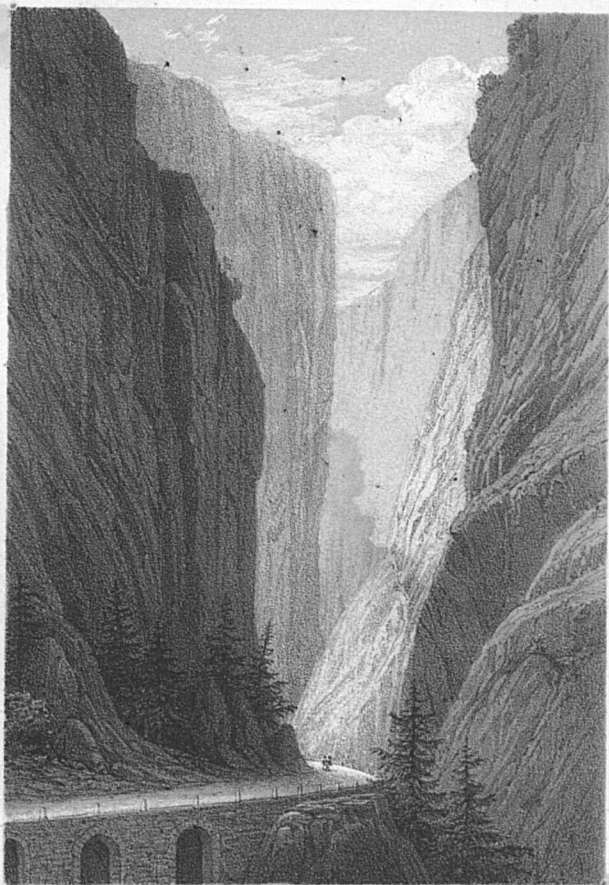


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PATERFAMILIAS'S

Diary

OF EVERYBODY'S TOUR:

BELGIUM AND THE RHINE,
MUNICH, SWITZERLAND, MILAN,
GENEVA AND PARIS.

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# PATERFAMILIAS's

## DIARY OF

### EVERY-BODY's TOUR.

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HOLIDAY feelings, young-day thoughts, hope, expectancy, enterprize and energy, added to the evil accident of rainy weather to begin with ; the joyfulness of going, and the bustle of getting away ; these, with fifteen miles of posting, dampish baggage, and universal good temper in spite of difficulties, made up the spirit and the matter of our initiatory stage of travel.

That same evil accident of bad weather (may some good to somebody at all events come out of it !) is the main-spring of my present purpose : for, finding myself rain-bound at the Rhine-falls in the magnificent Hotel Weber, this present mid-day of August, '55, I have, for very idleness, resolved to make known to you the pleasant every-day I spend, and have some

while been spending. Though Murray's inimitable Guides have deservedly taken the wind out of the sail [some spell it sale] of all manner of journals,—though Sterne has exhausted the sentimental, Thackeray the humorous, Forbes the scientific, and ( ) the dull, I will be rash enough to hazard a few cordial candid notes of travel, on a route that you have gone yourself, or some day will go—and trust that in charity no less than justice you will *not* bid me occupy that last intolerable blank.

Be it known, however, to your amiability, that so far from doing this Scriblerus deed of any malice prepense, I originally had intended nothing of the sort ; tired out of pen and ink, weary of books, and sick of criticism : but, the cacoëthes claims its way, and the Sosii (bless their classical liberality !) are so tempting always, and friends so expectant, and travelling en paterfamilias so far from inexpensive, that really one had much better not have a will of one's own. Now you know how this booklet comes about.

I have no wish to pester any one with personals, nor to trouble him with trivials, further than my petty subject-matter makes a bad necessity : still less do I desire to be deep, which is another monosyllable for dull : of course I might in this afterthought publication

suppose I could very much mend matters by recolouring and amplification ; but, to say truth, the freshness of a genuine daily journal is a far less intolerable thing than any ill-judged attempt at re-written stale philosophy, and cold generalizing afterwards ; impressions of things written at the time and on the spot, are likelier to be true and graphic than their jumbled memories : neither will I dare to bore your patience with technical architecturals, town and country statistics, or wordy scene painting ; nobody ever yet understood a place he had not visited, nor cared for a cathedral off the spot, saving in its memory ; and for this, one graphic hint is enough to bring back all the solemn vision. Nothing could be easier, however little honest, than to eke out my meagreness by the fulness of other folk, or to exaggerate adventures, and paint up common facts : but all these bookmakings I repudiate : preferring to tell you, without intrusion and pretension, what in some few weeks of ordinary touring I have thought best worth its pains : my recital may remind you of a pleasant past, or excite you to a happy future ; I have no wonders to tell of, but what you yourself either have seen or may see ; but I shall have, doubtless, the satisfaction of proving to your self-complacency what is inevitable to every tra-



veller, that in each place I have left unseen just that one only thing worth seeing, which you most fortunately discovered; and that Murray's universal Handbooks are far more entirely to be depended on than my blundering catalogue of omissions.

A party of eleven is a respectable invading force; some Grand-Dukes might think it even formidable: to Paterfamilias it may well be both; respectable in appearance, formidable in care and cost: and the only economical item in this onety-one is that rare and precious animal, an honest courier. If you wish to be saved from all manner of sharks and sharpers, to have no care about luggage, tickets, bills, exchanges, languages, accidents, and all beside,—if you desire to enjoy your holiday by abdicating all responsibilities and yielding yourself up quite unfettered to your spree, go to the Courier's Office in Bury Street, St. James's, inquire for Pierre D—y [my younger children would call him Père—and he deserved the compliment,] engage him if you can, be careless and be happy. We met him at Red Hill, and forthwith were free of anxiety, and emancipated from baggage. Thence, of the rapid railway whisk to Dover—the dreary arrival in rainy darkness—the bustle on board that sloppy wretched steamer—and how in mira-

culous safety we threaded two hundred sail amid the black mist, and had a rough miserable passage to Ostend, let retrospection shudder at: not but that Paterfamilias, with his elder progeny, kept the deck manfully all night, wedged into the not unpleasant paddle-box arbour, wrapped in tarpaulings and overcoats, and out-watching the Bear, as well he might in such congenial panoply: but—the horrors of the middle passage below let all the rest acknowledge; except indeed a brace of little sons sleeping sweetly throughout; and their nurse, an utter wreck of prostration and unconsciousness. And so the morning dawns, miserably, though it be the 12th of July, and the Dunkirk dunes look more forlorn than ever; and an inhospitable surf is beating all along that illimitable shore; and at last we reach Ostend in the chilly morning, but must roll about at anchor for two hours till there is tide enough to carry us over the harbour-bar; and all is very trying to mind and body: but hope, expectancy, and in fact the fine sentence I began with, buoyed us bravely, and at last up went the black ball; and when we did set foot upon that hostile shore at 8 in the cheerful sunshine, we voted Ostend a very pleasant place.

Experience confirmed the verdict: there is

a combination of Ramsgate sands with donkeys and star fish ; of Bognor with dykes and sea breezes ; of Brighton esplanade with music and promenading company—suggestive of former holiday-makings, all very pleasant ; and the broad bright sea is everywhere open before us, with an expanding sense of happy freedom ; and Leopold's gay military are lounging about, sporting their smart tassel-substitute for an epaulette on the left shoulder ; and there's a trifle of costume still lingering among the country folk enough to remind of a foreign land ; and we're all looking out for novelty ; and find it, if no where else, in the Virgin Mary's blue calico gown at church ; and the hotel Des Bains is large, splendid, polished, and full of Napoleonic pictures ; and so a day may be spent pleasantly enough at Ostend, by way of rest after that uneasy voyage.

*July 13th.*—Bruges, a flat fourteen miles off, perhaps a little disappointed me ; we got there too early, before breakfast ; and digestion has much to do with mundane satisfaction. But irrespectively of such personals, its character for picturesqueness is damaged by its aspect of desolate decay ; though there is plenty of beauty and interest to remember too. We were there but a very little while, and did not do it



justice. Further, I am quite aware that these earlier notes of Paterfamilias's journal are meagre enough, as idly kept and never intended in their first jotting for any other purpose than a personal reminder. But at all events you are spared prolixity yet awhile, and must put up with all sorts of omissions at all times. This is a journal, not a guide-book ; and the few first days, not to say also as far as Schaffhausen, are among the scantiest for record ; seeing I began by keeping it carelessly as a 'pen-ible' thing, only desirable to be escaped : the best proof that publication is an after-thought. And now I will be honest enough, though often times in self-disparagement, to serve up rough notes as much as can be in their genuine state ; not attempting to be profound, or political, or philosophical, or in fact anything worse than simple and natural ; not pilfering information from guides nor from anybody else, but honestly earning it for myself by hard sight-seeing ; and trusting that you may meet some improvement anon, and will meanwhile have patience.

During then our three or four hours at Bruges, I have to record a rapid glance at these memorables. Notre Dame, with its solemn grandeur, carved pulpit, Michael Angelo's Virgin and Child, and the gilded

tombs of Burgundy ; the Hôpital de St. Jean, rich in Hemminck's pictures, and the St. Ursulan reliquary, a gorgeous receptacle for an arm-bone ; St. Thomas's church, of splendid proportions, with an elaborate marble railing and gloriously carved oak pulpit ; St. Sauveur's, a most antique pile, peopled by marble bishops, and Van-Eyck's pictures ; a crucifixion there, the work of this great master, is the most touching of all the many I have since seen : the church of Jerusalem, with its curious holy sepulchre : the chapel of the Holy Blood, a beautiful piece of moresco-gothic architecture, having a curious globe pulpit ; here, people are crowding in to kiss a crystal vial for a fee,—the priest who holds forth the idolized bottle of blood knowing very well that it is a fabricated miracle—most likely duck's blood shed this morning : the lofty belfry tower and its musical chimes : the Justice Hall, and that majestic Charles the Fifth mantelpiece, a wonder of carving, with life-sized warriors standing out all oak, but in an ill-proportioned room : our Charles the Second's house, when here an outcast ; and his picture, as a dissolute-looking youth, the well kept promise of the man : St. Jacques, rich in brasses : the Town Hall ; and scores of architectural bits of beauty and scenes of interest, which our too great haste obliged

us to neglect thus shabbily. This is a place to stay a week in, not a morning ; and some day I trust to see it again at better leisure.

Bruges having thus been cruelly squeezed into three hours, after restauration and a bottle or two of Mursault, a poor sort of French hock, off by rail again through the flat but richly cultured country to Ghent ; a gloriously picturesque old city, full of Prouty bits, architectural curiosities and monstrosities ; streets of houses, with their gables up and down stairs, multitudinous morceaux of florid gothic dotted about everywhere, and the maison de ville in particular a wonder of various orders and every order beautiful. A trifle of time in such a town as this is bewildering ; it is like having to describe a curiosity shop, and I am not going to attempt it, nor to re-write my genuine journal : it shall as much as possible be spread before your kindness verbatim. And it is just because my route is a familiar one, that I would be frank and familiar with you ; dull at some times, too, no doubt, because at all times veracious ; and (if you will be critical) foolish enough to be vexing you with the private log of a Swiss family Robinson. However, few folks care to keep a journal now, Murray being all-sufficing, and fewer still to print them, and nobody to publish them ; and so it comes

to pass that the sort of thing is in some sort practically a novelty ; and supposing Austrian chicanery contrives to close the continent to us next year, it may, perchance, attain to be even a book inquired for. If John Bull cannot travel in his britscka, he must in his arm chair ; therefore it is that I dare to remind him of his own manner of life in all this our actual family tour. We are about the largest, and in some of our members the youngest, family of travellers now extant on the continent ; and that we have by dint of continual energies accomplished so much with such a following, at no very extravagant cost, and yet all sights well seen, (and, thank God for it, with a clean bill of health throughout) ought to be an encouragement to you, good brother Paterfamilias, not to think such a trip in your own case “quite impracticable,” when Mrs. P. ventures to express a hope that “she and the children may accompany you and your friend Brown” in the proposed excursion. If you have well earned your holiday in the counting house, she has in the nursery ; and as for the young ones, leave no cares behind you, let your house, dismiss your bad batch of servants, and enlarge your children’s minds by a course of wholesome travel. And now to go on genuinely.

After table d'hôte then, always the best method of dining on the continent, and fixing ourselves for the day at our splendid quarters, La Poste, we set off with a commissionaire to St. Bavon's; wondering, as plain English churchmen may, at its marble and oak pulpit, and its manifold wealth in beautiful chapels, full of pictorial and sculptured masterpieces; all, if you desire details, as per published volumes of description: thence to the Béguinage, a white old interior, crowded with nuns at their prayers, outstretching their arms simultaneously, and astonishingly sheeted over head; our entrance fee to their devotions being six francs for some fancy-fair trifles; and their nunnery being quite a toy-town, moated all round, very clean, and inaccessible except by one gate. Our girls' brown round hats create no small sensation among the sabotéd vulgar, especially near John of Gaunt's castled cradle, and the Neptune of the Poissoniere: every English lady in a similar convenient coiffure will remember her own like undesirable popularity this year; which is the only reason why I mention it. What a place Ghent would be for photography! every street corner, every canal bridge, every old building, is an artistic "thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

*July 14th, Saturday.*—"To drag at each remove a lengthening chain,"—wife and daughters, and sons, and servants, and luggage,—all being translateable by the Latin "impedimenta," would be an entire physical impossibility, but for that one great help, dragoman Pierre: he calls us "Ma famille," and takes care of us every way: without him we should be as helpless as a shipwrecked crew; and as for baggage and railway trains, there would but for him be perpetual bother, loss, and trouble. Some people are heroes to their valets; my worthy help is a hero to me.

After breakfast, we repeated our visits to gothic St. Michel, marble St. Nicholas (where a grand mass was going on over a sham coffin, for a young magnate, dead and buried a month ago), and once more to the Domkirk,—its crypt, its variegated marble chapels, its relieveo paintings, and its wonderful pulpit: verily among such florid and opulent carving, a tame dull preacher, with his written essay, would be strangely out of place; I only wish some such spirit of decoration would arise in the slumbering Church of England, if it could avail to shame our drones into eloquence, and stir them into life: what we want for popular evangelizing, and the recovery of lost ground by our clergy among the masses, is earnest

and eloquent extempore preaching. Took a carriage, and drove with our party up and down and round and about this beautiful unique mediæval Ghent,—every street a study, every tenth house a picture, and those grey old giants of churches contrasting wondrously with the hundred toy-like electric clocks, each at the corner of a street upon its lamp. Mems:—The Boulevard, Casino, Maison de force, La foire, La Marché-à-vendredi, with its Arteveldt and inquisition memories,—the big old gun, St. Pierre, and its cold contrast of St. Paulish architectural frigidity, with the glow of gothic; La petite Béguinage, and plenty more; to be remembered when I read guide-books and see pictures. Ghent is, sans doute, a right exquisite and ancient ville: go and see it, if you doubt me. A third and last visit to churches and the Dom, with the younger children, to whose villager eyes these awful fanes are a marvel indeed; and so back per voiture to the railway, and on to Brussels by nine. Mems:—Adventure with a pugnacious Englishman; and the jaunty-feathered regiment of Chasseurs; and the fertile fields; and hundreds of acres of hay, drenched by a thunderstorm; and Malines, with its scrambling change of trains, where, without good Pierre, half the children and all the luggage would have been lost irre-

vocably ; and thence, on to Brussels, where palatial Belle Vue receives us next door to King Leopold.

*15th, Sunday.*—Everybody knows Brussels much better than I do—once here as a boy some twenty-five years ago : so, not being at an undiscovered metropolis of Japan, there is the less need of any trouble of description. All to-day—besides home services, and church in a sort of room, under the unprofitable auspices of the Rev. —— (alas, for our Mother Church hereabouts and in divers other continental places !)—I have been promenading, en grande tenue, about this bright, white, clean, prosperous, and beautiful city : marvelling also at the folly, as well as the sin, of shops kept open on Sunday. What a wretched, endless, changeless toil and thralldom, it must be for those poor shopkeepers, without one holiday or respite ! they were open, too, most of them, till late at night ; but all for the pleasure of the thing, I suppose, for there seemed to be no customers.

Barring this, Sunday is religiously observed here, so far as perpetual services are concerned ; and sight-seers are at such seasons excluded from the churches. The Park, whereabouts we are at this splendid Bellevue Hotel,



is quite a countryfied surprise in the midst of the city : with dug-out valleys, and high echoing woods, and rural rambles on a small scale ; but I would utterly abolish those trussed-up statues with their mended noses, and the fig-leaved Venuses, and the bill-sticking, handy to Leopold's plain palace ; and the one crooked tree in the middle of the roadway, just at his porte-cocher. Godfrey of Bouillon greets me from my bed-room window ; and the finely frescoed façade of St. Somebody, a new Romanesque church, with most unmistakeable idolatry in it. I wish Godfrey would sit his horse better, and straighten his knees, and manage his standard less awkwardly. Item : while wishing impossibilities, it would have pleased me more if the builder of that glorious spire at the Maison de Ville, had found the centre of the edifice before he began to pile his filigree arches : the thing's lopsided. Here, as at Ghent, we see divers orders of monastic foppery,—Capuchins, with a neat new-knotted rope for ornament around their comfortable toga, surmounted by a sensible beard, and a cape for wet weather, the strange circlet of bristly hair being supposed to indicate the crown of thorns ; Dominicans, and Carmelites, in black and white ; Jesuits, with azure neckcloths, and all else black as their

morality; and priests, black all over, except the shaven crownpiece, which is available either as a hint of respectable baldness or a suggestion of the ringworm. But hair in these parts is very much masqueraded; everybody wears it as he likes,—a happy licence for all who hate shaving, or desire to be thought good-looking. Our table d'hôte to-day was as profuse as usual; I think we must each have had our plates changed three dozen times; and how all this luxury of delicious mouthfuls (you get no more at once) can be done at four francs a head, I can't guess: ices too, and plenty of truffles and champignons to match.

We missed a chance this morning in not seeing the annual procession in honour of St. Gudule, the questionable patroness of Brussels. Pierre was hemmed in for an hour by the crowd, on his way to tell us, and meanwhile the escort passed by: all we saw of it afterward, was the line of streets tastily decorated with paper flowers, flags, coronets, and green boughs; and the splendid altar of gold and colours, erected in the Townhall Place. Leopold must have a very respectable little army, as chasseurs, and grenadiers, and dragoons swarm everywhere, from Ostend hitherward: he has a chance to nurse his resources, not being implicated in the Crimea.

16th.—With vigour again to the attack of sights. First, to the cathedral of St. Gudule, where high mass was going on, in honour of this dressed-up doll, on a montagne of paper flowers; and where afterwards we heard a priest descanting from that miraculously-carved pulpit, all about the efficacy of the Sacrament, just as our “Anglo-Catholics” do. Never was anything seen equal to that pulpit; but everybody knows it; and all the guide-books tell you it is Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, in elaborate oak; then there are the most clear and beautiful painted windows ever beheld, with all the stone tracery thereof as delicate as lace; and the Magi painted by Rubens, and all about the “miraculous hosts,” wafers stabbed by unlucky Jews, who were burnt alive for having cut their fingers and blooded the paste in the transaction; remember some daubs of pictures, or tapestries, hung about the choir, in illustration thereof. After all this, and the multitudinous fidgetting of priests in golden copes, bowing, and kneeling, and crossing, and incensing, and busying themselves in every sort of way except spiritual worship and instruction of their far too patient flock,—we went in our crowd to the Town Hall, seeing some antique faded tapestries, and a few indifferent portraits. In a room close by were two

couples, waiting to be married before the civil magistrate, one woman crying,—one more a morose-looking virago ; and the pair of hapless swains (possibly to avoid the conscription) each with but one eye a piece. Truly, thought I, *l'amour est aveugle*. Thence passing two celebrated fountains of mannekins, producing water rather indelicately (one of the said mannekins being a Saint of this idolatrous town, and having his day of dressing up, with a procession of priests and incense and worship, watering as he must all the while!)—we trudged to the Musée, where a most mean cellar of sculpture, a feeble imitation of our gigantic British Museum gallery of natural history, and a second-rate collection of pictures, altogether disappointed me : all to be recollected with honour is an assumption of the Virgin, by Rubens,—a Magdalene ascending, by some Holbeinite, and a wonderful Simeon and Anna, by Philip de Champagne. Item : some fossil Epiornis eggs,—capable of having produced (if they had not been addled) a Sindbad's roc apiece. At Bruges and Ghent, by the way, and elsewhere hereabouts, I find such names as Crayer and Pourbus, famous for painting, as they well deserve to be ; but how little has English ignorance heard of them. After all this, drove to the Botanical Gardens,

noting the sugar-cane, the banana in fruit, some splendid palms, and an aloe in flower ; and, lastly, trudged a toilsome walk up and down divers dull streets of the hilly, crowded, and whitewashed town, getting home again by way of St. Hubert's lofty arcades, and the pretty Madeline Marché à fleurs.

17th.—That preacher yesterday, at St. Guldé, was a true Sacramentarian and Transubstantiationist,—just like certain other soidisant Church of England false priests I wot of :—“ Could the Saviour have deceived his church ? Does He not say, ‘ This is my body and my blood ? ’ and is not this bread flesh, and this wine blood, in all verity, though it seems to sense other than as to faith ? ” &c., &c. They totally ignore the fact that, after those so-considered miraculous words of consecration, Christ speaks of the elements still as “ bread,” and “ this fruit of the vine.” And what another inconclusive jump they take, when they go on to worship flesh and blood. If it could by possibility be true that the elements were miraculously changed, still they would only be the man Jesus, and not the God—Christ. The apostle says, “ though I have known Christ in the flesh, henceforth know I him no more.” “ God is a spirit, and that which is

born of the flesh, is flesh, &c.” Every exaggeration of truth leads to destructive error.

Our grand Place Royale is a right noisy place to try to go to sleep in,—clatter of carriages, and hotel arrivals all night long; last night also very stormy, gusts of wind and rain. To-day I wake to a new birth-day, and am ashamed to think of its numero: the best comfort is that the heart's as young as ever. We don't care for the used-up Waterloo excursion, well known to Paterfamilias, and everybody else of old: it is now a case of mere corn fields, cockneyfied auberges, and fabricated relics: nor for the usual country drive to Leopold's country quarters: nor for his palace, (quoith the fox, disappointed of his grapes,) which we cannot see because it is being painted; and really Brussels has very little in it—less than Ghent or Bruges. Any place is soon exhausted by an industrious sight-seer, and beyond steeple-hunting, there never is too much to do; so I forlornly went again to the picture-gallery, and natural history museum, for little Henry and Walter's sakes, noticing a long-nosed monkey, a huge sort of sheep-tailed cat, &c. Then, bought for the daughters divers Brussels-lace handkerchiefs; and so on to St. Sablon's, a fine church, full of statues, altars, and some modern paintings, by

a Brussellian. Thereafter, to Notre Dame des Victoires, where beautiful gothic architecture is (as usual) deformed by whitewash, and the black marble mausoleum of Tours and Taxis is defaced by over-gaudy heraldry ; containing also, notably, the miraculous Vierge à bateau ; a fine chaire de Verité, upheld by emblematical evangelists ; the tomb of J. B. Rousseau ; and St. Hubert, with his crucifix-antlered stag. In the evening, took all my flock, as a treat, to the play : an indifferent theatre in the arcade, and dullish altogether, except that little Harry and Walter gained a new idea in the mind-enlarging line.

Brussels we now consider quite used up : for besides things here noted, I and we have threaded all the streets, and seen, everywhere, all the little else to be seen. Nobody thinks of walking in the roadways of London ; but in all continental towns you can walk nowhere else.

*18th, Wednesday.*—Up early, as usual ; then to Notre Dame des Victoires again, a church next best seeing to the Cathedral, and in some things superior to it in interest : very ancient too, and of most exquisite simple gothic, built some seven hundred years. I wish they would be less lavish of whitewash ; and could have

left these fine old churches to their original frescoes and time-stains. Throughout Belgium an evil spirit of renovation is rampant: the beauteous spire of the Brussels maison de ville looks now as new as it must have done six centuries ago; and St. Gudule is but a Dobbs' card-board model of some recent cathedral—the rime of eld being all diligently scraped away in detestable taste, and to the misery of antiquaries; as well rub the green patina from a coin, as the grey lichen from a quatre feuille.

Off in two flys for the rail, and (dropping baggage and little ones with nurse and courier at Malines) steamed on to Antwerp, arriving about twelve. Now, nobody's going to be at the trouble of describing anything, nor of indulging in any sort of criticism, as that is to be found at length in all manner of useful compendia; what I mean to do, *en passant*, is to jot down notes for future memory, which no one need understand who either is not on the spot, or is not going, or has not been there already. The double moat, greenly wooded ramparts, and zoological gardens, are worth a passing memory in the natural line; and, as for art, the exquisitely delicate spire of Antwerp Cathedral is perhaps the most perfect flower of architecture extant: but so much florid beauty outside tends to make the mind



disappointed with comparative plainness and poverty within—the interior does not answer to the outside promise. Further,—in nearly all of these beauteous Netherland churches, one finds fault, not unreasonably, at the constant mixture of gothic walls, windows, roofs, and columns, with Greek and Roman altar decorations : it is incongruous. What might well suit St. Peter's at Rome, or our colder English St. Paul's, would be entirely out of sorts with Westminster Abbey: the house and its furniture do not agree together. Well : for more memories,—the cathedral possesses Rubens's *chefs d'œuvre*, “the elevation of the cross,” and “the descent;” fine florid and masterly, but sketchy works. Rubens always seems to have dashed off his thoughts too hurriedly ; I prefer to see more of the quaint minuteness of religious Quentin Matsys : witness his wonderful portrait here of Christ, on marble. Then, there are the restorations, in carved oak, of the Cathedral stalls, rightly enough in florid gothic ; and the usual amount of marble chapels, and tinselled altars, and pictures and statues ; and all's said. Outside, remember Matsys' poetical blacksmithism in a fountain. Thence to St. Paul,—with its trumpery Calvary of casts in rockwork, its many pictures, carved confessionals, pulpit and al-

tars; and the painful picture of Christ scourged. Thence to the Museum, full of Vandykes, Rubenses, and other tip-top colourists. The most suggestive picture there, however, is a small head of Christ crowned with thorns, by Quentin,—a face to be reverently remembered for its living agony and intense patience;—and next to it, the duplicate Vandyke and Rubens' crucifixion: one or other of these counterpart works must be a plagiarism. Vandyke's altar-piece works do not seem to me so carefully painted as his portraits; both he and Rubens "scamped" their church orders; in design and colouring, nobody can beat them; but like our dashing Sir Joshua, they covered canvass too quickly sometimes. You see, I am no enthusiast for this demi-god of Anversian idolatry, Peter Paul Rubens: they have lately set him up gigantic in the green-alleyed market-place,—have spoilt his palatial house by redecoration, and even worship him and his bodily in churches; one altar-piece I have just seen being to the honour and glory of Rubens, his two wives, his belle cousine Le chapeau de paille, his child, his father, and his grandfather, all painted amongst angels, &c., as a holy family!

The most splendid of Antwerp churches is undoubtedly St. Jacques; indeed it is every

way the richest in carved and coloured marbles, in pictures, confessionals, architectural stone and oak, and all other external religionism we have hitherto seen : having twenty-four marble chapels, all different, plenty of exquisite stained glass, and numberless other notabilia worthy of a volume. But all these churches are so wealthy in decoration, and so profuse in carvings of marble and oak, that when you've seen one, you've seen all : in going from one to another, you forget specialties. Thence to the Augustin Church,—still full of Rubenses, and Vandykes, and Jordans' : a glorious pulpit here, with gilded canopy. Thence by glass arcades, &c., and round by the docks, and boulevard, and glacis ; and chiefly to the Bourse, a sort of Alhambra, which modern renovation (though the glass roof, and iron pillars to match, are in very fair taste, and meteorologically useful) is doing its best to spoil, by scraping off all antiquity, and renewing the youth of those ancient Moorish arches, some of the last relics of the Spanish dominion hereabouts. We have thus exhausted Antwerp, after a cursory fashion, in four hours of the very hardest work ; and the whole affair, inclusive of fares, and fees proper everywhere, has cost thirty francs between five persons.

The agriculture all this way, and passim

hereabouts in the Netherlands, is comminuted into little patches of everything: it always puts me in mind of a table d'hôte dinner: tidy morsels of all manner of things by mouthfuls, in rapid and unexpected succession;—no immense fields of wheat or hay, like our solid English helps of beef and mutton; but a rod a-piece of every conceivable sort of produce in the compass of ten acres: is this owing to any law of partible heritage?—Before the quaint old Spanish Town-Hall of Anvers is a flourishing tree of liberty; and I have just heard that the wretched poplar affair before King Leopold's palace at Brussels [he has another on a small scale at Antwerp], is a tree of liberty also. Poor king! to be perpetually reminded by that crooked alder of the recent popular tenure by which he clings to monarchy. Antwerp, altogether, is not the picturesque old town I expected: though Ghentish, it is not Ghent; nor Bruges, nor even Malines,—much more modernized, more mercantile, and not half so mediæval: dull withal, and of a Portsmouth sea-faring vulgarity: nothing but its steeple, that most delicately crystallized bit of florid gothic, and the elaborate marble richness of St. Jacques, redeems it from touristic disappointings.

Returned to Malines, we got to the Hotel

de la Grue [storks are in high odour all through Holland], and spent a useful and pleasant sunset hour, in ascending Malines cathedral tower, 554 steps: (Why will they always stop short of the obviously congruous number? why was the original Crystal Palace 1850 feet long, and not 1851,—the Hotel de Ville de Brussels tower 364 feet, and not 365,—and this 554, instead of the three lucky fives of a child's game of commerce?) Well, up we toiled, up, and up, and up that corkscrew staircase,—passing the belfry of musical giants that clattered us a peal as we climbed,—and the mechanism of the huge clock, (the open-work face whereof, some fifty feet diameter, hangs upon the tower-top like a four-fold cobweb,) and the vasty drum of chimes, wound up twice each day for three hours, in order that Malines may have music at every quarter; and at last got to walk round the perilous balcony a-top, viewing Malines like a Dutch-toy-town, red and white, many-gabled, gardened, canalled, and clean-streeted, close around,—and beyond it, Les-pays-bas, ironed out flat and fertile, straight-roaded, fringed with poplars, and intersected by water-courses. After a longish evening ramble through streets curiously full of architectural bits of beauty, home to repose and one's letter-case; by way of ensuring si-

lence, giving the boys a spree with Pierre, to M. Linski, a conjuror in the fair, just opposite. A certain noted Royal Academician is here: he must be maddened with the difficulty of choosing a subject among so many beauties. The prison, Musée, Mairie, and Boucherie, are each and all most picturesquely turretted and arched,—in some parts also gilded and carved. I shall recognize them all, no doubt, in exhibitions of pictures and high-art annuals; moreover, they are daguerreotyped on my mind's eye: but as to any patient description thereof, didactically and architecturally, the thing's tedious and impossible. So also of the many gabled old houses running up to points everywhere; and this Grande Place of beautiful forms,—in the midst of which stands Margaret of Austria, in marble, surrounded by a stone-pavement-facsimile of the openwork clock-faces on the Tower.

Mechlin is a strange contrast to Antwerp, in the clock-tower line: the first is a solid, buttressed, cliff-like giant; the other a light-winged, aerial archangel. Rubens's coarse Christs may be very anatomical, and true to man's fleshy suffering nature, but they are not divine: they are merely painful; unpleasant representations of human agony, muscular models of struggling life, or flaccid

death : they do not elevate the mind, but carnalize it : the real overwhelms the ideal. Both here and at Antwerp, street idols are frequent ; and by a manifest economy, the street lamps are made to do duty as lights of honour.

19th.—The hotel de la Grue is a good house enough ; and, as always, our rooms are splendidly furnished, full of marble, mahogany, and fine hangings ; with the usual springy French beds. N.B.—Let every traveller bring his own soap,—it is never found at hotels, as with us ; and beware how they light you up with bougies—a friend of mine had a chandelier of twelve wax lights lit in his honour at an attempted cost of twelve francs ! This morning we inspected the Cathedral ; which the detestable spirit of over-cleanliness is just now white-washing all over inside, rubbing out the last relics of ancient frescoes. As always, the architecture is perfect, a most pure gothic ; but the Romanesque marble altars and furniture offend my taste for the congruous : the pulpit represents the conversion of St. Paul. Remember some beautiful painted lancet windows over the high altar ; and the brass doors ; and the Jesuits at their dervish-like chaunting ; and, as everywhere, the twelve gigantic marble apostles,

sentinelling the nave columns; and the perpetual dressed-up dolls, and relics, and other trumperies. Thence, to the fine Græco-Roman Church of Notre Dame du Sacré cœur, which, from the perfect agreement between decoration and architecture, pleased me very much;—all is in good taste; and the pulpit, Adam and Eve and the Tree of Life with clouds and the Father, is about the grandest I have seen. Thence to another Notre Dame, wherein, if what is painted wood were really variegated marble, is to be seen the most superb church in Malines. But these churches pall upon the eye, and in the very cataloguing vex the ear: all are equally wealthy in carving of oak and marbles, pictures, gildings, idols, and all profusion of ecclesiastical furniture; they are museums wherein taste might spend at each a week, and superstition a lifetime. Service is perpetually going forward in them, at one altar after another—that is to say, priests in splendid copes, with gilt and flowered crosses, are everlastingly celebrating the Eucharist,—to use their own phrase, “making God (!)” by dint of the magical words of consecration: and so the poor credulous people who leave all their religion to be got through by the priest, are always being sent empty away.

Off again at twelve by rail to Liege, some



three and a-half hours through a fertile and cultivated plain, rising into a little hilly beauty towards our journey's end: but with not much to particularize. About Louvain, the country seemed pretty, and guide-books informed of architectural delights; but we could not stop everywhere, and so—forward. Near Liege, the gradient being steep, we are pulled up to Hautpré by a rope; and soon coming to the top, have a grand view of the Belgian Birmingham, nearly as well supplied with tall chimnies, but more countryfied, and much prettier. Liege is quite an urbs in rure,—houses and manufactories dotted about among trees and hills, and winding streams, with turretted and spired and cupola'd churches here and there, picturesque enough. Within, however, most of the streets are narrow, wind-about, and roughly trottoired—dirty withal and smelly; and the rapid Meuse, from thunder-showers I suppose, a river of mud: even such have been, perhaps from the like cause, all the Belgian streams and canals hitherto.

Arrived, and having duly fed our famine, and arranged for our always numerous suite of rooms, we all set off in vast troop with a guide and Pierre to explore this ancient 'Legionis,' Liege. (So Cologne is 'Colonia,'

and Orleans ‘Aureliani.’) And first to St. Jacques, a most exquisitely wrought bit of more than florid gothic: all the arches are fringed with stone lace, *la dentelle en pierre*; the roof is a wonder of honeycombed tracery, frescoed in many colours; and everything is perfect in its way, except the pulpit,—common-place, and I hope temporary. Only one grand fault have I to find; to wit, that being in reality 800 years old, it now looks not five years old, nor one;—every inch having recently been scraped and scoured, and painted quite clean, and all mended up bran-new! How much more imposing all that magic fretwork would have looked with the hoariness of eight centuries upon it, and even a fracture or two to witness of the teeth of time: but Belgian taste has no idea of leaving any patina on a coin, nor any timestain on a cathedral. Thence to St. Paul’s, of a more simple and severe gothic in the nave, with a gloriously frescoed choir, and perhaps the most wonderful pulpit extant; a cobwebby fretwork of light oak, arch over arch, with five marble statues let into the columnar pedestal, and a most florid profusion of ornament. Thence, by way of the gloomy Palais de Justice, with its ill-assorted modern gothic wing, and its Moorish arcaded courtyard, to St. Martin’s; another stately church,

remarkable for its burnished brass angels, rails, and altar-piece ; with mechanical arrangements for exhibiting the host, and a very indifferent Protestant-looking pulpit : and so home to tea and "Times," well nigh tired out of extravagant church-architecture. Nobody can calculate the sums laid out in agatey marbles, sculptures, oak-carvings, paintings, and other sorts of costly decoration stored up in these Belgian churches ; each one would require a good large volume full of plates to exhaust its beauties in description. Our last small exploit to-day has been to ascend to the Belvidered roof of our fine hotel, and so overlook the city, intersected by the traitorous Meuse, (which ever and anon drowns its too confiding neighbourland by inundation,) and lying cradled among green hills between a pair of wooded and green-sloped citadels.

20th.—If wood and stone can worship God per se, if He is adored *by* temples, and not *in* temples, then is Belgium a right holy and religious nation ; but if, as a Spirit, He is to be worshipped intelligently and truly, then are all these glorious fanes little better than altars of idolatry and ignorance. Such manifest image-worship, such mere formalism, such abject credulity in people, and such pompous

arrogance in priest, never were more rampant in heathendom ; and the whole thing is a warning to us Protestant laymen not to give way to St. Barnabas mysticism and allegorism, nor to any so-called "Anglo-Catholic" priestcraft. Took an early ramble once more round the Liege churches, to admire their glorious proportions and wealth of decoration ; noticing in St. Paul's the chained Lucifer in marble under the pulpit, and a marble dead Christ, and the fine contrast between the grey and white severe nave, and the variegated marble choir : in St. Jacques, admiring again the fairy Moresco tracery everywhere ; really, the church looks like a bride dressed out in Brussels-lace, and is, perhaps, the most delicate stone-work in existence : this church was all prepared, by dint of black velvet and candles, and tin sconces and painted skulls, for a death-mass, to help a rich lawyer, who died some weeks ago, to repose in peace ; and so, it was tolling dismally, while all the other churches round were tinkling out their matin chime. Thence looked in at an anonymous chapel, with "Pax Virginis" over it ; a Jesuit priest (they swarm in Belgium) was there, mumbling and gesticulating before his flower-bedizened saint, with the most contemptuous back-turning against the congregation. Round by a beautiful mall,

under St. Martin's and the old walls of Liege, full of terraced gardens and dark arches, to the restored church of St. Croix, where the most noticeable novelty was a new idol to the honour of "immaculate" Mary, in the midst of an enormous oval nimbus of blue calico, surrounded by thousands of paper flowers. And so, skirting the grandly-piazzaed theatre, and a plainer looking church, to our Belle Vue hotel again, and off by the train for Cologne. A very beautiful ride it is all the way to Verviers, especially about Vieux Montagne, famous for iron works, Chaudfontaine for hot wells, and Pepinster, a name unknown to fame; rough and wooded hill and dale, streams, and occasional works or factories, with a seignor's chateau or two—a sort of Matlock-bath, or Albury-hanger style of country. Spa would probably be a pleasantish resting place, but for the perpetual gambling there. Chaudfontaine has all its advantages of hot-bath and rural beauty without the faro, and with fly-fishing.

At Verviers, we enter Prussia; and there is a change not only of carriages, but of government and route; passports are demanded, and soldiers stalk about in spiked helmets. For a manufacturing town, of many mills, and forges, and the like, it is the most romantic possible, and the country continues pretty enough till

you pass Aix la Chapelle. This we did pass, because years ago I saw all it has to show of casketed relics, and Charlemagne, and bronze artichokes ; and because we cannot stop everywhere : so, on to Cologne in a thunder-shower. Vexatious luggage-searching by the customs ; what they ever expect to find beyond a five-franc piece, I am at a loss to imagine ; the whole thing is a barbarous persecution of good-natured travellers ; for us, however, while others were teased miserably, good Pierre saved all trouble ; and I have only to wonder at the evil policy of all this jealous hindrance to trade and human intercourse.

Enter Cologne, by moat and foss and mound and rampart and drawbridge and gate ; threading filthy narrow streets to our present hotel, Rheinberg, at the corner of the bridge of boats, and overlooking father Rhine : coming here for auld lang syne's sake, as my boyhood's lieu in '29 : but if we are to stay at Cologne over Sunday, we must move, seeing the house stinks horribly. Is it not a strange bit of compensation, that a city immortalized for stench by Coleridge and Byron, should have since redeemed its character by an equally immortal scent ? I'll buy of Jean Marie to-morrow. The perpetual trouble of eating over, (and it is a very wear-

ness at German tables d'hôte,) went with all our party a roughly paved ramble about the streets, noticing the outside of the Domkirk, and the inside of the Apostles' church, and buying a book of Rhine views, as a whet to present appetite, and thereafter for a memento.

21st.—Everywhere we find splendid apartments, capital for summer weather, but unendurable, one must think, in the winter months; all this marble and lacker and varnish and finery must be freezing to every sense, with snow on the ground, however suitable just now; comfort is not the word for continental houses, but magnificence: the porte cocher and grand suite-of-room system, with polished floors and vast quantities of ormolu, may be very stately, but it is not homely. Clatter and racket all night long; that echoing bridge of boats trampled by carts, and opening for steam tugs, is by no means soporific; especially as wharfs full of steamers and other craft lie alongside our inn. And this inn, n.b., though in a first-rate situation, is a very bad one, and by no means recommendable; kept by a stingy rich old widow, (one hates widows with a Wellerian intensity,) who cares only to fleece the few people who

come to her house. At Malines, (according to guide-books,) there is a sort of convent for eight hundred widows; imagine what a corps those old beldames would make in the Crimea! nothing could stand against their tongues and tempers: if Belgium were only of our league, this idea might be carried out with advantage. Progressed with all my following and a commissionaire, between the showers to the Domkirk, which I found disappointing. Fact is, that as long as it was a gigantic ruin at the tower end, and a glorious choir at the east end, with a shed between, you had every element for the imagination to rejoice in; but now that the old is being scraped up, and ruins mended, and all things made new and perfect, the charm is broken, cold reality succeeds to the romantic ideal. The kings of Prussia and Bavaria had far better have left Cologne Cathedral alone; but hereabouts, people seem to have voted the world young, not old, and to be supposing that we are to have a thousand years more of it. Everywhere a most expensive, and generally tasteless, spirit of renovation has pervaded these parts: ancient buildings are resurging new; and antiquity is being whitewashed, and chiselled, and scraped away. I find serious fault also with certain bisected arches in stained glass, given by these modern



kings of Cologne : surely, it is a received rule of taste not to cut an arch straight up to its keystone ; yet this is done here in blazing colours. Well, we duly did the traveller's duty by the cathedral ; with its relics, (St. Matthew's fingers are among them, and St. Sebastian's ribs !) its monstrants, crosses, and chalices, all begemmed ; the glorious tomb of the three kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, crusted over with jewels and pearls and cameos and entaglios ; the tombs, and pictures, and carved altar-pieces and all ; afterwards, mounting the tower, and viewing bird's-eye all this old Cologne.

Home by the Rathhaus, passing three real ancient Roman stone arches, where centurions had many times been there before us. As I mean to see this beautiful *Maison de Ville* again, I'll say nothing more about it now ; meanwhile more steeple-hunting. The best—because entirely original and unrenovated—church in Cologne is St. Gereon's, circular with an apse, Byzantine within and without, and none of its ancient fresco-painting desecrated by whitewash ; everywhere else, all is scrubbed clean, but this has the tints of age upon it, and architecturally, as well as decoratively, is peculiar and full of interest ; the choir being raised higher by many steps than

the nave, and like our next church a vast bone reliquary. St. Ursula's is noted for its skulls, and everybody knows how "*Ursula et Undecimilla Virgines*" became, after a miraculous fashion, "*Ursula et Undecimillia Virgines !*" and how the nuns of the convent of St. Ursula amused themselves by collecting skeletons, and shaping the bones in patterns, and embroidering the skulls with velvet, gold thread, and pearls ; and so how miraculously, by the pious fraud of an interpolated tittle, the one eleventh lassie became eleven thousand ! The room in which these glorified crania are kept is very curious, surrounded with gilt glazed niches, and metal busts ; each with a skull, and each with a legend in pearls of a Christian name, invented by those little-scrupulous nuns. Marvellous relics also are here shown alike to sceptics and believers ; fingers, and teeth, and fragments of clothing, all appropriated to St. somebodies ; and two thorns from our Lord's crown. Plenty more there is to tell of, but no time to tell it in, and these things pall.

The Jesuits' church is very striking for its sculptures in wood and marble, all being white and gold ; a splendid coup-d'œil. St. Peter's is famous for a disagreeable picture by Rubens of Peter's crucifixion, head downwards. Other churches also we looked into, but as it was

Confession-day in most of them, we would not, with our crowd, disturb the poor folks : every confessor had a handkerchief over his face,—I suppose to hide the changes of his fatherly countenance consequent on what he might be hearing ; and there, were those degraded suppliants, chiefly women, pouring into the Jesuits' ears all that never should be heard nor uttered.

One is apt to forget, even from one church to another, the ecclesiastical specialities of each ; but I think that St. Mary of the capitol is rememberable for ancient, plain round arches, and a Byzantine appearance, which would have looked splendid in its original fresco ; but alas for paint and whitewash ! Restoration is the bane of all these churches. Lastly, we visited M. Weyer's beautiful gallery of paintings, full of Rembrandts, Rubenses, Vandykes, Guidos, and every other master—in especial, the pre-Raphaelites :—Quentin Matsys, and Albert Durer have strangely plagiarized the one from the other in a picture of St. Jerome ; Hemmelinck, and Van Eyck, and his brother and sister, have several choice specimens, and altogether a long and ornate gallery (as well as two ante-rooms) is well filled with virtuoso delights. It is very liberal in M. Weyer thus to throw his mansion open to

strangers, and that gratis, except as to the free-will offering of a few silver groschen to the housekeeper ; especially as everywhere else in Cologne pretty heavy payment is the law : a dollar and a-half opened to us the shrine of Caspar and his royal brothers,—we handled St. Ursula's skull for half a dollar,—and in every church the sacristan or Suisse expects a *douceur*. Cologne is spoilt by travellers : the children are beggars, the men fee-hungry commissionaires, and the women are as importunate as the children : n.b. I saw to-day, in this virtuous town, three carriage loads of “unfortunate females” going to prison, under escort of the police, as a terrible example. In the evening, bought some prints,—especially that charming one of the Annunciation by William of Cologne,—and walked upon the bridge of boats awhile, and so to the perpetual exigencies of journalizing, feeding and bed. It is curious how few English we have met hitherto ; but they are all going one way, helter skelter, and don't meet except at the great gambling baths, or the Swiss depôts : so also of Americans : everybody is a bird of passage, and the flock flies one way.

That Rathhaus, with its small “place” approached by three genuine Roman arches, is a perfect gem ; and the “place” afore-

said is made up of all sorts of picturesque architecture, florid gothic, Roman, Greek, Moresco, and plain stone-house building: but I cannot stop to describe it: memory has taken its photograph. So also, in our many hours of rambling through the dirty, smelly, roughly paved old city, we have dropt upon divers other pieces of high and curious antiquity: as the Templar's Palace, now an exchange; another vast roomed house of the twelfth century, going to be turned into a Salon de Danse, of three thousand five hundred people power; a Roman round tower, with herring-bone brickwork; the old city walls, as old as Agrippina; the wooden pair of horses looking out of a garret window, whereby hangs a tale; the house made famous alike by Rubens's birth, and Mary of Medici's death; and divers other memorables. However, for details, consult guide-books, and all that sort of thing: a tourist must not attempt description; every one of his mems. might be diluted into a weary volume before exhaustion.

22nd.—Sunday seems very fairly kept at Cologne; most of the shops closed, churches full, and after Mass plenty of rational family promenading, especially about our thronged bridge of boats leading to the Duitz ramparts.

We went to English service in the Consulate Chapel, an up-stairs room approached by a most awkward out-of-door corkscrew flight of steps, and served by a gigantic clergyman (I believe a stranger) of no great fervour. Some eighty were collected in that room, like the early Christians, every lay person desiring to be devout; but your average divines seldom improve such occasions: routine is the curse of all establishments, and our dull giant was a damper.

In the afternoon took a stroll, with all the following, over the bridge, to Roman Duitz, entering a fineish old church there, full of carving in white and gold: thence back, rain threatening, to St. Martin's, one of the most ancient churches here, Byzantine, or akin to it, apsed and round-arched, and full of interests: the pulpit is remarkable for enormous marble angels above, and a huge bronze dragon underneath: some fine pictures here too.

After this to vespers at the Cathedral,—a magnificent organ service; but all the furniture thereof is miserably mean in the midst of noble architecture; the pulpit as shabby as that in any village church, and the high altar no great things; perhaps all is “provisoire” at present. Round home by way of that tit bit of Cologne, my favourite Rathhaus; looking

also at its interior tapestries, and what is called the Roman court, where genuine old-Rome tablets are tastelessly and ignorantly alternated by German heraldry, now a Cæsar, and then a burgomaster : the original of the gladiator and lion in modern marble on the front, is here ; and several antique entablatured profiles. Service again at home.

It is very noticeable, how numerous in all these places are those unproductive classes, the military and the ecclesiastics ; both swarm everywhere, and the rest of the community must keep them—no small tax. Prussia has, all know, a fine and numerous army : but who can tell whether it may not be destined to measure swords with us next year ? at all events, Prussia is husbanding her strength, while we are obliged to use up ours. A few waif and estray notes out of place. This river Rhine is liable to terrible floods that inundate the whole country : in our hotel there is a mark on the wall, near the *ceiling*, of the lofty *salle-a-manger*, to mark the rise of '84 : and in Liege Cathedral the Meuse similarly drowned its town to half way up the pulpit : lesser inundations being frequent. What an amount of loss and misery this must cause, especially in winter.

