drove into Annan, a neat little place not far from the shore of the Solway, where we arrived in the dusk of the evening. The road from Dumfries pursues a south-easterly direction along the coast, towards the head of the Frith, where a small stream called the Liddel forms the boundary line between England and Scotland. Here is situated the Gretna Green, so famous in the annals of fugitive lovers, to whom the severe laws of Old England forbid the banns of matrimony. Four or five very ordinary houses scattered along a broad, shady street, compose the whole village of Gretna Green. Crossing the Liddel, and pursuing our ride two or three miles farther, we entered "merry Carlisle" between nine and ten in the evening, having accomplished one hundred and twenty miles—the distance from Glasgow being one hundred by the most direct route.

Sunday, Sept. 19th.—At the hour of worship I went to the

Cathedral, and heard the service performed, though in a much less impressive manner than I had often witnessed elsewhere. The choir was far from being complete, and parts of the service only were chanted. An excellent sermon was delivered to a thin audience ; the effect of a rainy day in reducing the numbers of a congregation being probably the same in all parts of the world. The Cathedral was erected at various periods, and in different styles of architecture. Some parts of it are evidently Saxon ; while in others, the Norman and heavy Gothic prevail. The general appearance is massy and solid, rather than elegant, although there are not wanting examples of richly ornamented entail. In the eastern window, there is a very beautiful example of the foliated, or ramified tracery, introduced early in the fourteenth century. The mullions, instead of rising perpendicularly till they intersect the arch, branch off at the spring of the arch, crossing and intersecting each other like the fibres of a leaf. The effect of this interlacing of the mullions is singularly light and graceful. The building appears to great disadvantage, having been “curtailed of its fair proportions” in the civil wars ; at which period, nearly one hundred feet of the nave was pulled down, for materials to erect guard-houses and batteries. The mutilated end has been closed up by a rough wall, and the transept converted into a parochial church. The main arches here, and in the part of the nave which still remains, are semi-circular, and rest on pillars of prodigious thickness ; the height of each being about fourteen feet, while the diameter is nearly six. The cathedral, like most of the old buildings in the city, is constructed of a coarse kind of free-stone, of a deep red colour. In times of papal superstition, Carlisle contained a number of religious houses, which disappeared, when Henry VIII. took so strong a liking to their fat revenues. Some few remains of walls and cloysters are still to be seen, incorporated with the more recent buildings. In the afternoon, I went to St. Cuthbert’s, the only other church in Carlisle belonging to the establishment. It is a plain edifice of modern date ; and although the congregation and preacher have the reputation of belonging to the

evangelical party in the church, the sermon was dispensed with, and evening prayers only were read, to a very thin congregation.

Carlisle has experienced a great variety of vicissitudes, having suffered more than its full proportion of the calamities of war during the contest of the roses, the hostilities between Charles I. and his parliament, and the frequent incursions of the Scotch. The coins and antiquities which have been dug up, as well as the testimony of early historians, plainly indicate it to have been the station of a Roman colony. After they had abdicated the island, the city continued to be a place of some consequence, until, in one of the marauding expeditions of the Danes, it was burnt to the ground, and its walls were overthrown. For two hundred years it lay desolate, but was resuscitated under William of Normandy, through the exertions of Walter a priest. Its frontier situation has always subjected it to the horrors of battles and sieges, in the frequent wars between England and Scotland. The last occurrence of this kind happened in the rebellion of 1745, when the city surrendered to the Pretender after a short siege.

The situation is extremely fine. It stands on a rising ground gently elevated from the bosom of fertile meadows, which are watered by the Eden, the Caldew, and the Peteril. The city is surrounded by a wall, and the space included is somewhat in the form of an irregular triangle. The buildings, however, have extended considerably beyond these limits, and are chiefly scattered around the vicinity of the city gates, which are three in number, and are called the English, Scotch, and Irish gates. The wall itself is weak, having been constructed before the introduction of heavy battering artillery; and by no means calculated to sustain a regular siege. Many parts of it are in a state of dilapidation; it is ascended by flights of steps, and some delightful views "over the wide-watered shore" are presented from the top. The citadel is an oblong edifice, with a circular tower at each end, perforated with loop-holes for the discharge of arrows. This, with the English gate-way to which it is joined, was the work

of Henry VIII. The towers are low, and of immense thickness.

The Castle stands at the north-western angle of elevated land, on which the city is built; and contains another citadel, or square, massive tower, of considerable height, and of great thickness of wall. One of the ancient portcullises still remains in a gate of the castle; and answers precisely to the figures embossed in the Gothic ceiling of Henry VIIIth's chapel; and that of King's College, Cambridge. It consists of a row of heavy iron bars placed perpendicularly about a foot asunder, the lower extremity being pointed like the head of an arrow; and these again crossed by other bars, the whole being firmly riveted together. This formidable machine is placed across the gate-way on the outside of the gate, and made to slide up and down in grooves cut in the jambs on either side. It is raised by a windlass and lever, and held suspended by machinery, which on being displaced, lets the portcullis fall, its armed points entering into a groove in the pavement. The gate was thus protected against the battle-axes of the assailants, and whatever weapons were in use in those rude times, when the science of offensive and defensive war was yet in its infancy. Happily for Great Britain, her insulated situation has long since rendered unnecessary the ponderous fortifications which hem in the frontier towns on the continent; and the few monuments of feudal warfare which the hand of modern improvement has spared, serve only to gratify the taste of the antiquary. The castle was for some time the prison of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, on her retreat from her kingdom after the fatal battle of Langside. The population of Carlisle is about twelve thousand. The streets are generally narrow, and few of the houses are elegant. Some of the old tenements, of wood, clay, and laths, are still remaining in the skirts of the city; and with their gables projecting over the narrow streets, give a very old-fashioned appearance to the place, out of all keeping with the modern houses of brick. The calico-printing business is carried on here to a considerable extent, and furnishes employment to upwards of a thousand persons.

At the Inn where I stopped, I found a number of *commercial travellers*, who are met with at the publick houses in almost every village and town in England. They are agents, employed by commercial and manufacturing houses to collect debts, and contract for the sale of goods. They form a class by themselves, and are generally distinguished by their superior intelligence and agreeable manners. Their home is on the top of the coach, or in the commercial room of the Inn; and their life is one of perpetual motion. In the evening, one of them pronounced a very warm eulogium on "the noble science of defence;" but it was gratifying to see that he stood alone in his admiration of the pugilistick art. He was encountered at once by all the persons present; and after *showing fight* as long as he could, was fairly beaten from the field. I have always found these travelling agents well acquainted with whatever was worth seeing on the road, and as ready to satisfy my enquiries. It rarely happens that a coach-load of passengers departs, without some of them being of the number.