High-churchism hereabouts would find itself

in a fix; for short of going over to Rome there is no stopping ground for the ecclesiastical formalist: the only understandable position for the Protestant is spiritual worship, contempt of mere ceremonials, and the free right of private judgment: a Tractarian consular chaplain would be a very Brummagem priest, repudiated by all parties, and could not stand an hour.

There is a regiment of horsemen here with very long swords, bright helmets, and a white uniform: one of our juveniles observed, they look like an army of men cooks, tin saucepan, spit and vest: true enough, little Walter. Remember the brace of foolish adventurers sculling on the Rhine: easy enough to shoot the bridge downstream, but useless toil to try to stem the torrent: "*sed revocare gradum,*" &c.: these two Cologne cockneys were swept away by the tide apparently to Rotterdam, or near it: we watched their "*facilis descensus*" rocket like, and vain tugging up again for an hour or two till daylight failed. Natural columns of basalt are frequent in the streets: the Duitz promenade, for instance, is lined with them. In the old days of my former visit, Cologne was also paved with this basalt, roughly enough in the uncut pentagonal blocks; but herein, as in all other things, time has brought improvement.

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*Monday, July 23.*—Went early to see a mediæval exhibition near the Dom : missals, croziers, monstrants, reliquaries, pictures, vestments, carvings, and all manner of quaint præ-Raphaelisms. Thence off by the Schiller steamer up the Rhine : fare 3 thalers (9s.) each from Cologne to Mayence,—reasonable enough for best places. Everybody (and everybody's favourite, Albert Smith) knows and has recorded every inch of father Rhine's whole length : and guide-books tell all about him. To the mediæval antiquarian I doubt not there is an unexplored mine of interest in the many unvisited old chateaux, and walled villages, and early towers, fragmentary castles, and other quaint ruins one passes ; besides their pictorial value. But the mere steamboat tourist can only jot down a nominal memory of Drachenfels, Rolandsec, and Nonnenworth ; vineyards terraced on basaltic slopes ; Andernach's Roman round tower ; Rheinberg Castle ; Moravian Neuwied ; Sebastopolitan Ehrenbreitstein ; and our present locality, Coblentz. Here we have landed for the night, at the hospitable and princely Géant ; and, after a jealous inspection of our passport, have been permitted to go about the town. Not much to see : the Cathedral is plain, ancient, round-arched in double rows. St. Castor (was he a

monk who attained to a cardinal's hat?—who ever heard of his Beavership elsewhere?) is 1000 years old, and looks his age : and another much newer church has a fine high altar. The Ducal palace [what Duke?] is a vast barrack-like affair, 40 windows long : and the fashionable quarter of Coblenz, in its neighbourhood of course, is Portland Place-ish : elsewhere the town being old quaint middle-agey, grey-roofed in round slates like fish-scales, and with here and there a toy-minaret or spire.

The view from the Belvidere of our hotel is very fine, commanding the Rhine, be-steamered and greenhilled ; Ehrenbreitstein's castled heights ; the bridge of boats, and opposite town, and so forth. That old Roman-looking stone bridge over the Moselle, is another thing to remember : and so also, perhaps, the acquaintance improved of a certain gentlemanly Philadelphian, and his bearded N. Y. friend. Rhine wine is but poor sour stuff at the best : I have tried most sorts, and prefer decent cyder to the majority : it is quite a mistake, however fashionable, to suppose that good wine can be the product of so cold a latitude. However, a bad vintage is every inn-keeper's fair enough excuse for a bad bottle.

*July 24.*—A metal-springy bed with a cold dampish sheet and small dancing eiderdown quilt by way of bedding is not exactly the thing to rest one's bones on ; you are perpetually in peril of falling out : all is splendour and elegance, but comfort (not to say also safety) is lacking : how I shall enjoy an English bed again ! This is apropos to a succession of sleepless nights following hard enough upon tiring days. Early this morning went to St. Castor's (query, any relation to Pollux ?) that most ancient church full of ecclesiastical curiosities : the fact is, these churches, in the meanest village instances,—are full enough of antique interests to craze a mediævalist, and to enrapture our effete archæological associations : whole books-full of Percy and Wynkyn Societies could be made out of a St. Castor's materials ; as out of most other of these primævals. I remember with gusto a strange entablature of a knight and his dame in alto, armoured, and vizored, and draped ; and an ancient gilded picture of apostles and other worthies. A child's funeral was going forward ; only no one can tell whether or not the coffin was a sham ; perhaps it was a mass for the unconscious dead,—but at all events the church was full of apparently National-school-mates, who sang in very English Hundredth-psalm

fashion. I gathered that it was for a school-fellow.

Off by the Marianne steamer at 10, and made more acquaintance during the day with our worthy Americans. Well,—all day long we were enjoying the glorious castled Rhine: everybody knows it, as far as Rhine-steaming is concerned; and nobody knows it ashore. What a mine of curious old lore, of ancient tragedies, of architectural interest, of historical mystery, of rare discoveries, of pictorial beauty, must lie hid in those old walled and turretted towns,—churches,—and castles! Their names signify little; what matters it whether such a ruin be called Puffendorf or Crackendorf? their records are unwritten,—“*carent quia vate sacro* ;” but the unreadable names of their architects are cut in sculptured stone, and the Layard is yet to arise who may some day decypher their memories and archives. I only know I should like to spend a month at Oberwesel, or St. Goar, or at the town near the Marxburg, to exhaust all neighbouring secrets in hoary architecture: there are plenty to be learnt thereabouts. Why need I particularize any one fair scene above another of the whole two days’ successive panoramata? Albert Smith has immortalized all the points in his new railway poetry,—and thousands of Albums have

consigned them to oblivion in old hackney-coach prose: I have nothing to add; saving that I was astonished at man's industry (—alas, likely to be almost unproductive still for a fifth bad year,—) in the terraced mountainettes of vines; at man's wolfish propensities in all those mediæval ruined dens of robber-chieftains on crag tops; and at the rapid way in which these famous scenes were passed by me as in a dream. Verily, there is always a most minute kernel of really enjoyable fruition in a huge cocoalike husk and shell of cost, and care, and trouble: happiness of every sort, hardly gained, passes with a presto; "*le jeu ne vaut jamais la chandelle.*"

Apropos to candles,—that abomination of other sorts of *lumières*, cigars, is rampant everywhere; spoiling all the sweet airs of heaven and all the sweet views of earth with stinking tobacco smoke; it is to my unfashionable thinking a most headachy nuisance: and men ought to be made to consume their own smoke if they will persist in being chimnies.

Passed of course several of those huge noticeable many-acred Rhine rafts; and the Rhine mills,—a good idea for every river: a vast amount of water-power is perpetually wasted, even in our sluggish Thames, which might grind corn for men's use and gladdening.

Passed also, of course, the Lurleyberg, (where a high wind carried away the regulation echoes,) the Cat, and Mouse, and Hatto, and modernized Vautsberg towers, and spoilt (because repaired and re-roofed) gothical Baccharach, and all manner of 'fels's' and 'bachs.' To a German the Rhine must be the very heart of fatherland,—and France can never claim it as a barrier as once schemed, without an equally full and strong river of blood.

Well, after our picturesque voyage and all its fleeting pleasure, here we are at Mayence, hotel de Hollande, a palace as always. After needful restauration we went as of course first to the Cathedral, and were much struck with its wealth in ancient sepulchres and alto-relievo grave-stones, Bishops and Dukes and Electors sleeping there superbly. The fine lofty Norman arches have a choir at each end ; and when, as originally, frescoed, the church must have been splendid ; even in their humbler whitewash the proportions show sublime. Went up to the top of the tower with all my following, and oversaw the town, and the Rhine, and all neighbourings with a bird's eye : it's always worth while climbing for a view. Mems.: the Minnesinger's tomb, lately subscribed by poetical ladies ; the priests' cloister, the tall Archbishops crowning little kings, the rare stone

pulpit, the Arimathæan altarpiece, the bronze baptistery, the floridly carved apse, St. Martin on the roof, the clock, and more beside : Guttenberg's statue and entablatures ; and the Prussian plus-Austrian plus-native garrisons : poor Duke Darmstadt's feeling must be " save me from my friends."

25th.—Went early in force to the Museum, full of Roman gravestones and altars, and ancient *Hebrew* inscriptions on stone : also, plenty of Roman bronzes, fibulæ, arms, beads, vases, glass, and other Farleyana : item : drawersfull of coins, diligently rubbed bright ! — those who can whitewash frescoes, would of course scrape off patina. Thence to the library, to see some early specimens of Guttenberg's printing ; and thence to the picture gallery : some fine Titians, and a Guido Europa, with plenty more, including a splendid Albert Durer Adam and Eve, and some better Rubenses than usual.

A ramble through the town to the Dom again, whereof one must lament how much its warm red quaintly-carved architecture is smothered up with houses : in the cloisters we trod the sculptured tombs of kings and priests. Thence to an Augustin church, finely frescoed and decorated, and with a marble life-size taking-down-

from-the-Cross for high altar. Afterward to the Ramparts and Drusus Tower, an old Roman relic of enormous thickness, a look-out of great elevation for the legionary watchman, overtopping all the town, fortifications, and river, nearly as high as the Dom tower. Further to St. Stephen's, where we had the benefit of seeing St. Willibeg's skull, founder of the church ; and amongst other notabilia, remember the high and huge brass candlesticks.

In all these churches there are most painful representations of Christ on the Cross, with gaping wounds ; and I like not the habit one gets into of regarding such subjects merely as works of pictorial art and curiosity : HIS remembrance ought always to be not only sacred, but also affectionate to us : but these so numerous pictures and life-like figures of the dying Christ do not operate as they are intended, so far as my experience goes ; and the reason is their dissimilarity ; you might spiritually idolize one representation, but the differences in fifty or five hundred ruin the one idea. It is a mistake to help out the ideal by the real ; Romanists have converted their places of worship far too entirely into collections or raree-shows of sculpture and painting ; and, service over, it seems to me that the choicest relics are accounted only as objects for the sceptical



equally with the believing traveller, to pay a fee to see. Your sacristan is not very devout about such matters, except at mass.

Again off, by way of the bridge of boats and railway, through an uninteresting but fertile country, to Frankfort, reaching it in one hour and a quarter. A rainy evening; but nevertheless accomplished a long ramble about the city: going into two churches, one (St. Leonard's) of high and interesting antiquity:—its plain columns have no capitals, and it is said to be as old as Charlemagne. Goëthe's fine statue,—a picturesquely-extinguished old gate tower,—divers antique gables and façades,—some houses covered with carving and fresco, and some fountains,—with the bridge and river, are rememberable. Bought some mementos; and after journalizing, to the usual uncomfortable springy German bed.

26th.—Purchased some dark spectacles for my poor little pur-blind Willy; and looked over a lot of ivory and stag's-horn carvings; yesterday having bought a gem of a brooch.

After breakfast, hired a carriage and drove with all the seven about Frankfort: to wit, the Jews' quarter, and Rothschild's house; the new Synagogue; the Dom, and Luther's birth-house; the Bourse, Roemer's fountain,

Kaiserstool, with the imperial portraits, St. Paul's, Goëthe's birth-house and statue, and coincidence as to his three-lyred heraldry; the public gardens, and boulevard, and country dwellings of merchant princes; Gutenberg and his two friends, in bronze; the Hesse Philipstall monument; Charlemagne's statue, &c., &c. Having used up enough time in charioteering for the Ariadne and museums to be visible—at half-past ten—we went first (after twenty-five years' interval, no small cantle of my life) to see again the true idol and stone-flower of Frankfort, Danneker's Ariadne. Woman's form is always the most attractive object in creation, and so Mr. Bethmann gets a great amount of popularity by his gratuitous exhibition of this beautiful shape: I am glad to find that the lady is soon to have a less shabby dwelling, and more worthy compeers than the fifth-rate casts about her: she looks very charming, however, for the contrast, as everybody knows: blushing all over, like an Astræa, by virtue of pink calico. Thence to M. Stadtt's munificent gift to his native city,—a splendid gallery of paintings, and some sculptures: John Huss's intelligent face remains on my mind's retina, as also does the portrait of an infant in a child's chair, by Rubens; and some exquisite Canalettis, Van Dykes, Van Eycks,

and divers hundred more, deserve more recollection than my perpetual haste permits.

Off by twelve to Darmstadt,—an hour's railing of level country. Arrived, we first ascended Ludwig's Duke of Yorkish monument,—a dark dusty toil to see little enough. Thence (if I must be historically true) to dinner, at Le Raisin, our best specimen hitherto of strictly German cookery: sourkrout, fowls eaten with prunes, beef and pickled cherries, raw ham and raw sausage, sweet pudding with acid sauce, and all manner of incongruities. Thereafter, away to the Duke's museum, a very characteristic ollapodrida of everything, like the German meal aforesaid: to wit, Roman antiquities (remember the fine marine-chimæra tessellated pavement) mingled with South-sea Island curiosities: a collection of arms and armour,—alternating with one of needlework and wax portraits: enamels, ivories and Majolica ware,—next to models of ruins, and Chinese monsters: prints and deinotherium bones; skeletons, and cameos: in fact, everything higgledy-piggledy. In chief however, remember a very fine and numerous collection of pictures, rich in (*e.g.*) Raphael's St. John,—Titian's Venus,—Hemmelinck's Holy Virgin,—Guido's Europa,—and some seven hundred others, which I could only glance at.

Then, there were the bears, and the chimes, and the quasi Kensington Gardens, with a Hesse Princess's tomb,—and musical soldiers, marching by to the tune of their own choruses; and the modest corner of his huge palace wisely inhabited by the small grand duke himself; and so back again to the Grape Hotel.

At six, by rail to Heidelberg, arriving at half-past eight, through a beautiful valley skirting the Taunus and Melibocus, and Odinwald range of mountainettes;—(Taunus and Melibocus are names evidently carved upon these parts by old Rome; and Odinwald as evidently by older faderland:)—passing a few ruined castles, and aged walled villages, and plenty of tobacco and maize crops mixed with the commoner crops: my wonder is where the tillers of all these numberless well-kept fields can live; you go for miles through a farmer's Eden, and see no dwellings.

At last, got into Heidelberg by nightfall; just in time to see a torchlight assemblage of the University students serenading in procession a popular professor: his ovation was in a four-horse britska, with a band in front, certain of the students sword in hand at side, and hundreds of flaring torches behind.

27th.—How all Germany can tolerate, genera-

tion after generation, to lie in these short beds under shorter down quilts, which infallibly get kicked off at night, I cannot guess : hitherto sleep has been as strange to me as to Henry IV. Called early and in vain on Dr. M——, of Heidelberg University ; and as the day was showery, thereafter went and spent an hour over the English and French papers at the Club, introduced by our very pleasant host of the Eagle ; also, idled in at a curiosity shop, and bought certain views, and a “ guide.” The weather being poorish, (alas for the harvesting hereabouts,) this place is to be our resting-place till Sunday. I hear that the rain has swollen the river considerably, and that there have been earthquakes in the neighbourhood : all the world seems to be out of joint. Table-d’hôte as usual—a medley of sweets and sours : roast fowls and stewed prunes, ducks and preserved apricots, sausages and pancakes, bouilli beef and cherries, each served with each as a vegetable : then vegetables served together, peas, minced cabbages, and potatoes, &c. I should never wonder to see onions stewed in sugar, candied oysters, and strawberries *à l’huile*.

Dinner at last over, went en masse to the grand ruins of the Electoral Chateau, and did them well : the grand tub, and the lesser tub, and the

tub without hoops, and the fifteen bottle jester not excepted: the terrace, with its fine façade of sculpture, and the octagonal tower, with our giddy walk around its outside,—and the kitchens and prison, and grand array of decorated doors and windows, bescolled and bestatued, arabesqued and full of beauties—(nothing better is to be seen in Rome or Greece so far as the eye is concerned, though for mere antiquity and historical interest this is nothing)—the blown-up tower, and subterranean passages, and knight plus-lion plus-arms protected gateway,—all these are to be remembered. Also, and notably, poor old [eighty-two] M. de Crainberg's antiquarian collections, well worth seeing; especially, some score of most curious Lutheran wooden dishes, painted; some shell-work figures; plenty of bad pictures,—old arms, armour, and ruin relics; drawings—the lifetime work of the old enthusiast himself, whom I remember to have seen long ago hard at them; ivory and Delft cups; and all manner of curiosities. The worthy ancient gives you your money's worth.

28th.—Our hotel, the Eagle, looks out upon the vegetable market, which early this morning was a babel of tongues, and a mosaic of peasant women and greens: such a clatter of

haggling for kreutzers ; and all in the downright rain, with nobody caring a bit about it ; the love of money and of bargain-driving seemed weatherproof and heedless of spoilt garments. However, as to clothes, the picturesque era of costume is at an end ;—even with German students ; nothing but a coloured skull cap and belt, with a jaunty air, and perpetual beer and tobacco distinguish now the Heidelberg university-man from any other : shooting coats and tweed trowsers are all the fashion ; the very pipe gives way to cigars, and all the long hair is cut off.

One folly however is still kept up, in a degenerate way ; duelling comes off frequently ; but then the combatants are padded like cricketers or diving-men, and can only be wounded legally in the *face* ! A pinked cheek is, it appears, an honourable beauty spot ; and several young fellows I saw so marred : thus much for honour and arms.

Invested capital in James's Heidelberg,—a timely and placely historical novel, but I should hope one of his worst ; and Murray's Switzerland ; and divers other matters for my flock ; and left vain cards on some friends unseen ; and walked round by the Promenade, and old willowed church famous for Jerome of Prague ; and read the papers ;

and so à l' hotel. Met certain clerical acquaintances who knew me and Brother William : parsonry out for a holiday in bristly new mustachios : I don't know that there's much harm or blame in emulating herein Leighton and Bunyan—but the vanity thereof is not praiseworthy ; and they will feel small at having to shave these ornamentals off some three weeks hence ; but they must,—for besides the custom of the cloth, these masqueraded men are schoolmasters ! Pretty well all the English abroad renounce the razor except myself ; I admit they are right at present ; but as I should not like to sacrifice a splendid pair of mustachios at one coup, and could not without alledged affectations wear them at home, I prefer the tonsure as usual.

Never has been such a wet July known at Heidelberg as this ; and the Neckar brims with muddy water : not but that, by dint of letting it rain, as the wise men are said to do in Spain, and caring nothing for it, one gets about well enough. Just before dinner, comes in Dr. M——, a good-looking friend, and a pleasant ; as a clear gain on a rainy day, I kept him to dinner and Neckar Mousseux. Talks about divers things personal and literary ; item, about German students, of whom he speaks well, as a much improved and fairly conducted body of young



men ; and about my poor little Willy's eyes and a certain celebrated oculist Dr. Chelius, whom I am to consult in the matter. Thereafter went with my friend to the University Library, and saw some old monkish MSS. of Thucydides, Plutarch, Xenophon, &c. : also MS. treatises and letters by Luther, (his know-nothingism)—Melancthon and others. Thence, the thunder-showers holding up, drove to Charlottenberg and left a card of honour on Chevalier B—— ; seeing that he had been the vehicle of a certain gold medal years ago,—and that he is now in disgrace for his English and Anti-Russian propensities.

This devoir done, which involved also the pleasure of a beautiful drive on the north side of the Neckar, proceeded with my flock in a three-horse drosky to the top of the Königsthal, the highest mountainette hereabouts with a wind-whistly tower atop, from which we enjoyed a most extensive and beautiful panorama of—on dit—in some directions 70 miles of radius. The English tourists there ; and the Swiss way-house coming down, with its really good Heidelberg beer ; and grand view overlooking the ruins :—and so to tea, pretty late. Our expedition cost a pound, but paid us ; it is always worth while going up “Excelsius” (why did Longfellow write it

“Excelsior?”) for a view; and middle-aged folk and female folk had better drive than walk, if they have the chance. From the Königsthal, we overlooked the course of the Neckar, and Rhine, the Bergstrasse, and a whole tumbled country of hills, alternating with an ironed-out garden of plain; Vosges mountain and Switzer in the distance. Mems: the wooden drag; cows in carts; slouched hats and short jackets of the peasantry; the indifferent statuary on the Neckar Bridge; and glorious view of Heidelberg and its chateau from over the water.

29th, *Sunday*.—Rain: went in two droskies to the English chapel, occupying and paying duly for a whole regiment of chairs: the congregation as usual more devout than their [casual] parson, who stupidly enough indulged us with a discourse against the doctrine of consciousness after death, by way of argument to refute purgatory: to oppose the papist he actually sided with the infidel. He announced that the Bishop in partibus is coming this summer up the Rhine on a confirmation tour. I wish his spiritual Fathership would see about the Church of England being better represented abroad both as to clergy and chapels: at present, it is all in a very hole and corner way, and the ministers in most places are very

indifferent. After church, met Captain —, who (but I had heard nothing of it) had been expecting me last night to his weekly chess party, and had asked a “banished lord” and divers more to meet me. After dinner, went with Dr. M——, to call on Dr. Chelius, (unfortunately out of town at Manheim,) and thereafter on Dr. Wolf, for an opinion about those poor cataract-eyes; but nothing is to be done, as also home oculists have advised me, till matters get much worse. A walk with all my flock about the ruins and castle gardens, meeting sundry American and other travelling friends: the blown-up tower,—the many points of view of the beautiful chateau,—the band, and the beerdrinking company, and that picturesque segregated table-full of German students.

Went to-day into St. Peter's Lutheran church, to imagine the scene of Jerome's preaching, and Olympia Morata's lecturing: noting also the rather too loud “boast of heraldry” of divers electors and professors; and the Swissy crosses and willows in the pretty churchyard; and the plain table, not an altar, in the middle of the choir. The principal church in Heidelberg, St. Esprit, is divided in the middle by a whitened wall,—one half being Lutheran, the other Romanist: a rare

instance of practical tolerance in matters of conscience; what can our judicious preacher of this morning think of it?

*Monday, 30th.*—Last mems: the Gasthof-zum-ritter is a fine specimen of 16th century Heidelberg architecture, recalling the days when the picturesque town was full of similar glories: the perpetual wood-hewing in the streets, a reminder of German stoves in winter; the tasteless Hercules, heraldic Hessian lion, and religious Madonna, fountains; the fine old church shamefully behutted, made a den of thieves without,—and never accessible within: Romanists exhibit their churches, but Protestants err on the other side by hiding them up: all over Heidelberg bierbraueries and cigarren shops abound, and hereabouts the whole German people is given up to pipes and beer. Adieux to our excellent host Leyr of the Eagle,—and to worthy Dr. M——, who would see us off at the rail,—and away by 10 for Ulm.

Throughout the day's traverse of this great kingdom of Wirtemberg, it is very noticeable how English-looking is the whole country: plenty of neatly-gabled wood-framed villages crowding round the plain spires of Lutheran churches,—fields and woods and

hill and dale : picturesqueness of Bretten, and Beiligheim, and Esslingen with its Siamese twin towers. The prevalence of beard and moustache gives a very manly look to the people ; I wish that we English had more real freedom in the matter of shaving : free as we boast ourselves, that iron rod—a pretty sharp one—the razor rules us still. The Wirtemberg railway is on the American plan, and this is nearly the best possible ; the carriages being fine large long rooms with sofas, instead of our close cloth boxes ; and by a good coincidence, wood being burnt instead of coal, the engines have American shapes in funnel, &c.

At Stuttgart we got out, and staid two hours, thereafter going on by another train ; in order to see the mighty capital of Wirtemberg ; which was accordingly accomplished in an hour's walk. Remember the fine new palace, statue-topped, and golden crowned ; and the bronze lion and stag ; and the gardens lined with famous orange trees ; and the large circular basin with its water-lilies and graceful statuary ; and the nymph holding out her vase for fountain ; and the Savoy-looking old palace ; and the elegant column of granite, with its profuse bronze decorations of entablature, capital, and heroic figures ; and Schiller's monument, with its tripods ; and chiefly how

we toiled up to the top of the cathedral tower, and saw all Wirtemberg at a bird's eye glance; —and how agreeably surprised I was to find in the choir in life-size stone the twelve ancestral Counts of the Royal house (curiously elaborate and modern-looking though antique and somewhat mutilated)—which I hear also exist in bronze at Inspruck,—Niebelungen heroes. This gigantic ancestral entablature, a sort of stone screen of mailed warriors in various attitudes all up one side of the choir, is well worth having stopt on our way to see. So also is the very light gothic stone pulpit, though stupidly gilt; and the decorated Lutheran communion table; and many monuments of noble houses, especially one of Hohenlohe. We were lucky enough just before setting off again at four in the railway to witness the arrival of a scion of German royalty, the reigning Duke of ———; and more fuss was being made about him by courtiers, and diplomates, and other flunkeys (I noted a most assiduous Russian there) than if he were great Cæsar himself. The poor little great man was all but publicly worshipped: German court etiquette is at its climax among these petty kingdoms: Darmstadt and Stuttgart are head quarters of pride and vanity.

Off again, through a beautiful hill country,

studded with ruined castles and pretty villages, to a high table-land, and thereafter Ulm,—where I write this: an old Brugesish decaying town, full of architectural bits and gables with a splendid old gothic cathedral to be seen to-morrow. Took two walks all about the town in the dusk, vainly looking for the Danube! and coming upon divers fountains, cloisters, and pictorial morsels. Our antique hotel, the Stag, is anything but attractive to our eyes, used to hostelry palaces; but it savours of monastic antiquity,—and if not disturbed by ghosts (or fleas) I dare say we shall sleep well in it after our Danube trout. “To-morrow, for fresh fields and pastures new:” that’s the tourist’s motto.

31st, *Tuesday*.—Notwithstanding dirty and smelly first appearances, our hostel is palatial in some respects: of the six rooms we occupy, three are each 35 feet long; and they are floored with boards a yard wide, ceiled with carving, and have inlaid bedsteads; moreover being hung with worked muslin, as usual. A noisy military band of Wirtembergers got me up by six; and we went off earlyish to the cathedral; which I am *not* going to describe: let views and guidebooks do that; all I mean to remember are these: the gorgeously carved

and coloured alto circular hatchments, covering the walls multitudinously with the heraldic glories of noble families ; exquisitely light and graceful aisle columns ; the pulpit and reliquary running up a hundred feet in the lightest and airiest florid stone gothic ; the curious baptistery ; the benitoire, a traceried font built round a column ; the iron-flowered doors, with hinges and locks disporting in Quentin Matsys fashion at their own hard will ; the newly-building organ and its delicate gothic canopies ; the severely beautiful coup d'œil of five hundred feet long by two hundred wide of plain white lofty arches and clustered columns ; the extraordinary carved lining of the quire with life-size figures of bible worthies, executed in the fourteenth century ; and strange coincidence here as to the division of the sexes in what is now a Lutheran cathedral ; it appears that the sculptor's wife insisted upon appearing at the head of the women of the bible, and that her husband should head the men ; so he has carved all one side men, and all the other women : singularly appropriate to the custom in these reformed churches, and a sort of ecclesiastical prophecy. Then, remember those wondrous fourteenth century brasses, large as life, in strong relieve ; and the carved triple altar screens ; and the Nitrocht-family chapel, with



its trefoils and heraldry, and the wooden figure of Christ life-size on the Ass's foal: and chiefly that gem of a chapel, the de Besserer's, full of family honours and ancient glass windows,—not forgetting those gloriously stained ones of the choir. Ulm Cathedral is well worth seeing: and from the tower we had a grand panorama of the old town, clean, many-gabled, and looking wide awake with scores of windows in the roofs; and of its cincture of fortifications with the citadel; and its fertile neighbourhood; and the Danube winding like a snake to the level horizon.

Thereafter, breakfasting on the tenchy trout of these parts with famous chocolate and other usuals, we left our cryptlike Salon at the Stag, and off by rail at 11.30 to Munich viâ Augsburg.

The country all day has been very English in its character, studded with neat villages clustering round simple turretted or cupolaed churches, and mapped out in fertile fields. Just where the wooded country ends, by a sort of providence peat begins; and it appears to have been only lately discovered to feed the otherwise useless Railway Engine: hundreds of acres are now being worked for fuel, and the trains are run by nothing else.

At 3.40 we reached Augsburg, and stayed

there an hour and a half; wandering all about the quaint old frescoed city, and dreaming of its Diet; and, besides noting several fine modern bronze fountains of Hercules and Hydra, King Ludwig, Mercury, an artichoke-crowned column and what-not, went into four highly decorated churches, to wit, St. Ulric, St. Jacques, the Jesuits', and the Cathedral: all being splendidly frescoed, and full of painting, gilding, carving, and antiquity. The cathedral in particular is a complete picture-gallery, and is remarkable for a double choir, one at each end; I hear it has been so arranged after a good tolerant fashion for double service, Protestant and Romanist. Augsburg is full of picturesqueness and antique historical interest; but all I could give it on this first visit was a hot and tired tourist's rapid glance. Every town, every church, everywhere would require a volume to do each matter justice: I can only help memory by hints. At half-past five on our way again, to Munich; level country with the far off snowpeaks of the Tyrol on the horizon; and arrived at half-past eight, putting up at le Raisin Bleu,—l' hotel Maulik, our first intention, being full of the Queen of Holland and her suite.

*August 1.*—All to-day has been brimmed to overflowing with sightseeings of high art ; and at eleven at night I am not likely even in the note line to do any sort of justice to the wealth in painting, sculpture, and curiosity we have seen. Munich is a smallish place, soon traversed and circumambulated, but it is so full of lions, figurative as well as literal, that many a volume would not exhaust its treasures. Let me see : duly companioned by a valet de place we visited these notabilia : Maximilian's throned bronze with its lions and entablatures ; Max. Joseph's equestrian ditto ; the ninety feet bronze obelisk ; the Tilly and Wreke statues, under their superb arches ; and divers more figures and fountains. Thence, went into St. Theatiner's Church, profusely covered with carving, all white ; and having three large Correggios as altar pieces. Thence to that wonder of sculpture galleries, the Glyptothek : passing en route the Old Palace with its verd antique bronze lions and heraldry,—the new red sandstone palace of the Ex-Roi, and Madame Lola Montes's cidevant Maison.

The Glyptothek is a temple of some dozen saloons, all differently marbled on wall and floor, and variously gilt or frescoed in their high-arched ceilings ; containing a regular series of sculpture from Ancient Egypt to

Thorwaldsen : perhaps among scores of other priceless works, Phidias's Ino, Thorwaldsen's Paris, the Venus of Gnidos, the Ægina marbles, the Niobides, and some Fauns pleased me most. The duplicate of a certain statue at Albury by Rudolph Schadow is there too ; but smaller, and inferior : in fact, it seemed to me the only indifferent work in the whole collection. What is very noticeable is the beautiful and clever manner in which broken statues have been mended up ; and scarcely less so, the marble halls in which they abide. The frescoed saloons are beyond all praise and price ; and these are judiciously kept empty of sculpture.

After a lingering hour in those peopled chambers, we went on to the Gallery of Antiquities, in the long frescoed colonnade of the Palace Gardens. And here, amongst a world of wealth and rarity, what can memory particularize ? Perhaps, a case full of glorious Etruscan jewellery, and a priceless glass vase with inscription in alto, and a dancing figure in coloured enamel ; also some large and elaborate ivory carvings ; and a cabinet covered with cameos, pearls, and rubies ; and a series of splendid models of Roman and other ruins, —as the Colosseum, and Heidelberg done to scale and accurate as the real thing : and a

thousand more of such matters in all departments of Museum curiosity ; Schiller's desk and pen not excepted,—a foolish item.

Thence to the Pinatothek, that famous and wonderful suite of gilt-roofed galleries of pictures in various schools. Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, and all the rest are here profusely represented ; and are equal to their fame. Remember the duplicate of a certain St. Lawrence, and the microscopic miniatures of Dow, in addition to the canvases worthily praised in guidebooks. Thence to a capital dinner in our superb *salle-a-manger* ; and thereafter to the King's Palace from four to five. A noble suite of rooms and halls and saloons, with inlaid floors all different, and frescoed walls, and carved and gilded ceilings, and marble monolith columns and entrances,—and all sorts of other wealthy decoration : but in chief remember the rooms of lady portraiture, a sort of pictorial harem with Lola Montes in the place of honour,—and as a climax to all, the superb throne-room. In the proportion in which territorial greatness is small, ceremonial littleness is great ; [see Darmstadt and Wirtemberg :] and therefore it is that all these petty kingdoms keep such state and dignity. Imagine twelve gigantic golden kings, all in brilliant metal twelve feet high—guarding, like illustrious beefeaters, the petty

monarch of Bavaria ; the heroes of the Niebelungen made flunkeys to a Count of Bayern ! But the effect is splendid enough,—startling ; and if the living Cæsar were not ridiculous, would approach the sublime ; as things are, the contrast is too strong to any ordinarily reflective tourist between Bavaria's petty province and its proud throne-room : however, it is a marvel to see and admire.

Thereafter, to the top of a church tower, St. Pierre's, overseeing all the neat clean town,—in its flat plain with the snow-peaked Tyrol in the distance : and Hohenlinden some thirty miles from the Iser, which could no more have been bloodied by the famous battle, as Campbell testifies, than Gray's bard could have flung himself into the sea from the top of Snowdon. Poets who attempt local poems should compose them on the spot. Wrote divers letters ; and so tired enough, to roost.

2nd.—Among the much forgotten yesterday, I find there is the whole magnificent Byzantine church of St. Boniface, a superb affair, no doubt, with its sixty-six agate-marble columns, (as to their shafts, monoliths, but having their carved capitals and pedestals of alabaster,) a mosaic floor, and an universal glow of gold and colours, frescoed all over : but it has one

tremendous fault historically, as not yet ten years old ; and two more architecturally, being destitute of painted windows and lacking an arched roof in the nave. However, everybody knows it is famous as the most splendid modern Byzantine building in Europe ; but the absence of a tower is another disappointment ; and on the whole I like not any hodiernal imitations of antiquity : let us build according to our times, not as St. Helena might have planned ; we cannot attain to the real thing, those thousand hoary years, and without them, mere carcase is not much ; it lacks the spirit of history.

All to-day we have again been lionizing this beautiful bijou city of Munich ; which owes everything to the munificent taste of King Louis. Really, his patronage of the fine arts exceeds all we read of anywhere from Pericles to the Medicis : never was one man's private wealth more liberally or more patriotically expended : all his collections he has given to the nation, all are gratuitously open to the public, and his motto seems perpetually to have been "*non sibi, sed toti.*" What a pity it is that such a good man's fame should have been damaged by means of such a bad woman as Lola Montes ; even to the surrender of a throne, which he was adjudged—for cause of

her—worthy to fill no longer : what must the ex-king think now of his x-w, after her English and Californian experiences ?

To come now to details of a day crowded with sight seeing ; and whereof not a hundredth part can be remembered or recorded. First, with our fat little commissionaire Alexandre, a most self-important character, full of wit and as broad as he is short, we went in force to the Chapel Royal, a splendidly frescoed imitation of St. Mark's at Venice, all gold and colours, and every one of its many columns a monolith of fossil coralline. The frescoes of Munich are superb ; both as to these modern churches and as to the ancient gate, with Maximilian's original entry over it ; and the Pinatothek's walls of portraitured artists, and in a thousand other instances. Decoration has even been carried to the roof in some cases, as at Ludwigs-kirk, and Marien-kirk, where the tiles are mosaiced in many coloured patterns. Near the chapel remember the beautiful bronze fountain of Maximilian, with heathen gods and goddesses and cupids on arabesque monsters ; also the black stone, weighing eighty pounds, kicked, on dit, six feet by a Herculean Elector ; and the painting of the royal count, with a beard so long that he broke his neck by treading on it when running down



stairs ; and the strangely unpleasant fountain in exquisite verdant bronze of Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa,—where water supplies the place of blood ; and the quaint grotto and shell work, with Mercury eclipsing the Royal arms.

While waiting in vain for the “Tresor” which we hope to see to-morrow—(but did not,) went into the “Antiquarium,” another Royal collection thrown open to the public, and full of Roman, Greek, Etruscan, Celtic, and Egyptian ancient objects of vertu. The coup d’œil of this decorated crypt-like gallery, with its crowds of treasures, as seen from above, is admirable ; but it is impossible to particularize many items ; for though every Museum and collection has its choice peculiarities, yet the general family likeness of a curiosity shop pervades them all : perhaps in this, some gigantic Roman busts, some Celtic jewellery, a mummied Apis, and a marble hag, were chief features. Thence to the New Pinatothek, a gorgeous series of saloons full of modern pictures,—the most interesting being those which record King Louis’s architectural and other many virtuoso achievements,—an Arctic steamer collision in mid-ocean,—certain wonderful portraits,—and the destruction of Jerusalem : all of which I mean to re-visit.

Thence to the Old Pinatothek once more, to rejoice in Raphael's angelic lights of beauty, Titian's St. Cecilia, and some exquisite Francias. Met here, as often, divers friends; and so to our inconvenient 1-Uhr table d'hôte, full of German peculiar mixtures.

Its weary length over, our next errand was a visit to the Cathedral, a most imposing interior, with the loftiest of arches, and looking all the loftier because uncapitalled; but in all these churches splendour of decoration and grandeur of plan are common attributes; and in every nation from China to Peru man has (externally at least) worshipped God with his best and rarest. We Protestants take the truer view of religion "in Spirit and in truth," and are apter to hide our feelings on the matter than to display them: but Papists may seem somewhat to be commended too in adding the cedar and gold, the willing offerings of Art and jewellery, which make God's earthly temples such treasure houses of interest and beauty. However, such is human infirmity, that in most instances all such decoration helps only to degrade—because to amuse—the once spiritual worshipper, and has a tendency to defeat the holy purposes of Religion: so that on the whole, England may well be content with her plain churches and unpretentious Common-prayer.

Well ; among the crowd of subsidiary chapels, each a museum of tasty decoration, of monuments, and painted windows, and gilt and carved and coloured everything,—perhaps the most rememberable thing is the magnificent bronze mausoleum of Louis the Fourth, Emperor of Germany,—and its four colossal knights in armour kneeling in different attitudes at the corners with banners ; next, the screen of the choir all round, wonderful for life-size figures in wood alto : item, remember the queer Cardinal's hat hanging like a lamp ; and how we went up the tower, and looked out upon this toy-town of Munich with the far-off grand outline of Tyrolese Alps ; and the cultured plain between.

Thereafter, took two carriages and went to the Marienkirk,—as usual, a wonder of modern taste and beauty, with twenty enormous painted windows, illustrating on one side the life of Christ, the other that of Mary ; and brilliant with colours and gold and marble and mosaic, and carving and beauty everywhere. Mems : the unmistakeable worship of modern Bishops and Saints,—their images being set up, incensed, prayed to, and illuminated ; the exquisite loveliness of the Virgin on the painted windows ; and the downright idolatry of the whole temple :—by the way I

recollect two latin lines carved beneath an image of the Virgin in the Cathedral, which run thus,—

“Tu, quæ sola potes æterni numinis iram  
Flectere, virgineo nos tege, Diva, sinu !”

Yet, priests have assured me they do not worship Mary, but only honour her, praying through her, but not to her: but the fact is, the Virgin is universally looked upon as the antagonist female god,—the Venus to keep Jupiter in good humour: in the Marienkirk, as elsewhere, the principal fresco is to represent the Father Son and Holy Spirit engaged in crowning Mary as Queen of Heaven: and in the window-painted life of Mary, *her mother* also has an annunciating angel to precede the Virgin's immaculate birth, as well as Mary herself!—where is this immaculation to end? was her grandmother, and so on up to Eve, equally favoured?—Remember the series of white-wood carvings all round the Church: and the life-and-death-looking crucifixion, life-size before the pulpit.

Thence, by way of the rare old frescoed gate of Munich, (alas, for recent whitewash and plaster on the towers,) and the Rathhaus, and gilt Virgin's column-fountain, &c.;—noticing that the majority of the shops and

houses here are placed by picture or image under Mary's or some saint's protection ;— to the colossal bronze figure of Bavaria and her seated lion. Imagine eighty-four feet, thirty pedestal and fifty-four image, (in a thunderstorm, I prophesy it must perish ; such a mass of metal !)—of this Nebuchadnezzar-like creature of burnished bronze ; and all to the honour of a country that an active crow could fly over in three hours ! Louis has overdone it, with the help of Schwanthaler his founder : when the antichrist, monarch of the world, executes his own vain-glorious idolatries, he will scarcely beat la Bavière. However, as a work of wonder and art, let us admire this modern equivalent for Egypt's giants ; and only wish that a pigmy temple did not surround it on three sides, deformed as it is with lines of marble busts,—a model as I hear of the Valhalla at Ratisbon. La Bavière should have been isolated on a plain. Thence drove to another bronze Bavière, almost equally huge, and this time drawn by four tame lions in a chariot. Each lion must be thirty feet long, and is vast in proportion : and the whole is miraculously mounted on the top of the most beautiful of modern marble arches, carved and intaglied profusely. It is quite a bathos though to find such a quantity of enormous

lions,—for they occur everywhere—illustrating a town of some ten or twelve church-size ; and from the steeple of the lowest of which you could fire a shot or all but fling a stone beyond the faubourgs. However, let us remember that the Peloponnesus was not very much bigger than Yorkshire, and that ancient Athens is rivalled in size as well as decoration by this modern one : all honour then be to Louis the First for the most he has made of his bright little Capital.

Thereafter to Louis's own church—(he is, or is to be, a saint,) St. Ludwig: a quieter and more subdued, but still graceful and beautifully frescoed church of round arches and a grove of coralline columns. Thence drove round the Englischer garten,—a well-wooded park with an Iser waterfall, and much country beauty,—à l'hotel : and after refreshments, off with the children to a grand Feuer-werken exhibition near the Bavaria, where rockets and catherine wheels would not act properly, and all must have been a failure, but for some ' fire mosaics ' and the conflagration of a wire and squib castle. The odd thing was that the company was dismissed, as with us at home, by the band playing " God save the Queen." And so, after a draught of the splendid creaming Munich beer—far better than any that Heidel-

berg students or British farmers wot of,—to a well-earned bed : goodnight.

*3rd, Friday.*—Our third hot and well-spent day at this Athenian München ; ordered thus. First, to the Chapelle-Riche,—where folks are admitted a few at a time in felt slippers to spare the jewelled floor : we trod on amethystine quartz and agates. The wonders of this chapel are mummied hands and feet, and other bones, skulls, &c., magnificently jewelled and overlaid with seed-pearls, rubies and topazes : these are the royal relics,—and are positively believed to include (at least the sacristan told us so) a hand of the Virgin Mary ! and a hand of John the Baptist,—that hand which baptized Christ ! besides ribs and feet and skulls of divers other holy worthies, including portions of the earthly tabernacles of Matthew and Peter, and I know not of whom beside :—I wonder what the believers in the Assumption of the Virgin will think of her Holy Maiden-ship having left one of her hands behind her,—for King Louis of Bavaria to enshrine in pearls and gold !—Did ever any Romanist—the maddest idolator that ever was—suggest a relic-bone of the Risen Christ ? the Risen Mary—as Romanists believe, must have her whole body, or none of it : but what then of

the chief relic of Munich?—Remember the pearl tiaras, and mitres, and agate walls, and cameo cabinets, and all sorts of other wealth in crucifixes, croziers, reliquaries, and relics.

After these, through a wilderness of ancient chambers and corridors, where this mighty little king holds state, surrounded by halberdiers, (a hundred of whose inlaid carving knives lined the entrance,) to, next, the Jesuit church : Jesuits are expelled from these parts, however ultra Catholic ; their principles are by law held execrable, and Louis's land is exempted from their pestilence : but the churches remain, and are marvellously Italian-tasteful edifices. This one, lofty, large, long, wide, cool, St. Paul's-like, but far richer though less in mere size, all white and gold, contains as its chief praise the Thorwaldsen group of statuary in memory of Prince Eugène. The sculpture lives, but the mere marble is very faulty, grey and brown and yellow : one of the chief figures has a discoloured nose ; and all are spotted and striped : if Thorwaldsen had been endued with Durham's conscience, he would have relinquished his marble half-way.

Thence to the Natural History Museum, where I left the children to spend an hour with beasts, birds and fishes, (remember the gigantic sow as big as a rhinoceros, and the Bavarian Bears,)



and went and subscribed to the Odéon reading-room : and having spent an hour there, went for another hour to the Gallerie of Antiquities ; now prettily well used up ; so far as intense sight-seeing goes, I am master in mind of all the wealth of all those seven chambers. Hence to dinner ; itself always a museum of gastro-nomic curiosities ; sweets, savouries and sours strangely mingled, and sometimes happily : in fact, taste is a thing of education ; you do as you see your neighbours do ; and I don't know why meat should not be as naturally eaten with sugar as with salt : all is fashion or caprice ; let those rule the hour.

Dinner over at last,—for these German table d'hôtes are lengthy affairs ; went to Schwanthaler's Atelier and Museum, and was greatly pleased. Truly Munich without Schwanthaler, Louis of Bavaria without Schwanthaler, were Neptune without his trident, Venus without her cestus. It is his genius that has so decorated Munich and Ratisbon and Heilheim, and I know not what places beside : it is he that has made Bavaria colossal and helped her to rein the lions ; has peopled the Valhalla, and given form and life to the Niebelungen : Schwanthaler has (under munificent auspices) made Munich what it is, and happy was his king in such a subject.

Well, we have seen to-day many forms of heroic symmetry and female loveliness ; and all the marble figures about to decorate the front of the Glyptothek ; and the Valhalla heroes,—and the Vienna fountain, and plenty more that would make any or all of our sculptors' studios look mean and empty beside them. No doubt Schwanthaler was a genius ; —alas was,—for he is dead. The king [in very plebeian taste, punning on a man's name, though he might have meant the matter kindly,] gave him this canting coat of arms, which you are shewn emblazoned in the sculptor's tasty bachelor cellar : a swan holding a thaler in its mouth for the crest ; and three combs for modelling, with a torso cupid for the coat. I don't know whether the king ennobled the genius or not — but any honour was well earned : as to decorations, they are too common on the continent to amount to honour at all.

Remember the child nearly run over by a dray ;—and the Protestant church (with *bénitôires* for alms) ; and the sculptor's decorated rooms ; the colossal Victory,—the sleeping cupid, and listening Nymph,—&c., &c. Thence to the Rathhaus, where Schwanthaler is still lord paramount ; the twelve statues of gigantic kings in bronze (elsewhere golden beefeaters)

doing duty round the blue-arched ample hall : they are the finest furniture possible. Note the frequent Tyrolean costume ; men in plumed and feathered gardenpot-hats and Zwanziger-buttoned jackets and long boots ; and women marvellously decked out in buckram petticoats, breast-plate and back-piece, and hussar caps, as hot as Erebus this weather. However, there is mighty little costume now to speak about : the animal man has uniformly abjured the picturesque and the convenient ; chimney-pots, with coat waistcoat and trowsers, clothe the world.

In the evening took wife and daughters to see *Romeo and Juliet* at the Royal Theatre, while the boys went with Pierre to see monkey horsemanship ; a splendid house, and we in the *Galerie Noble*, its best place. Shakspeare in unintelligible German is (to be honest) very dull ; the incidents are now-a-days so impossible that sympathy is nowhere : we want a modern tragedy constructed of some such materials as chloroform, mesmerism, steam, gas, the electric telegraph, and the great sea-serpent : irascibility and mystery and love regardless of settlements, and all the machinery of the *Hamlet* and *Romeo* style of thing, are quite obsolete : the Shakspeare of our Railway Era has yet to arise. A *fraulein Seebach* and

a Herr Strassman made a fairly effective pair of lovers: and all the rest followed in due course. Theatre-going here is very cheap, two shillings each for the best places; and very orderly; and what is praiseworthy too, very early,—we were home by 10 o'clock. It is noticeable that in a land where mustachios are the rule, Romeo had none: with us, a Romeo shorn would not do at all,—but here he must have a woman's lip: rarity makes the price, and rules the fashion.

4th.—Sight-seeing is a weariness, and so is the record thereof: however, one is here to see sights; and not to forget them, I must jot away with dull diligence. To the Pinatothek again, especially for the sake of three wonderful female portraits by Reicher, full of life and light, and with oil-painted jewellery of the most brilliant water notwithstanding: also to inspect the Greek room of quasi-dioramic views, ingeniously lit by means of a double roof,—the interior being held up on porphyry and alabaster columns. Remember the vast Malachite vase,—the still life picture with frothing beer and tipsy flies,—the Heidelbergs, and others mentioned before.

Creeping back, met two military bands: there is more soldier force in Bavaria of

musicians than of rank and file. One man, the good king Louis, has done much for his country in the way of encouraging the arts : but I fancy that Munich, like Paris, consumes in such luxuries the fat of the land ; and, after all said, Munich is an incipient, ill-paved, inconsiderable town—with only one street that can be called splendid, (and that is suburban-looking too,) the Ludwigstrasse, from the triumphal arch to the triple arcade of the marshals. Our hotel is an old one that was second-rate, remodelled to be among the first ; and the rooms we occupy have parquettèd floors, arabesque walls, and fresco ceilings, all sufficiently splendid : but it is not recommendable owing to one great inconvenience ; in that, the post office being nearly opposite, thundering diligences are arriving all night long, to the destruction of quiet rest ; a noisier house by night and day exists not in London nor Birmingham.