Sept. 20th.—We left Carlisle about five in the morning, and commenced our ride over a country generally level, and tolerably well cultivated. The scenery was illuminated by a beautifully clear sun, which generally has the effect of exhilarating the spirits of a party of travellers, and putting them in good humour with each other. Passing the villages of High and Low Hesket, we stopped to breakfast at Penrith, seventeen miles from Carlisle. This is an ancient looking town, containing a population of four or five thousand. It stands on the Ulswater, a small stream tributary to the Eden, and forming the boundary between the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The outward fosse and ruined ramparts are all that remain of Penrith Castle, which was once a hold of considerable strength. In the church-yard is a singular tomb, which has been a source of great perplexity to the antiquaries. It consists of two curiously wrought stone pillars, about seven or eight feet high, and fifteen feet apart; and is popularly known by the name of the "Giant's Grave." That it covers the remains of some Pictish warrior, is highly

probable. Little time was allowed us for exploring ruins and ancient monuments, as we were soon summoned by the bugle of the guard to resume our seats on the coach.

A short ride brought us in sight of Brougham Hall, the seat of Henry Brougham, Esq., situated to the left of the road; and still further on we passed Lowther Hall, the mansion of the Earl of Lonsdale. The country here is beautifully broken into hill and dale, and the scenery is rich and verdant. Descending a long hill by the side of a deep ravine, we came into a charming valley, in which stands Kendal, one of the ancient towns in the North of England. It is surrounded with smooth green hills of moderate elevation; and the valley is watered by the Ken, a little stream which winds away through the meadows towards the sea. One of the first objects of attention is the ruins of Kendal Castle, situated in the south-eastern suburbs of the town, on the summit of a hill. Four mutilated towers, with a series of broken walls and arches, are all that remain of the fortress, where Catharine Parr, the last of the numerous wives of Henry VIII., was born. The town itself is old, and irregularly built on very narrow streets. The houses of wood and plaster, the steep gables, and jutting stories, give it an air of great antiquity, and denote how little change the place has undergone for the last century or two. That it was once famous for its manufacture of green cloth, we have the testimony of Shakspeare, whose hero, Falstaff, was beset by "three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green," and robbed of the profits of the Gadshill expedition, as he chose to relate the matter to the frolick-loving prince. The population amounts to about seven thousand.

From various points on the road near Kendal, we had fine distant views of the Cumberland mountains, with their clear outline relieved by a beautifully transparent sky. When seen from this distance, they had the appearance of being utterly destitute of verdure, and looked like immense piles of rocks, heaving their glittering summits high into the air; while the valleys were hidden beneath a drapery of light white vapour. The fineness of the day almost tempted me to resume my intention of paying a visit to the lakes, which had

been given up in consequence of my detention in Glasgow : but the expedition would have detained me another week, and I thought of home. At Burton, we crossed the dividing line between Westmoreland and Lancaster, and for some miles had a fine prospect of "The Sands," and the bay of Morecombe. The approach to Lancaster, which is over a level country, is singularly striking. The ruins of the noble old castle, the spires of the city, and the elevated bank on which it is built, lay basking beneath the clear rays of the sun, and presented an agreeable assemblage of objects as seen from the northern road. The castle is a structure of great antiquity. The walls, which are strengthened with various towers, enclose a space upwards of three hundred and fifty feet square ; and the principal gate-way is fortified with semi-octagonal projections, perforated for the discharge of arrows. The great tower of the castle is still standing, and is a monument of strength, for the days in which it was built. The walls are of immense thickness, and the lower windows have the short, rounded arches seen in some of the earliest examples of military architecture. The city, which is of no great extent, is built on the south-eastern side of the Loyne, which is crossed by a stone bridge. It has been rendered famous in history by giving the title to one of the rival houses, whose contentions for the crown so long deluged the island with blood. Leaving the city, we continued our ride over a level champaign, with occasional glimpses of the sea on our right, from the slight elevations which were crossed by the road. In a lonely situation, we passed the ruins of Greenhaugh castle, almost covered with wild briars and the ruin-loving ivy. It is of small extent ; but from the solitude of the neighbouring scenery, and the fantastick forms of its broken architecture, it cannot fail to attract observation. We arrived late in the afternoon at Preston, where we halted for dinner.

The appearance of Preston indicates an unusual degree of opulence and refinement in the inhabitants. Many of the houses are tastefully built ; and an air of neatness, and even of elegance, is observable in almost all parts of the town. It stands on the northern bank of the Ribble, at the head of a

broad estuary which opens into the Irish Sea. It was the theatre of one of the most bloody contentions between the forces of Charles I. and the republican party, the royal army having been defeated here with great slaughter, by the generals Cromwell and Lambert.

On leaving Preston, our road lay for some distance along the bank of the estuary; but twilight coming on, put an end to our observations on the surrounding country. That part of Lancaster which lies next the coast, forms a widely extended plain, interrupted by only slight undulations scarcely deserving the name of hills. During the last eight or ten miles we passed over a well paved road, the first example of the kind I have met with in England. We saw as much of Ormskirk as could be seen by gas-light; and arrived at Liverpool about nine in the evening. Distance from Carlisle one hundred and twenty miles.

The following three days were occupied in calling on friends, and making preparations for departure. I had the pleasure of passing an evening with Adam Hodgson, Esq., whose candid remarks on the character and manners of the people of the United States entitle him to the high consideration of every American, and are worthy the attention of those of his countrymen, who would form just ideas of the young Republic. They exhibit throughout a spirit of candour and love of truth, a correctness of observation, and a strain of moral and religious feeling, which entitle their author to the highest praise, and go far to redeem the character of English travellers in America. In his manners, Mr. H. is modest and unassuming; and in conversation, he exhibits a happy union of the gentleman, the man of business, the scholar and the enlightened christian. I regretted the necessity of so soon relinquishing an acquaintance so agreeably begun; but the packet was to sail the next day, and my passage had been engaged.

In bidding adieu to this country of my forefathers, where I have passed the greatest part of a year, I should not do justice to my feelings, were I to withhold my testimony to the long established character of its inhabitants for cordial hos-

pitality ; and, to what seems yet a matter of doubt with many of my countrymen, the manifestation of none but kind feelings towards the American people. With regard to the latter, I have scarcely met with a single instance to shake my belief, that the mass of the English population view their descendants in the United States with a feeling of friendliness, which they entertain for the people of no other nation ; and I can say with truth, that the attentions I have received from the great variety of persons to whom I have been introduced, have in no instance been less than I had reason to expect from liberal and enlightened men, and often far more than equal to the just claims of an obscure foreigner. I recall these proofs of friendly regard with peculiar pleasure, at the moment when I am about to leave these shores, probably never to return ; and the impression they have made on my mind, I trust, will remain with me through life.

To statesmen and political economists, I leave the task of discussing questions of state policy ; but not without the conviction, that it requires far higher attainments in the science of government as applicable to the habits and circumstances of the English people, than our theoretical politicians can lay claim to, to comprehend the intricate machinery of English politicks. I must continue to believe that England may yet support herself a while under her load of national debt ; and that she is not quite ready to be crushed by the operation of her poor laws. If wretchedness and want prevail in as great a degree as many would wish us to believe, it is incredible how little they appear on the surface of society. Nothing is more fallacious than sweeping conclusions drawn from particular instances—an error not seldom committed by theorists, who, after reading a glowing article in the Edinburgh Review, on parliamentary corruption, the intolerance of the priesthood, and the miseries of the poor, lay the comfortable conviction to heart, that the days of Old England's prosperity are numbered and finished. It is granted, that a deep search is required to find out *all* the evils which exist, in any state of society ; but strange mistakes are sometimes committed by overlooking what is obvious. With such ob-

servations as I have been able to make, in a variety of excursions through most of the counties of England, I cannot bring myself to the conclusion, that Providence has dispensed the blessings of liberty and happiness to the mass of English population with a sparing hand.

On the state of evangelical piety in the establishment, I have endeavoured to supply materials to the reader for forming his own judgment. It is as high as I expected to find it, and higher than many are willing to admit. The church now ranks among its preachers a large proportion of faithful men, whose zeal has already done much to redeem the clerical character, and elevate the standard of piety. The number of ministers of this stamp is evidently on the increase; while that of fox-hunters and whist-players is as evidently on the decline. The cry of innovation and methodism, which, twenty years ago, was raised with some success against the *evangelical* clergy, as they were reproachfully styled, has in a great measure lost its charm; and a spirit has gone forth which promises, in the course of another half century, to place the established church of England on a more commanding elevation than it has ever occupied since the reformation.

CHAPTER LIII.

EMBARKATION—PASSENGERS—BAD WEATHER—HEIGHT OF WAVES IN A GALE—INCIDENT—APPEARANCE OF THE SEA ON AND OFF SOUNDINGS—BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON THE WAVES—IDLE HOURS AT SEA—LAND BIRDS—PHENOMENA ON THE GRAND BANK—WHALES—PROGNOSTICATIONS OF BAD WEATHER.

We were detained two days beyond the appointed time of sailing by a westerly gale, which rendered it impossible for us to get out of the river. On Sunday, the 26th, it had so far moderated as to encourage an attempt; and we accord-

ingly hauled out of Prince's Dock about ten in the morning, and were taken in tow by a steam-boat for the purpose of being towed round The Rock. Our steamer performed her task so badly that we made very little progress; and after detaining, rather than helping us forward, for a couple of hours, she broke her fly-wheel, when we cast her off, and hoisted a press of sail to make the most of the ebb tide. The wind was strong ahead, with squalls of rain and hail; and we could distinctly observe the summits of the Welch mountains whitened by a fall of snow. The gale proved too violent to allow us to weather The Skerries—a group of rocks at the north-western extremity of Anglesea; and we spent the night in beating against it under shortened sail, but without making the least progress.

The Euphrates, in which we are embarked, commanded by Capt. Sprague, has been placed on the line of packets only for a temporary purpose, and is reputed a good sailer as well as a safe vessel. Our party in the cabin is composed, besides myself, of an elderly gentleman and his wife, and a lady and her three daughters. Most of the company betook themselves to their berths in the agonies of sea-sickness, before we had time to establish a mutual acquaintanceship; and it was many days ere the whole group of pale faces made their appearance together in the cabin.

As our passage was destined to be a long one, and not altogether barren of incidents, it may furnish amusement to some of my readers if I relate the events which occurred during the voyage, with more minuteness than their importance deserves. I shall therefore venture to transcribe, from a somewhat voluminous *log book*, whatever may best serve to convey the impressions made on an inexperienced sailor, during a stormy passage across the Atlantic.

It was not till Monday evening that we weathered Holyhead, and commenced running down St. George's Channel before the gale, which however did not long continue to favour us. For many days, we continued beating against strong head winds, which threw up a short, tumbling sea, to the great discomfort of the passengers. The Old Head of Kinsale,

suggesting recollections of the melancholy fate of the Albion, was often in sight, as we stretched in towards the coast, endeavouring to overcome a gale blowing almost directly on shore. At length, the faint outlines of Cape Clear, and of the mountains in the south of Ireland faded from the sight, after we had been a week detained in the Channel; and with feelings of exultation we welcomed once more the boundless prospect of the ocean. We have still to contend with an adverse and broken sea, which confines most of the passengers to their berths. On Sunday we had divine service in the cabin, our little congregation rallying strength and spirits enough to attend.

Friday, Oct. 8.—We have had a succession of adverse winds, and are now lying to again under a gale from the westward, which has rolled up a formidable looking sea. The abruptness of the waves causes our ship to make some bad *lurches*, to the great terror of the female passengers. As yet, our progress has been small, the few fair breezes we have enjoyed having little more than sufficed to regain the distance lost by lying to. The sky overhead is clear, but slightly obscured in the horizon by a thin vapour; the sun shines with a pale, sickly light, and the wind is hard and dry. The sea resembles the surface of the earth in a snow-storm, the spray being swept along like drifting snow, and with inconceivable rapidity. The waves appear to be from twelve to eighteen rods from ridge to ridge, and elevated about twenty feet above the bottom of the trough. The gale continued all night, but died away on the following morning, leaving our unsteady ship to the mercy of a heavy swell. How tiresome is this perpetual recurrence of the same monotonous roll! Hour after hour we sit, bracing ourselves against the next regular lurch, and listening to the vile creaking of masts, and grating of bulkheads. If we attempt to walk the cabin or promenade the deck, what sweeping lines of grace, what admirable zig-zags, do we describe; and how would it puzzle Euclid to reduce them under any specific classification of lines and figures! To-day, all hands are employed in making and rigging a new jib-boom, to replace the one which was carried

away in the gale. In the general dearth of amusement, we felt much indebted to a grampus for paying us a visit, and playing his gambols alongside of the ship, as we lay idly rolling up and down the billows. He was of a light brown colour, about fifteen feet long; and by his indefatigable spouting and blowing, appeared to be conscious of the satisfaction which his exhibition gave us.