Calling at the British Minister's here to enquire as to English service for to-morrow in the Ambassador's chapel, I find that his Excellency Sir Somebody Something has taken his departure to the Baths of Somestein or other ; and that in consequence "the Parson also, Sir, has made off for a holiday," (I quote the ipsissima verba of the very plain-spoken English Jeames

Plush at the Embassy)—and so there is to be no Church of England worship in Munich to-morrow. Looked in again at the Cathedral, —a mountain of dingy brick, with a lofty pair of towers surmounted by the Moorish-looking cupolas so common in these parts. A sprinkling of women-worshippers, but listless and undevout, may be found at favourite altars constantly; and mass is always going on at some altar or other; the church doors are constantly open, and it is a cool quiet religious rest for the weary or well-disposed. Munich Cathedral is remarkable for a spot denoted by a black stone shaped as a human foot let into the floor, and foolishly said to be none other than Christ's own footstep! likewise for being so strangely lighted that in this same place you can see no windows, yet all is light. The coup-d'œil of the midway arch and the high altar beyond, with all the crowd of carvings, is very grand: but the grandeur of continental churches is universal. Thereafter, hot-baths, and the bank for circular notes, and a good deal of walking through the covered ways, like Berne or Chester, and into a church or two, and by the splendid glass-roofed corn market, and up and down divers streets; and then to the Bazaar colonnade for ices, and a stroll in that beautiful park-like Englisher garden, and

round by the fountains (gigantic shamers of our Trafalgar Square, but like them) and so home. A thunderstorm.

*5th Sunday.*—The laches of our English conservator of religion hereabouts must affect every traveller, and these are not few in number just at present ; nothing but German, not even French service, is to be heard at Munich : surely if both master and man take a holiday in this way, for the sake of health and hazard, they ought to leave substitutes. Went in the rain to the so-called Jesuit Church to hear military mass : as I have said, there are now no Jesuits hereabouts ; they have taken from that dangerous society their splendid churches, their museums, and their libraries, and have sent the General and his troop packing into Belgium and elsewhere. What a shocking thing it is that, through the guilt of Ignatius Loyola and his system of high treason against humanity, the very name of Jesus, that holy and beloved name of names, has come to be as dreadful as ‘His Holiness,’ as false as ‘Your Excellency : to be ‘*è societate Jesu*’ is in universal acceptance to be an unmitigated villain.

The church is splendid ; vast and calm, all shining white and burnished gold, with carv-

ings and colours and ormolu and marble and silver and gold everywhere; and filled with an army it looked still more superb: the mass, as usual; a ceremonious fidgetting of priests and acolytes,—shielded so far as the congregation is concerned by a brass band of military music to amuse the laity: and so amid the bray of trumpets and roll of drums the priest creates and eats and drinks—God! to the exaltation of his office, and the degradation of reason and Christian laymanship; and—“ite, missa est!” as uncereemonious a method of dismissing a religiously-disposed people, as Sir James Graham used in discarding a patriot admiral—“strike your flag, and go home.”

Really, the virtuous disposition of the lay folk, evidenced by umbrellas of all colours trooping in the rain to morning service, is worthy of a better behaviour on the part of the priests: but then, remember, these gentry are god-makers, and mediators, and confessors,—and our own falser sort of clergy sympathize with all their tendencies: but for lay Protestant firmness and good sense, we may verily declare our teachers and spiritual pastors would ere now have carried England over to Rome. O the traitors! we may well rejoice whenever we hear of a reverend pervert, as less



dangerous out of our fold than in it ; for many (of the so called Oxford school, all) should if they were honest repudiate the very name of Protestant ; God save us from their poisonous predilections ! Nothing is more despicable than the modern fashion of Romanizing parsonry : if they believe in transubstantiation ; if they hold to confession and mortal absolution,—if they worship the Virgin, saints and martyrs,—if they make faith of tradition ; if they preach against reason and private judgment, stand up for official worthiness and think nothing of individual worth,—if the Church is their God, and the Christ their next to nothing,—let the whole regiment from A to Z go over to Rome,—and Providence by such a weeding-out will have blessed, will have saved, the Church of England. In a Belgian tour, the average of our parsons will discover that they have hitherto missed of their true vocation : they are not merely Romanists, but Jesuits, in a most diaphanous disguise.

At our dinner to day (in the splendidly arabesqued *salle à manger* with its five glittering chandeliers) we were regaled with a band besides the usual variety of eatables : it appears this is a Sunday custom. After it, went to the Rathhaus ; where amid some very beautiful choral and instrumental music certain

school-children received prizes,—each victor being greeted with a spirit-stirring flourish of drums and trumpets ; quite an affecting gush of sound, which might make heroes and waken genius : that flourish was enough to bring your heart into your mouth. Thence went to St. Theatiner church, where service was going on : a splendid temple it is of white and carving : thence into St. Ludwig's, to study the frescoes, marvellous and gigantic ones of the Nativity, the Judgment, and the crucifixion : it is strange to find how evidently favourable to St. Ignatius, and St. Aloysius, and other Jesuits Louis must be personally, though politically the sect is expelled his realm : their images are the only saints in his own peculiar church.

Again, to the fine arch with its Quadriga of huge lions,—and the profusely gushing fountains,—and ices at the café,—and home, in the rain. Remember the poetical filialism of Louis of Bavaria, who twice every year decorates the statue of his father with flower-wreaths : though these come to have a rather shabby aspect after three or four months weather.

*6th, Monday.*—A visit to the Bibliotheque Royale, admiring the great staircase with its frescoes and columns, &c. : and besides acres of rooms full of books, saw many curious an-

cient MSS. ; amongst others one of or belonging to Alaric King of the Visigoths ; an Anglo-Saxon MS. ; a palimpsest evangile ; certain autographs of great men ; a *stereotype* of the sixteenth century, — early woodcuts, lithographs, &c. :—above all, some large volumes bound most superbly in gold and jewels, glittering antique and priceless : one, of the Byzantine era, exceeded everything I ever saw of the sort, Curzon's at Parham not excepted.

Took a parting creep through parts of Munich hitherto unvisited ; the pretty little hanging tower near the Mint ; the several double-gates : the rushing turbid rivulet turning many mills in the city : the well-ordered shambles, &c. Remember also the pictures representing the utter idolatry of the whole town on some certain day in the year ; wherein the hierarchy and military and nobles and people with every possible honour worship a gilt image of the Virgin in the Grande-place : the column on which it stands is a pile of flowers, and king and priest are seen leading the unreasoning populace to adore the work of men's hands : but the "immaculate" idea has given a wonderful impetus to Mariolatry everywhere ; it is clearly the ripening unto judgment of the monster sin of Rome.

Walked into two or three churches ; and in one, found the most hideous relic I have yet seen,—a whole skeleton, grinning and stark, but decorated all over with pearls and jewels ; “ those are gems that were his eyes : ” the hollow nostrils stuffed with rubies, and the jawbones set with stones of price. And this poor mouldering frame of some obscure monk—(now elevated into a St. Lucidus)—an educated nation in the nineteenth century is found to worship ! this skeleton is one of the gods to tasteful and fastidious Bavaria.

As a sample of our hotel bills, for your edification these ; remembering that Munich is a very cheap place. We pay then twelve florins a day (a pound) for our rooms, and twenty-five for meals ; about six days at Munich costing £18 ; but this (be it unluckily acknowledged) is a great saving upon usual travelling expenses : £45 a week is our rather alarming figure, when rapidly on the move. Off by one o'clock,—mine host (as often with these gallant men) presenting each of our female department with a bouquet ; and so by rail to Augsburg : poor little purblind Willy's eleventh birthday. The Bavarian peasantry go about in a very post-boy costume,—and as for the women, their petticoats are thick enough to resist a rifle ball ; it must be

hot and heavy work for the poor creatures toiling in the fields in such armour.

Arrived at Augsburg by half-past three ; putting up at the "Three Moors," the most ancient hostelrie in Europe ; with vast rooms and plenty of them. While provender was preparing, off to St. Afra's, a church which has a most imposing array of three high altars profusely peopled with life-size coloured images to a hundred feet of height ; under one, lies decked out in white muslin and jewels the skeleton of Afra, a most shocking mockery of life. Thence to St. Maurice, St. Peter's, and sundry other churches, all full of decoration,—and one of them containing a *standing* skeleton of some sainted worthy, horrible to look at. The town is antique, full of frescoes, gables, roof-windows, and architectural Ghentisms : decorated withal by plenty of bronze fountains, full of naked boys and equally natural Venuses ; but—oftentimes very far from tasteful as to their waterworks, as travellers may remember.

Wandered all about the mill-turning rapid rivulets, the clean streets, and the many manufactories ; and went up to the top of a church tower to look round panoramically : it is always the most compendious method of making oneself master of the position, and

learning a city at a glance : so, we saw how and where the rivers Lec and Werthe join the Danube ; and how Augsburg reposes within its antique walls (dating as I hear from before Christ) ; and whereabouts the Tyrolian Alps rise out of the elevated level land of Bavaria. Went also into St. Anna's, a most interesting Protestant Church (Protestants here are as to Catholics two to three) containing the original portraits of Luther and his Ducal-Saxony protector, Vandyck's portrait and tomb,—a most elaborate and artistic fourteenth century carving of the raising of Lazarus in whetstone,—plenty of really good scriptural pictures, and a cloister full of rare old monuments and frescoes : not to forget the curiously inlaid and alto whetstone carvings of the Fugger family, great folks of old in these parts, however otherwise unknown to fame. And so another day is past.

7th.—I forgot yesterday the praise of a confectioner ;—not only for exquisite ices and patties, and very reasonable too, which we have consumed three evenings in succession ; but chiefly for true genius in modelling. Herr Gampenleider ought to be heard of as one of the best of modern modellers, for his works in sugar are really admirable : but when I urged

upon him the idea of fame, clay instead of chocolate, and marble perpetual in lieu of perishable sugar, what was his reasonable reply, even in Munich, the city of the Muses? "Sir, I grow rich as a confectioner, I should starve as an artist." Hear this, Louis of Bavaria; your Majesty may find a new genius yet to patronise: this self-taught man paints and models wonderfully; and all from his own designs. How all Germany can sleep in such short and perilous beds, with an eider-down feather bed outside to be kicked off in the middle of the night, and with both extremities frozen while the middle is red hot, I cannot understand: this whole people illustrate the prophet's image of lying on a bed too short for them and with a coverlid that will not cover them.

Before we set off for the rail, I went with Martin to the Townhall, one of the most splendid rooms to be seen anywhere, one hundred and twenty feet long, sixty-two wide, and fifty-two high, superbly ceiled with carving and gilding, and frescoed,—but this last in a strangely depraved Italian taste: there were besides several smaller rooms, ceiled magnificently with carved and varnished oak mahogany cedar and elm, and containing the hugest statuary stoves imaginable, twenty-five feet

high: hung moreover with some famous pictures by Tintoretto, (very large in cartel,) others by Johannes Koëmig illustrating Democracy, Oligarchy and Monarchy, some Holbeins, Rubenses and others. The lower hall is also a fine chamber ceiled with polished mahogany in compartments one hundred and twenty feet by sixty-two, and thirty high; with many columns of Salzburg marble, each a monolith: Bavaria is very rich in these groves of monolith columns. Thence by the Augustan fountain, where beautiful bronze forms are made to produce their water-squirts most indelicately, and the Cæsar atop is crooked as if reeling drunk,—to the Post,—and so round by divers old streets to the arsenal; before the entrance whereof are twelve very finely carved old bronze cannons, and above it a splendid colossal group in bronze, green with age, of Michael and the dragon with attendant angels and devils.

Before leaving the “Drei Mohren,” I visited the chambers inhabited by Charles V. when presiding at the Diet of Augsburg, and the chapel of Count Fugger with its pictures, and the fireplace where he burnt his famous bond, and all about it,—as per guidebook: and so we finished Augsburg. A grand-duchess of Russia has engaged twenty-four rooms at this hotel to-day, on her way from some baths



Viennawards :—it is vast enough for three such royal orders : two of the rooms we occupied were forty feet long each, and the others nearly as large,—numbered 48, and so on : if ghosts ever walk, it ought to be in such bare rambling huge old hostelries.

Off by nine : fertile fields, neat white and red villages, a high table land gradually getting higher until the scene is all downs and firs : Kaufbeuern and its distant background of snow mountains : the windings of the railway, most sinuous ; those mountains were right and left, fore and aft of us, alternately. The swiftly captured sausages and rolls and right-welcome Bavarian beer at railway stations ; near Beissenhofer the country beginning to be Swissy. Kempen, beautifully situated ; its river, waterfall, ancient walled mound, domed cathedral, and a background of the Tyrol. Immenstadt, quite a Swissy wood-built town among the spurs of the Bavarian Alps. Rapid descent of the gradient, until at Lindau we are again among vineyards and maize : Lindau, a walled town on an island, with a picturesque tower or two, and much appearance of antiquity. Off straightway to the very handy steamer, and so across the calm clear bright lake of Constance, or “the Bodensee,” touching at Frederickshafen, with its lighthouse and new

piers, &c. The south end of the lake is grand with distant Alps ; but all the rest only tamely pretty. Dined well on board at three francs each, eating Boden trout and quaffing Schaffhausen wine. Arrived at Constance by six,—we half intend to stay awhile, attracted by its pleasant looks lakeward, its ancient memories, and perhaps a little weariness of sightseeing. So we established ourselves at the Brochet, and as a preliminary climbed to the top of the cathedral turret ; overlooking the lake, town, Rhine and its overflowings, and all the pretty country around studded with houses and churches.

8th.—Made an arrangement for a week with mine host of Le Brochet, whereby we covenant to have all found for sixty francs a day. Went to the Concilium-saals, a vast rude wooden-columned room, famous for the Council of Constance, and once roofed and floored with carving, whereof you are shown remainder specimens : at one end is boarded off a so-called Gallery of Antiquities, which contains a good deal of rubbish, not excepting three detestable lay figures of Huss, Jerome and a monk : the principal thing of interest is the model of the cruelly small cell wherein, for ninety-two days, good John Huss was confined

in heavy irons, with the identical door, window, &c. Further, there are some Roman and Celtic urns,—the birds of the lake stuffed,—and not much else. Bought, as a memento, a clay portrait of Huss.

After this, to the Dominican convent, now a dyeing manufactory : the long chapel with its lofty plain arched windows would make a capital ruin, and one grudges to see it filled with partycoloured pocket-handkerchiefs. The cloisters also, spotted with relics of frescoes everywhere, ought not to be defaced and deformed by workpeople with blue hands and vermillioned naked feet.

Thence to the Cathedral,—a gothic edifice, florid without and plain within,—except the organ entrance, the broad arch of which is profusely decorated with open stone tracery, like St. Jacques at Liege : the doors here are splendidly carved in ancient oak. I wish that modern zeal had *not* added a new central tower ; somehow these old churches look best unfinished ; renovation gives an idea of Clapham : and ever-so-much-spoilt an old fresco is far better than the clean whitewash. For a Romanist church, this Dom is very free from idols ; being scanty in these parts the Catholics keep quiet, for fear of losing their cathedral altogether : so there are many pic-

tures, but no figure saints, and indeed little but the crucifix ; in so much that at first I thought I was in a reformed church. We were shown in the Tresor-room plenty of silver and gold and jewelshrined relics ; including the arrow-head that killed the very popular St. Sebastian, and one of his—probably numerous—leg bones : also divers reliquaries, monstrants, candlesticks, splendid vestments, missals, pictures, and other fine church furniture. Also, the stone on which Huss stood when he heard his sentence ; the ancient crypt beneath the chancel ; the beautiful cloisters ; and Huss's last prison. After dinner, took a walk about the town, ramparts, and clumsy old wooden-roofed bridge over the Rhine ; and thereafter, had an unsuccessful evening of fishing in a skiff among the rapids of the Rhine ; remember the calm skill of our boatman ; perfectly master of his craft, he cared nothing for those tremendous currents and eddies, and Martin and I had nothing to do but to fear nothing and sit still : I think I know by heart the two old square towers of Constance, with their quaint square extinguisher-tops,—and the new spire to the Cathedral, and the wall, and old bridge with its sawmills,—and the houses statue-betopped, and the green rapids of the Rhine below.

*9th, Thursday.*—The blessed memory of John Huss is everything for Constance; and he is now amply avenged so far as even human fame is concerned: for the convent of his cruel enemies is a ruinous and desecrated manufactory, while he himself is an object of pilgrimage to the ascendant Protestants. But, apropos to martyrology, how little we in London remember the far more recent victims of Smithfield; nobody goes to see where they were burnt: and,—it is a miserable fact that Calvin murdered (by fire, alive) his theological antagonist Servetus, just as treacherously and cruelly as Sigismund of Austria destroyed Huss. The spirit of the times was for torture: the contracted hole in which Huss was denned for ninety-two days in one position, with iron bars on neck and hands and feet, was a more severe trial of the martyr's faith and endurance than even the fierce flame: what a contrast compared with our modern prison philanthropy!

After breakfast, went a-rambling: to St. Stephen's first, noticeable for a handsome organ with coloured statuary: then round by divers antique archways, and arcades, and rubbishy old ill-paved streets and desolate houses, past the gate near to the house where Huss lived,—with his portrait on the wall;

on, by a country walk of a mile, to Kleuse-lingen, a manufactory-like suppressed nunnery now turned into a school, with a chapel large and frescoed ; remarkable for a wrought iron screen arranged perspectively, and for a chapel full of some two thousand well-cut wooden figures, representing the last days of our Lord. After this to the baths, a very clean and pleasant wooden island on the lake ; and dinner over (meeting friends there) walked to an undistinguished orchard, called le Bruhl, where good Huss is said to have suffered martyrdom : and from four till half-past seven was again being rowed all about this end of Lake Constance, vainly endeavouring to catch some lake trout ; which would not bite, the weather being cold and rainy. So, I lazily enjoyed the beautiful lakeward view of Constance (which I mean to remember though not to describe) and kept on "spinning" for nothing. We're lucky not to be among the mountains this cloudy rainy weather ; but it is to be hoped that ere long a good settled harvest-tide will come, and help the poor folk to their crops.

Looking at Constance from the water, and taking cognizance of its ruinous estate, (Dominican convent, Council-hall, and all,) I thought how presumptuous it was of those Church and State dignitaries of the fifteenth century to be

fixing faith and binding reason as they professed to do : mediæval monks in a barn legislating for five centuries ! N. B.—Constance is dull and miserable ; and our stopping is a mistake : however clothes must be washed,—and a Sunday intervenes,—and Murray and history made the place appear attractive,—and Mr. Keppler is a gentleman among landlords,—and so here we are for three or four days longer.

10th.—Dull weather at desolate Constance ; a fair apple to look at, but full of dust and ashes ; a whitened sepulchre, beautiful outside, but its inside death and decay. So, in this loss of time, having agreed to bide here a week, one is rather hard put to it what to do ; reading Tauchnitz's editions of Bulwer, Thackeray, and the like ; endeavouring to picture places one has not seen (an impossibility) from the romantic pages of Murray's guide-book,—and, as thus, gathering up a few ravelled yarns of unrecorded notery.

London, e. g. however little ornate, and however wanting in some munificent Louis unhampered by Parliaments to decorate it with bronzes and fountains and statuary and pictures, has one great feature of beauty and

comfort almost peculiar,—its pavement: everywhere else, you are lamed by the trottoirs, or splashed by the gutters, and have nowhere to walk in safety or pleasure. Meat, another e.g., is universally very poor, lean, flabby, and tasteless,—what a butcher would mysteriously call “kegmeg;”—its inferiority *au naturel* accounts for the culinary disguises everywhere resorted to: so long as they make the oxen do all the labour, and starve their sheep, continentals cannot have good meat. Fruit also and vegetables are, throughout the regions we have travelled, very scanty and indifferent; and so are shops and all manner of their wares, as compared with our’s: every foreign place, contrasted with our towns and villages, has a poverty-stricken aspect. In the midst of flashy splendour at hotels,—the best,—there is much want of decency and cleanliness in divers necessary matters; the civilization which neglects so constantly the uses of mortality must be very superficial. Soldiers are rampant and numerous everywhere; the whole continent is bristling with bayonets: and my wonder is how so many men can be supported in splendid idleness: their keep and equipage must come out of the poor agricultural labourer after all: so also with the priests and friars; all these un-



productive classes must live upon the industry of others: a terrible drain upon honest industry.

Without travellers, it appears to me all these towns would be ruined. I therefore marvel that petty kings and pettier grand-dukes will persist in vexing rich and honest English folk, and our cousins the Americans, through the media of passports and douanes; being as we are great public benefactors, we are constantly made to feel as if we were interlopers and "suspects:" it is paltry to see the jealous care of each small potentate with respect to his rights and dignities. Item, in the way of making purchases of keepsakes, one is always hindered by the apprehension of such little acquisitions being stolen from you at some douane: how this mean interference with private trading interferes with local shopping and so with the shopkeeper's prosperity everywhere, I leave statesmen to judge. Free trade is the wisest policy:—but then, I admit, we must reduce the palaces and armies of divers earth-cumbering grand-dukes: and a good thing too—*Quod Erat Desiderandum*. There is a gross impertinence in ransacking one's private baggage, only paralleled by the inquisitorial hatefulness of our own precious Legacy duty office. In all these matters even

a patient Paterfamilias can be utterly a revolutionist ; and I don't wonder a bit at the pugnacious tendency of many of our rough Islanders at home and abroad.

Prowled about in the rain ; stumbling upon divers vast empty and dirty suppressed-convents, now tenanted here and there a room by poor people,—but with arches and architectural bits and fancies worthy of a print in *Antiquarian Magazines* : item, the Rathhaus, town-wall walk, and so round by the pretty rustic cemetery, full of crucifixes little gardens and graceful tombstones, a sort of humble Père la Chaise : item, the jetty, council-house, &c. One is tired of praising Cathedral architecture ; but really the windows of the two-sided cloister at Constance are beyond praise : all different, all exquisite, stone-point lace. In the evening, had a third and last unsuccessful fish in that little flat-bottomed wherry among the Bridge rapids ; and a third time got wet with rain ; having benefited in no way save in the exercise of patience : yet great fish are caught at times,—even to trout of forty pounds weight ; and I did get three runs ; and our polite host Mr. Keppler is, as Murray has it, “an accomplished angler,” and declares it is my fault that I did not catch. This is a most cold rainy unseasonable harvest time ;

and may be serious anon: quod Avortat Deus!

11th.—Was persuaded by mine host to call upon a Madame Ellenreider, Paintress to the Grand Duke, opposite the hotel, to see some fair cartoons and portraits; but soon backed out with my invading host, fearing to be thought intruders: thence a walk over the Bridge in search of a certain stone cross. There are some half-dozen inedited tit bits in Constance worth sketching, if one would and could; especially those cloister arches. Talks with one W——, of New Brunswick, and Col. R——; with whom we made further acquaintance at Meinau: for, be it remembered, at three o'clock we went in three boats paddling across Lake Constance to a Prince of Baden's tight little island; taking refuge and some vin aigre at a lakeside hostel by the way from a rattling thunder shower; and seeing all the little there is to see at the comfortable but not magnificent Residence, with not too much to remind one [see guidebook] of Knights Templars. Weather very showery, cold, and unseasonable: and Constance voted dull and used up.

12th, *Sunday*.—A blank day,—but for home

services ; pleasant talks with our Colonel, and other chance-met friends ; a creep about the town between the showers—(mem: the twin turreted castelet in a court-yard,—the whimsical alto-fresco opposite the Dominican convent,—some fifteenth century gateways, and other morceaux.) Strolled into the cathedral after service ; splendid silver and white organ and beauteous broad arch delicately chiselled underneath, with the carved doors in panels. Plenty of side chapels, and painted statuary ; but to an accustomed eye nothing very noticeable. Outside, there is a tall marble column surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, wherein she is hailed as “Sine labe concepta, 1682.” The four sides of the pedestal are thus inscribed, Mariæ, Dominæ Angelorum : Mariæ, Terrori inferorum : Mariæ, Refugio peccantium : Mariæ, Patronæ Mortalium. One of the most extreme instances of Mariolatry I have met with. Imagine the simple maiden of Bethlehem being accounted “the Dread of the Damned !” Saw the fourth Baden regiment paraded ; a fine set of men with a good band : the officers and men dressed just alike, dark blue turned up with red, and black helmet with brass spike and eagle.

13th, Monday.—Still rain ; but we are re-

solved to be off. Went to Macaire's the dyer-banker and cashed notes ; thence to the inscription of Chrysoloras,—and a quaintly frescoed chamber,—and the ruined chapel, cloister, &c. : thence round by way of some architectural bits, and that mediæval twin-turretted guard house, à l' hotel : and so packed, fed, and off, in most disastrous weather. Scraped through the bridge with difficulty, the water being præternaturally high. Passed Gottliebed Castle in the rain ; and Arenaberg, Louis Napoleon's whilome retreat, creditably purchased by him recently, as a memento of his Swiss exile ; soon after we left behind us the large island of Reichenau, and the lower lake, and an old walled townlet, and so to Stein ; where, being unable to shoot the bridge from the waters being so high, we had to disembark in the mud, and get into an omnibus ; and so jolted on to Schaffhausen, and the Falls. They have whitewashed old Schaffhausen of most of its frescoes since I was here long years ago, and I could only see one huge housefront of colour : but the towers and walls and old town nestling in its hollow are very picturesque, even in the rain. And here we are, at the famous Hotel Weber, opposite to the splendid view of the Rhine-falls, bound to admire, but with somewhat of disappointment too ; everybody knows

the scene ; it is altogether less a fall than a rapid : however to-morrow we are to see it all closer.

14<sup>th</sup>.—Spent the early morning in certain writings (see p. 1), and thereafter in visiting the falls. Certainly, they are very superb ; Niagara-like in some respects, but with divers differences too ; like, in the mills spoiling the view for the sake of the water-power, in the general idea of a cataract, and in those jutting rocks that trisect the fall : different, in that the Rheinfall consists of acres of wrathful foam in lieu of a great calm green cliff of water piling up its agonies of spray, and in the general greater beauty of the landscape ; especially as to that charming toy-like old chateau, with its walls and towers, where one would *not* wish to live, spoilt as it must be for a home by damp and tourists. That we did not cross the river and get thoroughly drenched in the wooden overhanging gallery was our wisdom ; seeing that to travel in wet clothes is by no means pleasant nor healthy : so we took in all we could by the eye, and did not condescend to become sponges, as in truth I remember to have been in person when last here,—and there. I find great fault with a vulgar wooden figure of a Swiss warrior fixed up some twenty

feet high in very Vauxhall taste on the central islet: would it were made a target for rifle practice, and rapidly demolished! for besides its intense snobbishness, it throws the whole scene out of proportion, and tends to dwarf the falls,—which these are not at all able to afford. The “hell of waters,” as Guide-book fine-writing has it, is very obstreperous, but by no means of a lofty sort of sublimity; and this wretched plank Swiss giant tends to its diminishment.

At half-past twelve, we set off in two Veturini carriages for Zurich, accompanied by fine weather and an amiable guest; and so, through a rich and undulating country, past picturesque old Eglisau; and dining hungrily on veal cutlets and Sonnenberger at the next village; till at last about eventide we came, not without a fallen leader and a scene, to Baur’s hotel at Zurich. In the evening found certain acquaintances at this well-peopled hostel, and all day long held great converse with our gallant friend.

*15th, Wednesday.*—Went with a commissionaire to see the few sights, as thus: first to the arsenal, by an upstairs unprepossessing eingang, where we saw a quantity of old suits of armour diligently polished and painted up to

look like new: inclusive of Zuinglius's helm and battle axe, Charles of Burgundy's steel suit, and plenty more of not so great interest: the best things were some old tattered banners,—and a repeating cannon, anticipatory of Colt's revolver, though of some antiquity. Thence to the Zoological Museum, where amongst a crowd of the usual beasts and birds and fishes, the notabilia are a crested seal, a tusked antelope, a roc's egg; with sundry Swiss wild beasts, as bears, ibexes, lynxes, and wild cats: further, to the fossils, especially to notice an unique specimen of a fossil bird, apparently a lark by the foot,—and certain insects from Stein, as a stone-trapped dragonfly, a wasp, beetles, &c.; also some splendid Hamites from Mount Sentis: and a large collection of other Alpine fossils.

After this, looked into the very plain and neat Roman Catholic Church; with almost no evidence of idolatry therein; but two good modern pictures of the Agony and the Ascension: in Protestant, and therefore eminently prosperous, Zurich Popery is a quiet unrampanant animal. Thence, passing Lavater's church and house, and that of Zuinglius also, went to the Cathedral, a simple old Norman building of the age of Charlemagne: the cloisters whereof have been utterly spoilt by extreme renova-



tion ; every inch of them (grotesque monsters, intricate tracery and all) having been recently chiselled over, so that they look, and—except for the geological material in fact—are, quite new ! never were such pains and cost taken to ruin a venerable relic ; there is not a bit of the ancient surface left. Thence up to the top of the tower, to get a bird's eye view of the town and neighbourhood ; a salto for the like purpose to the bastion de Kats : the fair clean busy town contrasting picturesquely with vine-clad hills, blue lake, and distant Alps. After dinner, looked in at the Gallery of Antiquities, a roomful of Roman and Celtic remains, found chiefly as I hear within the Canton : a very large—huge is the word—earthen funereal vase, and an inscription about Turicum (Zurich) are the principal memorables.

Thereafter, went, in force as usual, on board the lake steamer, and for some five hours toured about the lake, zigzagging across from town to town for mail bags and passengers : the banks are rich, vine-clad, fertile, and plentifully besprinkled with villages and villas ; except, however, towards the end there is little of mountain scenery. Lake Zurich is very pretty, but has no pretension to the sublime : at the extremity of our cruise is Rupertschwyl, an old town with a ruined Austrian fortress in it,

and a wooden bridge, three-fourths of a mile long. Friend R—— has remained our popular guest all to-day : these “angels unawares” are among the chief pleasures of touring. Met three other batches of friends.

16th.—Rumours of the destruction of Sweaburg,—I trust true. How well, notwithstanding misgivings and habit, one can do without letters and papers : a day and no mail bag in the country is blank indeed,—but in the whirl of travel nobody misses it ; you are emancipated from dependence on the postman : not but that Galignani is a most welcome Messenger from the world we’ve left behind us : aye, and a stale Times too.

At eleven, Pierre and his impatient vetturini summoned us, baggage all strapped on ; and so to the music of jingling bells and cracking whips, off we set for Lucerne. The last time I travelled this way in those old lang syne days, there was no more detestable road in Switzerland than that over Mount Albis ; but now, in accordance with modern improvement, smooth windings make all easy for the poor good willing horses : whom, n. b., we further spared by emptying our carriages, and creeping up the stony straight old road (I at least feeding on memory) while the cattle zigzagged

round us. Everybody knows the famous view, which however is disappointing ; as also I consider is the whole line of march from Zurich to Lucerne : there are so few of the old Swiss features in it, that one might as well have been travelling in our own fair and hilly Surrey. Costume is gone,—neither is there so much as a short petticoat to be seen ; and all the men, instead of a laced jacket, wear the vulgarest of ordinary clothes and look like prosperous Irishmen : the very mountains recede and collapse, as you approach them,—and there is nothing Swissy hereabouts in cottage nor in landscape. Further, notwithstanding general richness and fertility, there exists a perpetual sense of mean small proprietorship and litigiousness everywhere, and you feel that you are among a mercenary people : the spirits of mendicancy and universal cannibalism of travellers pervade Switzerland.

At Knonau, where we—and I rejoice to add the poor good horses—dined well, a great rifle match was going forward ; and I heartily wish that our wise rulers would encourage a military spirit in England by the like wholesome exercise : cricket clubs are all very well, but are child's play after all, and would stand us in small stead in the event of invasion : whereas the rifle club, equally of use in unit-

ing classes and promoting good fellowship between high and low, would make of every village a fortress, and of our hedge rows ramparts against the someday very possible foe. These competitors shot well, hitting the target always and the bull's-eye often, but their weapons were as heavy and clumsy as artillery: my light Wilkinson Minié would rather astonish them, with its bore like a fowling-piece and its thousand yards of range: the Swiss rifle is half an inch thick in the barrel; and they shoot at short distances, hair-triggered, shoulder-fixt, and with singular accuracy. There might be two hundred marksmen altogether; quite a gathering.

At about six we jingled into Lucerne, approached by this road to a great disadvantage: it looked mean, scattered, scanty, at first: but after we had subsided into the splendid Switzer-Hof (to which we had fortunately telegraphed for our usual complement of eleven beds, or we should never have got in,) and had walked on the terrace, and over the old wooden quaintly-pictured bridge, and taken admiring cognizance of certain round and square old towers, turretted walls, the arched Rathhaus, the Venice-looking quay, the mediæval fountain, cloudy Mount Pilatus, and many other features of interest and beauty, Lucerne became

better appreciated, and more as I remember it in those old days. What a charming toy-shop too it is of exquisite wood carving ; every one would burden himself with plenty thereof, but for the fear of those odious inquisitors of the custom-house, breaking with their rude hands the horns of chamois and the legs of heifers : when shall man be allowed the privilege of free barter with his brother all over the world ? We are drifting to that liberty, I reckon.

17th.—A glorious morning, bright and clear, making all hearts full of buoyancy and gratitude. From our splendid look-out over the lake, the mountains stand up hard and well outlined, with shining snows atop ; and our nearest neighbour, misnamed of Pilate, has not his usual “ pile ” of clouds upon his brow ; but he seems as if his scarred head were crested with a hacked helm of knotchy iron. May we have as clear a day anon,—for it is to be our grand climb of the Righi : however these bright mornings are usually as brief in their splendour as all other precocities : *fumus ex fulgore*.

Evening. Precocity this time did grow to be a genius, and the noon has fulfilled the promise of the dawn : for we have done the Righi well. It is just one of the most paying, be-

cause least pénible, mountain ascents extant ; a most superb and varied panorama of the easiest attainment : for even the gouty and the aged can be carried up in arm chairs, and the lazy have their ponies, if they wish to spare their legs. We walked it ; wife, sons, daughters and all, leisurely, up and down, this same day ; remaining on the sunny top three hours : so the exploit must be no great things : but guides and hotel-keepers and all the interested mendicants of the neighbourhood exaggerate every-way so much that they consider our expedition up and down in one day quite an achievement : indeed they systematically hinder such an attempt if they can. The object is to make you pass the night—not sleep (that is out of all question)—on the summit : but, if the sky is clear, by all means see all, and then come down, all seen, as we did. You run no risk of a cloudy sunset and wet sunrise ; my own experience in times of old,—and that of most other folks too : and you gain no further certainty of great discomfort and exorbitant charges. Well ; everybody has been up the Righi, and knows all about it : the illimitable rich expanse of lowland, brodered with crops and jewelled with lakes ; the tumbled sea of highlands, a storm in granite peaks for waves, glistening with snow, or dark with

forest: the light clouds floating here and there, that only help the mountains to look higher; the toylike little towns among the valleys; Rossberg's desolate aspect even now, after its old slip of fifty years ago; the turquoise colour of the Zugersee and Wallersee: all these, together with eudling beggarwomen, greedy guides, and the general meannesses of man contrasted with the universal majesty of nature,—everyone remembers quite as well as I can. Item,—that there is a quiet little chapel, with holy stations on the route,—a beautiful idea if it were but weeded of idolatries; and that the loose masses of conglomerate rock on the way are as big as houses; and that these in one notable place have tumbled together into a natural arch; and that the way up is so patent a pavement, so easy, so obvious, as to make guides climbing poles and knapsacks mere snobbery and affectation,—these are also well-worn memories. I believe we chanced, the day being fine, to see the whole affair better than many who have been among the clouds a week for it; and have nothing to complain of but some blue bad beef at the Rigi-Culm, which cost a Napoleon.

18th. —One meets multitudes of friends and acquaintance, and very pleasant such meetings

are : remember to-day divers whom to indicate in print might be esteemed treachery : so I will abstain even from initials. Duly visited the Lion,—the most suitable and most affecting of stone monuments, sublime in its (Thorwaldsen) design, and grand in its (Ahorn) execution : it is the best-known thing of the sort in Christendom, and well deserves its fame. Since I last saw it, years have told upon it as upon all else, and the whole affair looks shabbier ; the letters are decayed, the lakelet is a stagnant pool, the neighbourhood a stone quarry, and the old Swiss guard on duty become a veteran indeed : but the lion himself, dying in majestic patience on the shield in its cavern, is finer and grander and more touching than ever. I wish though that (to please Switzerland) Ahorn had not injured the majestic simplicity of Thorwaldsen by adding another shield and spear : these break the unity of the idea, and damage the form of the composition. We looked in, of course, at the wayside chapel where mass is still sometimes said for the dead heroes of that 10th of August,—saw the altar-cloth worked by the Duchess d' Angoulême, bought a memento or two at the little museum, and departed.

Taking boat, under the English Pastor's guidance, we rowed to Stanstadt and Rotsloch ;



passing certain religious stations on the lake that really have a Hindooish-idol appearance ; one small stone bishop looked just like Brahma, —and he is intended to provoke the piety of the boatmen. Stanstadt is a village near a square old tower at the foot of some grand Alplets, and with a snow giant peeping from up the valley in the distance : Rotsloch a picturesque rent in the face of a wooded hill, through which a torrent rushes down some rough rocks, and is tamed to turn a paper mill : they say the gorge is like the Via Mala in miniature, but there is too little of it ; you pass all in ten minutes. The daughters consoled themselves as usual, for comparative disappointment at so much trouble taken to see so little, by gathering rare (to us) wild flowers, now growing into quite a hortus siccus ; and we returned to a four o'clock table d' hôte. In the evening, bought a parcel of Swiss carvings for divers home friends, and had tea and talk at the Pastor's.

19th, Sunday.—“ Zeal with prudence ” must be the characters to do good in a Popish canton of Switzerland : without the first a parson cannot please his Protestant hearers, without the second he would raise ill-will among the Romanists : nay, a popular preacher, if indis-

creet and impolitic enough to declaim against the authorities who tolerate him, might soon become a very revolutionist. And this is the chief difficulty, I reckon, of our London Bishop "in partibus" as to established clergy; so long as the matter is on the voluntary system, the man only and his congregation are answerable; but if he became an episcopal and national fixture, political embroilments might easily ensue. Thus it comes to pass, that a frigid-seeming wisdom leaves English churchmanship on the continent very much to the piety of the congregation en route; and if a good pastor answers their call, well and good, all's gained: but to say truth, good men are scarce. Lucerne is supplied by a beneficed clergyman, who leaves his English vicarage every summer to a curate, and ministers at this fair lake, by permission of the authorities, to the stream of English visitors. We duly attended both services at his little church, (otherwhiles the German Protestant,) and partook of the Holy Communion; which I was glad to see well attended by several young fellows just starting for their Overland campaign.

After dinner, walked about the old town; where narrow streets, quaint roofs, frequent rudish fountains, many lowbrowed gateways, a fine old arched and gabled Rathhaus, and above

all a regular enceinte of battlemented wall measured out by square extinguisher towers, recalling the middle ages ; hinting at times of bygone trouble, when the good citizens were beleaguered without and starving within. We passed also over the two interesting covered bridges, the one decorated with scores of triangular pictures recording local notabilia of history ; the other similarly adorned with a strange and much faded series of pictures illustrating the triumphs of death. Thence looked into two churches ; one, late Jesuit ; (but now belonging to the Stadt, since the expulsion of that detestable body of conspirators ; for Jesuitism is Thuggee ;) as for the church, nearly all Jesuit Churches are alike in their florid Italian style, and profusion of white and gold and carving and colour ; the unholy fathers evidently intending to come back some day, and reclaim all the church finery they leave behind them in such good case : the other church we looked into, (adorned with painted banners, and the usual amount of gay altar and pulpit fixtures,) was filled with an overflowing congregation, mostly Swissy flowered flat-hats, listening to the drawl of a Capuchin friar. The Cathedral too made part of our walk : a fine plain old building, with, as always, a few cartloads of carving and gilding and painted canvas and trinketry and

inlaid marble altars to furnish it withal. The cloisters round it on three sides are a noticeable feature, and a comfortable shady walk at broiling noontide.

Whenever I go into a museum, or hear dirty children quarrelling in foreign tongues, I am always humbled at my ignorance; and the more from having at times made hobbies of many ologies and having caught an initiatory glimpse at divers languages. So also when the day's museum passes in retrospect before one, and its many incidents are shrivelled up as thus into a few meagre generalities, I am only too sensible of the injustice done to pleasant friends, interesting circumstances, and picturesque scenes, sketched so hastily and treated so cavalierly. None but the recording angel can paint a day's life truly; and verily it would also take the whole day to do it in. It is impossible to exhaust any subject; and especially in journalizing, (a true record of personals which other folks may read or fling aside as they will,) there are two proprieties to be observed as well as possible: the one, not to filch out of guide-books any sights or details which may have escaped the journalizer's private notice; the other, to forget and to merge, as much as may be, self in subjects.

20th.—What glorious weather our dear good Queen has had for her French visit hitherto ; and at what a propitious hour of victory she goes amongst our brotherly allies ; and what a great, happy, spirit-cheering event it is ! In spite of the warning voice of hard old grandmother history, bidding us take note how sadly soon, after the Field of cloth of gold and all its hospitalities, England and France were foes again, one cannot help hoping and believing that the present cordial reciprocity of good offices between both monarchs and peoples must cement our happy union, and keep the peace of the world : so be it.

In touring, one always is put to a choice of goods, which alternative has a necessary smack of a choice of evils ; for a good omitted is a sort of ill. It is impossible for any one but the useful and industrious compiler of a Guide-book, whose true business it is to leave out nothing, to go everywhere and see everything : and one's only consolation in such needful nonubiquity is the discovery of a good reason for omissions. I have two for the written agreement just made by Pierre with a vetturino, to go one route and not another, both reasons and route being admirable : first, I have been the other way before ; and secondly, the chosen one is best. I must therefore now leave out

the Brunig, and Brientz with its beauteous lake, its Giessebach waterfall and musical maidens; unpronounceable Thun, and the many interests there; Interlachen, spoilt I trow by having become a very Cheltenham of fashionable English; Lauterbrunn and that well-remembered spray cataract of many hundred feet, and chiefly, Grindlewald and the glacier. There must also be left out this time the bears and clock and old arcade of Berne; the spire and organ of Freybourg; and very much beside. But our compensating gains are greater; forcing the St. Gothard we shall invade Italy, and with a new realm and language at our mercy, it is impossible justly to anticipate the laurels we may win. Let then all grow, leaf by leaf in detail, as becomes a genuine familiar journal: all I aim at in these notes is to remind myself and you of what we have both seen; or, if haply you have not yet gone my way, to stir you into taking just another such a holiday.

Paterfamilias desires to give a discreet hint, the result of experience, to those who carry on conversation in their Switzerhof bed-rooms during the silent hours of night: unhappily for family secrets, every word is heard by next door neighbours! unless they chance to be snoring,—which is audible too. And this re-

mark, one of some practical value at times, is applicable to most other hotels where the bedrooms, as is usual at large hotels, open en suite : if folks must talk so unseasonably, let their secrets be very sotto voce : a word to the wise.

I am happy to hear that a measure of the greatest tolerance in religion is shortly about to be adopted in Catholic Lucerne ; a Popish church is to be hired for the English Service, as the German Protestant place of worship is too small for the summer congregations : quite a sign of these Philadelphian times. Really, if priests of Rome are so liberal, it will be only fair to abstain from controversial vituperations. However, the Lucerne authorities are wise enough to know that all their own prosperity depends upon pleasing English travellers ; and Swiss toleration is a self-interested virtue. Before leaving, we had to do—and did—plenty in the shopping line, and in paying farewell visits both to friends and places : item, looked in at the Arsenal, near the Basel gate, and saw the stores of all sorts of military accoutrement necessary to arm the patriots of Lucerne in case of invasion ; among the curiosities, noting a huge Turkish pennon taken by knights of Malta, plenty of Swiss Canton banners, heraldic stained glass, old coat armour, torture collars,

cross-bows, and the like ; inclusive of a fine old sword with Tell's exploit on its hilt.

Off by the half-past-two steamer, having sent on our carriages by the eight o'clock boat to meet us at Fluellen : and at Weggis took a really affectionate leave of our true-hearted Colonel : may we meet again, for such good men are scarce. Happily, there is an Aldershott within my riding tether, before the inevitable Crimea. Let me remember, too, with loving kindness, the hearty Indian Major and his adventurous widowed cousin, a connoisseur in crystals for their mesmeric effects ; likewise our Wilmington U. S. friend, and the worthy Mr. R—, happy in his parson's holiday, and divers others, well met and reluctantly adieued. Travel is full of such pleasurable pains ; for all people show amiably on an excursion, and there is much of brotherly sympathy among all tourists.

The day's voyage and journey have been beautiful exceedingly. Lake Lucerne rises from pastoral sweetness, through the gradations of Welch and Highland grandeur, into at last a positive Swiss sublimity : it is strangely progressive, and so wins on the voyager till it leaves him at a climax. I suppose that no lake extant is so various in manifold beauties as Lucerne : but I must leave them to my



memory, to your imagination, and to the well-known guide-book magniloquence of Sir James Mackintosh. There are two or three spots on our way especially interesting: as,—a small paradise of a (once and that very lately) independent State named Goldau, in extent some two miles square; really it is a most curious chapter in humanity to reflect upon,—a little township and pasturage scooped out of a mountain side and peopled by a brotherhood of patriots who held their own against all the world for four centuries: it seems a pity to find this gallant little Canton now ‘annexed’ to a stronger neighbour; for it must have been a model, as well as a miniature, republic.

The next point of interest is Schwytz,—the gallantry whereof has availed to christen the whole land; that famed duello-exploit being frescoed on a house at its lakeward out-port Brunnen. And now we come to Tell’s chapel,—the spot where he leapt ashore, to conquer liberty for Switzerland; and Grutli, where the three champions vowed faith to each other and freedom; and soon, with cloud-capped mountains sentinelling the bay all round, after our pleasant two and a half hours, we disembark at Welsh-sounding Fluellen. From that place to our present pleasant hostelry of Amsteg, the route is quite a triumphal progress of mountain

grandeurs ; what I shall do to-morrow for superlatives, if they are all expended now, I wot not : let me then economize praise, a matter difficult if one must always dispense justice.

Altorf is most romantically situated, Tell's Altorf ; perpendicular faces of cliff at least fifteen hundred feet high standing at its right and left, fit wardens of a hero's birthplace. As we jingled through the interesting old town, we paid due homage to the actual scene of Tell's ordeal : two fountains, and a paved gangway between them, mark the distance of his bow-shot : the one fountain representing Tell and his son beside him, with the shaft sticking in that lucky apple ; the other an Austrian, or some such sentinel figure, to show where the boy stood when his father sped his cross-bow bolt so featly. A square old tower covered with frescoes is also memorable at Altorf : and so, a little further on, is the States'-house of Uri, quaintly shuttered and doored in yellow and black stars,—the Canton colours. Passed some children practising with cross-bows at a target, just as young Tell must have done ; and further off some men similarly employed with rifles, after the fashion of Aloysius Rêding, their more recent patriot : and on our way crossed the mountain torrent where the noble Tell was drowned. It was a

death worthy of such a life; we are told he met his end as an old man in trying to save an infant carried off by the raging waters: a touching companion picture to the early child-apple-scene of his neighbouring native town.

And so our horses jingled on through an ever-varying scene of mountain grandeur, craggy tops among the clouds, belts of pine in the middle distance, torrents from the melting snows above, and a peaceful green valley beneath: till, here we are at Amsteg; where I have just bought a magic crystal for a franc, which our Major's enthusiastic cousin protests would be worth ten guineas to Dr. Ashburner, to perform withal mesmeric cures. However, I myself was practised on in vain; the negative and positive poles of my splendid rock pyramid would not produce the required heat and cold on my obdurate palm: faith is all in all for these cases: at certain upward passes I ought to have fallen into convulsions, but the historical effect was Nothing.

21.—I forget how many thousand folk go every year the same grand road we have traversed to-day; and how large a percentage of those are English tourists. It is, then, no *via incognita*, but patent to half the world, and accordingly need not be deliberately described:

as however it was a novelty to my ignorance, I desire to jot down a few memories of a day well spent in the eye of Nature ; count me for her 'pupil,' and ever use me kindly.