Sunday, Oct. 10th.—I was awakened this morning by the banging of blocks and the tramping of feet over head, and found myself rolled up on one side of my berth in a most incomprehensible manner. In short, we are all on one side, and hear the pipings of another gale through the rigging.

“Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis

“Africus.—

We have sun-bows, and moon-bows, and all sorts of meteorological phenomena, indicative of foul weather. We still keep up a display of canvass to give the ship headway, by which she is rendered more manageable. In the evening, the gale so far moderated as to allow us to have divine service in the cabin.

Tuesday, 12th.—A little after midnight we were roused from our slumbers by some heavy thumps against the stern, accompanied by the jingling of broken glass, and a splash of water on the cabin floor. We escaped pretty well, however: only one of the windows had been broken in; and a bucket or two of water, after a few meanders among the chairs and trunks on the floor, found its way to the state-room of one of the ladies, to the great disturbance of her equanimity; nor was it restored, till the cause of her terror had been transmitted by a few mop-fulls to a wash-bason. No time was lost however in getting in the dead-lights, to prevent more serious consequences; as the ship had got suddenly on the confines of two opposite winds, going sometimes ahead and sometimes astern, with a cross sea breaking on her two extremities. The shocks from this cause were often very heavy, those under the ship's counter resembling distant explosions of cannon. For four hours, we were shoved backwards and forwards, as either wind prevailed, and had great difficulty in

keeping our equilibrium. The meeting of two seas exhibits a phenomenon in some degree remarkable. They meet, and for an instant seem to be blended; then re-appear, and pursue their opposite courses, without having their form disturbed, or their velocity impeded, by the conflict; and this, for hours in succession. In the course of the day following, the wind blew from every point of the compass, with occasional calms and light puffs; the sea swollen into huge irregular humps, and rolling us prodigiously.

Friday, 15th.—A squall this morning split our fore top-galant sail, two royals and the jib, the fragments of which flapped obstreperously till they were taken in. Our latitude today was about 44° , longitude $40^{\circ}, 49'$. The next day, we were visited by another gale, which, much to our satisfaction, was of short continuance. What an insignificant, and apparently helpless thing, is a ship in a gale at sea! When seen reposing in motionless majesty in a dock, she looks as if no swell of the waves could heave her vast bulk, “though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.” But once abroad on the bosom of the mighty billows, with no object near with which to compare her, the deception vanishes. Our vessel, though of nearly four hundred tons burthen, is tossed and plunged like a little sail boat, and with motions almost as abrupt. Nothing indeed more strongly impresses the idea how contemptible are the works of man, when brought into comparison with the doings of the Creator, than the ease with which the largest ships are rendered the mere playthings of the winds and waves; at the same time, nothing displays the proud triumphs of human science and art to such advantage, as the construction and navigation of a first rate vessel across the stormy ocean, to any given point on the globe.

It is singular what a variety of appearances the ocean assumes, according to the state of its surface, and the light under which it is seen. Its general hue *off* soundings is of a deep indigo colour: while *on* soundings, even at a depth of two hundred fathoms, it is of an olive green; and of a dirty brown in shoal water. So uniformly does this law prevail, that seamen

are seldom at a loss to determine, by the colour of the water, whether they are sailing over the fathomless depths of the ocean. I have often admired the rich hue presented on the sharp ridges of the waves, just as they begin to *comb*. Under a tolerably clear sky, they are of a most beautiful green, often faintly tinged with sapphire. Is it weakness or credulity to believe, that the ocean has been rendered susceptible of such an infinite variety of beautiful forms and pleasing hues, for the purpose, among others, of cheering the heart of the mariner in his lonely path-way across the deep? The slightest variation in the direction or force of the wind, a current, a passing cloud, a gleam of sun-shine, are causes sufficient to clothe the ocean in a new dress, and impart variety to that, which would otherwise weary the eye by its uninterrupted sameness. Towards evening, the gale, which had abated its violence about mid-day, returned, veered round to the westward, and continued blowing hard and dry through the night.

Sunday, 17th.—To-day, we have had moderate weather again, but the sea has not yet rocked itself to rest. Our little congregation assembled for divine worship, but our devotions were interrupted by the unsteady motion of the ship. Towards evening, a brig hove in sight, the first vessel we had seen for eight or ten days. Like ourselves, she lay rolling helplessly on the agitated surface, the wind having subsided into a perfect calm. Just at sun-set, the curling ridges assumed the pale delicate green already mentioned, but faintly tinged in this instance with yellow; the effect of the golden light poured upon them from a glorious western sky.

The two following days we had gales, but they were of short continuance. From whatever quarter the wind arises, it soon shifts to a point between west and north, and terminates in a gale. We have consequently been driven far to the southward of our course, which is rather discouraging, at a season when northerly winds are most prevalent. I have formed many resolutions to be industrious; but am mortified to think how little I accomplish. I read and write a little by turns—go upon deck—return, and resume my book or my pen, and lay them aside from sheer vacuity of mind. Then

again we are so tossed to and fro, that one has occupation enough to keep himself in bodily completeness. My fellow passengers have all in their turn been sea-sick, and sometimes all together; and it is questionable whether Archimides himself could have solved a problem, while his ears were assailed by so many discordant sounds. What mere trifles will sometimes serve to amuse a vacant mind! To count the waves, as they idly chafe along the ship's side; or watch the bubbles as they are thrown aside by the bows, and burst, and disappear forever—to mark the heaves of the ship, as she plunges to meet the shock of the next billow, and the next, and the next, until all self-consciousness is lost in reverie—to view with deep and absorbing interest a race of porpoises, or watch the light librations of Mother Carey's chickens, now hanging suspended for a moment on the tip of a wave, and now pursuing their flight after the vessel, in endless gyrations; in occupations such as these, does the mind take refuge from the ennui of idle hours at sea. For some days past, a number of land-birds have alighted in our rigging, where they sit for a few moments, and then fall upon deck and expire with exhaustion. On examining them, I have found their little bodies shrivelled and dried away to a skeleton. As we are at least a thousand miles from land, they must have been many days on the wing; and the case affords a striking instance of the power of strong excitement to prolong life. No sooner do they find a resting-place, than nature sinks exhausted: and they expire in a few minutes after they are taken.

Wednesday, 20th.—The ship's reckoning gives to-day $44^{\circ} 22'$ latitude, and $48^{\circ} 21'$ longitude. The temperature of the water is 46° , having fallen 19° in 26 hours, a certain indication of our approach to the Grand Bank. The sea, too, has exchanged its deep ocean blue for an olive green, the well known sign of being on soundings. The breeze, which sprung up favourably this morning, has become a gale from the north, rolling down upon us the worst sea we have yet seen. The ocean is raised into high, irregular bumps; our decks are perpetually flooded; and the rolling and tossing of the ship oblige us to *hold on*, or take our chance of a somer-

set. We have just passed a fragment of a wreck, apparently the quarter deck of a vessel; a melancholy object at sea, which cannot fail to remind one of the frailty of his own ark, when assailed by the fury of winged tempests. A ship and brig, are now in sight, the latter lying to, and the former running down upon her. Every little incident, like that of a vessel heaving in sight, dissipates for a moment the monotony of a mode of life like ours, and brings our little company on deck, when the telescope is immediately put in requisition. It is remarkable that, on the Bank, the atmosphere is rarely foggy with a northerly wind; while it is generally thick with a southerly one. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the fact, that the moisture of a southerly breeze is condensed by the cold temperature of this region; while the wind from the opposite quarter is already of a low temperature. A current is always setting across the Grand Bank from the Northern Ocean, which sufficiently accounts for this vast extent of shoal water. Meeting here with the Gulf stream, both currents deposit their sand, which has been accumulating for ages; and in ages more may form the basis of a new island. The operation is precisely the same as that by which bars and shoals are formed at the mouth of a river, where the sand and earthy matter swept down by the current subside, on meeting with tide waters. The soundings on the Grand Bank give a depth of about 200 fathoms; yet notwithstanding this great depth, the colour of the sea is perceptibly changed, as well as the deep, regular swell of the ocean.

The next day, a fine breeze brought us into the longitude of $50^{\circ} 45'$, quite to the western edge of the Bank, and there left us in a dead calm. Five or six whales have been sporting around the vessel as gracefully as their heavy natures would permit, and trying the strength of their forcing pumps. One of them paid us the compliment to raise his unwieldy bulk under our stern, and blow a column of water into the air. The captain estimated his length at seventy feet. To such novices as we were, it was far from being an uninteresting spectacle to see one of these leviathans rolling up his vast, rotund, black body, so near us. Although it is now a

dead calm, all the usual harbingers of foul weather are gathering around us and over head. The sky is covered with a brassy looking haze; *mackerel* clouds, and spots of a bright green, with scraps of rain-bows, are hung around the horizon; and the sun is encircled by a halo tinged with prismatic colours—all indicative of an approaching gale. The barometer, too, has fallen lower than we have observed hitherto; the porpoises appear to be running for their lives; and the gulls are assembling by myriads, and uttering their shrill screams as they flock away towards the land. The last circumstance forcibly recalled to my mind the passage in Virgil:—

“————— ad terram gurgite ab alto, -
 Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
 Trans pontum fugat.”

Another passage also proves, that the noisy clamour of sea-birds had not escaped the remark of this accurate observer of nature:—

“Cum medio celeres revolant ex æquore mergi,
 Clamoremque ferunt ad litora.”

I need not add, that the latter sign is particularly mentioned by the poet, as an indication in his day of an impending storm. If it is asked, how a gull can know what the weather will be to-morrow? It may be replied,—by the same cause which produces a fall of the mercury in the barometer, viz. a diminished pressure of the atmosphere, which almost always precedes a gale. Of this, even men of a delicate constitution are not insensible. A diminished pressure on the blood vessels of the animal system may reasonably be supposed to produce some change in the physical sensations; and if various kinds of vegetables feel its influence, and close up their leaves and flowers; and if land birds are admonished, by an unerring instinct, to oil their plumage at the approach of a storm, the phenomenon of aquatic birds seeking the shore when a tempest is brewing, ceases to be wonderful. It is amusing to observe the fertility of a sailor's invention in finding out signs of a change of weather. Some of these are so ludicrously absurd, that they are equalled only by the spec-

ulations of moon-observing people on land. It is universally believed by them, that when porpoises are seen running off at the top of their speed, foul weather may be expected. This may be well enough: but whether the gale will come out from the quarter towards which they are prosecuting their journey, is a point open to some degree of skepticism. Landsmen will do well however to keep their doubts to themselves, even should they happen to observe some diversity of opinion among these prognosticators of a gale.

CHAPTER LIV.

EFFECTS OF A LONG GALE ON THE OCEAN—BEAUTIFUL LAND BIRD—GALE, AND LOSS OF THE RUDDER—CONSTRUCTION OF A TEMPORARY RUDDER—ACCIDENTS—ST. GEORGE'S BANK—SUNDAY—WHALES—ARRIVAL ON THE COAST—LITTLE EGG HARBOUR—FAVOURABLE WEATHER, AND ARRIVAL IN NEW-YORK.

Friday, 22d.—We have experienced heavy squalls during the day from various quarters, which have excited a strange commotion in the deep. The sea is piled up in irregular heaps; the rain pours down in torrents, and the ship is enveloped in a thick fog. The gale settled at last into the north-west, and blew with such strength as obliged us to heave to. The next morning it abated, but returned in the evening with greater fury than ever, after a succession of heavy squalls. Hove to under double-reef'd main topsail and mizzen staysail.