The first idea connected with the day is glorious weather ; clear, bright, hot, but with a breeze ; the very pick of the year. Truly we tourists are the epicureans of the scenes we visit so luxuriously : those wide-eaved chalets, and rock-loaded roofs, and deep gullies, and storm-scarred mountains, hint at many hardships of human life for all seasons but that of our trip. We have the golden honeymoon of these Alps ; but the weather-beaten creatures who live there are exposed to the stale old ill-assorted quarrelsome matrimony of the matter. Let us then, as blest drop a blessing on the way. And this word reminds me of the mendicants : everybody begs, man woman and child, most worryingly to us, and to their own deep demoralization : do *not* let us drop blessings after a centime fashion, doing harm ; but rather by a good practical suggestion, as thus : I could wish, recognizing the nine months' annual misery of these people, and their short but fortunate three of the world's wealthy tourism, that at the chief inns there were fixed poor boxes for their relief, on the distinct under-

standing that beggary by the roadside be forbidden and left off. We should then be able to enjoy the beauties and sublimities of nature without the perpetual din of human meanness in our ear, and should have the satisfaction of knowing that, after an organized method, our willing alms would reach the well-deserving: at present the begging on this mountain pass and many others also amounts to a local discouragement of travel.

Leaving our good inn the Hirschen at half-past seven, with the written verdict "well-used, well-pleased," we trotted away from beautiful Amsteg,—only to encounter more and more beauty at every step, till it rose into sublimity and then on the other side—toppled over. Everywhere the road, the material road we trot on, is a wonder of engineering, with its battlements, bridges, tunnels, and blastings through the mountain side: everywhere the scene abounds with cliff and forest, cascade and landslip, valley fatness and mountain sterility, changing in its interest at each step and turn. I know not what to record, beside such generalities. We wind up a gigantic fissure among the Alps, with a foaming torrent far below, and jagged outlines of granite piercing the clouds above: the telegraph is beside us, and runs right away over into Italy;

with (I am sorry to say) many of its insulators smashed as by idle stones, and in one place at least a distinct mischievous break of the wire which some labourers were attempting to re-unite : we note the many chalets and little patches of green upland, hardly accessible, but where notwithstanding the poor folk are making hay, hanging the weedy stuff on sticks to dry, and so doing their best for a crop in such golden hours as these : truly, they make the most of their few chances ;—for example, I noted to-day a potato patch on the top of a huge boulder-rock to which the only access was a crazy ladder ; and many a pottle of oats is grown at the risk of sower's and reaper's neck.

We pass, in the early morning chiefly, divers flocks of musically-belled goats and cows going to their aerial pastures ; and sundry batches of walking tourists wishing to escape the heat of the day. There is a good deal of nonsense about the knapsack and pole : why walk, when civilization enables you to ride ? and no small humbug and roguery about guides ; who, if not among the few first-rate men of tested probity, will sell you to inn-keepers, expose you to danger for the sake of a rescue, and make all manner of merchandize of your freshness : but there is some excuse

for them in this that their harvest is short and scant and the market overstocked. With respect to young-fellow tourists their chief ambition seems to be to have a many-labelled Alpenstock; like a brown meershaum it proves use: this is all very fair; but the melodramatic fashion in which some I have seen are got up as pedestrians is sadly out of taste.

Well: our good horses, six to the heavy carriage, four to the light one, kept pulling us on steadily and slowly through the splendid scenery climaxed by that Devil's Bridge, well known to everybody. I'm not sure that the climax itself did not disappoint me: recent road-making has tamed down its 'horrors,' and the long avenue of grand sterility leading up to it prepares you for more than you are to get. However there is much to marvel at; and the whole pass (with its bloody memories of Republican and Russian warfare, and its raving cataract appropriately named the Reuss, and its numberless fine features of stupendous grandeur) may well be among the few things worth seeing in this used-up world.

After the Bridge (to which I wish a better name) you go through a rock-cleft tunnel, to be surprised by the discovery that—you have landed on an open country all this way up in the clouds: there are wide meadows, and two

or three villages, and several churches and chapels, (I like to see these dotted about among the mountains, in spite of superstition,) and in short a pastoral valley surrounded by mountains; Andermat, where we baited man and horse for two hours, being in the midst. A good inn, with a good dinner, and a good mountain appetite, are three most excellent things, Sir Andrew: and the trout of the Reuss are first-rate eating. What a strange life of turmoil those poor fishes must lead in that foamy rapid: it is a mystery to me how the pools above a waterfall are peopled. After dinner, I looked into the church, a fine large one for the place, in the ornate Jesuit style; there, as at Fluellen and now at Airolo, the pulpit is strangely made to hold out a wooden arm with the crucifix; and the dolls of the altars are coloured and varnished intensely. In the mortuary chapel close by, and availed by the usual Swissy gilt-cross graves, there are kept all the skulls of 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet,' each labelled with its owner's initials; a strange and unpleasant custom: there is much of individual physiognomy in skulls,—I fancied I could make out which had been the Yorick of his day there, and which the Iago.

On to Hospenthal, about a mile away, a similar sort of townlet with a companion



church ; an old square feudal tower being the special characteristic of the place. Thereafter we went on up the zigzags perpetually, along the most desolate of ruined valleys ; ever and anon walking, to gather wild flowers, gentian, cyclamen, marigold, sweetwilliam, Solomon's seal, with others unknown to me ; also, finding some avalanche heaps, we make snowballs by the way : the 'eternal snow' of guidebook notoriety rapidly thawing beneath the hot embraces of a summer sun.

The top of the pass, where the dreary Hospice stands beside its lake (just like brother Bernard's) is geologically curious for having evidently been scooped into a Col by force of ice or water. I had Forbes in my mind and the glacier theory : all the granite is rounded and grooved and whirlpooled around you, while the cliffs and peaks above are sharp and hard : it is not mere weather-beating that has done this. At the top, I looked in vain for an ignorantly expected bird's-eye view of Italy ; the actual summit of St. Gothard may be so complaisant for aught any one knows, but the summit of the Pass is comparatively lowland, and surrounded by peaks and ridges. I looked equally in vain for the rock inscribed "Suwarrow Victor," and

am inclined to think that it has been deservedly blasted away.

Once past the dirty-looking Hospice, we began a rapid and perilous descent of the most extraordinary twists and zigzags imaginable, as tortuous as a snake in agonies, and commanding views of mountains and valleys far more magnificent than the vaunted other side. Let no man think he can estimate the Gothard pass who has only been to the Hospice: the true artistic beauties and engineering wonders are on the Italian side. And so, perpetually doubling on our track in loops like love knots, we wound on to this Pyrenæan place, Airolo, a close wooden town in a fair valley hemmed in by mountains; my admiration being continually divided between the beauty of the scenery, the wretchedness of the people, and the courageous skill of our vetturini; no English whips dare to make the dust fly on unguarded precipice zigzags as these did; and the horseflesh must be as sure as the coachmanship. Folks drive the wrong side hereabouts; I think this a mistake, as left-handed.

Secured to-day a few good crystals, cheap enough: and saw in a dealer's room at Wasen, half a dozen gigantic ones of the

cairn-gorm sort, as big as little roadposts: however these were too heavy, and were besides imperfect. What they would have cost I do not know, but to a mesmerizer their powers must be invaluable: I dare say they might have weighed twenty pounds a piece. Folks tell us, perhaps yarningly, that wolves and bears and chamois abound hereabouts; but I don't see, after all, why they shouldn't; for there is "ample room and verge enough" for any amount of wild zoology. The heraldic emblem of this Canton Uri is a buffalo's head: probably in old times such creatures ran wild among what now are pastoral uplands; and I judge that Uri could not have popularly appropriated such an ensign, without some good local reason. Our hostel at Airolo is La Poste, —a capital inn for such a filthy town.

22.—Some philosophers maintain that goitre and cretinism are consequences of snow-water; I will be bold enough to theorize that they result mainly from the absence of water altogether; from a species of hydrophobia, an abhorrence of the purifying element in toto, which affects the whole population. The stench of those picturesque dwellings is intolerable, the dirt unutterable; and it is small wonder that such a foul atmosphere as the moun-

taineer breathes at home by way of change from the sweet airs abroad makes half the children idiots and swells into disease the glands of half the women. Even at hotels, they give you a mere dash of water in a pie-dish to wash in, and if you ask for more, the liquid [a fact at Airolo,] comes up in a sloppail! I have been into several of the better sort of wooden houses, carved and fish-scaled without, crystal-hunting, (to small purpose—for the dealers in towns secure all worth having,) but the stink of those close low-ceilinged picturesque rooms, and the sight of the filthy creatures who tenant them are enough to quench the sharpest enthusiasm for anything.

At half-past seven we were again upon the road, and just out of Airolo passed along a most romantic defile; with three cavernous tunnels through the rocks and an old Lombard tower above the roaring rapid; and soon after sighted a very beautiful waterfall, spouting out like a white horse's tail, or a waterwheel *à la cascade des Pelerins* at Chamouni. From this to our present dining place Bodio (and probably much further) the road is a magnificent series of cliff and rock scenery, seamed with cascades, dotted with villages and their Campanile churches, full of chesnut

trees, mulberry groves, vines trellissed as in Italy, and all manner of teeming fertilities : of course the more we descend the warmer we get : and we are already in the land of generous red wines (unlike those sour Rhenish hocks) with barberry bushes fringing the cliffs, and anon there will be oranges and olives.

Our Bodio dinner has been truly Italian ; macaroni and cheese soup, pigeons stewed in prunes, veal fried in oil, and capital perfumed rosy vin ordinaire. In fact, all this canton of Tessino, though politically Swiss is naturally Italian ; the language, the people, the customs, the climate, the local names, and the vegetation are, each and all, mountainous Italy. Without knowing the history of the thing, I guess that at some distant era of liberty-struggle, an Italian republic escaped from feudal despotism by associating itself with the Swiss confederation ; and so has remained a Canton ever since. (I have since corrected my ignorance, and find that Switzerland conquered it, crossing the St. Gotthard.)

Along the route, let me remember the wide ladder frames on which they hang their barley and flax to ripen ; and the roadside garnets in mica, whereof I found specimens ; and plenty of pretty flowers, wild here, but cultivated with us ; and splendid butterflies, queer-looking

insects, and lizards running over all the hot rocks. Above all, remember the very rugged pass of Monte Piottino, much finer than that overrated Devil's bridge; and the winding rent cliff towering to the clouds while it overhangs perilously the raving river far below; and the long rocky defile leading to a rich valley, suggestive (truly enough) of brigandage amongst all other sorts of picturesqueness; and miles of fine Pyrennæan scenery which would soon exhaust my small stock of superlatives if I were rash enough to tap that cask. But wisdom ever reserves its best of everything for some last exacting necessity.

At Faido, one of our leaders dropped a shoe; and I was amazed to see that the blacksmith cooked the horse's foot with a ladle full of hot tallow during the process of shoeing: according to our best grooms and the Roving Englishman nothing is so destructive of a horse's hoof as oil. It seems to me, on the contrary, that Nature points it out as a restorative to the dried and heated horn; but we in England spoil our horseflesh everyway;—by ignorances, neglects, pamperings, and all other kinds of ill-harnessing, ill-training, and ill-usage perpetually.

Capuchin friars—does not the word intend frères?—are frequent in these parts; and so

are roadside chapels. The village churches are decorated within beyond expectation, and there is much outward semblance of religion hereabouts.

Really, the electric telegraph company ought to know how those young Swiss marksmen demolish the glass insulators with stone-throwing: there is scarcely one left whole, and if any virtue be in insulation at all, one may reasonably fear for the telegraph's utility altogether: perhaps these glass miniatures of a hat on a pole may recal to juvenile patriotism the memories of Gessler and William Tell: but—the dulcet-sounding smash of glass has doubtless its intrinsic charm besides.

Dazio Grande, and Faido, and some other places unknown, are splendidly situated for the pencil; but their inner dirt is horrible, and their wretchedness in winter must be great. If I had been born a chamois-hunter, I could never have thought of a return to such pigstyes after the fresh green litter of the larchen and the pure air of the glacier: as to love in a cottage, it can only be possible in a clean one; and Switzerland is, I fear, a romance of natural beauty wedded to a reality of human ugliness. Thus much of journalizing after dinner, and during our good vetturini's siesta.

Off again at three, having rested as many hours. For roadside memorabilia, the same successive mountain scenery has lasted us to Bellinzona; fir belted bluffs, bare schale and granite peaks among the clouds, frequent waterfalls, a rich vine-latticed valley below, and the snowcapped peaks of St. Gotthard still pressing on behind. Twice there came together three converging valleys, each with its tribute of beauty and sublimity; and the Ticino,—first a cataract, then a rapid, then a river with broad dry water-courses threatening winter deluge,—holds by itself or its cognate streams the middle of every valley. Observed two series of pilgrim chapels, or Holy Cross stations, leading zigzag up to mountain churches, perhaps for painful penance-journeys on the knees: and oftentimes the plain deal cross, by torrent, crag, or roadside is set up to note the accidental death of some Catholic wayfarer by storm, avalanche, or accident: for, winter is a terrible contrast to this hot and quiet harvest-tide; where now the maize grows rank, and the matted vines are a roof of leaves for acres, and the hardy farmers' wives are making hay by instalments while their happy lords regale themselves with tabacchi e vino at the cabaret,—within a few months all will be desolate snow and raging tempest; and many are the



human victims every year to our common foe, the weather.

This day however let me not ungratefully calumniate the weather ; never was brighter seen ; and if the dust and beggars annoy a little, there is ample compensation in clear mountain peaks and a free peasantry. I believe that every man in Switzerland has a vote ; and I consider that this must tend to patriotism. Paterfamilias has an inedited idea about universal suffrage which he will now venture briefly to propound. He thinks that every man of full age ought justly as a free-born subject, to have his own one vote for political purposes ; but he thinks further that several more votes than one ought to converge in the worthier citizens : as thus,—let degrees in learning, in orders, in legal rank, in social distinction, add votes to their possessors ; let wealth also, and honest old age, and honoured exploit, help to swell the sum : so that the man who has confessedly and by public acknowledgement won steps on the ladder of meritorious fame above his fellows, should win also political weight and importance in our representative government. Am I clear ?—I would give Jack Tom and Harry each his freeborn vote at 21, until he forfeits it by convicted crime ; I would further give Jack a vote if

from a lawyer's clerk the shrewd fellow became a lawyer,—and Tom a second, if he gained a Queen's commission in the deadly breach,—and Harry a second, if he lived to be a good old grandsire of 70 ; and so on. In compensation for this act of political justice, expediency, and moral power, I would claim for the Master of Arts, the beneficed clergyman, the officer, the barrister, the man of a certain rent roll or fixed investment, for each as such, his further accumulative votes : so that a man might possibly have say ten in his own person, as a limit. In this way, while Universal Suffrage is accorded as a birthright to all, every form of human merit is further represented ; and bribery would be swamped by the cumulative votes of worth. However, these are dull musings in a simple journal ; let us away with them.

At about six and a half we rattled into Bellinzona,—a picturesque walled town with no less than three old Lombard fortresses over-crowding it in a row. They call this place the Swiss key of Italy, and I suppose the castles are its wards : at present however two are in ruins and the third is a prison ; as we hotly took the trouble personally to ascertain. Looked into the very fine church, full of variegated marbles, and inlaid altars, and with a sculp-

tured pulpit worthy of lengthier exposition : but every Romish church is more or less a museum of art, and an emporium of wealth.

This day we have accomplished our sixth week : and if anybody (about to travel in a like family way) wishes to know the actual cost of our exploits in money,—Paterfamilias finds that £260 of circular Notes have run out. For eleven souls at the best hotels, doing everything well, and travelling with patriarchal respectability, some £44 a week is not a high figure, and would have been higher but for Pierre : as for his master, like the shepherd in Virgil, he abjures responsibilities altogether —“*nec tempestatis erat, nec cura pecûli.*”

23rd.—Our hotel, the Angelo, has been a castle, illustrating the adage about a man's Inn. On a tower in its cramped garden is a loose marble shield of the great Italian family whose heraldic bearing is a serpent with a child in its mouth. At very early morning I was awoken by the melodious chant of the country girls coming by troops into town, and singing very prettily in chorus : if a custom, it is a very sweet way of waking up the citizens. One of our horses has fallen dead lame, and the vetturino has telegraphed to Arona for another, which detains us for the best part of a

day in this dirty town : however, the weather is so hissing hot, that one is rather glad than otherwise of an excuse for sitting quiet ; and the good horses' heels will get a rest. None of our English horses pampered in their stivy stables could do the one day's work of a wiry-looking diligence drudge without foundering utterly : how they thunder along as they do down zigzags and up rough roads tells well for their bottom and for the skill of their voituriers.

Wherever there is Popery there is beggary ; the priests encourage it, perhaps to debase the people. At all events with so many begging friars of their own, and as being life-long mendicants themselves, they cannot do otherwise than exaggerate the texts about almsgiving into those greatest of social evils, universal demoralization and abject misery. To show the similar animus of some of our pseudo-Anglican clergy, I once heard a sermon on intoning, wherein the sage preacher vindicated the drone method of praying to God, by the practice of beggars who whine when they implore of men !

Our horse-misfortune detained us till four o'clock,—and even then the sun was so keen a toxophilite that he shot a headache into my hat : think of the amount of human and ani-

mal suffering in such a day's labour : truly, in summer's heat as well as winter's cold "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together." Gladly leaving Bellinzona, after an exhaustive search for anything of interest to be found there, and a casual acquaintance made with an English family en route the opposite way, (little dreaming till they had gone and the *livre des étrangers* revealed it to me that the mild Paterfamilias thereof was no other than the Jupiter Tonans of the English Press, and my and everybody's respected correspondent,)—we hotly jingled along the plain valley, and painfully toiled up the steep zigzags of Monte Cinere, glad of its groves of chestnut, and of its extinct brigandage : and thereafter went the easier down hill with the setting sun ; and having traversed a hilly and fertile country some five hours got into Lugano by congenial moonlight.

Everything is now Italian ; architecture, vegetation, language, people : nothing but political mystery or conquest has made it Swiss.

Our Hotel (du Lac) is splendid externally, but full of fleas and stinks and other miseries within : it has been a Palace, and contains one of the most enormous assembly rooms I ever set eyes on : its situation is perfect, and the view of the Lake with St. Salvador and all the other

mountains round admirable: but, the total disuse of water from that lake, "water, water everywhere, but not a drop" to use, and the utter neglect of other necessary comforts, is an astonishing anomaly here; and one too common everywhere else on the continent. How we shall enjoy English home-cleanliness.

24th.—Shakspeare's Shallow has taken the trouble to define "accommodation—which is a most excellent thing;" if hotel-keepers would only pay the thought equal attention, tourists would not be in such a hurry to move on: there is a redundance of splendour, but no "accommodation"—which is a most abominable thing. Before leaving Lugano, I took an early morning ramble about the then cool arcaded town, dropping into three churches by the way: one, finely frescoed; another, with a good high altar of black and white marble; a third, remarkable for its arabesqued marble entrances, and something of a dim grandeur within. Suppressed convents, turned now into warehouses and poorhouses and schools and hospitals, are common in these parts, and abound with faded frescoes marble staircases and good Italian house architecture.

Leaving Lugano at nine, though the day began to broil, we skirted for many miles its most

beautiful of lakes ; in one place crossing it by means of a mile-long embankment and a bridge : at this point you look down the three limbs of the lake at once, each of them enclosed with wooded mountains dotted with villas, convents and campaniles, and reflecting in their sea-green calmness all the varied beauties of their banks. Gondola-looking boats with gay awnings flit about, and the whole scene is Italy. We pass some large silk-mills ; one of them decorated with grotesque statuary : and at Capolago take notice of the large "Tipographia" which pours into Austrian Lombardy some wholesome contraband literature against foreign domination : convents, and villas, and campaniles dot the roadside and hillside ; rank fields of maize and tobacco abound ; and peaches (good ones too) tempting but perilous in cholera times, are as common as apples.

And so we come to Chiasco, the frontier town ; where tyrannical Austria in the person of a rude commissary of police gave us some trouble before our carriages were allowed to pass. The reason is characteristic : Austria takes every opportunity of humbling the Italians ; those custom-house beadles mistook our courier for one, knew our vetturini to be two more, and suspected that Signor and his flock might also be of that same conquered people : so

there were high words, baggage dragged out, allusions to *la polizia*, and plenty of effrontery: however, when Pierre's passport showed him to be French, and mine that we were English, —Austria grew meeker, and in the persons of two porters stretched out her palm for a fee: but the gallant Pierre's reply was an Italian proverb to the effect that "flies are not caught with vinegar;" and so he wisely pocketed for me the five franc piece which, but for insolent abuse of authority, would have enriched the commissary at Chiasco.

About two miles more of red-hot travel brought us to this present charming Como: but at the gate of the town, again were passports demanded, and we—dangerous guests and by all means to be kept away from the hotels if possible—were hardly and suspiciously permitted to pass on. It is a detestable system, all this: and though I am writing in Austrian Lombardy what (if a spy were looking over my shoulder) would hand me over to the police, I am bold to prophecy that Italy hates Austria too much and sympathizes with Sardinia too well, for three years more to pass without a change of government: Amen.

At Como, beautiful Como, our comfortable hostel is the Angelo; and our suite of rooms



looks out upon the lake, where,—after dinner,—we cozily took a three hours' row in the calm evening and thereafter bright moonlight; admiring, as well we might, the lovely mountain banks bestudded with villas and villages and reflected in that mirror-water; and taking due account, as tourists are bound to do, of Queen Caroline's whilome home with Bergami; of Pasta's, Taglioni's, and divers other millionaires' rural palaces; and of the Italian retreats of Mr. Currie and such like fortunate English. Before all this, however, I forgot to say that the splendid Cathedral claimed as usual my first call at Como: of this more anon: it has many distinctive features of curious architectural beauty.

*25th.*—If it be difficult to see the marvels of Milan in a day, it is impossible to describe them in an hour; especially when that hour is at the fag-end of such a hard-worked day as this, and when one has nothing but memory to draw from. However, having accomplished the feat of such wholesale sightseeing, it behoves me to attempt the exploit of recording sights seen: and if I do injustice to everything, self included, be kind enough to attribute some of its deficiencies to weariness.

But first let me get rid of the single bother

of the day, jealous Austria. Seven times within ten hours have I—a private English-gentleman traveller, with ladies in company, and all other circumstances of harmlessness and respectability,—been subjected to a most suspicious and vexatious visé of my passport. Seven times have military heroes watched me in and out of trains, in and out of cities ; and once among the seven they kept me for three-quarters of an hour kicking my heels in an office while a clerk was cross-questioning and browbeating my worthy dragoman Pierre. Austria dreads the very presence of a freeman, and discourages such intruders on her verily volcanic realm of Lombardy by all the vexations in her power. Exclusive of my own case, which was merely a trial of patience, I witnessed in sundry others a tyranny of the natives which surely will arouse an Italian Tell some day ; the worry and espionage are irritating in the extreme ; and that the people keep their vengeance hot within is seen in flashing eyes and heard in muttered curses. Let Sardinia but give a hint of help to Italy, or let Austria once for all openly take part against right and humanity with Russia, and Lombardy is up ; these fair cities will for a week be scenes of carnage, and then the foreign tyrant is expelled, and a just representative

government substituted for military despotism. But enough of such bile boiling over : and now to details of the day.

Whisked to the Camerlata station, three miles off, in our vetturino Muscatelli's roomy four-in-hand, we pass the solid square towers of walled Como, skirt its turret-crowned hill, and through the long and thriving suburb at last find the train. An hour and a half of rich flat country, steaming hot, and covered with maize and mulberry trees, brought us up at Milan ; the only noticeables by the way being a tower, and an arch near it, both of which are surmounted by bronze equestrians ; a chateau somewhat further on, with its roof crowded with statues ; and Monza, where they keep the so-called iron crown of Lombardy ; in all but a thin inner rim of iron (a beaten-out nail from the Cross as they think), the said crown being composed of regulation gold and jewels.

The railway station at Milan is (for the like inconvenience of travellers, I suppose) nearly as distant from the town as that of Como ; but in due time we found ourselves landed from a creeping omnibus at the Duomo. And there in all its beauty stood sparkling in the sun the marble cathedral of Milan,—a hope to me of years now fulfilled, an un-

expected exploit well achieved ; it looked the very efflorescence of architecture, a huge specimen of needle-crystalled quartz, unlike all other churches I had ever seen in the multitude of its minarets and the profusion of its ornamentation. I forget how many thousand statues, according to sacristan volubility, people the niches ; how many gurgoyles, and spires, and decorated points, bristle all around this most porcupine of buildings, and make it look as if—like Topsy—it grew and was'nt made at all. Our first act was to ascend to the top landing of its aerial lantern, between five and six hundred steps high, our intelligent guide pointing out to us every beauty and interest both of the building and the landscape ; his “flower-garden,” as he called it, being yonder many-acred bed of pinnacles, all different, all exquisitely cut in bright white marble. Ten men are continually washing this darling of Milan ; and we are told that they complete the circuit of cleanliness in fifteen years ; of course time enough to begin again, and so they perpetuate the washing.

Remember the pierced fillagree work of the side tower and central lantern, with the eighteen feet gilt Mary atop ; remember the marble slabbed roof and the sides embroidered in quartz ; remember that the whole looked more

like a crystallization than a building wrought by mortal masons, an exhalation than a mass to cumber earth. And such a panorama from that height ! all clean bright Milan at foot, with towers, and churches, and arches, and the boulevard corso round the walls ; beyond, rich Lombardy running up right and left to the heaven-piercing Alps, (I really took Monte Rosa for a white cloud,) and the darker lowering Apennines. Italy, lost in the morning haze, ran south.

It may be worth mentioning, as an excuse for reprobation of the habit, that none of our party scribbled his or her name upon the top ; a bad practice, common everywhere, and quite as much among Germans and Italians as with Americans and Englishmen ; the white pinnales of Milan especially, bear evidence of this small human ambition.

Descending, our next care was the interior, such a vast, cool, solemn, beautiful cavern of religion ; where the lofty clustered columns have for capitals the novelty of saints in niches, and the whole floor is patterned with many coloured marbles, and the roof is, (or seems to be, for I fear this is a painted make-believe,) a network of tracery. How is one to describe accurately without being tedious ; there are volumes published of its

architectural details, and I won't emulate their utter unreadableness ; enough for me if I am father to a graphic hint or two.

Remember those gigantic prophets, sentinelling the north and south transepts,—and as an absurd anti-climax, those dusty old Cardinals' hats with their tassel trumpery, hanging in the dim religious space like shabby chandeliers. Remember the wonderful pair of bronze pulpits, cast solid in beautiful relievo round the two central columns ; remember those awful arches, the middle interior of the lantern being more than 400 feet high ; those vast stained windows of the glorious Gothic East, and (I am sorry to add) those mean ill-assorted Queen Anne's Grecian casements, which, with the temporary square tower outside, ought soon to be removed from the West : remember that gigantic bronze seven-branched candlestick, like Solomon's ; and the many beautiful side-chapels ; and the gorgeous high altar, where we waited to hear the thundering organ and eighty priests at mass ; and by all means do not forget that terrible statue of Bartholomew flayed, nor the fact that a certain wealthy and wicked Marquis offered to buy it of the Milanese at its weight in gold : the old debauchee saw nothing of the martyr's holy endurance in the anatomical horror, but only liked it as a

high-spiced work of art ; for the noble Saint is standing up patiently, with his whole skin worn over his shoulder as a mantle, and every vein and muscle of our poor human machine quivering stripped of their integument ! Unlike Lord H——, I couldn't look at it twice, and, on the whole, however wonderful, I consider it a depraved piece of taste in sculpture.

And now we descend to the very kernel of the Duomo, the Borromean tomb, where Carlo himself, the great prince-cardinal who made such a prodigal use of wealth and so cruel an abuse of literally burning zeal as to be now the canonized god of Milanese idolatry, lies in hideous splendour to be worshipped as a skeleton. The richness of this tomb emulates that of the kings of Cologne ; but the room being partly walled with massive silver scenes and figures in alto rilievo is much tarnished ; and the velvet and gold hangings between are screened (on all but very special days) with a dining-room crimson and gold paper far from becomingly ; and so far there is inferiority here. The tomb itself however is a wonder indeed : its sarcophagus is of sculptured bronze and silver ; and when, at the touch of a five-franc piece, by some machinery it is made to open, you see within a coffin of *rock-crystal* and gold, and the skeleton within dressed in

the extreme of ecclesiastical splendour; a golden and enamelled crown, by Benvenuto Cellini, hangs over his head, an emerald and diamond cross that cost Maria Theresa a million francs is placed over his heart, and his whole poor decaying mummied body is a blaze of cloth of gold and jewellery. As a pretty climax, the word *Humilitas* is ostentatiously and mendaciously posted up here and there in gold, under a prince's coronet and a cardinal's hat! If this be humility what in the world is pride?

All these seen, and more too, we went at last (you will hardly believe it) to breakfast; having left Como at seven, and tasted nothing till Milan Cathedral had yielded up its treasures by noon. Then did we go to the grand Hotel de Ville, and ate away a headache by virtue of chocolate and omelettes and honest rolls and butter, and Milanese mushrooms.

This over, looked in across the street,—all Milan is luxuriously paved with slabs of granite, and its shops emulate Paris,—to the vast cool dome of new St. Carlo, seeing an average much to admire and to describe, if time were, and place: but churches pall. It is a plenary indulgence in all these places for some reason or other; and one happy result is that the churches are for our further gratification re-



splendently hung with crimson velvet and gold. Thence went in a couple of carriages to the Brera gallery of pictures, where one ought to spend a day in each of its dozen rooms, to use them up justly. Remember especially the dancing cupids of Albano, the Virgin's Marriage of Raphael, the Martyrdom of St. Catharine, the Nailing of Christ, and many other striking paintings, as, *e. g.*, divers treatments of St. Sebastian,—Romanism's stock saint for the picturesque phase of martyrdom. In the sculpture department there is little but casts; and in the schools, beside the prize works of students, not much to live upon the memory beyond a marvellous copy, by some accurate hand, of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper. I do not mean the oil painting, which is execrable, but the fresco one, imitating all the time-stains.

However, at our next place, Maria delle Grazie, the original Leonardo vindicated his own glory; worn out as it is, and perishing rapidly, this fresco is greatly superior to all the prints and copies ever made of it: but (only imagine!) some caitiff hand has cut a doorway just in the middle, destroying all the central "tablecloth:" the same recent and recreant hand (the old convent being now the barrack of an Austrian regiment who look like

dancing masters, the uniform being white tunics and blue *tights*) has painted out in blue the lower half of the frescoed cloisters, and is capable, doubtless, of any other enormity. Austrian cannon will some day, I prophesy, batter down that same exquisite Milan Cathedral, which (to keep people quiet) the diplomatic emperor now decorates and completes spire by spire every year. But even that bribe will not buy foreign loyalty.

We looked into St. Maria, a cool retreat for hot wayfarers, and gloriously frescoed : and into two other beautiful churches, painted all over by the first masters, perfect gems, beating Munich hollow, because Munich is new and imitative, and these the real grit, old and original : what can equal the living frescoes, the carved marble arabesques, the multitudinous and variegated beauties of (I hardly know their names, but "a rose by any other name can smell as sweet,") St. Vittore, St. Paul, St. Lorenzo, St. Maria? Admiration is vulgar, no doubt ; and there are plenty of wonderful fish in the sea, quite as great as any caught ; but, I can tell you from my one day's glimpse, Milan is a mine of ecclesiastical beauties ; and if other places are richer, be they so : I'm glad of it. Man *does* worship God with all he accounts most beautiful.

Next we drove to St. Ambrogio, to me the most interesting church of all: I thought of Theodosius expelled,—and saw the cypress carved doors of his expulsion; and in the vestibule of those old Charlemagne-architected cloisters were many fragmentary Roman inscriptions; and the pulpit stands upon a saint's carved marble tomb;—and there is a mysterious (I fear fabricated) Egyptian-aped column near it; and the altar table is resplendent with jewels and gold; and a real Roman column stands outside in ancient isolation,—and so we get away.

Next,—to be really historic, what can be better than truth?—we drove to a restaurateur's and had a welcome feast of ices and confectionery: after that, bought sundry melons, at the cost of a zwanziger, eightpence, for the three, not only to devour *discreetly*, (folks tell fables about the cholera in these parts, or at all events we hear nothing of it,) but also to save seeds for self and friends, that Albury be well meloned from Milan. The red water, the smooth yellow, and the rock melons, are henceforth to be genuine Milanese with us.

Thereafter in our manifold drive we passed the famous opera house, La Scala, mother of so many prima-donnas; and often got out to look into more churches; all so cool,

sweet-incensed, and admirable for painting sculpture and antiquity, that (knowing human nature to delight in these things) I marvel nothing why priests contrive them, and leave them freely open to all passers by, unvest by beadles and vergers as with us, knowing that minds are won and souls entrapt, and the poor slaves thereby deluded into a so-disant religious happiness.

Especially however I directed our drive to St. Lorenzo ; and was highly gratified. Just as if we were in old Rome, there stood up straight before us a long array of ancient well-damaged Corinthian columns, the façade of a heathen temple ; within, some unmistakeable Roman entablature carried out the idea : and if good St. Lawrence's name brought a somewhat newer notion, at all events it was still of primitive antiquity, and well frescoed, and carved, and pulpited in a wealth of variegated marbles.

Next, not to be over tedious, in this our well spent day, we drove by a very dusty but famous promenade, the Corso of Milan, to the triumphal Arch of Peace, which ominously enough overlooks the field of Mars, and the old barrack castle of the Visconti. Of course I admire—I wonder at—the marble carvings of this most beautiful arch ; but

the bronzes on the top are too toy-like ; so many slim horses' legs, ten, and so many riders and drivers, and wheels and olive branches and what not, make up a light and fragmentary group ; not half so much to be approved as Louis of Bavaria's heavy lions, and, I will be bold to add, our two best bronzes (saving Charles I. at Charing Cross) in the neighbourhood of Apsley House. These are statuesque, heavy, simple, single : those on the Arch of Peace look at a little distance like tin soldiers from a Lowther Arcade box : the horses are too natural, and will inevitably prance over the small square field they manifest so much life upon, far too dangerously for them, on the top of that otherwise blameless arch. I only dare to judge as things strike me, by the light of nature : but, in spite of great names, and weighty criticism to the contrary, may not a rustical Paterfamilias be sometimes in the right ?

In the right also I know I am about the Milanese Arena : it is entirely a mistake : for a people who delighted not in bull-fights, and dared not murder gladiators, the whole affair, though made by shrewd Napoleon the great, *was* useless, and *is*. A poor imitation of the Coliseum at Rome—so poor as to be a burlesque of it—the Arena has fallen into hopeless empty weed-

ishness, and is now only a gymnasium for Austria's awkward squad of brown holland infantry. This last lion seen and conquered, our obedient carriages drove to the Strada Ferrata, not without a perilous delay by the way on account of that same passport: we nearly lost our train because the seventh visé in one day [I began to doubt my own identity] had to be procured to let me out of the gate; but at last all was made right, and here I am at the excellent Angelo Hotel, Como, having worked hard in sight-seeing till nightfall, and (I can tell you truly enough) having lengthened out that aforesaid "hour at the fag-end of a full day" rather præternaturally in the journalizing line. However, believe me before I go to bed, that in spite of such prolixity, my conscience is afflicted with the crime of having left out from this day at Milan much more than I have recorded. The cost of the whole day for eight persons, and all things done handsomely and liberally, was about five pounds.

*Sunday, 26th.*—A rest for us as it ought to be: but none at all for the Continental world around. How can those toil-worn creatures, human and animal, keep up the perpetual round of labour? True, Popery which causes the mischief by perpetual Church services all

the week, supplies by way of respite the frequent fast or festival : but this is not God's consecrated Sabbath. Like all else Romish, it is man's invented substitute : tradition for Scripture, office for character, the Church for the Christ, the idol for the God, the matter for the spirit, the feast-day for the rest-day : all is perversion and corruption. And is it not a miserable thing, that so large a party of traitors in our otherwise noble Church of England, can sympathize with Rome in all this wrong ? That clergymen are striving how popish they can be with impunity, and laymen vying with them in adoration of the elements, exaltation of the priesthood, denial of the indefeasible right of private judgment, and assertion of a power in man to absolve or to condemn his brother ? A tour through Popish Europe would do these gentlemen good, either in the way of ripening their predilections and so obliging them by force of conscience to leave our communion ; or by means of terror and disgust at the manifest precipice before them, inducing a return to wholesome Protestant principles in time to save apostacy.

Home services : I like "a church in a house," a family altar : it always seems to me more primitive and more devout than public ceremonies.

After dinner, with plenty of figs and peaches (for we had no fear of cholera, and indeed heard nothing of it while at Como, but plenty afterwards), I steamed out into the blazing sunshine ; where the lazzaroni and barcajuoli are basking lazily as usual, and the bodkin-haired lasses in black lace veils and with fans held over their bare heads as parasols, have but a slight shield against coups de soleil, if those dark figure heads really contain brains : and so shortly on to the Cathedral.

Never was such whimsical decoration applied to a plain domed grey-marble temple in the simple round-arch style. The dwarf St. Paul's-like structure is deformed rather than adorned with rows of statues set perpendicularly, and carved stones where the only law is irregularity : no two windows, nor doorways, nor lantern-minarets, nor niches, nor statues, are a match : but the effect is rich, and there is a sort of uniformity too, in the midst of meant variety. If I had not seen Milan's I should have been much struck with Como's Cathedral : it is such a strange and picturesque jumble of Greek, Roman, Gothic, and Moresco ; and all of marble, but less white than Milan's,—and peopled with about half as many statues inside and out : the two principal, queerly seated in chairs beside the principal outer entrance,



being life-size ancient figures of the elder and younger Pliny, strange sentinels to a Christian Cathedral.

The interior is very imposing, and seen as I have seen it this day decked out with brand-new crimson silk and gold-fringed hangings—acres of them, (in honour of that *Indulgenza Plenaria di centi giorni*), and crowded with a vast congregation on their knees before the glittering Host, the high altar resplendent with gold and silver, and silks, and jewels, and seven tiers of candlelight twinkling like stars through the misty cloud of incense,—that dim and lofty dome with its cope of inlaid marbles, and those calm round arches holding up the fresco-studded roof, really looked sublime: then the organ pealed, and the company of gorgeously apparelled priests chaunted, and the multitude took up the chorus solemnly: and here alone was unbelieving I looking on and wondering at such worship of a wafer! Not to feel quite a heathen in such company, like the pair of Plinys outside, I dropt a coin for the poor into the white-robed gatherer's money box, read a psalm from my prayer-book, and in spite of my rational incredulity, felt Christian again. As for the museum of ecclesiastical furniture in choir and side chapels, there was the usual outpoured cornucopia of

sculptures, and pictures, and candlesticks, and chalices, with a very chaste circular temple round the font ; and, by way of anti-climax, a solitary cardinal's old hat swinging high in the middle distance chandelier fashion.

On my way home, I looked into several smaller churches or chapels, full of worshippers and breathing out incense and music ; and took especial notice of the fine marble statue of Volta, inventor of the famous "pile," where on that disjointed staff the philosopher is leaning : he was a native of Como, as also they say were the Plinys : but the so-called Villa Pliniana at the northern end of the lake, forty miles off, has nothing to do with the old Romans aforesaid, beyond being built in the neighbourhood of their birth place : I believe it is a modern palace, with elaborate gardens and fantastic grotto work.

Memento, ere I leave it, the pretty little harbour of Como, with its semi-circle of gay awninged barcas, its twin-statued entrance lodges, its white arcaded quasi-courtyard of houses with hanging curtains outside, its purple mountains, and its moonlight. But for Austrian inquisition, Como would be a very pleasant spot : modern Italians are too fond of singing and dancing, and other enervating fine arts, to be such heroes in deed as they are

by boastful word and hirsute look, or they would soon throw that foreign yoke off the ox-neck of Lombardy : Mazzini has small chance of finding the real stuff for a patriotic army among his passionate, faithless, cowardly countrymen, I reckon : but if ever Como is free indeed, a villa on its charming lake would be no bad notion of a home.

Austria again : Pierre has been sent for by some Gessler of a Jack in office, to explain an alleged mystery about our passports, which threatens delay to our escape to-morrow morning. Lord Clarendon's royal assumption in my Foreign Office passport, of the "WE, George Frederick William, Earl of Clarendon," does not carry so much terror as it ought : can it be that Austria's officials anticipate alliance with Russia, and so spite England prematurely ? or have they a mesmeric dread of a certain cantankerous journal wherein they hereby are shown up ? or do they really fear my large party of free-born British children as numerically dangerous to the State ? or,—shrewdest guess of all,—do they hunger, in the person of some underling, for just another last zwanziger or two slipped into the palm to save trouble ? Whatever be the case at Vienna, these Lombardy Austrians seem to me pain-

fully mercenary: let head-quarters look to them.

27th.—Away right early, to save the poor horses this hissing hot weather. Passed a troop of dirty children drest up like angels, but with very shabby gauze and paper wings; doubtless about to take part in some church ceremony to give éclat to the Plenary Indulgence. All the road to Varese, four hours off, was noticeable, beside its groves of wrought granite posts as usual, for the average fruitfulness and rich flat features of Lombardy; thousands of small pollard-mulberry-trees, standing in the maize fields and acting as posts to the trailing vines festooned all over the landscape; hedges of mimosa, and gay-flowered gumcistus; convents, campaniles, villages, silk-mills; with dinted hills and the snowy rampart of the Alps beyond. At Varese, a huge hot town with no reason that I can see for its existence, we rested selves and cattle for five hours; making our *dejeuner à la fourchette* off trout chops and maccaroni, and the steeds battenning on black bread. Crept out in the terrible sunshine, and found that it was market day; no small gathering of dirty folk in wooden sandals and naked feet, in brigand-looking hats and

knee-breeches, or with black hair circled with silver bodkins; and all haggling for small wares among the patient mules and cream-coloured cattle that bring the country stuff in primitive vehicles to Varese.

Looked in at a very fine church, St. Victor's, domed and round-arched, richly painted in frescoes both ancient and modern, and with many side-altars and the transepts full of works of art: a pair of magnificent pulpits in black old oak, profusely carved, and supported by ten apostles and prophets, and the stalls to match, are well worth remembering. Made an unsuccessful effort to ascend the lofty Campanile near St. Victor to get a grand oversight of plain and hill and lake: but the key could not be found; so I contented myself with staring at the huge rude lions' heads jutting out half way up: St. Victor, as appears by an idolatrous inscription, is patron of Varese.

Again en route, after that continual duty of feeding, we soon pass at a mile distance the placid and pastoral lake, quietly asleep, with great mountains standing not too near as guardians; and after miles of maize mulberry and mimosa are astonished to come all at once upon a tract of country just like home: broad heaths of ling fern and broom, with stunted oaks, Scotch firs and

weeping birches, hazel and alder and—in short, an island cut from the wilds of Surrey and dropt into far off Lombardy. Thus come we to Sesto Calendo, a shabby frontier town on an arm of Maggiore, whose only recommendation is its Latin name; rememberable to us, as it was there that Austria gave its last grab at our liberty. The official, civil enough but still lord paramount, made me write down the names of all the children before he would let them cross the frontier. Like the old gentleman who will not ride for the three good reasons, that he cannot get on a horse, cannot keep on, and cannot get off,—I would not lightly set foot on Austrian ground again; for you can't get in, can't stay in, and can't get out without equal difficulties.

Over the ferry, and serenaded all the way with really good scrape and song by a blind fiddler, we are at once claimed for search by Sardinia; and let off easily at the touch of silver. Thence to Arona—the only route idea is dust: the road to Turin in a high-wind must be quite invisible. At the excellent Hotel d' Italie of Arona I write this, looking out now and then on moonlit Lago Maggiore slumbering under the shadow of its mountains.

Galignani's Messenger now and then greets us on our travel with news from the half-forgot-

ten world. How spirit-stirring was the Queen's reception at Paris! that National Anthem scene in the Opera-house makes the heart beat and the eyes glisten: the English harvest too seems one of great promise this glorious royal weather: and victory grows brighter in the North and East like the harvest moon: and so all is tending to a patriotic gladness when you take up the paper. In this country however, and I suspect in France and Rhineland too, the grape crop, if not the grain crop also, will be a total failure again: I have not seen a good bunch of grapes yet, nor a likely field of corn.

28th.—At early morning a most welcome shower cooled the air and laid the dust, though only for a few hours and at short distances: accordingly, rejoicing in the weather, and rashly credulous of Hand-book descriptions, I resolved on wasting a day out of our route, in order to make acquaintance with the "Alpine sublimities" of Lake Orta, and the wonders of its famous Monte Santo. Ere, however, I recount what turned out more or less a disappointment and an expence, let me tell you of a well-spent hour beforehand.

All the world has heard of the colossal image of Sardinia's pet saint, because her most munificent, Carlo Borromeo; as I had heard of it all

my life, and now beyond hope have just seen it for the first time, I can tell you all about it freshly. The way up is by a rough broken paved way, passing divers unfinished stationary chapels, which the lack of zeal or of funds—the same thing—has left shamefully ruinous. Then you pass through a blighted vineyard, and discern at a distance a pair of shabby white buildings on the top of a hill, which act as an injudicious screen to the statue; for you see a head and a hand apparently issuing from them like the inmate of Otranto. This mixture of buildings and colossi I took occasion to condemn, as an ignorant critic and without the fear of Athenian Minerva before my eyes, at Munich: and here also it is manifestly justified; unless the matter be intended, seeing that a Monte-Sacro ending in a climax-idol ought to be a sort of labyrinth. When you approach the image, the first idea is disappointment: it is so small, so green, so little imposing: but, as you mount the hill, the colossus grows, his ears stick out like those of an African Elephant, and you feel you have a hundred feet giant before you. It does not often pay to be particular about interior mysteries, but we hear that all his inside is masonry, over which are hung the green copper cardinal's robes, and that the only genuine substantials are the head and out-



stretched hand aforesaid : I suspect those outstanding ears are extraneously screwed on ; a terrible suspicion for idolators. Of course so Brogdignag a green man and still, pedestal thirty-six feet and figure seventy-two, must have a sort of grandeur ; but the general idea is disappointment. We looked into the shabby church, wherein is a chapel made out of the beams and stones of the room in which the saint was born at the now ruined castle of Arona ; the cast of his face, his crucifix of the true cross, and a part of his cerecloth are conserved there as relics : also, we were shown a picture or two, and admired the lakescape from the terrace ; and all done.

And now high in hope for Lake Orta, off we set, at nine. In spite of mountainous expectations, as per Hand-book, we traversed a dusty flat road for three and a-half hours ; and when at length we came upon a pretty pastoral piece of water among wooded hills, we were obliged to vote the author of our heated hopes a romancer. Monte Rosa might indeed have been "in the distance," but it was quite enough so to be totally out of sight ; —and, altogether it is a delusion and a snare to induce travellers to go out of their way for sake of Orta. I do not wish to malign an undeniably pretty lake, but when a con-

fiding tourist is told in a generally accurate and always amusing Hand-book that it is "scarcely rivalled from one end of the Alps to the other," his disappointment must amount to indignation: it really is too bad; innkeepers benefit at the expence of those who are always pressed both for time and money: and fair lake Orta, not worth the cost of getting there, meets with an unjust reaction in the tourist's likings. However, I will recount the little seen and to see.

The narrow street of Orta ends in a terrace by the lake near the Hotel St. Jules, now by virtue of Murray's rebuke cleansed from the published 'dirty:' we fared there very well, and are bound to speak truly of our hostel: and the view from it is beautiful exceedingly. Taking boat we cross to the island of white houses opposite, and find that in old times Santo Giulio had preceded us *on* his cloak: I guess that like many a boatman put to it for a sail he had stood up in a skiff and prudently stretched out his mantle to fill it with a fair wind: so are miracles wrought,—or made papistically. We are told also that he expelled snakes from the island; no great matter, if it was no bigger than it is now, about an acre; and that he killed a dragon there, one of whose vertebræ (either a mammoth's or a whale's)

you are shown, out of convenient reach for examination and waterworn to boot, hung up chandelier-fashion in a vestry.

Landing, our object is the church, decked with many old and more new frescoes, and containing some rubbish in the way of pictures which the Sacristan has the effrontery to call by great names ; one daub especially "by Michael Angelo" is a staggerer. The chief wonder is St. Julius's skeleton, which, in obvious imitation of St. Carlo at Milan, has of late years been made to repose in a glass and silver coffin ; the mightier (because prince-cardinal) Saint lying in crystal and gold : so when Tilburina in the Critic goes mad in white satin, her lady's maid does ditto in white calico. There is a handsome Florentine mosaic sarcophagus under the coffin for some other relic skeletons. The original old house of the saint, where 1400 years ago he lived and died, is still shown on the house-covered island : it is a shame to find so rare a relic of antiquity desecrated into a stable : the beams are black with age, like bog-oak. Besides, remember in the church a curious Byzantine stone pulpit ; and a fifth century group of Crucifixion figures with real hair, and some fair frescoes of the præ-Raphaelite order. Thence we row to the Marquis Onati's villa,

and passing through the zigzag paths of his well kept garden, (full of oranges, citrons, tea, olive, camphor, cactus, and other tropicals,) get out at a gate leading to the Sacro Monte.

St. Francis of Assisi, who invented a new virtue in Poverty, is the God of this idolatry : twenty-two largish chapels, full of life-sized figures, illustrating events of the saint's life, labyrinth round the hill, in paved laurel-set broadways,—and as an anti-climax lead to nothing : the devout worshipper, if any such there be, must be sorely disappointed to find, when he has crawled up all the way, that the topmost temple of all is an unfinished ruin ! We went up it to see the view, and vote Orta to be fair enough, but not by any means the admirable Alpism made out. Some of the groups are effective ; but on the whole the affair looks shabby. The King of Sardinia is now, right glorious mortal, excommunicated by the Pope for having reclaimed the Church lands : and so convents and sacred ways and such like matters must be pretty near bankruptcy.

Returned, my first act was mildly to recommend two Cambridge men not to lose time at Orta, unless they could manage to take it en route. It is wise not to give too strong advice on a tour ; what strikes one man, falls short of

another: if I had done as I was bid by a well-meaning enthusiast, I should have stopt a week at wretched little Bellinzona; and having for once done another's bidding in print, I find myself disappointed utterly.

A youngster of mine asks Pierre, what language he thinks in? Cardinal Mezzofanti must have been puzzled indeed. I wish I had so great a gift of tongues, and knowledge with it: but apropos; Dr. Johnson once addressed a learned lady thus—"So, Miss, I hear you can talk nonsense in fifteen languages:" this was coarse cut wisdom.

29th.—Omitted memories of yesterday. The parish church of Orta is full of ancient frescoes; and beside it is a wayside altar to a *black* Virgin and child; a copy of the black image, reputed to be miraculous, which is made the cynosure of pilgrimage somewhere in Piedmont; and which they have the effrontery to declare is a piece of statuary by St. Luke! But what I would ask is this: if the Virgin was black, was she also white? it must require faith indeed—faith to swallow mountains—to believe she was both. Yet these poor credulous people must, at the risk of their salvation.

Some of those groups of painted life-size statuary in the chapels are admirable as works

of art, both in modelling and grouping; and now and then of extraordinary dimensions, a crowd of perhaps fifty figures, which look more numerous from others painted perspective, being dovetailed in between. In one, St. Francis is going up to heaven by means of a substantial pair-horse chariot: in another, he is undergoing a mock execution by way of voluntary humility: in another, receives the stigmata; and further on has the wicked impudence to enter Milan on an ass and the foal of an ass, while the crowd and its duke at their head are hailing him with hosannas!

The view from our Arona Inn window is very charming: opposite, across the blue lake, always traversed by square white sails or awnings, is an island-looking hill-promontory surmounted by an ancient castle; all round are the many shaped mountainettes spotted with white villas, and backed by distant Alps; and immediately in front is a lively little harbour, flanked by two old square towers. Before leaving Arona, I ran into two churches, encountering the usual wealth of frescoes and marbles; if any parish church throughout broad England was decorated as the meanest is in Belgium or Italy, it would be the wonder of its county and a lion of the land. The statue of St. Carlo looks well from the lake road, espe-

cially near a certain Palladian villa ; and never was anything more delightful than our drive beside the clear blue water rippled by a breeze this bright fresh morning. How cruel it was of Murray's handbook-craftsman to hurry us off yesterday to Orta at many pounds' expence when Lago Maggiore in all its Baveno beauty was so nigh to us. The mountains rise bold, dinted, craggy, with serrated summits ; the banks are sprinkled with white hamlets, and reflect their rich hanging woods and crops in the deep translucent water ; and all this with an Italian sky above,—and for roadside companions in the villa gardens many an oleander and blue hydrangea in full flower.

And so we reach the church of St. Ambrogio by the lake-side (into which I looked, and found it sumptuous as usual) ; and there, sending on our carriages to Fariolo, we take boat for the Borromean islands, or rather for their principal, the Isola Bella : as for la Madre, it is so deformed by a huge barrack-like white house, that the beauty of its terraces and gardens is well-nigh destroyed ; la Pescatoria is a mere pauper village of fishermen's huts on a rock ; and so La Bella is the only one to visit. It is full of interest, wealth, beauty, luxury,—and poverty : how easy and obvious it was for the opulent Borromei to have secured the whole

islet to themselves ! but Italian splendour wanted a contrast, and so it comes to pass that between the Palace and its garden there is a dreary crowded interval of ruinous tenements. In the very court-yard of the palace, where we landed, washerwomen were hanging out their clothes ; and yet the princely family were in residence, and tourists arriving daily and hourly, and all was the pick of the year. But it may be a recognized appendage of wealthy splendour to have poverty begging on the great man's staircase ; and a spice to luxury to hear its whine just behind the laurelled wall that screens his orange groves : I hate these terrible contrasts, and wish that Isola Bella had been left for the rich, as la Pescatoria is for the poor.

The approach from the South is the best, and that was the way we entered : the North side is a workhouse-like unfinished Italian palace,—the West is a crowded mass of poverty,—the East is probably a screen of underwood ; but the South displays a pyramid of terraces, full of flowers and surmounted by statues and points, built upon and flanked by arched grottoes or arcades, and replete with the greenest vegetation. The interior of the palace, though it seems poverty-stricken too as if the owner could not keep it up, is an



opulent excess of decoration in alti-relievi heraldry, in pictures gorgeously framed, in cabinets inlaid with the rarest agates, in buhls, and verd-antiques, in sculptures, and mosaiced floors, and rich hangings. A lower floor is altogether grotto work, many arched rooms, each with a statue, opening en suite, and all of inlaid pebbles, roof wall and floor; from the windows flush over the lake you may catch, if they will but bite, the large fishes you can see. Three state bed-rooms have been royalized by the presence of Napoleon, Queen Caroline, and a king of Sardinia: there is a throne room, (with extravagant altissimi relievi of beckoning giant ginns at the ceiling corners,) where the sainted Cardinal used to sit and be worshipped; a chapel with three splendid Borromean sepulchres; a couple of picture galleries well furnished by the masters; and other sumptuous apartments worthy of the Palace of Pride: but everywhere you are astonished to see set up under a princely crown the family motto of "Humilitas:" never was there such an heraldic flam!

From the guide in the house we are handed to a gardener, who escorts us hotly up and down terraces, and into grottoes, and round parterres; learnedly pronouncing names of rare shrubs in undiscoverable Latin; of course

there is everything there,—but, from lack of rain, (I suppose,) and general continental want of finish, all appeared decaying: on a near approach the statues were parting with their arms and legs, the pudding-stone Unicorn on the summit looked perilously shaky (I think his legs are fired with iron) and the staircases everywhere seemed to have endured the oscillations of an earthquake. In a retired part of the garden, we stumbled upon and duly made obeisance to the Count and his family, who (kind folks) are in the constant habit of making themselves as scarce as possible, that strangers may enjoy their house and grounds: such is the penalty for having a show place; but by way of recompense it is generally understood that the tourist's liberality pays domestics' wages and perhaps something over.

Away again by boat, meeting our carriages, to Fariolo; recommendable in its Inn le lion d'or, and so by all means we kept Siesta for men and horses at mid-day. We met the B—'s again at Isola: they feared Milan for the cholera, but we have heard nothing of it there nor elsewhere: however we shall be glad to exchange this hissing hot perilous weather for the Alpine heights anon. From Fariolo to Domod'ossola it is an ever improving scene of mountainous interest and

grandeur ; the jagged summits, and the bluffy dinted sides, cataracts, rocks, woods and green narrow valley of an Alpine pass : I believe it is even to go on improving up to sublimity to-morrow ; but I must meanwhile remember with notes of admiration, 1 ; the ferry near Ornavaso, where the torrent last spring swept away its granite Simplon bridge : 2 ; the magnificent situation of Vocogna with its ruined castle and round tower and green-spired old church : (I thought I caught sight of a Roman gateway here, built into a house ; it had a latin inscription on it :) 3 ; another bridge carried away near Piu Molena, with the fine scenery there ; a circle of mountains, and three famous Alpine vallies converging on the broad plain, now covered with maize and grass, but in spring a lake-like torrent : 4 ; the romantic picturesqueness of Villa, where the lofty half-ruined campaniles are stationed just where they ought to be for effect on jutting crags at the roots of grand old mountains : and 5 ; this present remarkable holy city of Domo-d'ossola.

How glad one is to get among the Alps once more ; even in the valley the air is so sweet and healthy and exhilarating, compared with that in the hot plain of Lombardy ; and mountains are so much better to look at

than picture-galleries and cathedrals and palaces, whereof a surfeit is the tourist's certainty ; and you feel free of passports fevers and other town evils. The Switzer's homesickness is quite comprehensible ; I should have loved the jagged outline of my native mountain, and would not well consent to die anywhere but under its protecting shadow, if born among the Alps. For other roadside memories, there are the continual granite quarries, with certain stupendous columns now fabricating ; and the quartz quarry, out of which man's skill has disinterred the whole of Milan Cathedral : there are vines and hemp and millet and maize in abundance,—and women everywhere labouring and bearing literally all the burden and heat of the day, while their gallant lords are said to be enjoying their siesta : there are wayside chapels, and crosses, and a redundancy of black priests : there are beggar-like pilgrims, and poverty stricken villages, and the easy slope of the Simplon road with its extravagant supply of useless granite posts all the way. Our hostel at Domod'ossola is an immense building, La Poste ancienne ; and our suite of rooms here among the Alps quite palatial, but as usual approached by a stinking staircase. How did Domod'ossola get here ? I suspect per force of

a modern pilgrim fane, grafted on an ancient fortress ; whereof more anon to-morrow.

30th.—Every tourist is apt to think his ducks swans ; and every diarist is liable to that grand error patent in the prints of our nursery friend the “Animated Nature ;” all his days are alike momentous ; even as the mouse and the elephant are the same size on that child-known illustrated page. Aware of these defects I ought to be, but am not, wiser than my brethren ; and therefore it is that I record the having slaughtered a monster in my bedroom last night, a most Egyptian-looking scorpion, two inches long ; which proves two important things : 1, the heat of the weather, and 2, that I deserve as much canonization as St. Giulio. The prudent landlord professed to regard the terrible bedfellow as a rarity : but I suspect a colony was not far off.

Went out early athirst for “mineraux et cristaux,” as per shop legend opposite, but found only rubbish : London and Paris dealers monopolize every morsel of any worth or beauty : so I bought of the good man a few gift-medals, and made anon a good use of one of them. For, we went early in a body to pilgrimage up a certain Calvary whereof Murray made us aware, and how that it was equal in

its virtue to a visit at Jerusalem itself. We found it a ruinous paved zigzag angled with chapels, several of which were empty, but others contained populous groups in life-sized terra-cotta, of considerable merit; some quite masterly both for composition and modelling, the works of one Ferrari of Genoa (we were told) three centuries ago; but all now in a condition of decay. The chapel atop is being redecorated, and contains the chef-d'œuvre, the taking down from the cross; which Rubens and Rembrandt may possibly have seen and benefited by; as a work of art it has wonderful merit, and being life-sized in coloured figures startles with a realizing effect. The Christ crucified, and risen, flying out at the lantern are also striking creations. And now we encounter two very worthy gentlemen, priests of the sacred mount, men of gentle address withal and great intelligence; who invite us to see the "Castello," a ruin whereof we had heard and seen nothing; it is to be found on the top of the hill beside the college or convent. This, according to their information, is a genuine remain of the domination of Julius Cæsar in these parts, and its appearance is in all respects corroborative; the round Roman arches, the massive structure, the peculiar masonry, the adamantine mortar, and above

all, coins found occasionally. They pointed out also a Roman military way leading from over the Simplon across the valley. From the top of the keep there is a magnificent view of the vale ; Domod'ossola looking like a white starfish stranded on a torrent's beach, with fertile green beyond those broad acres of waterworn fragments ; and superb heaven-kissing mountains standing nigh straight up in a circle. Our friends would scarcely let us depart without accepting hospitalities ; but we had no time ; and I was glad to press upon one of them at getting away a token of kind remembrance in a beautiful little medal (aforesaid) of Christ and the Virgin Mother.

We went also into the Church or Cathedral of Domod'ossola, and were much struck by its beauty and proportions : exteriorly, true, it is shabby and weatherbeaten ; but within, its newly-frescoed and richly-gilt dome and apses and arches, (with six side chapels and handsome scagliola altars,) are very imposing for such an out-of-the-way place. And now our vetturini are impatient, and away we go, to overcome the Simplon. I write late at night after a tiring day, very sleepily ; and must crush into a few sentences many hours of honest admiration. What can one say, by way of wordily and worthily daguerreotyping that

many-miled wondrous gorge between Torschia and Gondo ? It is a continued ascent, upon the road which Napoleon's ambition has made easy for us, through a black and craggy rending-asunder of the granite Alps, with a foaming torrent cutting somersets below at every step, and straight up, above those gloomy precipices, the lowering clouds of heaven. St. George, Iselle, and some other spots unknown by name to me are especially rememberable : but most of all the marvellous winding tunnels of Gondo, and its [cousin-german devil's-] bridge and cataract, and the dizzy precipice downward and sublime cliffs above. The thousands who have been that way remember it all well, and others will do better to go and see it ; I can do no more for them.

Up among the clouds at the five or six thousand-foot-high village of Simplon — (I foolishly took the trouble to walk by the old paved road, dreaming of old conquering Rome who possibly had laid it, and “barking myself though I kept a dog,” for a couple of carriages were dodging my direct steps zigzag,) tired out I say, I still will not as a conscientious traveller go to roost until I have recorded all things : not forgetting my purchases of garnets in white pearly mica, and of green crystal de rocher ; nor my U.S. friends met at



Iselle ; nor the fossil wood I found ; nor how much I yearned to ask the poor isolated curè of Simplon to come and dine with me, but did not for lack of language and fear of a seeming liberty ; nor how agreeably surprised we are, (with our perpetual eleven bed and eight horse' requirements besides their drivers) to find fair accommodation and good cookery at this Simplon Inn. I will stop to add yet this further ; a tourist's honest gratitude to Providence, for the modern luxuries of travel : the safe way, unvext by any terrible dread of banditti ; the easy carriage-exercise, in lieu of bruised and jolted limbs ; the comfortable inns, instead of having continually to rough it ; the rapid, pleasant, luxurious life we live, with no drawback whatever except drawing, pretty far back too, the purse strings. Let us be thankful for all these ; and travel while we can by all means.

31st.—Slept like a Titan stretched across his Alp, and on nearly as hard a bed, dreaming about Felix Neff ; and, when awake, wondering whether any such clerical angels now may not be ministering somewhere among the mountains : even also Romanist, as a Fenelon might have done. In winter, this now green upland valley of ruinous little Simplon must

be terrible quarters: the garrulous waiter tells us that the snow reaches up to the first floor windows of our hotel, and quite covers the cottages opposite: what misery in such a fact; if a fact, or anything like it. Even in miserable Simplon the inside of the church is furnished with what we should call in England, splendour; three high altars with spiral columns, and all richly carved and gilt and coloured. But church furniture is only *our* characteristic so far as convenience goes; and it is the genius of Protestantism very justly to think more of the congregated many than of the ministering one. The life of a *cure* here must be one of absolute single-blessedness; but I am glad to hear that in all these places they may, by requesting it of the bishop, make mutual exchanges if they wish. By the way, I have seen the name of this place written St. Plomb; has there ever been such a leaden saint? and did Louis XI. wear him in his hat?

Just as we were setting off early, there was an unpleasant *fracas* between one of our *vetturini* and a scoundrel postboy, which resulted in a broken carriage pole, plenty of gesticulation and oratory, and our detention for an hour: the incident is only worth mention for this cause; innkeepers are too apt to contrive ways and means to arrest one's further progress

if they can. And now at last we resume our mountain march, one of still increasing grandeur, which it is as impossible for me to describe in words as for your patience to peruse if I attempted it: a wayside note or two must be all my ambition. Monte Rosa with its continents of glaciers kept rising up before us indignantly higher and higher as we crept away: on our right I noticed a grand chance for the glacier theorist,—a whole hill-side ground clean of everything but smooth granite by a recent chute of that same sea of ice since melted: Avalanches appeared to be imminent here and there, at some ten miles' distance however nearseeming, from the crevasses all across: our weather was magnificent; a last night's rain had cleared everything but some light clouds floating coyly about the summits, and we enjoyed throughout our Alpine panorama the brightest and yet breeziest of summer days.

What a difference in these valleys there is between August and January the frequent poles by the roadside serve to show: when the snow is some twenty feet deep, in places, those lofty beacons serve to point the way. And what marmot lives these poor mountaineers must live for eight months out of the twelve; stewed up under deep snow in close hovels all

the while, having nothing to do but to eat stinking cheese and sour bread, and feed the cows and goats stived up in the floor beneath them ! little do we, luxurious tourists, dream of the compensation those poor folks pay for the privilege of living among such lady-loved Alpine scenery. The summer's day romance of a Swiss chalet, fair sketcher ! is one thing, and its winter's night of foul reality quite another. Sighted a pair of eagles, careering high up over the snow ; and afterwards what we all took to be a chamois, a quickly moving black dot : not a goat, whereof lower down on another hillside were frequent flocks. The highest hamlet has a church-like house of refuge, built by a local magnate high Stockalper, and lies in a green valley some six thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

And now we come to the Hospice, a large barrack-looking edifice, tenanted by a few worthy monks who serve as hosts and waiters to travellers : tenanted also by certain famous and worthy dogs, two whereof, red and white in colour, I saw lying near the door and really took them to be cows ; till the fine old fellows got up, dewlaps and all, and paraded about our carriages. And soon we get sight of that most stupendous panorama of the Alps, seen from the avalanche galleries of the Simplon : the

whole pass is much finer than St. Gotthard's, and, further, is not infested by beggars ; which dulcet absence left us at leisure to enjoy this grandest spectacle of Nature with all our minds and hearts.

Surely there never was a more glorious dumb creature of God than a snow mountain ; in its awful calmness it almost looks intelligent,—a sort of quiet king of earth “in his robe of clouds, on his throne of rocks” and so forth : Monte Rosa illustrates the grand Byronic Stanza well. Those avalanche galleries are admirable as well as useful ; and over one of them (as half the world recollects) is conducted a cataract from the Mattwald glacier. I am glad that my superlatives have been reserved for what is really worth a climax : that stupendous line of craggy mountains, named as of all manner of—“horns,” and looking like the iguanodon backbone of Europe, with all its vertebræ blanched by snow, or black with weatherbeaten granite. What is one to say of all this Nature's majesty, writing in a crowd and in a hurry?—it is easiest to ring the changes on such speaking epithets as superb, magnificent, stupendous. We wound, by an easy descent more suitable for Napoleon's artillery than the twisting ladder of St. Gotthard, round and down to the

roots of the mountains, varying their beauties at every turn ; now the deep precipices below, and then the craggy heights above. Near the rich valley of Brieg, or rather in it at the upper part, there is a many-chapelled Via Sacra, as also another further on : but from their usual state of decay these superstitions appear as of the past. Brieg is an ancient little town, beautifully situated in a fertile and extensive valley between parallel walls of Alps, and remarkable for a crowd of tin turrets, spires, and moresco-looking domes.

Arrived at our inn, some years ago a convent, my first care is to go with the landlord to lionize the few wonders ; to wit, the Stockalper's old chateau, a vast double mansion united by a beautifully architected bridge, and with a courtyard of arcaded double cloisters which in its original state must have been very striking : but the Jesuits (now, together with all the nuns except some good sœurs de charité, expelled since '48) hired the place for a school, and filled up the light arches with masonry and ugly square windows ; this crime of itself deserving expulsion,—let alone conspiracies against kings and universal Thuggism. But it is a good thing in Valais, as also in all Switzerland and Sardinia, to have given the Congé to those traitors against liberty and

humanity ; and if Belgium has been indulgent enough to receive them, so much the better for England. The Stockalpers,—famous magnates hereabouts if nowhere else, (“what’s in a name?”)—who built of old time vasty Refuges among the mountains and were allies of kings, are still extant as a family, live in a corner of the old chateau, and are pensioned by the King of Sardinia by the grant of a tax upon salt : so mine host informed me : this will account for the small quantity and bad quality in which salt, the type of hospitality, appears at Swiss tables. We next looked into the empty Jesuits’ college, a sort of barrack ; and their deserted church, furnished with many pictures illustrating the lives of their peculiar deities, St. Xavier, St. Ignatius, and others ; in one picture, a polite lobster is restoring a crucifix which one of these Jesuit demigods had carelessly dropt into the sea ; there’s a miracle for you, worth recording !

All this poor little Brieg, and the whole of the neighbouring villages, especially Visp, have been sadly shaken to pieces by a recent earthquake : the Stockalper’s chateau was rent in many places, and so was our Convent-inn La Poste ; the Jesuits’ Church is split fearfully, and the nun’s chapel resembles crackle china : from a tower my polite host showed me over-

thrown chimney pots and disjointed walls in all directions: the shock was evidently one of semi-Lisbon severity; and an English lady who has been in the neighbourhood some time tells me that smaller shocks are frequent. All down the valley to this present Turtman (where I write), and probably much further, every house shows signs of the destructive visitation; by the Lausanne newspaper we are told there was a very sensible oscillation this very day week; and a subscription is going on for the inhabitants, who are fleeing from their unsafe homes in every direction. I hope to be spared having to record experience of a *tremblement de terre* in this my genuine diary: but, *quien sabe*?

All along our route I have continuously had to admire the skill of our vetturini; fine honest manly fellows worthy of a nobler *métier*, yclept Guiseppe Zucchi, and Santi Muscatelli; with the rudest harness and the roughest reins and whip, they govern our cavalry like Mars in his chariot: the two wheelers, for example, in the *britska* I patronise, are stallions, perpetually "eating each other," like King Duncan's horses in *Macbeth*; but Muscatelli's admirable coachmanship rules these fiery steeds like an Homeric hero: and the good horses too are only spirited not vicious; if they kick and bite and rear



and prance, all is in good part, and one likes the excitement of being at the tails of such cattle (—I always coax and pat them, and by their eyes they know me—), when controlled by such a whip as our handsome Muscatelli.

From Brieg to this place the whole valley is alternative of desolation and fertility; the same unbridled young Rhone which brings the one by way of inundation, pouring out the other by way of deposit. Geologists will correct me if wrong in saying that I seem to detect on the mountain sides marks of water-level, as of some ancient lake, analogous with the parallel roads of Glenroy: but it may be fanciful; if the idea is nil, swamp it. This Turtman is asserted to be a corruption of "*turris magna*," a manifestly Roman substantive and adjective: but unluckily not one stone of the possible mighty tower is extant, and the small village church is modern: however, as I know and profess to know very little, (though it may well be lamentable to have forgotten somewhat more,) this *turris magna* might still "have been" hereabouts formerly, and its reputation may still be a sort of chateau d'Espagne in these parts; and so would emulate the local *vin ordinaire*, which is absurdly called *vin d'Espagne*. Apropos, to-day we drank *vin de glacier*, a pleasant sort of grape

cider ; but the name is an euphonious fiction : what can a glacier have to do with vineyards ? Arrived, we go hotfoot to see the waterfall, finding it twenty minutes' distance instead of ten ; but my flock are slower than Murray's excellent anonymous, peut-être : the waterfall is fair enough, but barely worth its walk either ; and probably nearer fifty feet than the historic one hundred and fifty. Still I draw in my horns (by the same token, having just bought a capital chamois-head for two francs) : everything is so vast in mountain scenery that a seeming dwarf might be ten feet high, and no one suspect it.

*Sept. 1.*—Another earthquake last night ; or, to be more accurate, this morning. Paterfamilias was fast asleep and knew nothing about the peril ; but several of his party and all the natives were aware of a violent shock at three, and a slighter one at five ; there was a rumbling as of artillery over a bridge, and a sensible oscillation which cracked ceilings and made heads feel giddy. What a terrible possibility there seems to be of destruction to every inmate of this trembling valley ; a little more shaking, and all these villages would be heaps of ruins,—not even excepting hotels and the tourists in them. Let us be thankful for dangers hitherto escaped.

Since I wrote this last sentence at Turtman, we have been preserved from another bad accident: so continually is a traveller's life in peril. One of our spirited wheelers got his hind leg over the pole in going down a hill; at once there was a chaos of fallen horses and entangled harness, and but for the screw machine-drag locking both hind wheels at once we must have been upset and smashed: as it was, the scrambling and kicking at first was frightful; but Paterfamilias dragged the younger children out into the road, and other help was nigh at hand, and the providential calm that comes over fallen horses after their initiatory struggle was at hand too, and in due time matters were righted: that those two fiery stallions didn't kick everything to pieces, and that all four steeds did not gallop us to destruction, was due, under Providence, to the skill and courage of our good Pierre and the patient Muscatelli.

Crude wayside notabilia: To our right we pass the picturesque little turreted town of Leuk, leading to its natural hot sulphur baths, (indicative of volcanic subterranean fire, and so of earthquake causes,) and lying at the foot of the snow-peaked Gemmi; further on, a white church perched on the top of a smooth round cliff, like a dutch toy on the back of an

elephant : glaciers seem to have abraded all the west side of this valley of the ruinous Rhone ; and the two lines of mountains lie as parallel waves, the breaker side eastward, the rolling side westerly, with the vale of Valais for a trough between : desolation caused by torrents and landslips, and industrious fertility creeping up among the debris wherever possible, are characteristics : the gigantic ravine which you cross by a stone bridge hereabouts, is not natural but an artificial cut made by the despairing canton to let off those terrible floods : much of the cultivated land lies below the level of the Rhone, coaxed along behind dykes and banks ; but all is vain when the snows melt ; while mountains are occasionally found fallen to pieces and become a tumultuous hill country. And so on to Sierre, a village with an old macicholated tower and a picturesque deserted convent : miles of drooping vineyards, shrivelled with oidium and drought ; apropos to which I hear that a neighbouring Archbishop has been offering up prayers to the patriarch Noah, as the Church's Bacchus, for his help !

Near Sion all the shale mountains are most industriously terraced like the Rhine : Sion is a beautiful theme for artists, with its two ruins of a castle and a church crown-

ing twin rock fortresses; but its name is a misnomer, and should be Sidon, if the old Sedunum must somehow be corrupted. I copied two inscriptions in the town bearing on this point: the one on a rude tablet built into the church wall, "hitherto inedited," and running exactly thus, illegibles guessed at: "Cæsari divi f [ilio Aug] usto Cos XI [tribun-] icia potestate XVI patriæ [fel] ici maximo [civi-] tas Sedunorum patrono:" the other, over the middle-aged Townhall door, a verse from David, thus: "Diligit Dominus portas Sion super omnia tabernacula Jacob:" manifestly, monastic zeal elided the central d, and sanctified old Sedun into Sion.

We stayed three hours here, as usual at midday with vetturini cavalry; dined, tasted Malvoisie, and saw all to be seen, as thus: the cathedral, a plain gothic church with a Lombard or Romanesque old Tower, containing nine handsome altars, some bishops' tombs, and a lofty carved baptistery: a mortuary chapel hard by, with quaintly frescoed organ and the usual showy furniture: the chateau, a monastic fortress on the isolated rock overhanging the town, probably in primitive time the Sedunian stronghold, but afterwards crowned with early church architecture, whereof the gothic arches are as nearly round as possible; certain capitals and

clustered columns and aged frescoes are memorable ; but especially the exquisite carved work in ancient ash lining the whole of the choir : it is later than the rest of the church, but still very old, and rich and masterly every-way. Remember the wretched crétins up there, and be humbly grateful for the contrast. Noticed out of the town, built into a vineyard gateway, a couple of vigorous ancient Roman scrolls ; also, the two thousand years old town-walls and arched entrance : also, southward the conventual establishment for crétins, and northward the mercantile barrack to accommodate silkworms. Called upon a watch-maker to enquire for Roman coins found here, and had the mortification of hearing that a "Monsieur, de Genève," bought all he had yesterday : heard further that there are two resident collectors in Sion who secure all that is worth having : small blame to them for so doing ; I had no time to call and see their spoils, as the good horloger exhorted. Hops, frequently seen wild, are here cultivated as at Farnham, but on a much smaller scale. Looked into the Jesuits' deserted church : all as usual, white, Italian, and in lieu of saints pictures of the blessed Ignatius and Xavier and so forth : it was market-day, and plenty of the country women were there in hideous high-waisted

panoply and ugly ribboned hats ; also, it was visitation-day, and we counted eighteen priests all together in their black long coats and huge three-cornered hats, kissing each other thrice upon the cheek before departure to Alpine homes in shandrydans. I think this exhausts our mid-day rest at Sion.

The view of the Valaisian metropolis (with one fair street, but otherwise wretched enough,) is a most imposing object from the Martigny road ; and I hope to recognize it oftener in Suffolk Street and Trafalgar Square, according to its merits. Soon we pass a right noticeable roadside church St. Pierre, (?)—with a genuine old Roman decagonal tower, each side being fitted with double arches exquisitely : further on, as well as near it, is magnificent mountain scenery—craggy old fellows belted with clouds. We pass a flock of goats, as often, but this being recordable specially from having two young tame chamois herded with them ; lying legends are told about their indomitable wildness ; and they are common food enough too ; *e. g.*, to-day, as oftentimes before, stewed chamois was amongst our viands at Sion, flavoured like hare. And now, crossing the foamy soapsud Rhone by a crazy bridge of wood, lately substituted for the stone one washed away, we get upon the ten-mile straight road known to

all hereabouts, and in due time arrive at Martigny.

*Sunday, Sept. 2nd.*—To rest the Sabbath-day according to the commandment being a three-fold good of duty pleasure and interest, the odd thirty francs one has to pay for horse-food make a fair bargain; and our good dumb creatures rest too. Looked into the Church, and as usual found it well furnished with splendidly carved and coloured altars, nine of them; the three entrances also are well carved in old oak. Two very worthy clergymen conducted English service to a congregation of some forty of us in the drawing-room of the new Hotel Clerc, belonging to our Cygne landlord; I have seldom heard the services better read, or succeeded by more sensible sermons; so I made earnest acquaintance with the good men, and found that we were already known to each other. Between services wandered among the ruins of the well-known round tower of Martigny with all the children, and duly took oversight of the three converging valleys. By way of encouragement to Sunday resters, the day is dull sultry and cloudy, not at all fit for mountain roaming: so, many of those who left the hotel early for the Tête Noire and Col de Balme passes, will be just at



present up in the clouds and disappointed. Even if we are now to have clear weather, which is dubious, we leave these passes behind us, and progress to Geneva; from which a visit to Chamouni is possible, if letters long looked for cause no change of plan. In old days I accomplished the Tête Noire, and choose this time to go a different route; touring is always an alternative of omissions; if you turn to the right, you will not find it easy also to turn to the left: and it is only a wonder hitherto how little that is worth seeing we have left unseen behind us.

*3rd Sept., Monday.*—Perpetually oppressed by the reflection that all this track is beaten indeed quite flat by the feet of passers by, that my diary will be voted dull, and that one might almost as well be the historian of a journey from Paddington to Cornhill as from Martigny to Geneva, I will yet have the hardihood to continue these staccato jottings. One meets everybody here, and of all classes; at last we have hit one of the main streams of English holiday-makers: banker's clerks and country parsons, new married couples and old folks with families, juniors with new Alpenstocks, and seniors for the first time manfully sporting stubble chins and looking uncomfort-

ably self-conscious of their incipient mustachios, —these, with crowds of guides and mules and charabancs, make up the population hereabouts. Notwithstanding then the peril of being found out as a meagre note-dropper on so common a route, I will not yet be idle enough to leave off journalizing ; but dare to recount the common-places of a Swiss tour as if they might be somethings rare and “*adhuc indicta ore alio.*” A glorious morning ; fleecy little clouds floating round the Rhone-side mountains like muslin scarfs about Hindoo nautch girls ; and we off early, exhilarated all the more for yesterday’s repose. Depend upon it, there is a worldly wisdom in obeying that humane commandment ; perpetual travel is travail indeed, and no one ever lost a day by keeping the Sabbath : it is a pleasure to believe that the frequent, if not average, observance of Sunday by English families on the Continent has had a perceptible influence on all persons and places in the beaten track.

Roadside notes : Water, in its absence and its presence, is the chief curse of Switzerland ; absent, not only is uncleanness the hot bed of those peculiar human evils goitre and cretinism, but also the poor unwashed cottager’s upland crop is parched, his harvest droops and perishes ; present, his sloping fields are bodily

cleansed off by the cataracts to the bare rock, his rich valleys are inundated with shaley mud and boulders. And hereabouts the Rhone and its glacier-born tributaries are a curse in the desolating way; industry is mocked and energy extinguished by those overwhelming spring-time floods: while summer heat draws out of their deposit malaria to tenant ruins. This will in part account for the bit by bit parish-garden cultivation of these valleys; some small proprietors hope on still, while others are entirely discouraged: but throughout all the countries we have visited there is another injurious cause, in the infinitesimal subdivision of property. No farming can be really good without a fair breadth of land, seeing that in the absence of some such expanded right of tillage, draining is an impossibility; Goldsmith's Deserted Village-wish, that "every rood of land support its man," is the shallowest utopianism: what is to become of that man's children? and think of the perpetual broils with his litigious neighbours. But, en route, not to be tedious.

You are shown watermarks in Martigny proving that sometimes the whole valley is flooded up to the first floor windows; and all up the valley there are similar indications of torrent desolation. Sallanche water-

fall (I'm glad they've changed its name) is a beautiful specimen of the genus, and easily well seen from the roadside. The telegraph has run beside us ever since Sion, and I suppose is going over the Simplon : but it is still only too remarkable how few of the insulators are unbroken ; I noticed this evil before on the St. Gotthard route, and certainly cannot compliment the natives, as some guide-books do, for their enlightened forbearance in protecting the Electric Company's property : every glass hat is a cockshy for children ; and it is melancholy to reflect how easily a mischievous urchin's pebble might damage the diplomacy of nations. Surely, some insulator might be contrived to defy stones : I suggest a ring of glass or glazed earthenware, or even a smear of sealing-wax, let *into* the pole itself, not exposed on its top in so tempting a way for those young marksmen. Husbandry here as throughout Switzerland is accomplished hoe-fashion, with large adzes and striking-forks, as old Egypt used : it is an idler lighter toil than our spading and spudding, and suits the soil and woman-labour.

We heard at Cologne of St. Gereon and his Theban legion ; we are told here of St. Maurice and *his* Theban legion ; the name I guess was analogous with our Coldstream Guards ; and those brave men had as little to do with Thebes

as these with Northumberland: a heathen Roman emperor, it is said, had the legion massacred in this Rhone Valley for their Christian feelings: as monkish a multiplication of martyred men as the "undecimillia" nun-story was of women; Maurice might have been a martyr and a few with him, but their name was not Legion.

We stopped at St. Maurice's Abbey, intending to see certain chalices and a gold crozier we read of, but the Sacristan had made holiday and taken the key with him; so he lost his fee and we our sight; however, it was worth stopping ten minutes to observe this early church, (fourth century, they say,) to notice the old Imperial defaced inscriptions of Augustus and Severus built into its northern entrance, and to see inside its beautifully carved and inlaid stalls; I wish though that the hand of renovation had not smartened up that old church so vigorously with new frescoes: when will men learn that antiquity even in decay is a venerable virtue, and that temples of religion are better decorated with time-stains than with varnish? Mr. Gillow the upholsterer might have turned out those bright stalls last summer from his workshops; all seemed such recent cabinet work. I hate restorations. Build new churches as per-

fectly as you will, to the polish of a thumb-nail ; but don't go to mend up those old iconoclasms : Constance and Cologne are spoilt, and one reasonably fears for Westminster Abbey.

Crossing St. Maurice's Bridge, our passports are inspected and so we are free to enter Switzerland again from Savoy : the religion, Protestantism, seems at once to make all things cleaner happier and more prosperous ; never was a change more remarkable. English-looking breadth of tillage, vines and maize and walnut groves and pleasant villages have succeeded to all their opposites and absences ; and so these go on improvingly all through the canton de Vaud. At L'Aigle, noticed a picturesquely spired château to the right in a valley sentinelled by mountains : item, the Chinese hats of the women : item, the teeth-like character of the mountain-tops throughout, justifying their local names as "Dents:" and so, at the grand palatial Hotel Byron in due time we pull up to give the horses their three hours rest and food, and to batten on short commons ourselves : these vast hotels (instance also the Switzerhof at Lucerne) are splendid enough, but they half starve you :—"longum fuge."

Chillon, since last I saw it, has been repaired and made useful as a military arsenal :

have they not also of late ruthlessly destroyed a round tower or two on the lake side to make a barrack? it seems so to me; but there's no help for it if they have. Chillon is even now a most interesting specimen of an almost genuine feudal stronghold; habitable rooms with original ceilings, floors, and ox-wide fire-places; and every part as nearly as possible in the statu quo of six hundred years ago. We duly visited the dungeons, wishing only that Byron had not set the bad example of cutting his name on a column—"those marks efface;" thought of poor Bonnivard, and many other such real martyrs; looked at the prisoners' rude frescoes; the condemned-cell's hard bed of rock; the black gibbet beam; the horrible torture pillar, with its pulley wheel still up, and branding marks of red-hot iron on its wood; and chiefly that atrocious oubliette, a hole eighty feet deep, down which the untried unguilty good were flung ruthlessly to perish upon stuck-up iron stakes at the bottom,—forgotten and no questions asked;—but remembered of the Great Judge! and may not Duke Victor Amadeus have answered some searching questions by this time?—How could the wretch and his duchess have slept in those decorated bed-rooms up-stairs, and received company in the knights' saloon, and piously heard mass in

the private royal chapel, with all those horrors going on below? But Chillon is only a specimen of what in those days was common to all such nests of tyranny: I remember similar horrors at Baden, where the murderous knife-machine is still in place; and at Martigny's La Batie there is a filled-up oubliette, being as it was the castle of a bishop; and elsewhere one has heard of *baisers de la Vierge*, and rack-wheels, and I care not to say what horrors beside: what a mercy though it is to live in a day when all these things are antiquarian curiosities, when feudal tyrannies are picturesque in ruin, and philanthropy is the rule even on the battle-field! Yet, let us be watchful of our freedom: if Jesuitical Ignatius and Inquisitorial Dominic but once again could get the upper hand of us, there would be a terrible resurrection of these old mediæval cruelties: here among the Vaudois it is a natural sympathy in one who comes of old Huguenot martyr-stock to write, Beware even now of bloody Rome.

After Chillon, vineyards and maize and terraces and villas, are the peal to ring changes upon: and the little three-tree'd islet on the lake, its not only land-child for there is Rousseau's and one other, but famous as the sole one through the power of Byron's "Ars



poetica ;” and Clarens, where Rousseau would now be agonized to see that a road-side drinking-shop is called the “Bosquet de Julie ;” and Vevay, a large clean thriving town ; and the magnificent Meillerie-mountain mass holding little St. Gengulphus in its lap upon the lake-side opposite ; and hilly Lausanne, with its many spired cathedral, crowded narrow streets, and this present Hotel Gibbon ; all are among our little notables. Not least also, that here (on this same site, for the hotel is built in Gibbon’s garden) where the infidel historian traduced Christianity, our virtuous host has placed the Bible in every room ; and after a polyglot fashion too, for you may call for what language you will, and the Foreign and British Society has supplied you ! Magna est veritas, O miserande Gibbon : The Bible has neither Decline nor Fall.

*4th.*—It is high time to record our special luck in vetturini, seeing that after a fortnight’s favourable experience, we part with one of them here : half of our flock going by the steam-boat to Geneva, and we the remainder in one carriage by land. Our two drivers have been perfect in their way ; a luck few travellers have to tell of. Neither have we been forced up early, nor driven into the night, nor

in any way grumbled at nor interfered with : all has gone well with good horses good carriages and good men. This is attributable to Pierre, whose extensive acquaintance with vetturini has enabled him to choose us the best of their class.

One may also gratefully record preservation from numberless very possible, nay impending, accidents ; and especially from that evil which has been near us so often but never came too near, the cholera : I see by the papers that one English traveller at least like ourselves has been carried off by it, Archdeacon H—— ; and many have ailed : with our flock, a trifle of good Cognac has perhaps occasionally averted what sour wines and too much fruit might have occasioned. Some of our friends tell me they have been fumigated at douanes quarantine fashion ; but though we have come from such infected places as Como, Lugano, and Milan, they never took the trouble to incense any of us, little or big : perhaps we all looked too healthy. Another cause of common thankfulness is weather : this, all know, makes no small difference to the tourist ; and everywhere among the mountains hitherto we have had magnificent days to light up the superb landscapes ; while if it now and then has rained at night, so much the better, as it laid the dust,

cooled the atmosphere, and freshened up the drooping vegetation. As for the innumerable small providences perpetually ministering to our(—as to everyone else's—) comfort and safety, let Faith recollect some among their multitude with humble Gratitude.

After an early departure by water of the half of us, the other half set out to use up all we could of Lausanne in an hour: and we accomplished these. Passing the grand high-arched viaduct, we visited the Musée Arlaud, a collection of pictures old and new, perhaps with nothing very mentionable but the execution of a local patriot, some chamois, and a pretty little piece of mother and child: thence to the Cathedral, which is rather shabby outside, but of quaker neatness within: not but that the exterior is imposing and picturesque at a distance with its many cones and spires, and those aerial arches showing daylight through them: the interior, however, is of a quiet truly beautiful sublimity, vast, exquisitely architected in plain Gothic, and with certain remarkable features which I can only denote by a touch; as thus: some of the clustered columns are not as is usual in one mass, but of single shafts, each separate, which has a strangely unsubstantial appearance: then, between the great nave-arches and an

arched tier of windows high above them runs all round the church a beautiful gallery of smaller arches ; and the choir is quite a gem of gracefully interwoven curves. One really regards the absence of gaudy church furniture as a relief : except for a slight sprinkling of stained glass there is not one gleam of colour about the building : and the effect of the absence of tinselly high altars and gaudy pictures is not only chaste but grand ; for those eye-catchers cut up the coup d'œil of a building too much. I like also the removal of the ancient carved stalls from the choir to an aisle ; as it tends more to clear the fine old building of ecclesiastical upholstery, and shows better all its grand and delicate proportions. We duly took note of the few episcopal tombs ; they are sadly damaged by iconoclastic zeal ; as in fact are all the images inside and outside, except the southern porch ; which has been miraculously preserved with all the life-sized apostles, and a multitude of saints and angels nearly perfect ; altogether one of the finest church entrances I ever saw. There is little else to say about an almost empty plain building, if one does not descend to architectural technicalities ; only that I noticed near the two plain Lutheran stone tables for the communion, in the empty space once occupied by

the high altar, four deeply worn stones ; and heard that these had been so worn by the knees and feet of pilgrims worshipping the image of Notre Dame in the old time : there are some curious arches also near the west entrance, with bas-relief inscriptions all round them.

Next, we went to the Musée Cantonale, and by favour of the authorities letting us in as strangers on a close day, saw the usual amount of curiosities common to such places ; the most interesting matters being certain birds beasts and fishes of Switzerland now nearly extinct, a good collection of the local fossils and minerals, some Napoleon relics which ought to belong to Madame Tussaud, and a good room-ful of antiquities found in the neighbourhood of Lausanne : a small-tesseraed mosaic floor mounted as a table, some splendid buckles and fibulæ, and some pretty bronze images chiefly from Nyon—our next rest,—may be particularized.

Returned, we notice Gibbon's impudent portrait in the hotel, and his modest acacia tree in the garden, and so set off again per voiture. Lausanne looks beautiful as we leave it ; seen from the point of view including viaduct chateau and cathedral, with the crowd of houses up and down hill, and the glorious

scenery all around. At Morges and Rolle, two thriving towns, we pass a pair of castles of the Chillon sort, and in several places along the route fine old walled and turretted chateaux. Vineyards, vineyards everywhere ; a most uncertain venture, as one night's frost will spoil all the crop, and they do not gather till November. Some fine timber, elm and chesnut ; and throughout much of English landscape and tillage.

At Nyon, where we refreshed man and horse, struck by the stated fact of the name being the short for Novidunum, I went a hunting after Roman antiquities ; and had the satisfaction of stumbling independently upon a perfect ancient-arched entry, a Roman bridge, two Corinthian capitals built into walls, a square tower with a relievo bust upon it, a female figure in damaged marble, a mosaic pavement, and an inscription of the time of Tetricus : last and not least, I consider the church into which some of these are built to have been in part a Roman temple ; and there is a good deal of the imperial-stronghold appearance in the old Chateau. On the whole, my hour's antiquarianism was beyond hope successful.

Thereafter to Geneva, there is little to detail ; beyond giving you a general idea of

pleasant villas and villages, with many hints of old Rome in the broad round arches everywhere (I detected two such genuine antiques at Coppet) and the broad blue lake, and the rugged Jura mountains to the right, and all the Alpine sky-scrapers to the left; and so through some miles of suburban parks and Clapham-like country boxes we enter Geneva: just in time to secure the only rooms to be had, (—we tried four hotels—) to escape a thunderstorm,—and by a strange coincidence to meet our old friend Colonel R— just arrived at our own Hotel d'Angleterre from the Oberland. Many letters, and (thank God!) no bad news among them all.—My passport was demanded at the gate of Geneva, and inspected previously at Coppet; these independent cantons keep up their dignity and individuality; I only wonder how the Protestants and Catholics hold together at all; they are so essentially dissimilar, and indeed opposites. Nothing but a sense of common danger from without binds in one confederation these heterogeneous little republics; otherwise, they are jealous enough of each other, even to Custom-house suspicion of the traveller whom any neighbouring canton has admitted as its guest.

*5th Sept., Wednesday.*—A wet day, and so

little done in it. Took all my following to see the famous model of Mont Blanc, the ten years' work of a native artist, and now by purchase the Town's property : if this weather holds, we shall be content with having thus seen it all in small, as an eagle does from his altitude. You get a clear idea of every vale and point and pass in all the mass of mountains ; and the thing is said to be most accurate. If we are doomed to see no more, this at least is something ; and so far as I personally am concerned I know Chamouni and the Mont Anvert well of old. The model is in a picturesque Swissy lodge decorated with bronzed chamois and ibexes, and built in the lakeside garden near our capital hotel.

We also visited the Musée Rath, an incipient and indifferent gallery of paintings and casts ; did some shopping ; met some friends ; and wandered about this fine large city, the better part of which is quite Belgravian in its house and street architecture. The hotel d'Angleterre is beautifully situated on the Quai du Rhone ; and we look out on the blue lake, dotted with double-winged sailing boats, and set off with every beauty both of town and country : Rousseau's island on the left, pleasantly arbour'd with trees, and got at by a foot bridge ; Neptune's rock on the right, an old



heathen idol place. Rousseau's birth place is over the water, within rifle-shot. Never was lake so beset with literary celebrities as Geneva's; Voltaire, Byron, de Stael, Milton, Calvin, and Rousseau; and, apropos to Rousseau, the odd thing is that he was in youth a watch-maker,—and the glory of Geneva now is watchmaking. Could Rousseau's early apprenticeship, added to his mature fame, have had anything to do with this result? Possibly. Nothing is more curious than local trades. Why confine mosaiced woods to Tunbridge, soft leather gloves to Woodstock, knives to Sheffield, carriages to Long-acre, and watches to Geneva?

*Thursday, Sept. 6th.*—The spirit of Calvin must be sternly happy to-day: it is some anniversary of the Reformation worthies kept here as a "Festival" with the most morose severity: all shops are shut, sights are interdicted, and the tourist ejaculates with Titus, "Perdidi diem." Nevertheless, we have accomplished somewhat in a comprehensive prowl, as thus. Up the steep roughly-trottoired streets by round-about gloomy rows of shut-up houses to the Cathedral; exteriorly the dullest and most incongruous pile of buildings ever seen: imagine such a mixture as

this ; a dingy fortress-like plain Gothic pile is crowned with whimsical scaly tin turrets, and prefaced by a Queen-Anne's Grecian vestibule surmounted by a brown-green copper dome ! Inside, things are better,—a vast grey simple-Gothic nave and choir and transepts, of a grand severity, and quite Calvinistic : by the same token, the sounding board of that austere preacher's pulpit overhangs the present little "drum ecclesiastic," for which it is some sizes too large : possibly emblematical this, of the difference in guage between Calvin's overshadowing influence and the smaller calibre of his local substitute. The only other noticeables in the church are some bad modern windows of coloured glass, a pair of stained roses much better, and some old lancets at the choir end very good ; also, a few loose stones with Roman inscriptions on them, lying in a sort of stoneyardy corner of a transept : also opposite, the very worst monument in black and white marble I have ever seen ; the hero of it seems to be a sort of charioteer, standing up white in a black vehicle without horses ; and two black lions are asleep beneath.