Sunday, 24th.—The sea this morning presents a spectacle of indescribable majesty, the gale having blown steadily from the same quarter during the night, and with increasing violence. The short, broken waves, which prevailed on the first rising of the wind, have now become blended in long, high, majestick swells, rolling down upon us with a steady, regular motion, and a force which nothing seems capable of

resisting. The never ceasing variety of hill and dale presented to our view ; the long-drawn, winding retreats, like hollow glades retiring among the hills of some sequestered landscape ; the endless changes in the features of this watery scenery ; the combing motion of the ridges as they bow beneath the force of the wind, combined with ideas of the resistless power of the element thus thrown into commotion ; form altogether one of the sublimest spectacles in nature. I know not that even the falls of Niagara surpass it, in the power of exciting ideas of sublimity. As I had never before seen the waves running *mountain high*, I attempted to form some probable conjecture as to their dimensions ; and the known measurement of the ship furnished an object of comparison. The result was, that some of the highest waves were estimated to be between forty and sixty rods from ridge to ridge, and elevated thirty feet above the hollow space between. Their height was less surprising to me than the long space which intervened. The force of the wind is more severely felt on the sea, where there is nothing to oppose its sweep, than on land, where its velocity is impeded by hills, groves, and obstructions of various kinds. Every shroud and piece of cordage becomes an *Æolian harp* ; and if the harmony is not in the sweetest unison, it cannot be denied to be sublime, especially when it is blended with the awful accompaniment of the roar of waters. Between the squalls, the sun sheds a pale and sickly light ; and the clouds appear like whitish vapours driving just above our heads at a furious rate. Our female passengers are quite exhausted with alarms and loss of rest ;

“————— cunctæque profundum
 Pontum spectabant flentes.—————
 —————tædet pelagi perferre laborem ;”

and in truth we are all tired of gales. Towards evening “the sun set up his back-stays ;” the wind was as high as ever, and the sea still higher. I am scribbling in the midst of a most disconsolate looking company. The ladies with their pale, hollow looks, are huddled into one corner of the cabin, prophesying nothing but evil, and will not be comfort-

ed ; the rudder, "grating harsh thunder," for all seems not to be perfectly right in that quarter, is jerking away at its lashings ; the bulk-head creaking ; the wind piping through the shrouds at a deafening rate, and the sea banging against the ship's counter, and giving us now and then a lurch, which threatens to deposit us all in a heap to leeward, without the precaution of holding fast. We have drifted about sixty miles to-day, and are once more in the gulf-stream as the temperature of the sea indicates. We assembled our little company in the cabin for divine worship, which was also attended by such of the officers as were not on duty.

The next day the gale died away in a succession of squalls, after blowing about seventy hours from the same quarter, leaving us to contend with a very broken, tumultuous sea. Carried away another jib-boom ; and had our foretopmast-staysail split by a sea jumping into it.

Wednesday, 27th.—A fine southerly breeze frolicking in our sails, has had a wonderful influence in driving away the vapours from our company, and we are making all the speed we can to get out of the gulf-stream. The arrival of a new guest, too, has added to our slender stock of amusements. At the close of the last gale, a beautiful land bird, of an unusual species, took refuge on board, and still remains with us. He has quite recovered from his fatigue, and hops about the deck, picking up the crumbs and seeds which we throw in his way. A kind of dish made on the deck with oakum, holds his water, to which he regularly goes to wet his little bill. He seems thankful for these favours, and appears to live quite happily with us. He is quite fearless, flitting about the ship from place to place, and alighting among the men ; but too fond of his liberty to allow himself to be taken. His size is something less than that of the robin, with a white short bill ; black legs and feet ; breast whitish, with a cravat of a dun red colour ; back and wings beautifully speckled with brown, white, and reddish spots. His playful gambols, and the quick and suspicious glance of his clear, bright eye, afford us no little amusement, destitute as we are of other resources. He is very strong and active,

and indulges in long excursions from the ship ; but his favourite station is on the quarter-deck by the steersman ; and in the chains, in fine weather. At night, he betakes himself to the mizen rigging ; but comes down early for his breakfast. It is not surprising that such a fine frank fellow should have become a universal favourite with the crew, who look upon his presence as a good omen. He must have flown many hundred miles before he took refuge in our ark ; but as he came on the wings of a tempest, his passage had doubtless been a short one. In the evening, the breeze had increased to a gale from the south-west, and all hands were employed in taking in sail.

Thursday morning.—We have passed a night of anxiety, and not entirely without reason ; for *our rudder is gone!* Towards midnight, the gale became a perfect hurricane ; but the captain, anxious to get out of the gulf stream before heaving to, stood on under reefed sails, until the wind had increased to such a degree as to render it impossible to take them in. When it became absolutely necessary to ease the ship, the experiment was made with the main-topsail, which was rent into a thousand pieces, and completely blown from the yards, the moment it began to shiver in the wind. The fore-topsail was next tried, and shared the same fate, leaving a close-reefed foresail and mizen stay-sail to steady the ship. Sitting about eleven at night near the stern post, I observed that the rudder had an unusual play on its hinges, and heard a ringing as of broken iron. On going upon deck, I found the captain standing by the helm, which was lashed athwart the ship ; and to my enquiries whether the rudder was safe ; was informed, that the lower joints had given way, and that he expected it would all go presently. The ship had in fact ceased to feel it for some hours, and was left to herself, in the midst of a sea which was absolutely terrific. The suddenness with which the gale came on had raised that peculiarly abrupt and dangerous sea, which is found only where a current prevails like the gulf stream ; and our lurches, when the ship *fell off*, became so heavy as to give cause for some anxiety. Standing on the quarter-deck, as the ship lay roll-

ing helplessly in the troughs, and looking out through the thick darkness to the windward, my attention was caught by an almost perpendicular, mountainous sea, as white as a snow-bank, rolling down upon us ; and I had scarcely time to point it out to the notice of the captain, before it struck us broadside, and nearly brought our masts into the water. The ship lay for a minute or two poised on one side, trembling under the shock, and then slowly righted, with her deck flooded from stem to stern. In the cabin, every thing was thrown into confusion. Trunks had broken loose, and with chairs and other moveables, were performing a country dance on the cabin floor, to the unspeakable horror of the passengers. The gale continued to increase—the lurches became more heavy and frequent, and the jerking of the disabled rudder more violent, until about one o'clock ; when it was struck by a heavy sea, and twisted off just above the water with a loud crash, as if the ship's stern had been rent asunder. The panic produced by such a shock may be easily imagined. To have communicated the cause would only have increased the alarm, and the passengers knew nothing of it till morning. About an hour after the accident, the wind began to abate its violence ; and by day-light had subsided into a moderate breeze. The ship steered admirably by her sails only ; but on a change of the wind in the morning to the north-west, she was carried round with it, and we are now steering towards Europe. A hundred fathoms of cable had been payed out to get her about ; but all to no purpose. A cross sea has arisen, and we are rolling on its agitated surface without being in the least degree masters of our course.