Thence went on to the Museum, but found that even a silver key would not avail to open it : so strictly is the day kept, that strangers are detained because the passport

office is shut till nine at night, and no money is procurable from bankers for our circular notes: gloom is the prevailing idea of this rigid Protestant celebration; somebody says it is kept in honour of certain fugitives who found refuge at Geneva after the St. Bartholomew's scene of massacre. Passed on to the arsenal, similarly closed, but had the satisfaction of walking up the paved incline that serves as a staircase to the Hotel de Ville; stood on the spot where poor Servetus's heresy was burnt out, and where Rousseau's book-children were executed by the hangman; and in passing touched the street where Calvin was born; nobody knows the house for a certainty. Behind the Town Hall, a modern stone building, there is a mediæval square tower grafted on an old Roman wall: I noticed the words "*Rufiæ Agrippinæ*" cut on one of the large stones composing it; much of the neighbouring rampart also seeming to have fragments of some older building worked into it. From this, went to the Botanical Gardens, rather shabby, and with a central fountain of strange inelegancy; a bronze child is cuddling a young crocodile, possibly intended to be throttling it, as the water spouts energetically straight up into the air out of its mouth. A *Testudinaria Elephantina*, in vigorous foliage

out of the singular cone-like trunk, was noticeable : also two large specimens of the Chinese maidenhair tree, elder brothers of one at Albury. A seeming tomb of Bonnet, and a good bronze of Candolle remain to be named ; and just outside a new figure of David with Goliath's head ; wherein the stripling is represented stark naked, and his arms and head are clumsily screwed on in a different-coloured metal, quite spoiling the effect. Protestantism somehow always contrives to be tasteless in matters of art : it is our genius to regard the useful far before the ornamental, and we have very little true idea of beauty or congruity.

Passing along white wide streets, Pharisaically dull, we cross the swift blue Rhone, to take notice of Jean Jacques street, where Rousseau was born, and thereafter to visit his little triangular island : here encountering his statue, a seated figure in a bed-gown, not unlike a young Wellington, and the arm-chair wedged up tight with books. So home, footsore with this penitential pavement to the mid-day duty of dinner. Thereafter, another such town-ramble, discovering near an abattoir the public eagles, forlorn looking and filthy, in a cage : I wished the poor things their liberty in free Switzerland. Found out Rousseau's birth-house, now a large white café : also, the so-

called fraction of a Cæsar's castle by the post-office : and a market or two : and not much more. Geneva has burst its bounds and swollen beyond its ramparts, as never more intending to have need of them or to trust them : their chief purpose now is to serve as pleasant boulevards and terraced walks.

The belvidere at the top of our hotel discloses a panorama of crooked chimney-pots, (some of them queerly twisted like barley sugar,) and about the dingiest acreage of roofs to be seen : the lakeside has of course its beauties ; but the dull cloudy day, with gusts of wind and rain, leaves one in no mood to admire anything. About Chamouni, so far as the family party are concerned, the expedition is voted hopeless ; a hundred miles there and back and all the cost thereof to see nothing : for in all likelihood the "robe of clouds" will be now worn habitually by King Blanco. Paterfamilias, however, permitted for the nonce to be a truant, goes en garçon by diligence to-morrow ; resolved, even though the king of mountains should be invisible, to see once more the Mer de Glace, and willing to renew his youth, by revisiting scenes woven into memories of old. As to expenses hitherto, if my unknown friend is afflicted with curiosity thereanent, I may

satisfy him as to his own probable costs under similar circumstances, by hinting at the idea, Four Hundred.

*Sept. 7.*—Perpetual generalship,—as well as perpetual patience and divers other virtuous energetics,—is the hourly tax laid upon a touring Paterfamilias ; he must think and provide and contrive for everything and everybody ; happy if he can muster a good lieutenant to leave behind as his substitute. In this proposed absence at Chamouni, for example, the derelicts are to be taken to museums and watch manufactories and whatsoever else (as those magic musical bird-boxes) may be worth inspection at Geneva ; [they e. g., saw a jewelled tulip open, and an enamelled bird fly round the calix, singing all the time ;]—and so the truant may proceed comfortably upon his way with everyone properly entertained in his absence ; getting off right early this bleak and cloudy morning.

From my corner in the coupè and accompanied by two pleasant stray acquaintances from London, as well as with Dumas' witty and apposite book "The glacier world," all the few roadside memorables were seen in succession : the pastoral vale of Bonneville ; divers ruined castles and chateaux ; a shame-

less crowd of beggars ; the defile of Cluses ; the whitewashed arch of the Balme grotto ; Arpenas and its water-rocket cataract ; a recent débâcle or deluge of mud which rushed down the mountains only last week and has barely spared St. Martin ;—and all day long alas ! a low level of dense cloud concealing the glorious mountain scenery in all directions. Remember, how that to my astonishment my comrades, zealous homœopathists, produced upon the road a battery of bottles as among necessities of the knapsack, and dosed away with arsenic and hemlock : I partook of their fanciful sugar-plums (for they wished to cure my cough), but as in the crystal-case, was voted an obdurate unbeliever. The last part of the journey, exchanging the diligence for a char-a-banc at St. Martin, is so rugged and toilsome, that one walks nearly all the way rather than kill the poor horses : part of it is picturesque enough, even with this low level of cloud ; and I was especially pleased with the opening of Chamouni vale, — so richly cultured for such a height, so hedged in with mountains, and so encroached upon by those awful glaciers which must some day overwhelm the pleasant pastures. At six, after a good twelve hours of travel, we crept into Chamouni, put up at the Hotel Royal de l'Union, and

helped in person to swell the ever increasing and disappointed crowd waiting for a fine day to see the mountains : they haven't been sure of the sun's existence in this valley for a week, and the state of the scores of amateur mountaineers here, male and female, is becoming quite desperate.

*8th.*—Very early this eventful morning I looked out, and though it was then raining prophesied a fine day ; for the clouds were high, the skies over all clear and blue, and the rain was only dropping heavily out of a spongy mist rising from the valley, not lowering into it : Pride must have a fall, and this was the pride of the morning. A fine day too indeed it has been ; and such beau temps is really an important event for Chamouni : each of its two hundred and fifty guides having a pecuniary interest in the matter, and all of its five hundred tourists a pleasurable one. However, what others may have done this day and whether or not the much-talked-of event of a new ascent of Mont Blanc came off, I cannot tell : seeing that the whole of it from quite early to quite late has been consumed by me most arduously and even perilously in mountain climbing. But your patience shall hear all our adventures in detail,—some of them at all events deserving an historian.



*Our*,—that is the first adventure ; who were the we ?—Setting aside with a mental reminiscence of their kindliness certain chance-made friends who went some way with us, (one of the great pleasures of travel being a succession of such pleasant folks,)—the other of the dual we (number one of course making one) was a famous and frank-hearted American, well known in both hemispheres as an artist, and till lately the husband of one of America's best poetesses now no more : a man, whose published life is a true and strange romance, full of extraordinary vicissitudes, and with whom it is a privilege to say that all yesterday and to day I have held most friendly converse and shared with him no small dangers. We set off at sunrise, intending to make the best use of so rare a chance as the morning promised for the day : picked up a guide en route, and started gaily for the mountain.

Montanvert was of course to be our first object, and I am not going to be tedious about so well traversed, however rough, a mulepath ; it is so accessible, although six thousand three hundred feet above the sea, and four thousand above the valley, as to have not one single grain of danger-spice in it, and we duly arrived at the chalet (which ought to have been Swissy in so

grand a situation, but is only Mile-endish) at nine.

There we took an ice-guide for the mer de glace, and peril began : I shudder now to think of the rash hardihood of Paterfamilias, (only that he guessed not of the danger till in the midst of it,) who in his unnailed shoes and armed with an alpenstock then and there useless to him except as a balancing pole, dared venture right across that mountainous sea of chasmed ice : the guide often cut steps before us up and down those treacherous waves, where a false step (and remember ice is apt to be slippery) would send one down a bottomless chasm like a shot ; therefore it was that, still oftener, said ice-guide's iron hand helped me on, as a giant would a child : as for my American friend, he had wandered all over the Rocky Mountains and Californian Alps alone, and was a capital mountaineer, despising help. Many times however I was entirely dependent on my guide ; as e. g. once the course lay along the sharp ridge of a long wave, with two crevasses gaping for their prey one on each side. Worse however was to follow ; and as many others go this way daily, (our experience only being a little more perilous than usual because there always is movement in the glacier, and new gulphs had been formed since the guide

had passed that way, changing the route considerably,) I need say no more except that I was glad when it was over.

That *mer de glace* is a strange sight ; a cantle cut out of the Arctic region, great hummocked waves of ice like the frozen "pack:" in a model, dry starch would best represent it, set on end in a very thick mess of the same starch melted ; but as for the reality, each morsel is a mass some fifty feet high, with dreadful deep-blue ravines beneath splitting the smoother parts in all directions. The glacier is cleanest in the middle, casting off its slough of rubbish, (a titanic beach where the pebbles are huge boulders of granite,) right and left at side, like a snake bursting its split scarfskin. Frequently as we passed, a gloomy thundering noise told of detached masses big as houses falling into the gulphs : and our bridges across such gulphs were often such fallen masses casually hitched there ; perhaps a great boulder of granite held like a nut in the jaws of a chasm. I can scarcely believe that ladies sometimes cross the glacier ; but our guide said so ; and no doubt they do, somehow or other, by means of his iron help ; for there are more heroines than men give the sex credit for, and female prowess is indomitable.

Once passed, we traversed a path over the moraine and on the cliff beyond it, which certainly we considered perilous enough,—more so than the glacier: seeing that part of the way was by means of steps cut straight down the face of a precipice which sloped into a bottomless ravine, and all slippery, running with water; and you had to turn a terrible corner on a shaly ledge, with your face against the cliff side, having nothing to hold on by, and two inches behind you a continuation of said cliff still straight down: we did it all manfully; but when we got home at the end of this adventurous day and looked out the place in Murray, we had the melancholy satisfaction of finding that it is called “Le Mauvais Pas, very difficult, along extremely narrow wet and slippery ledges of rock, and which should not be attempted by one who has not a remarkably steady head, and who is not an experienced cragsman:” this diploma as a “cragsman” is something in its way for an unaware Paterfamilias, who really was and is quite unambitious of such classical honours as Murray’s praise portends, and would rather put them all to the account of a bad guide.

Hear what followed: first, a pleasant interval of safety; we surmounted Le Chapeau,

a steep hill top at the end of the valley ; giving all heed to its beautiful view of the vale of Chamouni, spread like a tartan scarf in little squares of green and yellow crops under grand Mont Blanc,—that great Cathedral of Nature, spired domed and minaretted, with mighty black peaks, a ridge-roof of snow, shaggy walls, and glaciers like great sheets let down from heaven : the other sentinels of the valley being sharp Mont Brevent and his brethren cut out in iron against the sky : and then below us all this tost tumultuous frozen sea of ice pent in by needle obelisks thirteen thousand feet high reckoning from the ocean level, and seven thousand straight up from the glacier itself ; besides all the other nameless glories of a landscape never yet fixed on any canvas, and only to be seen on so bright a day as ours. Remember casual friends met upon the Chapeau, who had come the easy valley way on mules, and how our Yankee cousin's characteristic revolver tried to waken echoes vainly ; and all our pleasant talk.

Well, this over by about noon, and having already crowded two regulation Chamouni days into one, we, feeling still game for anything in the bracing mountain air, resolved to do yet more, and make of the Flegère another conquest : so by a rough forest way, (our guide even then

commencing "short cuts,") we tumbled through a fir wood from our many thousand feet eminence into Chamouni valley again, and began creeping up the other side by an easy mule-path for the summit of the Flegère. But the day being very hot, the path shadeless, our guide ambitious, and ourselves ignorant believers in his wisdom, it so happened that he, that same false guide, offhandedly proposed "une route plus courte;" and as the first part of it though pathless lay through some shady pines, we followed in his wake. Soon the forest became tangled and rocky, and after a long up-hill fight with it we got on to the débris of a landslide, stony, loose, precipitous: our guide had already missed his way, but said nothing about it to us, so scrambling on we followed: this sort of thing led to a dry watercourse, steep and perilous from rolling stones; and as matters were every half-hour getting worse and worse, we elicited from said guide a confession that we were *lost* on an entirely untrodden part of the mountain; and there was a sort of feeling that to scramble somehow back again, down the precipitous way which (often on hands and knees) we had been two hours scrambling up, would be the wisest thing to do: however, Anglo-Saxons never give up, and, (to say nothing of the real peril of such

a precipitous return by tumble-down places utterly unfaceable,) our object was the summit, our motto "Excelsior." Well, not to be tedious, for three painful hours more we slowly scrambled up, up, up; that poor foolish fellow having saved my life fifty times by dragging me bodily up rough crags where it made one dizzy to look back,—so reasonably enough he felt forgiven; and five times having been obliged to be sent in advance by us to make out any feasible way of further progress.

I have since spoken to some experienced guides about all this, and they assure us that we were in great danger: none of them, nor of the Chamouni shepherds, ever get upon that part of the Flegère, a mere avalanche of loose rocks on the steepest possible slope, varied here and there by downright precipices. That the sons and daughters of the valley do not go there was manifest from frequent large patches of cranberries ripe and red, wild raspberries, and whorts. Nothing but a goat was ever where we climbed, and that hypothetical goat must have been an insane one. In due time however, by dint of dragging ourselves upwards by fir boughs, (the trees growing nearly parallel with the mountain side,) by circumventing positive cliffs, by climbing huge boulders, and by general earnest Anglo-Saxon will, our up-

ward march prevailed, and very late in the afternoon we stood upon the top ; I trust truly thankful to a kind Providence which had thus at last overruled our dangers into safety. There were more perils too than I have spoken of, e. g. plenty of adders and slow-worms, and I nearly trod on one, that stealthily crept from under my foot. All's well that ends well, however ; and, after refreshment at that welcome Flegère chalet, (for we were worn out with toil,) and the easy run home thereafter—(what cared we for the ordinary perils and travail of a two hours' rough descent on a well-used mule path, albeit in the darkening eventide?)—and the immediate hot bath, and the refreshing nine o'clock tea at our hotel after it,—after all this, we can now afford to think calmly, though I hope humbly and gratefully, that at least a terrible night upon the bleak steep Alpside, if not broken bones or death itself at the bottom of a precipice, was very likely to have been our fate some hours ago,—because a silly young guide would attempt a “short cut.” The matter is known to senior guides already ; and I do not doubt the cause of all this peril will hear of it for years to come.

To recapitulate my single day at Chamonix : thirteen hours of climbing, up and



down two mountains six thousand feet each from the sea level, with the *mer de glace* and *mauvais pas*, including five hours of such extra scramble as I have so tediously detailed, is really a hard day's work: nevertheless—after that delicious bath which has boiled every pain out of every bone (and all were aching)—I could not leave Chamouni early to-morrow without inspecting its burnt ruins in the early night, visiting the model Relief des Alpes, having a long talk with old Michel the king of the guides, and,—before welcome sleep,—inditing this day's history. P. S.—As for sleep, I had little enough of it last night,—past in a half-dreamy state of continual precipices up and down, as hero or victim.

*Sunday, 9th.*—Much as one would have wished it otherwise, my return to Geneva is a necessity to-day; for all our places are taken for Aix les Bains early to-morrow: so, putting up with what I don't like, the only thing for it is to rest myself all day in a char and the coupé of a diligence, satisfied as to the horses with the reflection that personally a single passenger has nothing to do with their work; the char and the diligence must go at all events: and the passenger if he pleases can read his bible and pray his prayers in a dili-

gence as well as in a church. One old Frenchman and I divided the whole vehicle between us ; so the cattle had an unusually light load, —and I noticed that the only inconvenient crowding this glorious day was on the vehicles outward bound from Geneva to Chamouni.

All the beauties missed from the fog of Friday were now displayed ; and such a sight as Mont Blanc is from Sallenches must be seen to be believed : it is much finer there than at Chamouni ; the more you run away from the great white giant the loftier he looks upon his throne ; an Alp dwarfs as you get near it ; and this is true really as well as optically, because you are perpetually rising to get at its apparent foot : e. g. the valley of Chamouni itself is two thousand feet above Geneva. And that same valley is a sort of Arcadia still, in spite of cockney intrusions and native filthiness ; for the crops are fair, the land rich, the people observably good-looking, the chalets picturesque, the “ champs muni ” a happy vale retired from the world, and the scenery all round it beautiful. Really, if one will only remain content with a rather distant view of all these pastorals, and will not be too curious as to cleanliness and savour, and other sorts of perfection, Arcadia looks very near Mont Blanc ; especially as even to the ear the illusion is helped by the

musical chime of heifer-bells, and the wild voices of long wooden call-horns.

However, there is at all events one drawback: Mgr. Louis, évêque d'Annecy, afflicts the whole neighbourhood with superstition; on the very easy terms of saying one Pater and one Ave Maria before any one of the wooden crosses set beside the roadway, the holy prelate takes upon him to grant unto every such "patterer" forty days' indulgence; this boon is placarded on all the Chamouni crosses; and (if people could be found to have faith in such a grant) ought to bring pilgrims hitherward from all parts to secure so good a bargain: forty days' indulgence for one minute's gabbled Latin is undoubtedly either a very cheap investment, or a most degrading fraud.

On the roadside, beyond all manner of crag scenery, and waterfalls, and a broad level valley like a drained-off lake, you encounter the statue-topped column of Charles Felix, set up as a thank-offering for the king's munificence in having at his own cost banked in the flat country from the rage of the snow-swollen Arve; item, near the grotto of Balme, there is a natural bridge of a perforated rock through which descends a waterfall; item, that graceful seven hundred feet cataract of Arpenaz, slowly rolling over the beetling cliff in bundles of

water-rockets, is a painter's joy : as also is St. Martin's bridge with old King Earth's white elephant Mont Blanc standing up majestical before it. But scenery is poorly drawn in words ; and a thousand pretty phrases had much better not be written : to "leave him alone with his glory" is quite as good a rule for your mountain as for your hero.

It is no wonder that the wisdom of the church has litanized a prayer especially for travellers ; we run about compassing earth and sea in perpetual peril, not knowing what a minute may bring forth. To-day, for example, while the diligence was rushing through Bonneville at a gallop, (a pernicious opposition occasioning the race,) down like a shot dropped one of the leaders, and by some extraordinary providence no harm came of it ; though the rest of the horses and the awkward mass-of-coaches itself rolled (it seemed to me) right over the poor animal, fortunately, some of its rope harness gave way and the wheels just spared it, and the clever brute lay quiet behind us, instead of kicking and scuffling ; and so, after a picturesque crowd of Sunday villagers, and some curious nuns, and brave gensd'armes in blue and silver with red and blue feathers, and a rabble of useful stable helpers had either by word or deed helped us out of our trouble,

we duly went on again slower and I hope chop-fallen. How marvellously those men drive,—and how well their good horses behave; in spite of rope harness, ash whips, and all other sorts of shabbiness, feats of coachmanship are done at every stage which would blanch the roseate cheeks of our Jehus: while the new machine-drag enabling wheels to be locked partially without stopping is an improvement in the science of driving which John Bull of course will be the last to adopt. Both in going to Chamouni and returning from it the passport and douane systems are in full force: where a frontier is so little marked, there may be some excuse for them, but such must soon be things of the past, as things infinitely vexatious.

*Sept. 10th.*—Glad enough to leave Geneva, for my flock have been terribly vapoured there, we people a diligence this time for Aix: the hard pronounciation of which X reveals to me its etymology as Aquas. The day's hot drive has been varied with but little incident, though if one were to write down graphically any single hour's history, such a record might be worth the reading: however in a journal, as in all other kinds of handicraft, you must continually shred away details, and by such process of eli-

mination, condense the potage to a jelly. The only mentionables are,—a run of eight hours over a well-made road through a fine country, hill and dale, broad rich valleys and sentinel walls of Alps or Jura; we surmounted the col of Mount Sion; near the deep gorge of the Baths of Ecaille crossed the Rhone on a cobweb-looking suspension bridge well turreted, and of a lofty lightness: at Annecy, old Rome's Annetium, (and plenty of inedited remains are there,) we had a peep at its pretty lake with Allpets round three sides of it, and just before caught a sight of Mont Blanc and his fellows white and sharp against the blue sky: took a hurried hungry meal of ten minutes off what was called a jigot de mouton, but I declare it to have been a leg torn from a blackbird,—with some other condiments and the good Montmeillard wine: passed by a stone bridge the ravine of Alby; noticed at Albens the flat round arch style of architecture, which in all these parts is a legacy of old Rome: and besides, were worried at a frontier douane by a strict examination of luggage, to ascertain whether any one had been criminal or weak enough to purchase a Geneva watch.

What utter short-sightedness in governments is all this sort of mutual jealousy; how entirely it operates as a screw upon trade: tourists will

buy nothing anywhere, because custom-house officers are standing ready on all sides to pounce upon the buyer and his bargain. In England, as I know too well [teste Folkestone] the system is horrible and must ere long blow up; we are made quite ashamed of our country on the very inhospitable threshold thereof; foreigners and unprotected females dread our coarse officials, whose politeness however is bribeable enough, if travellers would not be so stupid as to prefer having all their baggage ransacked before the loss of half-a-crown: hot is our wrath against this inquisitorial and tyrannical system; private luggage ought to be sacred from searchers; the word of obvious honesty should be taken, if need be of enquiries at all: but the higher truth lies in *free trade*, nobody in a "paternal" spirit meddling with the protection of manufactures not good enough to protect themselves, but every maker and seller of wares striving to produce the best article whereby to secure customers. Nothing makes so many revolutionists as inquisitorial government; even a patient moderate sort of man like Paterfamilias hopes to live to see the day when these old rotten dukedoms and kingdoms and empires of Europe are broken up and all their bulwarks of mutual jealousy broken down, and when men may hold commerce freely

with their brethren without being goaded into sedition by customs and police. Apropos : we have just heard the rumour of Sebastopol's desertion by the Russians and capture by the allies : may it be true !—but Burford's Panorama proved to me that the North side is the strong side, and ultimate success may be as far from us as ever. The real solution of the difficulty lies in unchaining enslaved nationalities : letting loose Italy, Hungary, Poland, and the manlier part of Germany against Austrian and Russian tyrants, and reorganizing Eastern Europe upon the representative system of the West. Let all those little grand-dukes tremble ; and, by way of staving off the evil day an hour or two meanwhile, let them open their ports, discharge their insolent police, and make friends with victorious humanity while yet they may. All this, you see, is talk in the Banquette of a diligence with a shrewd Frenchman, and what we agreed upon in the matter ; trusting that after past experience such radicalities as these may be managed with humanity, even to pensioning off those same grand-dukes and giving them some cool corners of their palaces to live in : the only bloodshed will be the struggle of usurpers to maintain their “ rights ;” but possibly their own armies may turn round upon them quietly : So be it.



Aix-les-bains is a dirty longish village, approached by a beautiful walnut avenue, set in the midst of gardens festooned with vineyards, and surrounded by a craggy wall of mountains. Its main attraction is hot water, a most copious sulphur spring ; which, used in the way of vapour-closets, douche-baths, and swimming-rooms, occupies a crowd of hypochondriacs eight or nine hours a day ; we duly saw all the bath establishment, and tasted as well as touched the hot well ; soft, abundant, volcanic, and of not too great a heat. Its other attraction is Roman antiquity ; and we have just used it all up in an hour, as thus : a sepulchral tablet from a brother to a sister, built sideways into the church ; a plain Roman arch of triumph bearing the name of Pompeius Campanus ; a subterranean bath-room with hollow floor and sides, but approached detestably through needless stench : and a few rude columns, taken from their original site, and set round a boarding-house courtyard. One inedited relic of Roman domination in these parts is the crockery : most of the household earthenware vessels being of divers queer Etruscan shapes, which evidently have survived the expulsion of the legionaries. Murray tells of the 'debased' architecture of Campanus's arch ; cela peut être ; but there is a

much more astonishingly debased instance of old Roman work at Aix : they have positively taken the trouble to plaster and paint in stone blocks the ancient Roman arch by which you enter the town : a desecration worthy of English churchwardens. Amongst other things just seen, I find omitted a mention of the very curious old chateau,—the staircase whereof is a strangely cryptlike piece of work : omitted also is a hinted list of such characteristics for Aix as these ; beggary, gaiety, gaming, curtained armchairs, pretty country, and town paltriness.

*Sept. 11th.*—A thunderstorm half the night continued itself in fractious showers throughout the day, but not to spoil our scenery ; important, in so far as one wished to judge truly of the Haut-Rhone. Our day's work is much as thus. A three miles drive per omnibus through avenued roads brought us to blue Lake Bourget ; lying calm beneath upstanding walls of jagged mountains, and reflecting in its clear depths a neat Chartreuse convent in esse, and a ruinous old castle in fuisse. The steamer was a wonder of dirt, narrowness, and longitude ; some two hundred feet by about ten : out of the Lake we were towed through a narrow winding way, our unwieldy vessel break-

ing its paddles, getting aground, and running foul of the banks ever and anon : it is strange that so inconvenient a boat can make progress at all through narrows from which you might have leapt ashore on either side, and over shallows not two feet deep ; our lengthy thin giant drawing only twenty inches. The country-folks and all their works appear quite primitive ; even to the coracle boats, and rush tip-pets of our savage progenitors : nevertheless, there is a douane even in the Canal de Savières, and every passer-by must have his wallet searched.

After this we enter the Rhone, and for about two hours vote it to have beaten the Rhine ; in crags, and castles, and windings, and general picturesqueness, as good as Drachenfels : and in one part at least more historically interesting, seeing that Hannibal and his army crossed a mountain hereabouts on its bank, thereby somehow dropping down upon the plains of Italy. The narrows of the Rhone at Fort Châtel are too rich in real beauty for somebody to have tried to spoil the scene by means of a pasteboard castle and other cockneyisms : moreover, there is a strong fortification there, and a ruined chateau, and a gigantic grotto named as that near Chamouni "la Balme," and some long horizontal-

strata'd walls of fine bold bluffs, looking really like the frontier line they are. And now of course we come to another douane, where France claims the right to search you; every article being landed from the steamer, and both trunks and their owners having to pass through an inquisitorial ordeal of up-steps through a searching-house and down-steps, and boxes thrown open, passports shown, and all that sort of thing. Hateful as the system is, I am bound to say that the officers let us off very easily; and as the rain held up while this inconvenient disembarking was got through, we had not much but the detention to complain of.

As for the few other things notable, there were here and there very Rhine-like ruined castles; and oftentimes a bit of bank scenery to match; and several neat suspension bridges; and a kindly lot of chance-made friends; and we managed to break our rudder, which in the Rhone-rapids caused no small danger to our awkward craft, careening round so as almost to let the turbid waters into our open cabin-windows; it was by no means pleasant this, reminding my experience of the falls of the St. Lawrence on a smaller scale; but we had five men luffing the rudder, and so providentially escaped. They tell me this is the last week of our lengthy crazy vessel, to be replaced by one

shorter and more manageable. Then, we took our last distant leave of the snowy Alps ; and winding about at the foot of villa-dotted hills to the right, and beside an immense plain to the left, duly arrived at this vast congeries of tall whity-brown houses, Lugdunensis now corrupted into Lyons ; ignorance of which etymology has immortalized itself by two gigantic stone ' lions ' on the principal bridge.

The city seems to be just now in a delirium of joy and tricolor-flags on account of la prise de Sebastopol ; it is vast, filthy, crowded ; in every direction scrambling into suburbs as fragmentary and unfinished as are all other places continental ; built half on eminences and half on a plain, which sometimes and even down to Marseilles two hundred and fifty miles away is inundated by the overflows of Rhone and Saone. Apropos : will any linguist tell me why Rhone is masculine, and Saone feminine ? and whether there is any rule of philological philosophy or only mere caprice in French genders ? I admire our English tongue for this amongst other truths, that beyond the actual sexes we fling all else into the large class of neutrals : this saves a world of useless knowledge.

Arrived, a pestilent gend'armes again wants to search my innocent luggage on the quay ;

but as Paterfamilias unhappily travels with three portmanteaus, two huge bonnet-boxes, six carpet-bags, and no end of smaller extras, the thing is impossible on the spot, and my obviously honest offer of the power of the keys to legalised authority rendering any smuggle of "wines or spirits" unlikely, I am let off; rather meekly too, when the jack-in-office gathered from the indignant Pierre that the insignificant stranger is a "milord:" couriers and dragomen have the knack of humbling those who are uncivil to their masters, and my wisdom was to see Pierre fight it out. The grandly-named Hotel de' l'Univers receives us: my first idea is to rush out and buy papers, corroborative of the fall of Sebastopol,—thank God!—On my way I encounter two equestrians; both remarkable enough to find themselves mentioned in this fame-conferring diary; the one, old Marshal Castellane, featherfringed and covered with as many stars as the skies can well spare; the other, older Louis le Grand, on his bronze horse, which (like Clark Mills's famous statue of General Jackson seen by me in progress and since set up at Washington) stands on only two feet, without the clumsy help of tail or serpent, and really is as natural as life.

12th.—A single day at Lyons and that a rainy one cannot quite be exhaustive of the subject, especially with my unwieldy following: but I will tell you what we have done in it. First, to the Musée; looking into a couple of churches en route: one of them ordinary though handsome; the other extraordinary, being a most curious jumble of real old Roman and mediæval Gothic architecture, undergoing restoration as all things else at Lyons. The will of Louis Napoleon is doing this work of restoration all over France: and instead of the Terrorist fiat “Lyons n’est plus,” said Lyons under an Imperial decree is growing more than ever.

The Musée for example is being polished up; even to the bad excess of picking out Roman inscriptions in red colour, of white washing statuary, and painting bronzes first red and then green; and the neighbouring Hotel de Ville, with its enormous alto relievo of an equestrian king, has renewed its youth as if a child of yesterday: I like not these vigorous clean-sweepings. Well but to the Musée: it was not a public day, so every department had to be bribed to let us in; and these are a few details. The picture galleries had no doubt some fine things in them, but I only recollect the contrasted snow scenes, good and ill fortune, of

the Passage of St. Bernard and the retreat from Moscow ; because, I was looking more than half the while at four fresh-coloured mosaic pavements, a legacy from old Rome to Lyons, let into the floor of the room, one in particular of a chariot race being very spirited ; because, further, I was disgusted at a Rubens, (Christ with a thunderbolt) and almost equally so by a Philippe de Champagne with some dead martyrs : and because, lastly, I found at the end of the room some choice enamels, and the most exquisite dish of Palissy ware extant : those snakes and lizards live. We passed on to the Natural History Room, to please the young ones ; and among the thousand and one creatures there the rarest seemed to be a certain Abyssinian piebald monkey, tailed like a lion, and wearing an opera-cloak of long white hair. Hence to the Antiquities, whereof my memorables shall be these : first of course the bronze-slab speech of Claudius, looking as new as if cut or cast yesterday, but fixt so high up on the wallside that nobody can get near to read it ; the speech concerns the liberties of Gaul, a sort of Magna Charta, and is to be found in Tacitus : next, a most rare mosaic in basso relievo, a female portrait of masterly work : 3rdly, a collection of Roman and Etruscan jewellery, found all together under the



foundations of a house at Lyons, and doubtless the hoard of some proconsul's lady forced in hot haste to quit the country : 4th, portions of bronze statues casually fished up from the rivers in nets ; why do they not systematically drag the rivers for the remainder ? and 5thly, the usual amount of lares and penates, mirrors, arms, pottery and glass.

The square court below contains a very large collection of Roman sepulchrels ; inscribed "fratri carissimo" "conjugi rarissimæ," "filio incomparabili" and the like affectionate terms ; as also, "æternæ memoriæ" and "æternæ quieti:" touching records of hope and love in an extinct people. I wish that the curator of this museum had not fixed upon each cippus or sarcophagus an amphora poised on its small end (!) to induce us to think that ashes had been there instead of wine or oil : it is a gross piece of ignorance and bad taste.

Crossed the Saone by one of those Lion bridges, admired the Corinthian façade of the Palais de Justice, but am forced to say that I did not admire the Cathedral : it is a sullen pile, hutted round with low shops, and fitted with four unfinished square towers tiled over, as is the roof itself, in red : the order an early Gothic. Inside, what poetry would call dimly religious, prose must main-

tain to be dingy and dirty : it is however of majestic proportions, almost as plain and clear of idols as a Genevan church, and is to be praised for sumptuous painted windows of a gloomy richness. Beside a few altars and pictures, it contains in one of the transepts a spire-shaped piece of clockwork, which performed for us after the St. Dunstan fashion at the touch of silver, but is evidently out of order, as many figures did not move ; a cock on the summit crowing and clapping, and St. Mary and the angel Gabriel were the principal performers. Outside the church is a pretty stone fountain of cenotaph shape containing in bronze John baptizing Jesus.

Here my following left me, as it rained and the way was to be long ; so I went forward by myself towards the Fourvières ; whereof one reads in the Guide-book that it intends ‘*forum vetus*,’ but my independent conjecture thinks it much more likely to be ‘*fores Veneris*.’ Mounting the roughly-trottoired pilgrim path, I first meet on the Montée with a charming little Roman fountain, temple-shaped and delicately scrolled ; an inedited discovery : then, going up that old trodden way between high walls of hospitals or convents, at last I come to the lane of shops where “shrines of the great goddess Diana” are sold, and so to the summit, the acme of devo-

tion, the altar of Our Lady of Fourvières. That this idol should have supplanted one of Venus is to me a pretty sure likelihood ; there is no difference but in the matter of drapery : a gigantic gilt female figure, accepted as the goddess of Lyons, blesses all around from the tower-top of this commanding eminence.

Inside, there is the "miracle-working image" of the same poor dear meek and much-calumniated Mary, drest out in cloth of gold ; illuminated profusely with tapers, and set up for worship in a chapel plain in itself but remarkable for being almost entirely covered with offerings of the faithful : these seem to be principally needlework prayers, pictured perils and escapes, small models of various parts of the human body cured by the image, and richer gifts hung up heathenfashion as vowed in danger ; "sic, tabulâ sacer votivâ paries indicat," &c. : the city of Lyons has recorded its eternal gratitude to the Virgin for preservation from the Cholera in 1835 by giving her the twenty-feet-high golden image aforesaid, and by placing itself under her protection for ever ; so the marble reads : and two Popes have granted a perpetual plenary indulgence to all who worship at that idolatrous altar.

In preference to doing this, I mounted the steeple, and looked round on a wonderful view ;

though envious rain environed me and obscured the distance : however all Lyons, up and down hills, and creeping over the plain was at my feet, for I stood just below the Virgin's image ; and the two converging rivers, and the fine lofty-mansioned city, with its bridges and churches, and green suburban gardens, lay beneath me like a map. This done, and some medallets and a pretty biscuit-china group of Christ and the Samaritaine purchased by way of remembrance, I went in search of certain Roman remains said to be in the neighbourhood ; and stumbled after long search upon some very fine ruined arches of an aqueduct, built of stones set diamond-wise, and layered in some places red and white most picturesquely. Part of this is preserved within the fortress of St. Irenée, much to the credit of the military architect : in Guernsey he would have demolished the hoary old relic for the sake of the materials : see Castle Cornet and Rollo's barbican.

Next, I made a pilgrimage to the church of St. Irenée, where much that reads interesting in handbooks has been so miserably renovated as to disappoint one : a primitive crypt has been painted and plastered ; modern mosaic adorns the floor of St. Polycarp's chapel, and the well that overflowed with blood of martyrs has a new stone top and a padlocked wooden door :

you see the hill of martyr's bones through an iron lattice, in an alcove painted with a military trophy; and among the modern look of all things round you forget good old Polycarp and his sons of the early church who might (for aught I know) well have worshipped in that souterrain.

Remember my talk with two priests here, worthy men enough and courteous; but like those at Domod'ossola confident that the church of England is in a swift-transition state towards Rome again, and that our clergy differ in nothing from Catholics but in the matter of obedience to the Pope: such a spirit have the Newmanites given to the Antiprotestant anticipations of the continental clergy. The names of Pusey, Newman, Oakley, Faber and Bennett were familiar in their mouths as household words: no great compliment, I reckon. Polycarp is no theological favourite with papists; when I said I had read his Epistle and valued it highly, these fair sample of priests seemed to know or care nothing about the Epistle; all that they showed any care about was the loss of the Saint's little finger-bone, an ancient relic of the place once enshrined on the stone tomb and said to have been flung away by the Calvinists when they came hither two centuries ago on an iconoclastic tour.

Returning by the steep hillside, and crossing the Saone, I came by good luck upon the most interesting spot in all Lyons, the venerable Byzantine church of Ainay : there, just as Murray tells you, I saw with my own eyes from the varying circumferences that the four granite columns upholding the central dome must have been cut from an original two,—the same two monoliths, of thirty feet high each being, engraved in miniature upon a stone near the entrance, as “Ara Lugdunensis,” and placed at the confluence of Lyons’ two rivers, named there “Rhodanus” and “Arar;” this Ar-ar signifying in Celtic “slow-slow,” the Saone’s characteristic : I took note also of the fine old Carlovingian architecture, and the apse, and circular arches, and all else you read of, cursorily : and alas beheld with vain wrath how that workmen were diligently renewing all the hoar antiquity, even to hammering new mosaics into the floor, scraping up mediæval monsters, and painting out remnants of old fresco ! Worse was to come : enquiring for the dungeon of Ponticus and Blandina, I am taken into a smart little chapel, bright with recent portrait painting, and having a neatly patterned new mosaic floor, to see fancy sketches of the two martyrs frescoed last year, and to look into their cells through iron

gratings ! this restoring frenzy should have had the good taste to have left the martyr's dungeon unadorned : but an evil spirit of modern high art renovation is rampant on the Continent everywhere, totally destructive of all things venerable and congruous.

Got home, pretty tired, to a latish table d'hôte ; but on my way managed to see (by dint of going out of it) the very fine equestrian statue to Napoleon in the Champ de Mars : so bidding Lyons adieu, for we are off quite early to-morrow. This city is full of revolutionary memories ; every square and street and quay were flooded with patriot and religious blood under the reign of terror : and all because a bad native actor had been hissed off the stage there ; " Such great events from trifling causes spring : " wounded vanity "*spretæque injuria formæ* " have destroyed cities before, and souls too. Lyons is also at present full of soldiers, thirty thousand being quartered in the vicinity at Sathonay ; and of nuns, many of whom are excellent nurses at those vast hospitals the Maison Dieu and the Antiquailles ; and of silkweavers, brushmakers, and glass-burners.

13th.—The waking up of a great city is like the voice of a growing cataract ; and we are

up and off early enough to hear it. Now, nobody is going to detail fifteen hours of railway ; it would be as tedious as the journey itself. No doubt, we passed alongside many things of interest ; towns are apt to get into the route of a *chemin-de-fer*, or *mutatis mutandis* ; and of course each such town has its ancient remains, its history and heroes and sights and modern wonders : but in the train it is not very possible to see them, and a diary is a list of things actually seen and done, not a picturesque pilfering from guide-books of what possibly might have been. However, as a good tourist keeps his eyes open even for roadside wisdom by the entrance of a carriage window not shut up, I will tell you shortly what few remarkables relieved a weary day.

Just out of Lyons, in a suburb, and before the station, these : you pass a large modern statue by the river-side, set at the entrance of a cave overhung with festoons of living ivy : the figure celebrates "L'homme de la Roche," a Lyonnese philanthropist, who amongst other native bounties cleared the Saone of some difficult navigation, and is thus appropriately honoured : in its way this is as tasteful an idea as the Lion of Thorwaldsen, and in its name reminds one of Pope's similar hero, "Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross." The Saone is devoted



to cleanliness, as the Rhone to usefulness ; all the washing barges line the first, a sluggish stream ; and the mill-boats the second, a rapid one. It was busy market-day, and a tumultuous clamour of tongues rose high about all sorts of comestibles ; including piles of melons, as in Italy : among the market folks were plenty of Maconnese, whose head-dress, a strange last remnant of costume, looks like a turned handle to twist the female teetotum by. Had an interesting fraternization with a Zouave and his comrade of the line, to whom, (for Inkermann's sake whereon I congratulated them, and that of my eight or nine cousins in the Crimea, of whom I told them,) I gave a *bonne maine pour-boire* to their infinite joy : this sort of thing does good ; those men tell others, and the camp of Sathonay will hear of honour done by an Englishman to their messmates, to the advantage of the *entente cordiale*. By the way, the repulse of our troops at the Redan and the success of theirs at the Malakoff, are (upon human principles) evidently almost equally matters of congratulation amongst our allies ; though the national politeness, even in newspapers, does not intrude the feeling : this may work well though ; for it lifts all the allies to the same level, and does not set one brother too much above another ; we have had inde-

pendent successes enough before, and I trust both Turks and Sardinians will also each attain to a marked day of their own.

From our pleasant roomy carriage (always numbering enough to fill one to ourselves) a generalization of the day's seeing includes—richly cultivated country, green with orderly vineyards, or brown with great breadths of corn-land under the plough; many flourishing towns and villages; here and there a modern magnate's formal chateau, or an ancient chieftain's ruined strong-hold; with the perpetual remembrance of old Rome, and Cæsar's Commentaries,—the names of their colonies being still the names of French towns after an altered fashion, as Cabellonum (Chalon) Divitium (Dijon) Jovinum (Joigny) and many others.

There must be a mine of undiscovered antiquities in these parts; e. g. I made an effort at Tonnère (where we nominally stopped forty minutes) to see a certain fountain, "Fosse-Dionne" I had heard of, persuaded it was Fons Dianæ; but the jealous railway had locked us all on to the line premises, for the sake of the Buffet; and I could not get out, like Sterne's starling; so my energy was useless.

Noticed the fine old church of Tournus, Greuze's birthplace; and the hoary feudal

turret at Montbard where Buffon wrote in periwigged state his true romance of the forest : went through some very long tunnels, and over some magnificent viaducts, and other railway chefs-d'œuvre in engineering ; possibly we may beat old Rome, but we shall not last as long : poplars, vineyards, hills and dales about Dijon, and considerable flatness in other parts, with a canal or two, and a general aspect of prosperity, pervaded the day : and when at half past nine we got into Fontainebleau in the dark, all we utterly out-wearied, little and big, were glad enough of roast fowls and Bedfordshire.

14th.—The chateau is the one thing to be seen at la Fontaine de belle eau, and we have just done our touristical devoir thereby. It is a mixture of splendour and shabbiness, a wilderness of gilded rooms approached by mean passages and common staircases : without its historical interests, Francis and Henry and Louis, Maria Antoinette, Pio Septimo and Napoleon, there is not much to stop the traveller, well-used in palaces to all sorts of uncomfortable splendour. Here at Fontainebleau the burrs in the bureau of my memory are,—the noble ball-room frescoed by Primaticcio ; the Diana corridor and therein its gigantic biscuit vase of the Phidian Jove ; the

columned *salle-a-manger* (with most innish chairs and table however); the throne-room and its crystal chandelier; the magnificent gallery of François Premier; and everywhere parquetted floors, carved doors, panelled ceilings, gorgeous furniture, and literally acres of splendid Gobelin Beauvais and Flanders tapestries, Lyons silks, and other haberdasheries; the mantel-piece of Francis I., and that of Henry IV. (—Fancy a life-sized equestrian figure in marble being a chimney-piece ornament!); the bad taste of *le roi bourgeois* Louis Philippe in having decorated a vestibule with Sevres plates set as cameos in the walls like a china shop; the luxurious splendour of poor Marie Antoinette's state rooms prefaced by that wonderful staircase decorated with life-sized Venuses in alto; but more than all, the homely rooms of the imprisoned Pope Pius, the little round table of Napoleon's humiliation, and the smart window-bolts made by Louis the locksmith—these also cling to memory.

For the inside let such generals suffice: outside, beside the English garden and the more formal and palatial French, (both of them rich with dahlias and petunias,) the most noticeable things are the gilded gateway cheated of its Benvenuto bronze now at the Louvre, Henry the IVth's tournament *Cour-ovale*, and in

chief Napoleon's famous horseshoe staircase where he bade adieu to his Old Guard.

This last came to Paterfamilias as a delicate hint to make also his adieux to you at Fontainebleau; and I have a great mind to do it to save trouble, and not encounter the impossible achievement of journalizing Paris satisfactorily: it would be at once epigrammatic and melodramatic; like Fanny Kemble's farewell to the reader of her *American Diary*, leaving him at Niagara with an ejaculation. At the same time, persuaded that the habit of note-taking is both good and wise, crystallizing what one sees and fossilizing what one learns, I will still maintain this course of honest industry, and even in gay Paris plod on with a tedious journal.

For, duly to Paris have we come: and by something of a special providence find room for us at an hotel, vacated by seventeen persons only an hour ago: Paris is so full, that I know of one party (three in number) who applied to thirty-six hotels in vain; and of another who thought themselves lucky to get housed after the fifteenth application; and of another lot, who took refuge at Fontainebleau forty miles off; and of another, who had to stay all night in their carriage for want of bed-rooms. Accordingly,

that we have great good fortune to attain, after some vain enquiries at the grander hotels, to hospitable quarters even at this second-rate Folkestone is indisputable ; and so let me be grateful.

Of sights already seen in a drive hither from the station, and an evening walk, I will catalogue these ; the great bronze column inscribed with patriot names and surmounted by a gigantic winged Genius in Mercury-attitude, which stands on the site of the Bastile ; the grand fountain of the lions,—and afterwards those of the Champs Elysées, tritons with dolphins spouting water, and vases overflowing, near the Egyptian obelisk ; the triumphal gates of St. Denis and St. Martin ; those purely Grecian temples, the Bourse and the Madeleine,—one to St. Plutus, the other to St. Napoleon ; who is positively the chief figure in the fresco over the high altar, being introduced in imperial costume before Christ the Judge : with façades of divers beautiful theatres,—instance the friezed circle for horsemanship ; and of divers business buildings,—as the high-arched Strasbourg Railway.

An evening walk with some of my flock included the Champs Elysées, and therein those brilliant half-theatrical cafés, where music and beauty and outward decorum are too certainly

made handmaids to vice ; we saw and heard and passed on ;—even so far as that astonishing Palais Royale, miles of jewellery and cafés fine as palaces, and crowds of pleasure-seekers, and still all the same admirable decorum : a marvellous change for the better is this from the old unblushing régime : you may go through Paris now, and suppose this iniquitous city immaculate : I will give Louis Napoleon the credit to acknowledge that to outward seeming in his metropolis innocence may walk about pretty safely, unconscious of any worse existence than itself ; surely a great gain to public morals, even if only superficial.

15th.—A day whereof not much can be recorded, beyond the difficulty of finding an unoccupied inch of house room in this crowded Paris. As we mean to be a month here, and as an ungrateful country does not pay my hotel bills with the like unquestioning liberality which has lately franked a traitorous diplomaté at Vienna, and as no purse shorter than a Torlonia's or a Rothschild's could suffice to keep said stork-bills from pecking out its bottom, my wisdom is to seek that apology for home, furnished lodgings : but the difficulty has been to find them. I judged that the Queen's absence would empty Paris,—but it

seems that most other travellers judged similarly ; and all are now trooping hitherward for apartments à bonne marché : in vain,—the combat thickens,—arrivals have to bivouac in the streets,—and Paris, enlivened even beyond its wont by the expected presence of Victor of Sardinia and the fall of Sebastopol, is unequal to the hospitality demanded by its thronging guests.

However, I have been befriended by a cousin resident ; and the result of no small exertion in the matter is—excellent quarters in the Champs Elysées at moderate cost : this, agreed in writing and with possession on Monday, is a good day's work ; and having thus plenty of time I am not going to scuffle through the sights of Paris, but can afford to take things leisurely. For wayside notables passed to-day ; there are, the Trajanesque Place-Vendôme column, every one of its railings hung with ex voto offerings, and wreaths of immortels as to Napoleon the Saint !—the beauteous church of La Madeleine, many-arched and many-domed pillared and gilded and frescoed, where two weddings a funeral and a mass were all going forward together, symboling this life of mixtures ;—the exquisite pair of Venus fountains in the Champs, and, as a striking contrast between them, General Count Rapp



in a flaming rage with his boot-maker for (I must admit) the worst-fitting articles ever turned out ;—the exterior of the Palais de l'Industrie built for all time and not for a year only, and with one of the most striking entrance-fronts extant ;—the central Étoile fountain equally beautiful and sparkingly refreshing whether it be meant to represent an artichoke or a waterlily ;—and above all, throughout those many miles of Paris this day trudged, the astonishing amount of human labour skill taste ingenuity and education summed in its glittering shops ;—these comprize sights seen to-day. Paris as I see it now is quite another place from the dirty ill-paved stenchy town I am old enough to remember it ; now, the pavements emulate London, cleanliness has triumphed over Cloacina, decency and honesty and order seem at least to dwell in the midst thereof ; Paris is free from the very appearance of mendicant misery and tempting sin ; both so rampant some short twenty years ago ; and for the present it is a sort of golden age with this prosperous gay and pleasure-going city.

*Sunday, 16th.*—Your sagacity will oft-times have divined, that a travelling Paterfamilias is not entirely the free creature a bachelor might be ; he dances his hornpipe in fetters,

and the energies of the high-mettled racer are sadly hampered by a huge heavy collar: so you must always make allowances if need be, and give credit where you can to activity under difficulties. To-day of course being Sunday is nearly a blank as to predetermined sightseeing; church-going at Mr. C.'s, a call at cousin J.'s, and no small amount of pedestrianism about this thronged gay city, tell the day's work.