When the sea had sufficiently gone down to allow of the attempt, the first care was to provide a substitute for a rudder ; and the ingenuity displayed by our captain in this business is worthy of all praise. To construct one in the usual way, with a *preventer stern-post*, would have required the labour of a fortnight ; and with such seas and weather as we have constantly encountered, it would have been nearly impossible to fix it in its place. The principle resolved upon was the same

as that of steering by an oar ; and although the machinery proved unequal to the heavy strain to which it was subjected in a rough sea ; yet it had the merit of being quite extemporaneous, and answered the purpose after a fashion. A rudder like a dolphin's tail was formed, by nailing planks to the maringal, which was made fast to the smaller end of a spare main-topmast. A spare main-yard was then lashed across the quarter-deck a few feet from the stern, and strengthened with braces fore and aft, and others going up to the head of the mizen-mast. A bridle was then fixed to the upper and lower angles of the rudder, on each side ; and to these were rigged guys, which, after being reeved over the sheaves at the ends of the yard, were brought forward to the capstan. The machinery was then thrown over the stern, loaded with some pigs of lead, and the large end of the spar made fast by a handspike passed through the fidd-hole, and lashed to the stern-posts. As the loading proved too heavy, it was again hauled upon deck, and fitted with a running jack, by which the weight could be regulated at pleasure ; and a *lift* passed up and made fast to the mizen mast head, to prevent it from sinking in a calm. Thus, within one day after the accident, and twelve hours from the commencement of operations, we have a rudder ready for an experiment. By this time all hands were exhausted, and the calm night which followed was most welcome to us all. Our poor bird was blown away in the gale ; and the frequency with which his fate is regretted, shows how much we had become interested in the little stranger.

Saturday, 30th.—We have had ample opportunity to test the strength and efficiency of our new rudder, which works as well, on the whole, as we had reason to expect from so hasty a production. In a squall this morning, one of the guys parted, by which the machine was rendered useless. Hauled it on board, doubled the guys, and re-shipped it for another experiment. The guys are made of a hawser, but prove unequal to the heavy strain in a rough sea. The wind has veered to every point of the compass ; the rain descends in a perpetual drizzle ; and every thing wears a cheerless aspect,

to which the peculiarity of our situation doubtless contributes. Our eyes are fixed alternately on the heavens, and on our frail steering gear, which certainly does not behave with all the decorum we could wish, in a jumping sea. The ladies are particularly alarmed at some of its strange gambols, and the loud thumping it makes against the stern-posts, as it churns up and down with the tossings of the vessel.

Wednesday, Nov. 3d.—For three or four days past, we have made little progress, not being able to lie very near the wind which has been generally adverse. We are now, however, running seven knots an hour before the wind, which, from the known pertinacity of a Yankee North-easter, we have hopes will not leave us for some days. Steering, however, proves not only an awkward, but a dangerous business, to the men at the capstan. Two or three days ago, a sailor had the handspike wrenched from him, by a jerk of the rudder, and was knocked down by a severe blow on the back, which rendered him nearly senseless. To-day, a worse accident occurred, in wearing the ship. Both the men at the capstan were stretched on the deck at the same moment; the one by a blow on the face, and the other by two severe ones on his side, by which two of his ribs were broken. He seemed to be in danger of immediate suffocation from an internal effusion of blood. A lancet was found on board; but as no one knew how to use it, I ventured on the attempt, and with no bad success. The patient was almost instantly relieved; and after depositing him in the steerage, I proceeded after the best of my knowledge to set his ribs. Some strips of light, worn out sail, made an excellent bandage; and by raising the patient up by the arms, and directing him to inhale a long breath for the purpose of distending his chest, the ribs which had shot by each other, were reduced to their proper places. Hove to just before sun-set in the midst of heavy squalls, and with a bad sea running; but parted the weather guy in the operation, and split the butt end of the spar, by which the machine was rendered useless until repaired. We continued lying to till Friday, the wind still blowing a gale from the westward, and driving us out of our course. Re,

paired and shipped the rudder, and once more got on our course, with a light and variable wind. The gulls are again assembling about us, and flocking towards the land; and our fears supply us with abundance of prognostications in the appearance of the heavens, of another blow. Our latitude to-day is $40^{\circ} 20'$, and longitude $65^{\circ} 18'$, we having drifted about eighty miles to the eastward during the late gale.

• Saturday.—Our fears have been realized, and we are now tossed by another tempest, as violent as any of the preceding. Three men more have been knocked down at the capstan, one of whom was struck senseless by a blow on the back of his head, which laid his skull bare. The lancet was again resorted to, and he began to show signs of life. On cutting away the hair, we found the flesh completely stripped from the skull; but no fracture was perceptible. His escape with life was truly marvellous. Fortunately the gale was of short continuance; and in the evening we were again enabled to commit our rudder to the sea, and display our canvass. Now that we are approaching the coast, we are not without apprehensions, that our steering gear will fail us in the time of need, which renders the idea of a lee shore particularly uncomfortable. We are now on George's Bank, and surrounded with *tide-rips*, having precisely the appearance of those at the mouth of a river. It is singular that the meeting of currents should have this effect, in such a depth of water as that beneath us. We can hardly persuade ourselves that we are not running on a shoal.

Sunday, November 7th.—On reading the 107th Psalm, it appeared evident to me that the composer of it must have been at sea, and been an eye witness of the effects of a storm. The howling of the tempest, the piping of the blast through the shrouds, and the deep roar of the ocean, bore a sublime accompaniment to our religious service this morning. In my surgical capacity, I have now four patients under my care, and all "doing well;" although I am not without suspicions that their convalescence is rather to be attributed to strong constitutions, than to any particular skilfulness of treatment

On Tuesday, our rudder again became deranged; and the process of hauling it on deck, repairing, and re-shipping it, was once more gone through. Discharged one of my patients, and pronounced him fit for service. The others are able to walk upon deck. In a calm to-day, we had a number of whales, and the whole tribes of spouters about the vessel; all seeming to take huge delight in blowing water into the air. As the sea was perfectly smooth, by going out on the bowsprit, I could plainly see them at a considerable depth, arching their backs into a crescent, and rubbing against each other with great apparent satisfaction.