For en route observations, these briefly: I like not the friezework on the pedestal of the Vendôme column; that heaped chaos of cast-off clothes and old arms is worthy only of a successful dealer in marine stores, not of a conqueror; and decidedly furnishes an unsuitable foundation for the fine spiral of victories climaxed by the hero of them all: can it have been designed by the same artist? Also, I marvel to see over the entrance "Neapolio" instead of "Napoleoni:" but first-rate latin linguists must have decided so important a word, I suppose: (p.s.: the same name occurs on the column at Boulogne; but Neapolius is certainly less antecedently congruous than Napoleo, Napoleonis.) The apex of the hieroglyphiced obelisk is at present anything but right-lined with the shaft; are they after the Roman precedent going to cap it with a bronze

peak, or a geographically appropriate Étoile, or possibly an imperial eagle?—I hope not. The Tuilleries groves are just now withered and dusty enough; but the pattern-gardens near the palace being artificially watered look laughing and gay, and the trimmed orange trees are charmingly green, and the many statues dotted about people them with shapes of beauty: noticed especially the bronzes; as the listening slave, the crouching Venus, and not least those two capital recent lions, one sitting quiet like a cat, the other playing with a snake like a kitten. Such crowds of well dressed people; Sunday is the cheap day, only two-pence each, at the Palace of Industry, and the multitudes flow in and out like a river.

Couldn't help feeling the contrast between the unattractiveness if not repulsiveness of our church externals and those of popery: there was the magnificent Madeleine with everything to please the taste and eye and ear freely open to the meanest or most heretical comer, and thronged with worshippers all day long: and here is this ill-built chapel in a bye-street, with all its would-be Gothic architecture wrong in every line, and as for even the simple psalm or chaunt lamentably rather than ludicrously deficient; this chapel too shut with rude and stern exaction, against all but those who would

pay a franc each for the service, and at that by no means full, in spite of English multitudes in Paris: then the preacher, though fair and well-intentioned, was not the man to keep consciences awake in that close atmosphere, and dullness seemed the prevalent idea from "Dearly beloved" to the benediction: yet, with all these lets and hindrances,—(why should they exist? how is it that common sense and common zeal can not do away with them?)—our plain primitive Christian mode of Prayer is to my poor thinking infinitely preferable before Rome's gorgeous ritual of idolatry and priestcraft.

17th.—Mr. Pepys will, I trust, remain for ever unique in diarism: and however vainly Paterfamilias might be ambitious of emulating his naiveté and freshness, he desires at all events not to be thought alone in chronicling small beer. To-day has been spent in the arduous and lengthy process of a removal from Madame Priolland's of the Folkestone, (let me recommend a lady-like New-Orleans hostess, whose hotel is comfortable and reasonable too,) to our present more courtly quarters, a floor of apartments in the Champs Elysées. Here we are to be a month,—and the needful preliminaries of inventory, shop-orders, unpackings,

servant-hirings, &c., &c., have well nigh consumed a day : let any bachelor remember the trouble he has to settle number one, and in my case let him multiply it by eleven.

Early in the day I did a good deed, and further discovered an evil deed : the one was to subscribe to Galignani for a month, whereby for ten francs that capital compendium of our London Press comes daily to my breakfast-table for the thirty days : the other was in the matter of the fountain Loisin ; imagine such a solecism as this ; a charming bronze of graceful women cupids and dolphins is utterly deformed by the rim of the great vase : this is edged with human faces, men and women, in the seeming throes of sickness ! was there ever seen worse taste even in the mannekins of Brussels ? Two fountains also near the Exposition please me not ; they are like great water-spiders : that in the Palais Royal, though a congener, is better, looking more like a flower or a star : water is so graceful so grateful so delicious a necessity that it requires more than ordinary ingenuity to spoil a fountain ; yet how seldom you see one absolutely blameless.

Paris appears to be a vast temple of pleasure ; the whole population turning out at even-tide pour s'amuser ; and such a sight as the Champs Elysées near us exhibits by

lamplight can be seen nowhere else: the Place de la Concorde in especial is a very firework of cressets and converging avenues. Our lodgings are nearly opposite to le Jardin d'hiver and le Chateau des Fleurs, pleasure places near of kin to ancient Ranelagh or Vauxhall, plus Crystal Palace and lamps and flowers and hundreds of ball-dressed women and kid-gloved cavaliers, and music and—perfect outward decorum, all under Pandarus of Troy, as master of the ceremonies.

Also near us, are several thronged theatres, and those magnificent al-fresco Cafés whereof I have spoken heretofore;—it is to my country bumpkinship something very affecting, to see those poor girls drest out for effect exposed in broad gaslight to the public gaze, and there is not a little also very wretched in their pilloried singing: how can they break their gilded cage? who is there to pity their estate, or loose their galling chain? and how humiliating that bondage,—“*Seu vocat institor, seu navis Hispanæ magister, Dedecorum pretiosus emptor!*” Then, even for the children, there are illuminated whirlabouts, and swings, and penny theatres al-fresco, children being the actors as well as the audience: and there are harlequinades, and equestrianisms, and I know not what beside; vive la bagatelle! Paris has attained

to a most immaculate and extraordinary varnish of decency, no doubt ; but it were folly if not sin to enquire further.

18th.—That hot dusty distant Jardin des Plantes has consumed most part of to-day : but then it was worth something to see the joy of our youngest scions at the realized vision at last of live lions and elephants ; Goldsmith and Buffon were recognized on the spot. Our own Zoological gardens are everyway so much better in the wild-beast line that I was disappointed ; especially as my past recollection of this Jardin was a vast improvement on the existing bare fact, as is ever wont with early memories : but it really is a very shabby affair, both as to the collection of animals and the faded quarters where they pine. The botanical gardens of the same establishment are somewhat better and greener, and scientifically less imperfect : remember the great cedar, the palms, the hill of various firs, the bronze arbour, the hot-houses, and avenues, and assorted gardens, and trimmed orangery.

That which seemed least unworthy of Paris here is the museum of geology and mineralogy ; but even this, how far behind our London show in Russell Street ! Among the best-remembered matters I may specify these : the wax-model

collection of agarics ; a collection of wheat-ears,—(I notice by the way, that they have my resuscitated mummy sort;) M. Houy's beautiful cabinet of minerals ; a number of fossil birds, and of insects, especially in amber : some gold-dust from the Rhone, apropos to which I forgot to mention in loco that I found what I take to be a specimen of gold-ore on St. Gotthard ; and the misshapen statue of Cuvier,—was he really a dwarf with a fine figure-head, or is it only the sculptor who is to blame ? All these, and more their congeners, miles away from our dwelling, used up the whole day : and in the evening I took our elder party to Franconi's.

The astonishing feats in horsemanship, jugglery, strength, activity and daring there exhibited give one a mighty idea of man's power when he wills ; and of the difficult and wonderful ways wherein he somewhiles earns his bread. God has given this earth to the children of men, and almost whatever they set themselves resolutely to do, they do : but what a pity it seems that they take so much pains to accomplish exploits of keen skill utterly useless, and expose their lives and limbs to momentary peril for no worthier cause than to raise the "*datus in theatro plausus*." To me the moment such exhibitions overstep the graceful and the safe, they become unpleasant : I wished that



poor furbelowed child well through her papered hoops, and the reckless rope-balancer safe on mother earth again : and I will hope to be more grateful for livelihood so bounteously bestowed on my unworthiness, while many very possibly better men and women win their living so hardly. What an idea of Parisian pleasure-going that spacious circus gives one ! Every night five thousand people throng it ; and every night fifty other theatres and five hundred caf  s are equally thronged : the very business of Parisian existence appears to be pleasure, whereas the truest pleasure of London seems to be business : never was there such a contrast. But really I take it there is a great amount of merely childish innocent amusement in Paris gaiety : London may have sterner duties and guiltier pleasures.

19th.—In reading a few pages of this great book Paris, I take it after the Hebrew fashion the farthest leaves first ; mainly on account of the present fine weather : things closer to us as the Great Exhibition and the Louvre, can keep for a rainy day : besides which the sportsman's method of shooting over his manor is a wise one, outsides first and so on to the middle. To-day, P  re La Chaise is our distant object ; a place which we strangers are too apt to rush

and see as merely one of the sights of this gay city, without considering the solemnities and the sorrows there entombed: it is an awful thing when laughing curiosity disturbs the refuge of death and grief for the sake of their tasteful ornamentals.

Well, after that I had written this fine sentence by anticipation,—we have been there, and come back, disappointed; it is an overcrowded, shabby, dusty, and ill-kept cemetery: Kensall Green, though incipient, is far more picturesque; and several American necropoleis beat it hollow. The fault is that Père la Chaise is overpeopled; when a room is too much decorated it looks like a shop, and this is a chaos of tomb-stones: no doubt many among the cenotaphs or chapels are perfections in their way,—but they jostle each other like the jugs in a museum so that all the comeliness of each is lost and the general effect is nothing but confusion. Besides, this place has the one great and irremediable fault of being quite modern; fifty-one years ago it was a garden, which had somehow belonged to the Père la Chaise, a Jesuit; so that Abelard and Heloise, and even La Fontaine, Molière, and Racine, are fabricated antiques: this is fatal.

We visited the best-known tombs; Demidoff's, covered with ermines and hammers, Casimir

Perier's, the extraordinary telegraphed rock of one Chaffé, Robertson's phantasmagoria and aeronautics, the tombs of divers military marshals, amongst whom Ney sleeps most modestly and therefore most sought out, in a garden without a name; and a vast number more, famous or unknown, the pretensions of the marble being generally in an inverse ratio to those of the merit. It was also noticeable how frequently solecisms in grammar occur, as "*ici reposit Louise*,"—and no one else; also in doctrine, as "*Passans, repetez un Ave et un Pater pour ma mère*;" and in taste, as where bronze arms are clumsily stretched out shaking hands from tomb-stones after death, like an afterthought. Altogether, Père la Chaise, which I am old enough to remember in its beauty of youthfulness twenty-five years ago, is now one of the most over-rated places in Paris.

One of its sights however did astonish me: it was that of the gardener burning a vast heap of old coronets,—thousands of shabby "everlasting" chaplets blazing in a hillock: I fancied that these tokens of affectionate respect were permitted to perish away and so mingle with the ashes of the dead; but they are only "eternels" for a few months, like the mourner's tears.

En route, homeward, we took the new Caserne Napoleon, which has a souterrain to the Tuilleries ; l'hotel de ville, with some of its terrible memories, and Henry IV., two sizes larger than life, riding in bronze over the door posts ; the wondrously-light and high-arched tower of St. Jacques, where the emblems of the four evangelists on the top have squeezed the poor stylited saint into a perilous corner ; St. Gervais, a fineish church, but spoilt as to its façade, Græco-Roman wedded to plain Gothic : St. Paul ; and sundry other notice-ables.

In chief however our errand was Notre Dame. This, like the Rue Rivoli, and the Louvre, and many other churches and public buildings of France, is now undergoing reparation ; vigorously, to be in time for Napoleon's crowning and the baptism of his heir : one decree of the Emperor gives work to half the ouvriers of France, and regenerates antiquity by the easy but objectionable process of scraping it all away. They tell me, by the bye, that for the laying out of Rue Rivoli and for the destruction of that hot bed of sedition the faubourg St. Antoine, despotic government gave a bare fortnight to inhabitants and proprietors to sell their hopeless properties and seek out other homesteads ; pretty tyrannical

this, but the double purpose was thereby served of punishing revolutionists and beautifying Paris.

If we had not seen Belgian churches and Milan Cathedral, I suppose Notre Dame might have found favour in our eyes; the outside is exquisite,—light, rich, elaborate; but the inside struck me as mean and shabby, too plain for its exterior advertisement, and possessing little beyond some ancient relievos round the choir worthy of note or comment: we paid indeed a fee to see and saw certain broidered vestments and modern sacramental vessels, and relics of Archbishop Affrè (including,—horresco referens, *c'est vraiment affreux!* —the fatal bullet and the wounded vertebræ dissected out of the poor dead prelate's back!) and really that was all: no cathedral hitherto has been so poor, but probably '93 destroyed all antecedents and interests: only for the rich gifts made by Napoleon Buonaparte at his coronation, and for some doubtful relic-bones which lack a shrine there is as nearly nothing as possible.

Thence, by the appropriate and pretty, because unadorned except by nature, *Marchè aux fleurs*, and by the Palais de Justice, to La Sainte Chapelle, a very jewel of antique stained glass colours and gilding and the most

delicate crocketty Gothic ; to find such a flower of architecture in the crowded middle of the Isle of La Cité is a wonder, to see that its acres of exquisite thirteenth-century window-craft have been so shrewdly mended as to look as if they had escaped even a broken bit during all the many times of trouble since then and all through '93 and thenceforward to to-day is another, and to note its florid richness in all manner of decoration is a third : within, it is gemmed over with every hue, lofty withal and beautiful ; without, it is stone tracery picked out with gold : go and see this dainty morsel of church-masonry.

Not to be tedious, one must perpetually omit minor matters ; as visits, and shopping, and the like trivials, which all tend to use up a day without written equivalents to show for them : but in the evening I “ went with my wife ” (to use a Pepysianism) to one of those alfresco musical cafès for a cup of café-noir and a song ; and thereafter to Les Bouffes Parisiens ; a new little theatre for farces ; the utter childishness whereof, and yet the intense delight of a crowded audience thereat, guaged for me the calibre of minds hereabouts and sank their estimation pretty deeply. I could not have believed it possible that grown-up men and women night after

night could find pleasure in such rubbish : at the same time so far as outward morals are concerned it is only justice to say that perfect decorum, if not infantile innocence, is the rule and fashion everywhere.

20th.—Visits again, and the return of visits taking up time ; but needful and expedient in their way as a sacrifice to friendship. Furthermore, payments and other like business matters, and writings little recordable : but we will make out the day yet, and turn over another leaf or two of Paris. ‘Panem et circenses’ was the one selfish cry of degenerate Romans in their empire’s decline ; and not less is the same idea a most prevalent hue among the purple tints of Paris. Everywhere it is the shrewdness of Louis Napoleon to supply the ouvrier with work and food, the bourgeoisie with custom, and the beau monde with pleasure.

For example, to-day we have been to the Hippodrome, among (literally) 10,000 other spectators, to see a grand equestrian and military show, Silistria and the Crimea : in order to assist the Parisians in this wholesale mid-day idleness, as many real troops, horse foot and artillery, are lent by the government as serve to form a couple of respectable armies ;

and I think the officers of detachments from the several regiments were there too : some say there were 2,000 soldiers at this childish spectacle ; and it might be so : but it seemed to me unsuitable for these men to be acting for public amusement what (in the persons of many of their comrades) was and is a living tragedy ; and there were points of exceeding bad taste and want of feeling in the representation,—as, removing the sham wounded on real ambulances, and making the English cavalry run away ! that such exhibitions could be *ad captandum* conveys a hint. Between the five acts of a long affair, made up of battles and harems, we had some good pony-racing, some graceful *houynhouym*-prancing, a giantess, the earthmen, and the Aztecs : altogether enough for one's couple of francs. Those Aztecs are strange abortions ; and with their cousin-earthmen prove how much the human form divine can be degraded by ages of immorality and inbreeding.

In London nobody thinks of going to the play, and in Paris everybody goes : it is part of the social system here, cheap, early, and not too much of it. So *Paterfamilias*,—‘*parcus theatri cultor et infrequens*’—went to the Theatre Français, and sat out a heavy five act comedy which he could scarcely make out, ex-



cept that it was political and improbable: however, the quiet audience seemed to notice neither of these characteristics, though a Bourbon is shown up as governed by a mistress, and a poor schoolmaster turns out to be King of Poland: doubtless, there were plenty of catch words intended to raise a popular feeling, but nobody appeared to care about them. The whole affair was very heavy, and unrelieved by any farce to follow: they feed you from one piece de resistance and give nothing as hors d'œuvre afterward.

21st.—A day at Versailles: warned by the tedium of guide-books, one really dare not detail it: all the world is well enough aware of its square miles of immense historical pictures, chiefly the battles of Napoleon; its most interesting galleries of national portraits, where the dead are alive again, and if ever ghosts walk it must be in those galleries; its gorgeous apartments walled with variegated marbles, ceiled in all the sumptuousness which colours and sculpture and gilding can give, hung with tapestries and paintings, and rich in memories of kings: everybody too is (I suppose) quite as conscious how indifferent is most of the statuary and much of the fancy-portraiture; and while they can praise Louis Philippe for his

munificent restorations, must heartily wish that the huge pictures of his vulgar self and clumsy court were used as so much floorcloth. In an artistic point of view I am afraid that the bulk both of busts and battle-pieces must fall into the category of furniture, although the names and events they are kindly meant to illustrate must always have an interest : but Horace Vernet, and David, and some others are spirited enough too.

Among public apartments, the magnificent bedroom in which that poor vain wretch Louis Quatorze refused to die till to his majesty's astonishment he was obliged, conveyed most thoughts to me, peopled with the shades of intriguing flatterers lying to the last around their idol Grand Monarque ; and among private ones, that other gilded room in which his dissolute next in number Quinze perished miserably of smallpox all alone ; and the close passage whereby poor Marie Antoinette escaped Parisian fury, while her noble body guard was cut to pieces there ; and the secret staircases once trodden by political royal mistresses ; and weak Louis Seize's workshop where he mended watches and made bolts ; and the confessional of the jesuit La Chaise, where the revocation of the edict of Nantes was plotted ; and the small quarters preferred for

comfort and carpeting before splendour and slippery floors by our own sensible Queen,—these each and all were full to me of various and contrasting interests.

Let me not forget also among the sculptures, Princess Marie's Joan of Arc, wellnigh the best work there ; nor the astounding fact that one of the *marechals* of France is heroically set up stark naked ; nor that Pradier's Graces had much better have been clad too, for the leash of females are as long-bodied as alligators. In the pendule room and near it are some wonderful clocks full of mechanism ; we stopped to hear one strike, and to see the consequences ; Louis Quatorze making a leg and worshipped by little brass angels : the only beings of the sort he can ever have seen.

As for pictures, I felt most interest in the many portraits of the later Louises, especially Quinze, traced from the innocent cradle to the guilty grave ; in Sweden's mad sovereigns ; in the murdered Princess Lamballe and such revolutionary victims : further, in Christopher Columbus, Agnes Sorel, and the bleareyed little Frederic of Prussia. What more shall I say about Versailles ? for five hours—and therefore for almost twice as many miles—we slid on those perilous polished floors through suites of gilded rooms crowded with history on canvass,

each suite more splendid than the last : all one's mingled reading of the glory of Louis Quatorze, the depravities of the Regent Orleans, the good youth, evil manhood, and terrible end of Louis Quinze, the horrors of infuriated revolution, maddened against a good king Seize by the luxuries of Versailles and the tyrannies of the Bastile, (the sins of the fathers being visited even in royal families on the children,) all this lived before one's mind's eye in the holiday sight of to-day : and, just as in a geological museum, the remains of old dead dragons are shrined as cabinet specimens for pleasant modern instruction, so here fossilized in memory the painted thoughts of bygone scenes are fixed for instruction and amusement.

Out of doors, those long perspectived alleys, and the many costly fountains, and all other sorts of garden luxuries, wrung by despotic prodigality from the patience of a people long-oppressed, spoke the like language of tragi-comedy ; here courtiers and courtezans had sported to the cost of a starving nation, and here that nation had avenged itself in fountains of blood. Neptune, and Apollo, and Latona with her Lycian frog-peasantry, and all the rest of the disreputable Pantheon ; with gigantic marble vases, that must each have cost a fortune ; and the agreeable greenery of orange-trees ; and the

beautiful English garden banked with flowers ; and the hot terraces ; and the hungry fish ; and how long and low the palace looked, overcrowded as it is by its lofty chapel ; and, altogether, how pleasant a holiday-making place Versailles now is (and long may it continue so !)—these are further hints for your memory and for mine.

We went by the northern railway, returning by the south, catching thus vast views of Paris : the arc de l'Etoile stands over the city like an elephant over the humbler menagerie ; Sevres is locally pretty, as well as manufactorily ; St. Cloud (where, by the way, there is a (p.s., happily false,) rumour that the Emperor has just been shot at by one of his Cent Gardes,—may it all be a Bourse stratagem !) is whisked by, and I mean to see it anon, but unluckily they only play the Grandes Eaux on a Sunday : and so, all trouble all day long having been saved to us in all ways by our good Pierre, we get home duly, mind-masters of Versailles.

22nd.—Sightseeing in tourists is a duty rather than a pleasure ; and a pretty severe self-abnegation as to hard work too at times. It is not that one takes a wholesale glut of the pomps and vanities of the world, but that

one crams education by the sated eye through the help of the weary foot ; and further, one would be merely an idle dolt if no use were made of such geographical advantages. Doubtless, if at home, as our friends the Parisians are, every day and every night were consumed in spectacles and amusements, the serious duties of life would come to be considerably neglected ; but when abroad for a month or two, the neglect of quasi-duty then consists in shutting one's eyes to the whirl of sights inviting one all around, and in gaining nothing from lawful opportunities.

In the morning spent three hours with my party at the Exposition des beaux arts, and, as always among such exhibitions of massed human powers, felt quite overwhelmed at the accumulation of skill patience long expectancy earnest effort and very possibly often starving merit, involved in such a collection : here is the aggregated Art in painting and sculpture of the modern civilized world, and here are focussed the ambition and the need the hopes and the fears of nearly all its living artists : one cannot be epicurean enough unreflectingly to enjoy results, without some human consideration of the means,—and to me such a crowd of competitors is a painful thought : what can become of ninety-nine out of the hundred ? and yet how

full of many merits is even the meanest of them : Heaven help the crowd athirst for fame, and lacking victuals and drink !

Altogether, this exhibition of pictures must be the largest, most varied, and most extraordinary the world has ever yet seen ; some five to six thousand in number, and the pick of the studios of competing nations : as for criticism, or particular analysis a man should not attempt it in any space short of a volume : the mere superficial glance round the rooms took me three hours ; and if I must single out a picture or two (perhaps not more deserving than their neighbours) which cling closest to my memory they shall be these : a Roman festival,—an Annunciation,—Milton and his daughters, and sundry by Millais, Danby, and Frank Stone : but I must go again. There are many splendid bronzes, and more graceful marbles ; and really one rapid view of them all is too slight a synopsis to authorise selections. On principle, I did not buy a catalogue until we were going out ; in order that the eye might have a clear field and no favour from great names or remarkable subjects : the mind is ever more apprehensive when it has fewer helpers. Kiss's St. George is spirited, but the dragon from extreme elaboration becomes the principal figure : a fault of super-excellence.

After all this, visits and dinner used sundry hours : in the evening a brace of daughters and a wife duteously escorted Paterfamilias to a very splendid series of historical tableaux at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, the drama being named Paris, and the subject thereof its story from Brennus to Napoleon : it was noticeable that Catherine de Medicis and her terrible exploit of St. Bartholemew were held up to execration,—as also were the Terrorists of the Revolution, though the audience evinced no feeling ; further, that a magnificent tableau of Napoleon the first distributing eagles to his army on the Champs de Mars (evidently helped by large loans of real soldiers by a discreet government) fell dead in spite of splendour and memories, and raised not a single cheer ; neither did Madame Roland's well-acted fate excite one sound of indignation ; saving for amusement, Paris has a torpid mind : and that St. Geneviève, the worshipped goddess of Paris, should be represented on the stage by a probable courtesan seemed an impropriety ; but Paris cares not, so long as she is fed with piquant novelty. Never was I more astonished than to find seated next to us at the theatre our worthy old friend ——, whom I believed to be three hundred miles away zealously preaching to our neighbours in Surrey : the



amount of chances amongst which such a conjunction might occur, I leave to mathematicians to calculate ; to my mind these coincidences plainly are providential.

*23rd, Sunday.*—Church at “the Temple” chapel, rue Marbœuf; a good sermon by a stranger, and the service well-conducted and well-attended : I was glad to see the plate for voluntary offerings in the entrance overflowing, and recommend folks in rue d’Aguesseau to try this more gracious and better plan in lieu of their rudely exacted franc a-head : Marbœuf is every way an improvement upon them.

It really is too bad in a city where every week-day is thronged with amusements and holidaymakers to find the sabbath especially honoured by exclusive sightseeings : to-day only, e. g. do the Grandes Eaux play at St. Cloud on occasion of its annual fête ; and needs must that we see it : to-day also as on every Sunday the Great Exhibition is open at quarter price ; and such a sight as our windows look out upon in these gay and crowded Champs Elysées can be seen nowhere else in the world ; a continually flowing torrent of men women and children enjoying themselves, and that rationally, if you only make

up your mind to divest yourself of the day's Religion : a great national and continental mistake, whereinto we English are too apt to be drawn by their arrangements. However, innocent amusement has its just excuse ; and I for one cannot condemn honest labour recreating itself on Sunday : but as for the spectacle nearly opposite to us here, of *mercenary* labour hard at work on Sunday in the persons of bricklayers and carpenters and masons, this at all events is utterly to be condemned, as a direct violation of the humane commandment. We have been to St. Cloud to-day, units among the vast multitude crowding in tens of thousands to its fête ; but we should have gone with more comfort at any other time, the stations both in going and returning being thronged to squeezing, and the park itself in its principal avenues a moving mass of people. The fête is in fact a large three weeks' fair, with all the accompaniments of booths shows roundabouts jugglers rope-dancers drinking-dens and dancing salons common to such occasions ; but I noticed one peculiarity there, never observed by me before and I hope to be seen nowhere else : this, to wit : one of the largest and most central show-booths was decorated with a painted canvas of the crucifixion, and passers-by were

invited to pay two sous each to see "*La Passion de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ représentée par des personnes vivantes!*" Imagine such a profanation of holiest things: a wretched man, for hire at a fair in the whirl of all the clatter and clamour of such a scene of license, personates the gracious Christ on the Cross, and other miserable impious around enact the Virgin and apostles! And imagine people going to see the crucifixion as a sight, a holiday entertainment! "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" That this horrible desecration can take place without so much as notice, far less condemnation, from the crowd and from governing authority, shows that the Gallic public cares indeed for none of these things: many priests were holidaymaking among the multitude, but none even of them are found to protest against this blasphemous characteristic of the fête of St. Cloud: I have heard elsewhere of religious plays and tableaux at sacred seasons and in holy places: but nowhere else at a fair.

The Grandes Eaux are but small things; not to be named in the same breath with our Crystal Palace fountains: the chief waterwork may be counted fair enough,—an artistic cascade,—flights of watersteps with spouting rivergods and monsters and vases and

jets at side, all very pretty and of extravagant cost originally ; another is a gigantic column of mist, the water being forced with so much power for at least one hundred and fifty feet as to rush up like a geyser and melt away into rain, a picturesque vision in its woody alcove ; and there were some few more beside, but nothing much : and on the summit of a promenaded hill, I ascended a square tower crowned by an Isicratean lanthorn, and overlooked Paris and its thirsty drought-dry vineyards for many miles.

All else that we saw at St. Cloud (the interior being interdicted during the Emperor's residence) were plenty of those picturesque Zouaves among the motley multitude, divers humours of the fair, and as a contrast some beautiful vistas of quiet high-arched woods and distant gardens : in chief we saw the Empress : Her Majesty drove out while we were there for our special behoof, and both in going and returning we saw her well, and all her green and gold attendance : the Empress looked more beautiful than I had been led to expect from the insipid prints and busts one sees of her ; they give you the well-known small and regular features, but entirely omit their life and graciousness. In her return the Empress appeared weary with bowing, as well

she might be ; the people received her well : and, for some good cause or other, possibly of safety, for I gather that he has many enemies, the Emperor was not among the cortège ; I think it was Prince Napoleon who rode beside the carriage. Returned, we find Paris a sans-souci of reckless gaiety this brilliant sunshine day and moonshine night ; and from seven to twelve that unquestionable chateau de fleurs over against us, illuminated musical and beautiful, appears to be thronged with crowds whose only god is Pleasure.

24th.—To-day spent some four or five hours at the Palace of Industry ; a great exhibition of man's earthly omnipotence. Surely God's rational creature man is wonderful in his works here, next after his Creator : we have no right to think that any spiritual beings lower than the Highest interfere with our materialities ; it would excuse our responsibilities if they did : short of miracles and the so-called natural laws, man is lord and master of all the world subdued to him ; nothing seems impossible, and in fact almost all things have already been accomplished. One wanders through these miles of man's industry invention taste and skill oppressed with many thoughts. What extravagance in luxury is here provided for ! what

pains taken to produce some merely ornamental superfluity of wealth ! what ransacking of earth and sea to find any one more strange rarity of nature or whim of art, for which monied simpletons are found willing to give fabulous sums, utterly regardless of the sin of such unfaithful stewardship ! O Monsieur Desespoir,—you have purchased for eighty thousand francs a jasper cup enamelled in execrable taste with your own heraldry, surmounting—it is hard to say which—Perseus and Andromeda or St. George and the Dragon ;—if, with your great wealth you *also* endow hospitals and found missions, well,—let us wink at folly ; but if such silly expenditure is the staple of your investments, woe to you on that day,—“ cum fractus illabatur orbis ! ”

And what marvels of fine furniture are here ; if neither moth nor rust corrupted, if thieves did not break through and steal, if domestic servants could be found capable of taking care thereof and willing too, if from some Monte-Christo-find money was entirely no object,—even then I should be loth to furnish my palace with chairs and tables too ornamental to be useful, to make my ablutions in exquisitely chiselled marble, to shave by a pier-glass decorated with fillagree work, or to sleep in a bed of cloth of gold. The fact is, all these overdone conve-

niences are a mistake, and overleap true taste : let a merely ornamental object, or object of Art, be as elaborate as you please, but for household furniture let that be simple : all these extravagancies are a misapplication of industry and invention.

Then again as to another principal feature, the jewellery : never was there a collection in one spot before, so rich in worth, so gorgeous in appearance, so exquisite in manufacture : I lingered in great love about those brilliant parures, those priceless armlets, those necklaces of white and pink and black pearls :—but alas for the helplessness of nature when man resolves to forge upon her rarities ; the sham jewels at a dozen francs outblaze the real at a million, and fabricated pearls,—solid too,—made of ground mother-of-pearl and bleak scales, are so beautiful that the real ones lack lustre beside them. O thou silly German Duke, whose diamond epaulettes and bejewelled hat have probably consumed half the honest patrimony derived from your respectable father, go to yonder neighbouring stall where theatrical properties are exhibited, and let your well-known swarthinness turn pale with envy : I protest I was outdazzled by the latter, the theatrical properties to wit : and yet their cost is about one month's interest at three per cent. on the capital invested

in one of his Royal Highness's inconvenient epaulettes.

On the whole, the very idea of the thing tempting comparison, I do not think the Paris exposition equals that in Hyde Park : it is dark, fragmentary, less of a sublime and aerial whole : it is not so tasty, nor so wealthy, nor so vast : it does not contain so many gigantic works of world-wide name, nor, with all its admirable merits, is it altogether nearly so deserving. A second thought ought to be an improvement on the first, as in our Sydenham Palace : but the Palais de l'Industrie is not an improvement. And now let me admit, with enthusiasm, that its merits may equally despise praise and disparagement ; the machinery part, principally by the way English, is perhaps unrivalled ; the oxydized silver ornaments of Rudolphi are perfect in their way : the laces, and ecclesiastical properties unapproachable—imagine a priestly garment, imitative of a fisherman's of Galilee, crusted with forty thousand diamonds !—then there are the automaton toys, that talk and walk, and very possibly write poetry ; and the bronze of the fallen angel characteristically on his head ; (by the bye, is it not a curious coincidence at the Beaux Arts that the statue of “ Eve after the fall ” has met with an accident whereby both



legs are broken?)—and there is the lion of spun glass ; the rock crystal and jewel-chandelier, a marvel of misplaced industry and foolish cost ; and ladies' court-dresses, of such exquisite elaboration that it would be impossible to sit down in them ; and Australian nuggets, admirable to have found ; and artificial crystals, whereby dame Nature should feel ashamed of herself for having everywhere in mountain caverns done so shabbily : and carpets of furs, charmingly cheap ; and a clock, so wonderfully constructed that it is thought the sun ought to consult it, and the moon too for her phases and tides ; and reflecting light-house-lamps that put your eyes out ; and all that Sèvres and Gobelins and every other factory can supply ; and Bernard Palissy nearly equalled in his fishes frogs and lizards ; and models, and fountains, and every sort of manufacture for use or decoration ever schemed by man : and, if you wish more detail,—go and buy a catalogue ; and admire especially therein among my innumerable omissions, a flower fountain in the machinery court. This is my first day, and only preliminary.

In the evening, I went with wife and daughters with intentions towards the *Vêpres Siciliennes* at the Grand Opera ; but not a place was vacant ; so I turned to the Opera Comique,

ditto ; the game was up, and home we sailed. But imagine what a playgoing people it is : we tourists are doomed to see sights, it is our *métier*, our duty ; but here in Paris, the pleasure-loving natives push us out, and actually there is no room for strangers in a Parisian Theatre. Not that Paterfamilias cared : *au contraire*, he was heartily glad of a quiet evening ; and his wife and daughters consoled themselves with a little gaslight Boulevard shopping.

25th.—In company with friend O—, our guest all day, we have got through not a little sight-seeing ; as thus. First, to the Luxembourg, or as it is now called *le Palais du Senat* ; where that enslaved body are obliged to echo the word of their Emperor and to marry their daughters in his Chapel Royal to whom he wills. This Luxembourg is a place of many memories to those who can remember history better than I do ; I tried to people the tapestried and gilded rooms with the court of Charles IX. ; to see Marat and his bloodthirsty convention in the Senate-house ; in Marie de Medicis' jewel of a bed-room, and that wonderfully gilded and carved and frescoed *Salle du Throne* where Napoleon as first consul kept state, I tried to conjure up the past, but was sorely hindered by the present ; for all is repa-

ration and decoration ; painters and gilders never had such a time of it before ; Louis Napoleon is resolved to finish everything ever begun in Paris, and to restore everything decayed ; the whole place is smartening up, for the glory of the great Emperor when both East and West are his, and when he chooses to put on the united crowns of Constantine and Charlemagne. So all this transition-state of workmen drives away memories from places.

We saw also the picture-gallery of living native artists, perhaps no great matter,—though containing several paintings familiar to us all from prints, as the royal infants in the Tower, Elizabeth's death, and Mehemet Ali's massacre of the Mamelukes : and the engraving-room, and some statuary, and the gardens ; and so went out. Our next halt was the Pantheon, a temple designed in infidel days not "*ad Dei gloriam*" but "*aux grands hommes*," and therefore with no altars or other sort of Church furniture therein, but what is recent and entirely provisoire. It is cousin-germane to the Madeleine in all respects but the dome ; therein adding Rome to Greece : but in the tartanesque appearance of its fluted corinthian columns, (made of small slabs, I suppose intentionally, to produce that shepherd's-plaid effect,) in its interior of grand round arches, in its frescoes

(some only as yet sketches on canvass after Raphael and not in situ) in its modern birth, recent completion, and a general air of stately templeship in a style of architecture unsuited to our northern skies, the Pantheon and the Madeleine are near of kin. After a circuit of the bare cold church with its wooden and papered altars, we descended to the tombs; a network of arched galleries in the dark, containing very little yet in the way of great men's bones; Rousseau is there,—as well as at Pere la Chaise! and Voltaire's so-called "manes;" and the church's architect,—as strangely misnamed Soufflon as our own monster-builder was a Wren; and a few military heroes and senators, with acres of empty niches and catacombs for all the rest of them; nothing more is rememberable here, except that the sacristan wakes some most unseemly echoes in these vaults, which certainly would be interdicted if the Parisians had any real sentiment for their illustrious dead: fancy a sexton bawling out humorous queries to wake an echo from the charnelhouse of heroes; and "La Patrie" continually asserting "reconnaissance" of her "grands-hommes" by hooting and howling in their should-be quiet homes!

We are glad to get to upper earth again, and to uppermost earth hereabouts; for our next

exploit was to mount to the top of the dome and survey Paris. A bright clear day showed all mapped out to the horizon; and the clean white laughing city lay in its geological basin at our feet. I found out how small it is, compared with huge London: how suburban-looking, due to its irregularities and interspersed young trees,—they made barricades of all the old ones; how fragmentary contrasted with our unwieldy denseness: it really looks incipient still, notwithstanding all antiquities, and possibly may be destined to fill the vast area of its fortified enceinte in [can the poor old earth endure so long?] ages to come. Meanwhile, Napoleon III. is building up and pulling down and rebuilding everywhere; Paris is the *ouvrier's* elysium.

Down from our windy height we dropped after staircase fashion, and not like Victor Hugo's wretched priest, nigh to St. Barthelémy's *Bibliothèque*; where some architect has been guilty of the bad taste of covering the outside walls with a catalogue of authors' names, and that in most admired confusion, Phædus and St. Matthew jostling Voltaire and Justinian. Our next stop was the Sorbonne; famous (if rightly my bad memory serves me) for Fenelon, and Bossuet, and Pascal: we went into the plain domed church

where these good men had preached, took note of its freedom from images and pictures, and in chief of Cardinal Richelieu's monument ; an almost unequalled specimen of living marble, by Girardon.

Thereafter, by Rue St. Jacques, (an old Roman road straight and narrow,) to the beautiful mediæval Hotel de Cluny ; a museum of old carved furniture, astonishing potteries, antique tapestry, Byzantinisms, arms, stained glass and miscellaneous curiosities of great value and interest ; a sort of Soane's Museum on a grander and more interesting scale, and like Sir John's the collection of a private gentleman : I think I was most struck with Luca di Robbia's gigantic porcelain figures, with a golden altar-piece tyrannically taken last year by Napoleon from Basle Cathedral, and a specimen of Russian Jesuitism captured at Bomarsund ; the Greek church may only worship pictures, it appears,—not images ; but there is nothing to prevent the painted saint from having sculptured garments ! so hands and face and feet are flat, but the clothing embossed in alto relievo. There is also a marvellous series of miniature kings of France carved in box-wood, priceless ivories and agates and glasses and missals and coins and all else : the very catalogue is a volume.

From this, though a gem of a chapel to the Palais des Thermes, in a court-yard belonging to the mansion: when I remind you that in this lofty hall of genuine old Roman building Attila destroyed the last proconsul at his revels,—that Constantius erected it, Julian held his court here, and that its high arches still stand in the midst of crowded Paris to witness of fifteen centuries ago, you will imagine the interest with which we gazed upon it. The guide-book tells you it is filled with remains of Roman sculpture dug up in Paris; I wish it was; or was at all events *emptied* of the miscellaneous rubbish which folks so falsely-informed must suppose to be Roman, but it is not: any sculptured stone or even plaster cast dug up from any foundation finds its way here of course; some Louis-Quatorze broken fountain has supplied a series of terracotta masks, some mediæval church a number of maimed apostles, some Jewish burying-ground Hebrew inscriptions,—and there is very little pure Roman here, but three or four heathen altars, on which Julian the Apostate is not unlikely to have offered incense. Perpetually vexed with a consciousness of doing injustice to every wonder seen, yet continually in fear of wearying you—as I should myself—by further details, I counsel you heartily next

time you are in Paris by all means to spend three hours at Cluny and Thermes.

In the evening of a pretty full day, we all went in our imposing force to Houdin ; c'est a dire, to his successor Hamilton, for they tell me the great Houdin himself is dead : and that we, and the excited crowd around us, were astonished and utterly mystified by unparalleled feats of legerdemain and other conjuring tricks, needed no demonstration ; my clerical friend at side agreeing with me that the evidence of Miracles alone must be a fallible one,—a miracle to our senses being an inexplicable wonder so far only as our ignorance is concerned. That inexhaustible bottle, to all appearance, is creation ; those changes, magic ; those passes mystery ; that intuitive knowledge of objects sedulously hidden, something super-human. In short, if this Hamilton professed to be a teacher of new idolatries supporting his doctrine by miracle, the uninitiated could not reasonably controvert him. But miracle alone—in spite of Paley—is not conclusive : remember the warning in Deuteronomy against yielding up one's faith to any such delusive test.—What a sight these Boulevards are by night : the whole population, all seemingly gay and rich and happy—(what can have become of the poverty and misery of Paris ?)—



enjoying themselves in the open air at their brilliant cafés in miles—three or four at all events—of lamps and gilding, and decoration :  
vive la bagatelle !

26th.—Letters and visits and journal and payments consumed the morning ; and thereafter spent four hours at the Beaux Arts. Cursory criticism is both perilous and unjust if you venture to particularize ; but one may indulge in a general remark or two pretty safely : e. g. a very large acreage of the painted canvas here is worthy only of Mr. Burford and his panoramas, creditable enough as a higher sort of scene-painting, but little more : another numerous class both of the statuary and the pictures may be truly considered to owe its undoubted charms to the nude beauties of the human form divine,—if indeed, by the way, the female form can theologically come under that category : a third considerable class, remarkable for “effects,”—as strong candlelights, and moonlights, and interiors,—reap much of common praise very easily, as the initiated know : the numerous English collection is characterized chiefly by excellent elaboration of home subjects, very pretty in their way and irreproachable as furniture pictures, but seldom attempting to rise into the

higher styles of the divine art ; we lack patrons, without whom even Raphael might have starved on portrait painting and bare Urbino platters.

France shows well ; next door to that astonishing "Romans in the decadence" there is an "advancing bark with exiles"—also a wonder of composition and suggestion,—and several masterly religious pictures, in especial my favourite Annunciation : Horace Vernet's surprise of Abd-el-Kader, (a veritable harem-scarem,) is full of exquisite episodes, particularly the Abyssinian slave idly balancing a reed, the Jew pedlar with his money-bag, and the reluctance of the Emir's mare to turn and flee ; I like not equally the capture of the Umbrella,—the action is that of a tradesman selling the article : Mazeppa, and Judith, and the Rachel-mother, and many more are famous pictures ; but Winterhalter's Empress and her ladies is a mere mass of millinery and simpering faces from the Paris Fashionable Miscellany ; whereas one Mdlle. H. Browne's portrait of a priest in another room positively lives : and there are a hundred other admirables.

The curiosity in sculpture is a cock-fight, rarely wrought : in bronze, a lion snuffing at a buried corpse, an Ethiop man and woman, a Chinese pair to match, and some life-like dancing figures :

in marble, naked Truth, and a score or two of nymphs in similar undress: in painting, the strange canvas of Socrates and *The Christ* and Bernard Palissy (!) and all the other persecuted: beside some bright English water-colours and crayons of great effect. About the best pictures, one is sure to meet old friends at the Beaux Arts, as I did to-day: all the world is in Paris, and the Exposition is its cynosure.

Having plodded four hours' worth of miles thus among the artists, we extended our walk to a mile beyond the Arc de l'Etoile on pilgrimage to the Orleans chapel, by way of fresh air and calmer associations. It is a most interesting spot: on the stone that broke that skull was broken a dynasty and the peace of Europe: had Orleans lived, for good or for evil he might have now been holding the sceptre of France; the Jerusalem quarrel might never have embroiled the West with Russia; and all things have been other than they are, even to our entente cordiale: but he wore spurs, they caught as he leapt, and that fatal fall—the great effect of trifles—altered the fate of Europe.

We visited with all due and solemn interest the beautiful chapel erected over the spot where Orleans died, and I can well believe that even hard old Louis Philippe raised it in a paroxysm

of piety and sorrow; just as the Princess Marie's pathetic angel was wrought in a similar inspiration, though she knew not to what purpose. The monumental figure is perfect;—truthful in resemblance and touching in sentiment; I fancied a likeness in the face to the received portraiture of Christ; but the marble is very faulty, so much so that at first I thought the sculptor had in bad taste caused a flaw to imitate the fracture: he ought to have flung the block aside and begun upon a better one. The delicately painted windows, the crypt-like architecture, the black and silver furniture, the Virgin-mother and her dead Son, are all in chaste and solemn keeping; and if the pictured scene in the sacristy of the dying duke is something of an eyesore, it is at all events crowded with authentic portraits, and is historical of a deep domestic tragedy. This sacristy is said to be the identical room wherein he died, then the kitchen of a small *épiciier*; the stone on which that *spes gregis* was broken is under the altar; and the poor little Count de Paris's prie-dieu stands before his father's marble form: I could have wished this last token of filial affection removed from the public gaze, but there is little reverence or feeling hereabouts.

27<sup>th</sup>.—Friends to breakfast draw conversation all across the morning, and hinder touristic devoirs : however by about one we managed to find ourselves at the Louvre. En route thereto, let me notice that on the base of the Egyptian obelisk is represented hieroglyphically the mode of its removal and erecting, that its apex is entirely out of form, and that (according to common rumour) the whole thing is to be taken down as a mistake : I must say such a needle is not congruous with the magnificent modern statuary of the Place de la Concorde ; the obelisk would stand better in some open square alone.

Passing the Arc de Carousel, I could not help thinking how ill modern uniforms comport with classic architecture ; but it is unamiable to be always finding fault, while there are so many praiseworthy matters all round ; in particular the zealous haste wherewith Napoleon III. is finishing the Louvre, and the palatial Rue Rivoli gateway thereof. A marvellous collection it is ; I find that we have not walked through more than the half of it in our four hours' march to-day ; and of course I go again, and again if possible. Amongst all this wealth of memorables, how little one really can remember, after that desultory wandering through the rooms : unless you go about systematically

note-book and pencil in hand, many a best wonder will escape observation and recording,—and what a suspected bit of bother such open note-work would be. Let my bad memory recall these few thoughts and things of interest: the throne of Dagobert, just like our traditionary notion of Alfred's; the sword and sceptre and spurs of Charlemagne, tastelessly “veloursed” for Charles the Silly's coronation; Catherine de Medicis' arbalest, which had probably shot down Huguenots, and Charles IX's gun, ditto; Napoleon's Redingote grise and chapeau, a miraculous escape from Madame Tussaud; Francis I.'s gigantic armour, and that of young Henry II., dwarfish but beautiful, in which at a tournament he received his accidental death-blow, as strangely prophesied by Nostradamus: Egypt's exquisite necklaces, and charms, (the like whereto our dames do now affect;) certain Roman cameos, one being of no smaller dimensions than a foot wide and eighteen inches long: the hall of Apollo,—the profusely expensive decoration whereof, wrung from the misery of a starving people, helped with other like extravagances to cost the Bourbons their throne; and now, by a righteous retribution, the gorgeous lounge of that same people prosperous, while Bourbonism is nowhere.

Then there is that endless gallery of the ancient painters, a galaxy of masterpieces, which avail to put one entirely out of conceit with the "Beaux Arts," and all other mingled mediocrities: I must half recant about Rubens, he shows magnificently as a king of colouring; Leonardo da Vinci's simpering faces, precious for rarity, have but little of the highest merit, as Guido has: however, every canvas here, gathered from prostrate nations by Napoleon the Great, is a famous work not to be maligned by nobodies. Let us be thankful that so cheaply and so easily it is possible to gaze upon this starry cope of art. David and some other moderns in a neighbouring room look angular and melodramatic beside those antique masters in the craft; and one passes through certain other roomsful of old landscapes, cantering stags, flowers, and other furniture pictures with some feelings of relief at being spared the trouble of inspection and the habit of admiration.

Of course, I have missed seeing, or have forgotten, thousands of interesting things: but "aliquid hærebit:" in especial many titbits of enamels, and agates, and cameos and wonders in crystal and precious stones in a jewel-chamber; and others of curiosities in porcelain; and bronzes, and historical reliques, and all what-

ever else is rich in value or rare in merit. And to crown all, as yet we have not entered half the galleries, I'm told : everything is changed since my primeval visit ages ago, and everything changed for the better : such a resurrection of good in Paris as is now apparent, both morally and physically is nothing short of a social miracle : to the outward seeming no vice no riot no misery,—but all things quiet and decorous, improving and happy.

Dined with friend O—at the monstre-restaurant called “Le diner de Paris ;” where with five hundred others, ladies as well as gentlemen, we feasted elegantly rather than abundantly wine inclusive for four francs each. Thereafter, as it is long since my country-cousinship heard a good opera, I went and enjoyed some capital music and Madame Cabel's wild-bird-like warbling as a belle sauvage at the Opera Lyrique ; getting away early to our distant quarters near the North Star. Paris by night in this brilliant Indian summer is quite an Aladdin's-lamp scene of gaiety ; all is bright gaslight plus moonlight with orderly and cheerful crowds in every direction thronging in and out of theatres, in and out of cafés, clustering in groups round alfresco singing and promenading amongst illuminated galleries or near fresh-flowing fountains ; it is Arcadia



come to town, Sans Souci in the Boulevards : such a contrast to our dull London, where every home (however happy in itself) is utterly isolated from its neighbours, and where sin (possibly not worse herein than Paris so far as the statistics go) shows in a more vulgar mean and selfish aspect. Hereabouts, the human family is gregarious, and even in its wicked things polite ; with us, everyone is pushing for himself, and there is no polish even on our moralities.

But, apropos to anything higher than fair appearances in Paris (besides the number of undoubted dancing-places for conducting dissolute matters on a large scale with a varnish of public decorum,) take this trifling indication : a puppet-theatre on the Champs Elysées near us in the open air, very popular with my youngests in the legitimate Punch line, offended them much yesterday with this exhibition : Punch steals a priest's pig and sets its tail on fire ; and forthwith the Virgin Mary, with apostles saints and angels, comes down from heaven, extinguishes the flame, and carries off Punch for judgment to the Throne of the Highest, there also represented as a puppet ! And all this is apparently to provoke a laugh, and a popular mode of teaching infamy such childish matters as religion amounts

to: in minutely-governed Paris, with those gentlemanly and intelligent police cocked-hatted and court-sworded everywhere, these terrible profanations (as at St. Cloud) are winked at by the Church and allowed by the government. And the result, instead of faith, is infidelity: or I am mistaken.