We continued to make a tolerably good westing with a northerly wind, till Friday, when the captain directed the lead to be thrown out, and bottom was found at twenty fathoms. At midnight, wore ship and stood to the eastward a few hours, to avoid running on the coast in the night. The next morning, the man at the mast-head hailed us with the glad tidings of *land a-head*; and by climbing into the rigging, we could plainly discern the low, distant line of the Jersey shore. As we continued standing in, we found we were opposite Little Egg Harbour, where a squadron of coasters lay at anchor, wind-bound, and waiting for a fair breeze. After being seven weeks tossed up and down in a tempestuous sea, and a part of that time in a crippled state, it was with no faint emotions of pleasure that we beheld the dim blue line stretching away in the horizon; and this too, with a placid sea beneath us, and bright heavens above.

Saturday.—The wind continued northerly, but growing lighter and lighter till towards evening, when it died away into a perfect calm. We are still 70 or 80 miles south of New-York; and for the three or four days of our being on the coast, have been unable to work to the northward against the prevalent winds. Since we left port, the sun has never risen or set clear in a single instance; and with a solitary exception, it has rained every day. *Now*, we feel that we are once more under an American sky.

Sunday, Nov. 14th.—The calm was succeeded by a light breeze, which sprung up this morning from the south-west.

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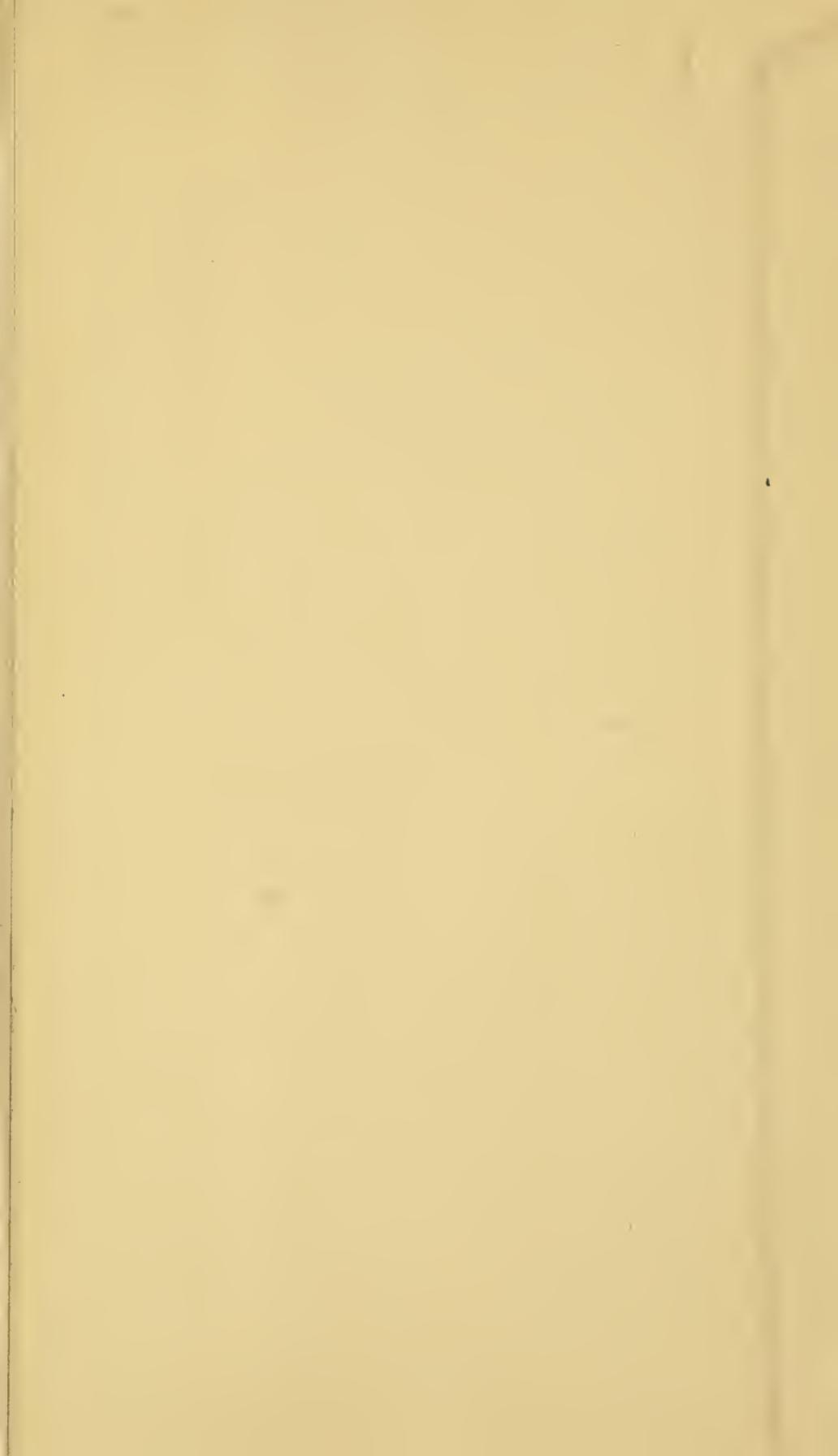
The sea is as smooth as a mirror, the heavens clear, and the temperature of the air delightful. No time was lost in spreading all our canvass; and by the time we had begun to shape our course towards the land, the squadron of coasters, to the amount of fifteen or twenty, got under weigh, and were soon scattered like white specks over the bosom of the sea. To us, the scene was exhilarating beyond description. In our disabled condition, we regarded it as a providential circumstance, that we had such favourable weather for getting on the coast. The northerly winds had banished all apprehensions of being driven on shore, until our arrival off the Hook; and now we are standing directly for port before a breeze as favourable as we could wish. The hills of Navesink, and then the light-house, appeared in sight; and the light, dolphin forms of the pilot-boats were cutting the sea about us in all directions. Would any one wish to see an example of the most perfect elegance of form and gracefulness of motion? Let him look attentively at one of the New-York pilot boats, dashing over the swell which breaks on the shoals of Sandy Hook. It seems a creature instinct with life—moves with all the grace of an opera dancer—manœuvres with a beauty and precision perfectly admirable; and seems not to regard the direction of the wind, in shaping its course. I know not that I have ever looked at any nautical display with more pleasure, than at the playful motions of these little barks, in a whole-sail breeze. A signal from our vessel brought one of them along side, which, after putting a pilot on board, accompanied us within the Hook. Here, we quit our weather-beaten vessel; and letting ourselves down into the boat, we were landed at the wharf in New-York, about six in the evening, after a passage of fifty days.

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