28th.—Four hours more at the Louvre, that exhaustless mine of art and interest: in painting and sculpture at all events most other collections pale beside it,—and even the Glyptothek and Pinatothek of Munich must sing second to the Louvre. Those wondrous ceilings too,—every salon more coloured carved and gilded than the last; and, as with the museums of Bavarian Louis, each shell made worthy to receive its exquisite kernel.

To touch in turn the galleries we have merely been able to walk through to-day, different from yesterday: Egypt with her dignified and quiet grandeur; Nineveh, grotesque and gigantic, with old Nimrod hugging his lion disabled by the boomerang; Central America, testifying of a mixture somehow and somewhere between Egypt and India: the hall of Casts reminding of Sydenham Palace; and beyond them all the unequalled galleries of Grecian and Roman sculpture, where the Faun-Caryatides, the

mighty agate vases, the Father Tiber, the Venus of Milo, and numberless other precious and immortal works testify to the creative energy of artists in old days ; how tame beside them are too many of our modern masoned images : still, the Louvre is rich in modern sculpture also : many graceful forms and beautiful faces and spirited groups are there, as Zephyr and Aurora, Cupid and Psyche, Diana tripping lightly, and no end of others : then there are the mediævals too, including some by Michael Angelo under whose plastic hands the stone looks soft as flesh ; and several magnificent monuments, concerning which it is somewhat of a blot upon their praise that they must have been torn out of churches to have found place here ; how is it that Philip de Commines, and Cardinal Mazarin, Henry de Longueville and others have their funeral memorials in the Louvre and not at Notre Dame ? Beside all these galleries, there is a full score of rooms covered with engravings and drawings : and a dozen others of an ethnographical sort, full of savagery from China to Peru,—some of Catlin's red men having strayed hither among the rest : and a dozen more of ship models, and seaport models, and scientific instruments, arms, and naval machinery ; among them is the modelled likeness

of the method whereby France brought home her expensive prize the obelisk of Luxor ; also, certain extravagant carvings from Louis Quatorze's state barge, illustrating the shameless luxury of those past days of irresponsible kingship ; and, in chief, there is the appropriate bronze tablet to Bellot, recently erected in honour of that Arctic hero by the English residents in France. And so after a hurried fashion we have made the round of the Louvre, in two rambles of four hours each,—very little short of twelve miles' worth of museum marvels.

Before all this, we had looked into the interesting old church of St. Germain d'Auxerrois, famous for its college of old time, and whose bell rung the dismal tocsin of Bartholomew : it has a fine old frescoed Gothic portal of several arches, is full of richly-painted windows, (some original but more restored,) and contains a little good modern sculpture, as a praying angel, a well-designed benitoire with three children round the cross, and two or three others : besides a few relics of ancient carving, one being a magnificent side-altarpiece in oak, and a few old marbles. When fully restored, and its interior plainness relieved by frescoes, this church will be, as it formerly was, one of the fairest churches in Paris.

29th.—Hearing some platoon-firing in the neighbourhood of the champ de Mars, we set off in a body with friend O — and arrived in time to waste an hour in watching some military manœuvres executed by a regiment of horse and two of foot: dust on a windy day must certainly be no small element of failure or success, and to this perhaps our recent ill-luck at the Redan may be partially attributed; I thought so from those blinding clouds on the champ. Another idea was this; quite evidently, the firing is too high: if troops would but aim low, the opposite line would be annihilated; as things are, the balls must whistle high overhead. The champ de Mars is a noble tilting ground, a mile by half a mile, and banked all round though shallowly like an amphitheatre; this gigantic earthwork was raised by the people of Paris at the beginning of the Revolution before some great patriotic spectacle.

Manœuvres over, we attempted to see the Invalides,—but in spite of our incorrect Galignani, found all closed against us till next week; so went on to St. Sulpice a church of lofty round arches and a remarkable arcaded façade with telegraph-tipped towers; in front is a sort of temple fountain, sentinelled by four fine lions, and holding seated figures of Fenelon,

Bossuet, Massillon, and Flechier. Within, there is not much to see beyond a plain vast St. Paul's-ish interior, with fine effects in the apse by means of a double dome frescoed, and a virgin and child in an illumined recess; together with some ordinary paintings and sculptures in side chapels: item, a wedding was going forward with a good deal of holy Beadledom, and the bride behaving with perfect sangfroid, under a white and gold canopy.

Thence passing through a market, and getting out near the French Institute, we crossed the Pont des Arts, wherefrom is to be seen one of the best views of this beautiful Paris; and so to the Louvre again for a couple of hours, spent chiefly among the statuary. How many old friends one recognizes through familiar plaster casts, and our instructive Crystal Palace; and in the Cæsar room how true to the portraiture on well remembered coins are the faces of the statues; for other notes; I find there are *two* hermaphrodites,—there had better have been none; a most strange and ugly thing called 'the African fisherman' seems more likely to be Seneca in his bath; among Egyptian remains, somebody has had the bad taste to carve the asps on a brace of sphynx-heads into fleurs-de-lys, a detestable falsification of history to puzzle future antiquaries withal: among the

modern marbles, the most notable are Milo ignominiously seized in the rear by a lion, some charming statuettes, as Prometheus, and the Baigneuse and divers other pretty nymphs ; item, in the mediæval rooms Jean Coujon's Poitiers Diana, Cellini's Fontainebleau giantess, and some other bronzes, which tend to show how inferior a vehicle of beauty is metal than marble. And then we walked through scores of rooms beside, hung with old paintings and ceiled with fresco and gilding ; lingering especially among the porcelains and enamels, and not the least with that dear old Confessor, Bernard Palissy.

Returning, before dinner we mounted the Etoile Arch, and got another panorama of Paris, clear though microscopic, gay with equipages in every avenue, and too well relieved with trees to look like an overthronged city,—but rather as an overgrown village. A glorious view it is, from this mighty gate of triumph entablatured with its spirited groups of peace and war ; looking out thus on a bustling hive of men, one cannot help the thought of how much misery as well as gaiety, how much evil more than good, how much toil and wealth and want, are here collected ; “the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them”—aye, and the shame too.

30th.—Sunday. Consider equitably that I am daily sparing you divers matters personal and social ; as dinings out, friends to dinner, visits to and from and so forth, and meetings of acquaintance at almost every turn : and this hint may suffice once for always ; with whatever activity one sees sights, the whole of each day is not consumed thereby, and the temple of friendship claims its hours of sacrifice perpetually. A rainy day ; and I'm heartily glad of it for the poor dried-up vineyards' sake ; every dusty leaf and every wilted blade of grass rejoiced in the refreshing showers.

After home-service, went by omnibus into the heart of the city intending to go to the church of the oratory ; but finding myself an hour and a-half too early, took first a mighty ramble under my umbrella, as thus : from the Louvre to the isle of St. Louis, expecting to discover somewhat of ancient interest in the church there ; but found it a very ordinary building, interiorly of the St. Sulpice or Louis Quatorze style, and of no remarkable antiquity or merit : thence by a long quay-march to Notre Dame, (which I traversed, thinking it plainer than I remembered in its perpendicular neatness,) past the huge Hotel-Dieu with many sisters of charity flitting about in caps winged as Mercury's (they are liker cherubim to the



poor sick, )—till I came to the Morgue, a quadrangular little plain building on the quay-side, looking like a guard-house, but for all its small pretensions of world-wide fame: I had the good luck to find it empty, a rare condition,—for its black marble slabs, glazed off between the dead and the living, are usually tenanted in part at least; there were only some clothes hung there, a mysterious find on the banks of the Seine, with the owner thereof probably at the bottom.

Thence I looked again into the Sainte Chapelle, that rose-coloured hall of stained glass, which (when the beauteous crypt beneath is finished and the floors inlaid and all besides in order) will be the most perfect Gothic chapel in the world: I judge though that the deep blue roof powdered with stars is not in keeping; its effect is a blemish on the coup d'œil; all else is so warm and florid, that the blue looks heavy; a delicate fresco or a much lighter azure would have been better.

After this, crossing the Seine, opposite to a pretty gilt column of victory, I made my way to that vast congeries of markets, the Halles Centrales, infamous for revolutionary furies; now being reconstructed on a beautiful scale, stone and iron and glass, with a subterranean railway to the suburbs (as I hear) whereby the

provender of Paris will mysteriously enter it unseen : from this, to St. Eustace, a strangely wing-buttressed pseudo Gothic church, having (of all monstrosities in the world!) a plain Grecian front; the interior whereof surprised me with its singular beauty; by way of completing the curious collection of architecture collected about this building, it is of the Renaissance school; but the effect, however composite, is admirable; lofty squared pillars and narrow round arches, with jewel decorations and pendants, and fluted columns that have somehow found their way high up aloft, and plenty of side-chapels (I think twenty-four) full of arabesques, frescoes old and new, stained glass, sculptures, and besides, a magnificent high altar, and the finest organ in Paris, all these make up one of the most striking church interiors I have seen: though soon after I went on to St. Roch, which in a plainer style is still one of the noblest of Parisian churches: here, a carved white and gold pulpit, worthy of Belgium and having a curious staircase of polished steel and ormolu, some excellent groups and monuments in marble, and in chief a notable stage-effect of light from above in a distant alcoved statue of the crucifixion, are memorables: but in all these cases a vast deal more is continually omitted than the hint or two recorded.

And now, meeting my party at the Oratory, a Protestant church of the Italian stamp once belonging to the jesuits, (a Jesus Maria on the ceiling is their mark,) we were gratified with the Liturgy well read, and an admirable sermon by Mr. Alford, on the subject of the day, our thanksgiving for Sebastopol; he spoke so heartily of our generous allies that I wish many Frenchmen may hear of that sermon; wherein also the judgment on hypocritical Russia was earnestly and eloquently expounded; with a touch to us on our humbled insular pride on account of the Redan.

Returning home by way of the thronged Tuilleries,—the afternoon turning out bright again,—we are amused (amongst other things) with a placard posted up everywhere against letting “chiens et boule-dogues” go about unmuzzled: it would appear from this that John Bull’s melodramatic costume of ‘topboots and a bulldog’ is still the prevailing idea about us; but certainly neither are now to be seen; and one does not expect to find such an extraordinary and fabulous being as a “boule-dogue” considered as distinguishable from the goodly company of “chiens.”

*Oct. 1.*—Monday,—and therefore to our cost a day of touristic disappointments. It is too

bad to defraud by a St. Monday the virtuous abstinent from sight seeing on a Sunday ; but the rule hereabouts appears to be to shut up for a thorough clean on the Monday galleries and museums freely open and crowded on the Sunday. Friend O— and I went by rail ‘rive droite’ to Versailles to see the pictures again, —but found all closed ; so we returned ‘rive gauche’ and tried the Cluny collection,—ditto ; and we made thirdly an unsuccessful descent upon the catacombs : these however are only to be seen by a special order which I will strike for ; (I did, and vainly.) So many various attacks in different and distant directions consumed this showery day ; whereof in the way of sight-seeing I can only record thus little : 1st. we looked into St. Severin, a very beautiful gothic church with double aisle, as often,—and full of restored frescoes and stained windows : 2ndly, into the Palais de Justice, where there are some finely arched and columned halls, into which I suppose open courts of law ; but these were closed to-day : next, into Notre Dame again, wondering at the taste which could sprinkle an azure roof with gold bees by way of stars ; and thereafter into St. Germain l’Auxerrois, of which the fluted columns hung with festoons round the choir look as if brought thither from some pagan temple : possibly

from the Palais des Thermes. Thence we omnibused home, semi-grumbling at a blank day. However, in the day's march I have traversed some miles of Paris streetery in its oldest quarter ; and have attended the funeral of a Sister of Charity in the crowded Cimetière du Mont-Parnasse ; and walked awhile in the orangery and by the fountains of Versailles ; and been tolerably patient.

In every street improvements are in progress, and in every church restorations going on ; all on a most liberal and profuse scale, for the good of Paris and the glory of the Emperor ; but at whose ultimate expence none can tell. It seems to me that all Paris—perhaps all France—is going too fast ; everybody spending money and few making it ; all classes enjoying themselves thoroughly, exhilarated by the loose cash dropt by strangers trooping to the exposition : this flush over, I judge there will be a reaction. If any accident were to happen to Napoleon, all this seeming prosperity would collapse in a moment ; and a deficient harvest now ascertained, with a failure of the vintage imminent, will amount to some such evil accident ere this winter passes.

Spent four and a-half more hours at the Palais de l'Industrie amongst all the wonders of modern civilization. What an amount of

human industry, useless as well as useful, is here exhibited, what competition, what luxury, what taste, patience, and ingenuity ! And how many things there are that I (for example) never can possibly want ! Contentment is wealth after all. The works of art are barely less wonderful than those of nature, barely less perfect ; only that Nature is original, and her imitator Art derivative. Those automaton toys for instance, that carry luxury and heavy expence even into the Parisian nursery, speak and dance and act and fly to admiration ; but all by a close clinging to the means and anatomies of nature : and so of our thousand other imitations adaptations and improvings.

The memorables of to-day have been the Empress's jewels, and some others belonging to the French crown,—acres of magnificent tapestry,—multitudes of exquisite objects in oxydized silver and lapis lazuli ; Sèvres pottery, Mosaics, altarpieces, bronzes, laces of enormous cost and elaborate texture, and innumerable other manufactures, weary enough to see but utterly tedium to enumerate : and the most astonishing thing is that so much capital lying idle can be expected to pay by way of advertisement. It is a huge Bazaar where nothing can be bought as in præsentî. England seems to have put forth her strength and beauty pretty fairly,

but (being at home) France no doubt has the lion's share ; and most other nations, Russia excepted, are represented very well : still I question whether our original Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was not a more extensive and more valuable collection of the products of human industry : it looked so like an open book of all things beautiful and curious : but this Palais being in three distinct compartments, the permanent, the panoramic, and the annex, loses thereby the great picturesque advantage of oneness ; and it is decorated with very little statuary, all this being drafted into the Beaux Arts. However, I will not further encourage comparison to the discredit of either ; both are worthy of many gigantic notes of admiration.

To-day has been rainy, a good thing for the swelling grapes : and sundry of our party have been shopping, but represent all matters of millinery as very dear ; much more so than in England. In the evening, some of us made a vain attempt to see a play, but were crowded out both from the Vaudeville and from the Theatre du Palais Royal by the insatiate natives, who line the streets in most orderly patience for at least half an hour before the doors are opened, and effectually preclude the entrance of less enthusiastic play

goers. So, we bought some trifles in the gas-lit arcades and enjoyed the star-light on the pleasant Boulevards : La Place de la Concorde is quite a galaxy of artificial stars.

*3rd.* The greatest plague in life amongst us English at home is the Domestic one ; if it is any consolation, French servants are quite as bad : sundry hours of to-day having been expended in getting rid of a bad cook—a thief of course,—and substituting very possibly a worse. Then there were visits, and other hindrances :—but, all this over, our day's exploitation has been as follows. The magnificent new church of St. Elizabeth, almost a cathedral, in the pure gothic style, with stained-glass windows all over ; and these already finished and glazed in, notwithstanding the perilous chipping and chiselling of masons round the stations and choir, and hard at work on numerous carvings and ornamentations everywhere.

Throughout Paris the work of decoration and restoration is going on ; perhaps also throughout France ; and it strikes me that Louis Napoleon well deserves one such soubriquet as “the Fulfiller :” he is completing all things. Amongst other matter, he has perfected (what next we visited) his Uncle's tomb, truly a worthy kernel for the stupendous mausoleum of St. Louis.



Napoleon the Great has till now rested in a side chapelle provisoire ; but the polished porphyry sarcophagus is at last finished, and probably ere a month is over, the body will rest at last in the central spot of the dome of the Invalides, down in its circular marble fosse guarded by those solemn caryatides. The high altar, all black and white marble with superbly gilt appliances and lit artistically through tinted glass, stands out with great magnificence ; and those twin bronze giants guard the portals of the tomb like Otis and Ephialtes. We need take small account of Turenne's monument, nor of Vauban's, nor of divers others who swell the funereal state of Napoleon : the sculptured words of his Will read almost sublimely on the gate, "*Je veux que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français, que j'ai tant aimé :*" all is now accomplished ; and Aristotle tells us that every End is great. The chapel of the pensioners is hung with flags, as our Chelsea is ; and one enormous Union Jack is of course noticed there by Englishmen : who can wonder that such an unmanageable broadsheet was taken ? nobody — no three bodies — could have held it in a wind ; it would have carried away the most valorous of ensigns like a balloon ; our colours universally are too large. The Court of Honour

traversed, the gardens, and the huge cocked-hatted Boney set up in the wrong place, and the antique bronze guns on modern carriages—all these well noted, we went on by the Hall of Themis and other fine Seine-side buildings to the Louvre ; for sake of curiosity-shops, and cheap bazaars, and divers millineries popular with our feminines. Thereafter, sending all beside home in a carriage, Paterfamilias treated Mrs. P. to a dinner at the celebrated fore-mentioned Restaurant, “Le diner de Paris,” where hundreds of people feed from five till nine : they understand the art of dining there in this, that by a number of mere mouthfuls, each exquisite, they cheat you of hunger and appetite without any huge help or gross satiety ; you dine without being aware of it. As to to-day’s dinner, the most noticeable point in the whole was that the “Poisson”—luckily not poison—for five hundred people, was ‘boiled muscles a la mariniere!’ the providers must have boiled a cart-load ; and yesterday I hear they had sturgeon : one eats such ugly rarities in dread. Thence, after long wanderings through many arcades, and about the Bourse, and up and down the Boulevards to while away the time, we went to the Vaudeville Theatre with tickets secured beforehand, to see the famous actor, Mons<sup>r</sup>. Bouffé : he played an

old miser to perfection, in the Farren style,—and was well appreciated by a discerning audience. For all else, the extreme tenuity of the plots,—the tedious length of the intervals, unmusical too,—the dullness altogether, and very possibly our own slow appreciation of the humour,—made the resolution easy enough to hazard no more French plays: an opera for the mere music may be possible:—and always remember that poor Paterfamilias as the universal chaperon has to work treble tides; he cannot escort all his “unprotected females,” being numerous, to divers places of amusing instruction otherwise than in detachments; his gaieties, however voluntary, are also necessary.

Talking of gaiety, nothing is more noticeable in Paris than its absence of all real gaiety, notwithstanding thronged theatres and crowded cafés: the people are not what they were; you not only miss [happily] recklessness and licence; but even elegance, music, tournure, and other prettinesses. It looks as if the habit of amusement remained, but the spirit had departed; and I seem to see in the mind of the people a sense of impending possibilities of the darker sort, quite sufficient to scare them in the midst of actual temporary affluence: Paris is a huge bubble which must burst; everybody spends more money than he makes; the court

commands it and sets the example, and for all that is to come in the way of bankruptcy,—who cares?—It is only justice however to add that meanwhile Paris is most minutely, and in so far strictly, governed: not a dog dare poke about unmuzzled; every cabman is perfectly polite; the policemen are patterns of gentility; begging is unknown; so also is that other form of begging, the “unfortunate;” order is the law in everything approaching to a crowd; quarrelling in the street (if ever seen) is a thing exclusively English; and as to pick-pockets and robbery, in shops and cafés, it seems to me that nobody ever thinks of such a possibility; silver spoons and forks by the hundred crowd all the open tables at the restaurateurs, and no one is found to covet them; men and women collect in crowds, and to all appearance innocently; and the very gamin de Paris is so far as old rudenesses are concerned an extinct animal. These things at all events are a great gain, and charity must judge Paris regenerated. Apropos; the name “Restauratur,” has a curious origin; I hear that it comes from the text in the Vulgate, “Venite ad Me, et restaurabo vos:” in the revolutionary infidel days the word was caught hold of as a jest and appropriated: let those now who will, take it with a Grace religiously.

But, how long will Parisian order and contentment last? Please Heaven, forgiving much and blessing this people as we are blest more than all deserve,—may it continue! May the expected heir consolidate the reigning dynasty, and give a long breathing time to France. The present Emperor by a steady continuance in well-doing has silenced all opponents, where amongst many an indignant “Englishmen” heretofore, has been the present scribe, but we must needs recant; “*quam criminosis cunque voles Pones iambis*” is what my own frankness has to offer by way of expiation to a great man much maligned: he has turned out better than his best friends thought him. He is the friend of Europe, the very brother to England, and France (with Bourbonism quite effete) has nothing else for prosperity under heaven but Napoleon.

4th.—A high-sounding name attracts the tourist; accordingly this morning I set out in search of a place pretentiously self-styled “The Holy Catholic Apostolic Church;” having been led to expect some such imposing edifice as the unfinished cathedral which attracts some of our Romanizing gentry to Gordon Square. I was strangely disappointed; the soi-disant “Holy Catholic Apostolic &c.,” seems at a very

low ebb indeed hereabouts: in the half-pave suburban street of L'Ouest is a court containing lodging-houses let in floors, and a poor looking room on the basement story without the slightest outward semblance of a place of worship is the high-titled conventicle in question. As every place in Paris is undergoing decoration, even this primitive temple does not escape; two carpenters are putting up some lath arches inside and a small wooden porch outside to make the room look a little more chapel-like; for hitherto four walls a floor and some chairs have served for all the architecture and the decorations. Those who have parcelled out Christendom between their own twelve Apostles, ought to have something more wherewith to back such high pretensions in the first city of Continental Europe.

Returned by way of the dahlia-gay Luxembourg gardens, the classical Odéon—Henry the IVth's equestrian bronze on the Pont Neuf (—the horse appears to be out of the same mould as that of Louis the Great at Lyons—) and so round to the Hotel de Ville, where I met my party as per arrangement with a special order from the Prefet. Truly the Lord Mayor of Paris is lodged like a king; such suites of magnificent saloons, with ceilings rich in gilding and frescoes, each room hung and furni-

tured in different colours of satin or tapestry, and the ball-room in especial most superb : our Mansion House has one fine room and that's all, the whole building being sacrificed thereto ; but here without such enormous powers of banquetting as the Egyptian Hall supplies (called Egyptian I suppose "lucus a non" because Græco-Roman) the Prefect of the Seine can entertain his thousand guests with more splendour at one-tenth of the cost squandered by our King of the City.

The most interesting feature of the Hotel de Ville in its modern phase is the staircase with its fountains and decorations erected especially for our Queen's visit, where France and England are holding the olive-branch together : as for ancient phases, the reign of Terror swamped them all, and Robespierre's frantic shot, and poor weak Louis Seize haranguing the people from that window with a red-night-cap on his head !

After all this, the woman-kind went a shopping at a vast Magasin des Nouveautés where Paterfamilias soon found himself mulcted in divers hundreds of—francs, Paris being undoubtedly dearer to such victim-pockets than shady-going old London according to all well-informed authorities : the odd thing too is, that fashions are recommended here as 'the

latest from London,' the milliners keeping up this sort of interchangeable battledore-game of changes in attire, Paris winking at London, and London at Paris. For further matters of to-day, brother D— and his wife arrived for a week, and friend O— departed, and I hunted among the quay-side curiosity shops for Palissy ware, (the work-people at the Louvre having just unearthed his workshop,)—and half-settled for a stereoscopic group of all our family party at five francs a head great and small; and watched awhile the Seine fishermen with their large square nets dipping not unsuccessfully for a fry; and made a call or two, and walked many miles, and so went early to roost.

5th.—One of our numerous birth-days, and pretty nearly a blank for aught to be recorded: three hours thereof have been spent in that labyrinth of instruction and amusement the Louvre, and three more at Franconi's Circus; and brother D—— and wife as our guests, with some calling shopping, &c., used up the day. The Emperor passes our windows daily in his green and gold equipage, and to-day thrice; likewise Abd-el-Kader often drives this way, with his white-sheeted Arab on the box: but hitherto I have seen neither of these great men near enough to note their features.



At the Louvre, memorables hitherto unmentioned herein are, among pictures, *The Raft*, *The Sabines*, *Cupid and Psyche*; *Raffaelle's* holy family, *Corregio's* sleeping nymph, *Van Dyck's* Charles; *Perugino's* pretty mouths, *Murillo's* speaking eyes, *Titian's* complexions, *Guido's* vitality; as for those numerous blue *Le-Sueurs* they are unworthy of their good place in the gallery; and *Rubens* has more space than he deserves: among antiques, I don't remember to have mentioned a golden quiver, an enormous marble vase from *Troy*, *Diana* with the roebuck, *Marsyas*, and *Polyhymnia*: among miscellanies, an exquisite figure of the *Christ* in bloodstone, some cameo-covered pateræ, a crystal skull, a ruby-jewelled vase, and other priceless delicacies.

Outside the Louvre, I bought some good Roman coins for the daughters at a penny each, really good ones, though not rare: I suspect Paris must yield many, as heretofore I have bought fair coins even for a sou a piece at street corners. *Franconi's* circus, our other event of the day, revealed miracles in the way of man's—and especially woman's—courage, skill, patience; one brave girl leapt through six papered hoops all at one bound, another rode a horse that would have thrown a huntsman, a third ba-

lanced on the slack rope as if she had been a bird : and as for men, they somersaulted and did daring feats as only Franconi's ecuyers can.

6th.—In the course of a four hours' ramble to-day I have made acquaintance with most of our few unseen sights of Paris : as thus, in order. The chateau des fleurs, our musical illuminated vis-a-vis by night, is visible by day for half a franc ; a smaller but more elegant Vauxhall, with a flowered ball-room under cover, and another alfresco for fine weather, lit up by means of a profusion of ground glass globes for gas, and decorated with thousands of china-asters and other autumn flowers ; and so we have seen it in the modest morning more discreetly than the revellers may have done last night.

Thence, much mingling sights as you will hear, looked in at St. Philippe's, a plain Grecian church, Doric without and fluted Ionic within, with blue white and gold roof in compartments, and circular apse, and side-chapels and pictures and frescoes as usual ; a funeral going on ; there seems to be even more of foolish expenditure for the benefit of undertakers hereabouts than with us, and beadledom with its loud clattering drum-major staff is rampant.

After this, went on to the Chapelle Expiatoire, also Grecian ; a domed cross with side cloisters pillared by funereal torches ; inside are two marble groups, one of Louis XVI. with his confessor Edgeworth in the guise of an angel, the other of Marie Antoinette consoled by Madame Elizabeth habited as Religion ; a very striking pair of marbles ; his will, and her last letter are engraven underneath : the chapel is erected over the spot where these royal victims of revolutionary fury were, but are not ; during twenty-one years they were obscurely buried here, but have since been transported to St. Denis : the chapel contains also, but without any record thereof, the remains of the faithful Swiss guard, and other martyrs of the reign of terror.

Thereafter, walked to Notre Dame of Loretto (Virgini Lauretanæ), still Grecian, and with a portico squeezed to the width of the narrow street opposite, four columns only, an unworthy economy ; all else being comely and expensive ; the inside covered with frescoes and gilding in compartments, and the colours and polished Ionic columns reminding one of Munich church glories. However, I must reserve my superlatives for the next church, St. Vincent de Paule, a really magnificent edifice ; frescoed equally with that of St. Louis of Bavaria, and ap-

proached by princely sweeps of staircases, albeit in a mean suburban part of Paris : the central door is of bronze, with relievos of the twelve apostles ; all the windows are of richly-painted glass, each containing a pictured saint ; a procession of frescoed worthies decorates the whole circuit of the church, and the double stories of polished columns (Ionic below and Corinthian above) holding aloft the Byzantine ceiling, are very imposing ; the only eyesore is that the pictured Deity (Christ on his throne) has quite a Jupiter appearance, from being represented colossal, while the worshippers proceeding to the Throne are dwarfed : it looks, edifice and all, like the temple of Olympian Jove.

There are very few churches in Paris, speaking by comparison with London ; and several of those few are quite recent, as all these seen this morning ; their splendour in out-of-the-way parts of Paris is to be accounted an effort of the Roman clergy to win back their errant flocks ; but I don't think many workmen see the inside of a church after they have once left it newly gilded. Every place of worship I have yet looked into is being reburnished ; and in very few have I seen men of the humbler sort worshipping ;—but everywhere the woman is the more reli-

gious spirit, with Protestants as with Romanists. One thing is very noticeable by us English, to wit the great liberality wherewith all these ecclesiastical museums are thrown open to everyone, heretics included ; with us, you cannot look into the inside, barely take a sketch of the outside, of a church or chapel unpersecuted by an expectant harpy of a pew-woman or vulture of a sexton : here, all is free, kind, unselfish, unmercenary.

Another of my sights to-day has been the Abattoir of Montmartre ; one of Paris's five vast establishments for the health of men and humanity towards beasts. Would that our horrible dens of private cruelty, the butcher's cellars, were abolished ! no one can guess with what shocking aggravations our oxen become beef and our sheep mutton. Here in Paris, all is orderly, public, and business-like ; torture is excluded, wholesome food guaranteed : I went round the shambles with a decent man to explain matters, and was told by him amongst other facts that a thousand oxen and six thousand sheep pass through this one Abattoir every week, converted from living animals to butcher's meat, and all carried to the shops by night so as to offend nobody. There are divers economical arrangements for making

the most of hoofs, skin, entrails, tallow and so forth, which (I believe) tend to enrich the useful Abattoir instead of its being a local or government expense: and a guard of policemen pronounce upon the wholesomeness or otherwise of meat outward bound.

And now by a long and weary course, past Godillot's enormous tailoring factories, and St. Lazare's prison, and St. Denis's gate, and Louis Quatorze's equestrian statue, the Bank, the Louvre, and a welcome omnibus-rest, homeward to our Elysian Fields for dinner. In the evening a party at Dr. C's, where amongst others I met an Archon of Sparta, who has just been magnanimous enough to offer a thousand of his own unconquered countrymen to help the Allies in the Russian war: but the Emperor could not diplomatically accept this generous help on account of the known tendencies of Otho and his queen.

*Sunday, Oct. 7th.*—A thoroughly wet day, and so the better rest for all Paris. After home services, I spent (as per arrangement) a pleasant hour with my Spartan friend and his wife at their elegant abode in the Rue de Courcelles, vis a vis to the Princess Mathilde's, —seeing plenty of antiquities and curiosities, and partaking of Cyprian wine, honey from

Hymettus, and delicious Laconian conserve; further, acquiesced in the request as to a certain Greek book; and other personal memorabilia. Thereafter went per omnibus to the Oratoire for Divine service; meeting there divers London friends, certain of whom accompanied me homeward to dinner.

8th.—Went in force to the Exposition fruit and flower-show, a beautiful exhibition in the vestibule garden to the Elysée Napoleon, (late Bourbon,) where prize pears, grapes, dahlias, roses, air plants, water plants, and an interesting collection of wax tropicals, in turn divided our praises; the whole thing is a very pretty adjunct to the Palais de l'Industrie and is well worth seeing.

Thence, crossing the Seine opposite to that fine Greek cousin of the Madeleine devoted to the Corps Legislatif, we crept through divers long white streets of the fashionable quartier St. Germain to St. Thomas Aquinas, a comparatively plain church, but accidentally remarkable in our eyes this day from being hung entirely with black cloth the whole length of nave and choir from the roof-tree to the pavement, on account of some funeral just performed: really this excessive undertaking reminded me of the miles of black

cloth, six thousand pounds' worth, claimed by our unworldly Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's at the Duke's burial: the whole church of St. Thomas Aquinas was a night-like vault of black cloth edged with silver, (about the high altar velvet,) and the cost of such a ceremonial to widows and orphans let priests excuse if they can: bad as the hearse and mute system is with us, in Romanist countries it is vastly more extravagant,—besides the masses for months after the funeral, refreshing all fees.

A little further on, we came to St. Germain de Près, the mother church of Paris so far as real age is concerned, but to the outward eye at present the youngest; magnificent new frescoes (now in progress) and a blue heaven with golden stars hiding every inch of the old walls and roof, while the columns (of the choir at least, and the nave columns are to follow) stand up red with gilded capitals: this poor ancient relic of past ages, some of it a thousand years old, must wonder at such "*novas frondes, et non sua poma*;" and beautiful as the church undoubtedly is to be, I could wish it were all new, or all old,—and not old renovated: it is to dress seventy in the flounces of sixteen. As with all other like churches, there are plenty of side-chapels, with pictures and sculptures and stained glass everywhere—and the ugliest



pulpit of bronze and marble ever designed ; but one can only remember such things ; descriptions are beyond measure tedious.

After this, we went on to the Palais des Beaux Arts, a school of design for painting and sculpture, containing many works by the scholars, (some being prize-pieces for this year just adjudged, "*Cæsarem vehis*") a gallery of casts, and a fine *salle-a-lecture* with a cartoon of the painters of all times and peoples worthy of the *München Pinatothek* : also, the two introductory courts, having many good specimens of mediæval and other architecture, morsels rescued from the tooth of time and revolutionary fury ; in particular, a picturesque façade of the love-nest of young Henry the second and his antique flame Diana of Poitiers ; Cupid stringing his bow in a niche above is effective and suggestive,—he probably found it a difficulty at times : a column with a bronze angel atop once guarded—with three others destroyed—Cardinal Mazarin's tomb ; this last now (as we have seen) being strangely transported to the Louvre.

After all this, walked to the Palais Royal and elsewhere shopping,—bonnets and dresses wholesale being every *Paterfamilias'* doom : we hear that some mysterious conclave of milliners has decided that next summer [and not till then] bonnets are to be reasonably larger, so

as really to cover the head and not to be only an annex behind as now : so our feminines order accordingly : but what nonsense fashion is,—one fool makes many,—or truer, one shrewd business-minded modiste who has the ear of the chief female-fool, twists that reigning queen of fashion to her purpose : so, it comes to pass that silk dresses now for the good of trade sweep our streets, and women in sheer vanity catch head-rheumatism for lack of head-gear.

9th.—Paris wonders are getting pretty well used up under our energetic curiosity, and to be honest, sights pall. The principal exploit of to-day has been the Mint, or Palais des Monnaies, a fine stone façade with columns and statues on the Quay-side near Pont Neuf : and therein, chiefly, its vast collection of coins medals and modern dies : if it is a weariness to see their multitude, it would be worse than a weariness to describe them ; I suppose some of the oldest must be the rarest, and some of the newest the best ; and the modern imitations of ancient Greek coins seem to approach pretty nearly to the beauty of their prototypes : I am not a coin enthusiast, though as whilome a collector, my escape of the malady has been a narrow one, but there are so many thousand

things better worth worship than old money that I am pretty free from this idolatry at least: however, one wots of a friend or two who would go daft for the famous Charlemagne medal and sundry others. That which interested me most was the bronze cast of Napoleon's face after death, and the Vendome model statue with its robed emperor atop: on the whole though, it was a relief to get away.

Within a few doors of the Mint is a corner house with an inscription on it, to the effect that Napoleon the first lived there "au quatrieme" as a sous lieutenant of artillery in (I think) 1785: Louis Napoleon, as the Fulfiller, has placed this record there, very gracefully in my judgment. Thence paid visits at Hotels, shopped a little, and went on a pilgrimage to the Boulevard Poissonière to enquire after certain pretty flower-fountains for our greenhouse: and thereafter took the boys to see the moving pictures of the Crimean war; no great things, much inferior to the Gallery of Illustration: the great fault of all these mile-long panoramas being that geography is utterly confused thereby, no divisions being made between the subjects.

At nightfall called on brother D—— at his hotel, and on my way espied through a street telescope the planet Jupiter at the full with

all his moons, unusually, in a line on one side ; and I might have seen Saturn also with his three rings through that capital glass, but could not afford to wait an hour and a-half there for his rising, as barely worth while.

Saw to-day a regiment of foot pass through Rue Rivoli, changing quarters in the rain, smart little cantinières and all ; these soldier-girls, full of merriment yet respected and respectable, sisters and daughters of the regiment, must exercise a very humanizing influence on the men, and I wish our Horse Guards' rulers would adopt the practice : but—it was unknown in the Peninsular campaigns and old fogysm has no precedent there for it. Start it, some wise and independent colonel ! let a couple or more of comely girls well set up and well drilled, drest in a regimental tunic like the French, be the respected sisters of your men ; they should be the daughters of some non-commissioned officers, in character and conduct unimpeachable, and forbidden to marry within the regiment on pain of dismissal, to discourage silly love makings : the soldier on a campaign will often be the better and happier for a sister's kindly word and look, and would be as proud of her good conduct and good looks as of his laurelled regimental colours. But we are a dull people, and slow to adopt good

notions from our neighbours : Jenny Lind as La Figlia del Regimento ought to have popularized the thought.

10th.—Took a franc's worth of promenading this morning in the Jardin d'hiver, which is pretty enough by day, and by night must be only too seductive : imagine a vast conservatory domed and arcaded, full of magnificent palms and flowers, paved with greensward, dotted with nude sculptures and bright fountains and rose-coloured couches round a vast central dancing-floor, lit with a profusion of ormolu and coloured glass chandeliers, echoing with the spirit-stirring strains of one hundred and twenty musicians, and crowded with luxurious beauty in full undress ! Such (though I have not seen it so and for good causes will not) is to be the Jardin d'hiver to-night as usual on Wednesdays and Saturdays : and seeing that I have given a somewhat charitable view heretofore of Parisian morals, it is only fair to state, that until twelve o'clock the dancing is conducted (to use my conductor's expression) "decemment;" but that, "apres minuit," the respectable "mères de famille" (who, I am sorry to say sanction this place up to the verge of its licentious revelling in order to give themselves and their daughters a little

more gaiety) are expected to retire, because as to the rest of the company, to use my informant's words — "Ma foi, Monsieur, ils s'amusement !" Till twelve, there is the varnish of decorum ; and thereafter Tennyson's ' Vision of Sin.'

These Terpischorean orgies, in these grottoes of Calypso, and caverns of the Sirens (many such there are in Paris duly authorized by government) serve to explain that Compromise is at the bottom of present seeming moralities hereabouts : Evil-Pleasure, with every adjunct of attractiveness may permissively crowd ball-rooms and gardens, to snare and destroy poor youths by wholesale, provided nothing is known of her in the streets. It is necessary to the understanding of the prevailing fashionable virtue of Paris to allude, once for all, to these river-like outlets for its vice : in all of them,—and there are many,—the cavaliers pay for their dancing, but the dames are "libres" in every sense.—Among the statuary, there is one group of France and England defending Turkey, very artistic and praiseworthy ; and seeming to have lost its way among the Bacchantes and Venuses of the place : perhaps this trio of respectable females may be intended to symbolize and propitiate the aforementioned "mères de famille ;"

for all such are equally out of place in such regions.

After this, spent a couple of hours at the Bibliothèque Imperiale, a world of intellectual interests ; and among its miscellaneous memorables these : tapestry from Bayard's house,—an accurate and comprehensible model of the Pyramids and surrounding country,—the Denderah Zodiac,—Frederick the Second's Bulle d'or, with its golden seal appended ; multitudes of MSS., and miles of books, some in frescoed galleries : but in chief, a room-full of priceless cameos, gems, bronzes, and other rich and rare and ancient jewellery ; with a splendid series of Greek and Roman coins, and sundry medallions that would craze your virtuoso.

Among the autographs, one sees with gusto Fenelon's *Telemachus* in MS., and La Fontaine's fables, and the autobiographical selfishness of Louis Quatorze, and sundry others ; I noticed that Père la Chaise signs 'de la Chaise ;' and I read with interest a letter from Byron to Count D'Orsay wherein he says " I love my country, but I hate my countrymen," &c. ; a queer but understandable distinction.

Returned, we bade adieu to brother D—— off to-night for Dover ; and in the evening I took divers of my following to a last brilliant lamp-lit walk about the Palais Royal with its bust-

ling cafés and gay shops, the very portraiture of social cheerfulness and gregarious amusement. P.S. Having been confidential thus far, it may assist your own calculations if I tell you that you won't accomplish as much as we have done hitherto at less than six hundred pounds.

11<sup>th</sup>.—Very little new in the sightseeing way, as (to say truth) there is not much remaining ; so I took such of my younger ones as had not been there to St. Gervais, Notre Dame, and Sainte Chapelle ; and proceeded, by way of a small novelty myself from the last ecclesiastical sight to the Law Courts, and heard speechifying from counsel in squared black caps before unwigged judges ; our horse-hair accompaniments are an antique absurdity. Thereafter visits and bathing and shopping used up time : and dined at the Maison Dorée, and went to the Opera Comique in the evening as thus.

Attracted by the name “Un songe d'une nuit d'été” with plenty about Shakspeare on the placards, I naturally enough thought that the “Midsummer Night's Dream” with exquisite music was to be the entertainment : but I found my entertainment far otherwise. Only think ; Shakspeare in the



first act is represented as in a state of drunkenness, during which (of all blessed improbabilities !) Queen Elizabeth incognito in a little velvet mask with one lady ditto—(both of whom Falstaff in a *red* wig and garments to match appropriates of course as his mistresses and carries off to Richmond !) —endeavours to reclaim “*ce poète sublime*,” rather vainly, as he is taken away dead drunk !—The next act discovers “Sir Williams” Shakspeare recovering from his tipsiness by night in Richmond Wood, and having certain love adventures there, inclusive of one with the incognito Queen herself and a duel with one Sir Lord Latimer about the maid of honour also ! pervading all which Queen Elizabeth still, as a muslined spirit of the forest (!) is warbling in Alt patriotic morality to her vagabond genius :—all this, if you please, is the Midsummer Night’s Dream ;—and it was, as you may judge, so utterly silly that my patience could endure no more, and I came indignantly away ; not without suspicions that Elizabeth and Shakspeare are duly married in the third act, with Falstaff dispensing over them a fatherly blessing : seeing they had been warbling duets, tenor and alt, ever so long, and an opera to folks so mutually musical can have no other destiny. But only imagine what rubbish fills

a Parisian theatre; anywhere else this trash would be hooted as intolerable: but gentlemanly apathy is the rule hereabouts, and as for the music any note higher or lower than usual brings down the house. Intellect of any sort is nowhere: childish amusement is everywhere—"vogue la galère."

I thought it a noticeable marvel to see on the drop-scene, England's and Napoleon's heraldry amicably united, and pictured scenes beneath of the Emperor's reception at Windsor, and Victoria's arrival in Paris: really, this hearty union is worth the Eastern war. For other day noticeables,—barbers here finding the bear's grease humbug used-up have bought old lions' heads of the furriers and advertise 'pom-made du leon!' on the excuse of the mane, I suppose.—Ouvriers have a fine time of it, at expence of the Parisians and to keep the peace; one can see with half an eye that they are employed thus on every public building, churches especially, for quietness-sake: and therefore all things are heavily taxed at the Barrières.—Horses in Paris are almost universally *horses*, and nothing less; we are foolish enough to destroy their strength and spirit for appearance-sake: quite a mistake;—even so we gentleman of England denude our faces of all masculine comeliness by cutting it away; the

moustache was especially an Anglo-Saxon feature, and in after times beards used 'to wag all;' but because some French king of old had no beard and his courtiers flattered him by shaving, we forsooth, late followers of fashion, continue the silly practice. However, till everybody else flings away the razor, Paterfamilias cannot: it would be an affectation or seem one; but I trust my boys will be Nazarenes and all young England with them. At night, those extraordinary beings, the Chiffoniers, prowl about with basket hook and lantern everywhere like Gouls; it is said they occasionally find spoons and jewels; they had need have some stimulus, poor wretches, for such muck-raking is a human degradation indeed.

12th.—Took the daughters to St. Denis, by voiture and rail; stopping en route to show them the fine Byzantine church aforesaid of St. Vincent de Paule; whereof I perceive that what at first seemed marble is only scagliogla: however it is a very magnificent temple, and saving only the Colossal Deity—too like an idol—is most praiseworthy in all ways. Arrived at the Abbey-church, (where I met friends, unseen for these fifteen years,) we filled three hours in well doing the usual de-

voirs : and, besides all the historical and architectural features detailed in Galignani's Paris, (a right-useful helpmate on such occasions to which you will always do well to refer for matters which I therefore always omit,) accept these few addenda.

For the outside, one is disappointed at the manqué appearance of one tower and a half, instead of the pair complete ; they have been obliged to reduce one of them a story or two to relieve the weak foundations : another eyesore is that somebody has had the unspeakably bad taste to turn a fine old wheel-window into a clock-face, the sprawling gilt hands whereof ought to be removed forthwith. Inside, although there is a profusion of stained windows, they are in the main too evidently modern ; and in particular certain glass portraits of Louis Philippe in his cocked-hat and of Napoleon and the Paris fashions in '15 and '35 look frightfully out of place. Renovation must go much further before the old Abbey is of uniform smartness ; having done so much they must carry it out to the uttermost, and fresco away by the acre over those plain and shabby-looking gothic arches to make them congruous with the glories of the windows and the choir : however to my mind renovation has already been carried too far ;

even to scraping up to an universal newness nearly all the marble effigies of kings in the undercroft, and polishing antiquity to the surface of to-day. Build things newly in this "politus ad unguem" style by all means, but to restore them so, and skin the statues, is bad taste.

It is strikingly suggestive, among the monuments to see dead majesty so entirely stripped of its externals as to be represented stark naked; above, the king and his queen kneel in their royal robes; below, both are mere corpses. For other notabilia, there are: the coffin and pall of the last king who died in France, Louis XVIII., doomed to stay there till some other king relieves guard by dying in the country; many chapels full of sleeping heroes effigied in stone; the series of kings from Clovis to Dixhuit, rather crowded in the vaults and as to many of them fancy portraits; for Revolutions both old and new, have made sad havoc with such royal remains and hewed them up with axes and hammers; and so when Renovation has now her day, it comes to pass that likenesses are invented and sometimes names and broken figures misapplied: among the tombs a "Courtenay, empress of Constantinople," is a curiosity to Englishmen as ancestress of our Earls of Devon; and there is a ghost-like nun in black and white marble;

and every tomb is one of greatness royalty and old historic fame ; and the only marbles quite out of place are certain gigantic allegorisms very much too large for their crypt, intended to have been placed in an expiatory chapel not yet built for the Duc de Berri. But the whole Abbey is a museum of such matters, and I cannot catalogue more.

We heard part of the vespers, and noticed that two extraordinary ecclesiastics led the procession dressed exactly like Hamlet, hat and plume, short cloak and sword : then we ascended the tower, and were monarchs of all we surveyed, so far as the eye was concerned : and we saw the “ tresor,” several glazed wardrobes full of crowns, croziers, monstrants, chalices, and the like ; but much of it manifestly sham, especially the crowns : and after all duties done, we duly departed, arriving at the Paris station just in time to find it rigged out with flags and filled with two regiments of infantry to welcome the Duke of Brabant and his pretty wife ; whose arrival soon after we waited to see. For all else a couple of parting visits and home cares as usual consumed the day.

13th.—Having yesterday made pilgrimage to the tombs of French kings, to-day I go to

pay the like respect to an English one ; James II. buried at St. Germain-en-Laye, where he had held exiled Court some twelve years. Just out of the station is the handsome plain Doric Church where the king lies, and within it I felt a little disappointed at the commonplace mural monument wherewith George IV. has commemorated his royal precursor. What was worth doing at all, was worth doing better, especially with so vain-glorious a legend as "*Regio cineri pietas regia :*" however, let us be thankful it is done at all, and that the "*pietas*" aforesaid is charitable enough to say of James that he was "*Magnus in prosperis, major in adversis :*" has history been kind enough to endorse this eulogy ? The monument is a plain Grecian one, with (of all absurdities) the royal arms upon it ; and I am sorry to see that the circular niche or small side chapel where it is placed is being frescoed with a fiery encounter of St. George and the Dragon, unsuitable every way, religiously and architecturally.

The whole church also is being painted in the fashionable Byzantine taste, and they have commenced operations pretty badly by a gigantic figure of Christ-enthroned over the high altar, with numerous smaller figures near Him, giving the same Jupiter Olympius-look

before complained of : for the rest a simple if not severe Greek church with many columns and circular apse and transepts (though not to be compared with Gothic architecturals for suitability with the genius of the Catholic religion) must always look imposing.

Opposite the Church is the vast dingy old chateau of St. Germain, now converted into a prison, which character suits its looks better than the palace-type ; and, by way of a sunny smile beside a clouded brow, trim gay gardens that lead to a grand terrace overlooking a vast expanse of country, act as a pleasant foil to the dark brick towers and melancholy façades of the prison-palace. Just before it, awaiting a railway train to take them en route to the Crimea, was drawn up the 48th regiment of foot, in heavy marching order, carrying loaves and kettles and tents and all : I never saw such loads, each man looked like a pedlar.

Next, I looked into the little faded theatre, decorated by Dumas, for the production of his plays at home before they met the eye and ear of Paris ; and hearing accidentally that "Monte-Christo" was but a mile off, I started instantly on a visit to that famous dwelling. Fame should be symbolized a giant and reality a dwarf : we have all I suppose heard of the oriental splendour, the extravagant luxury



of the negro-novelist at his grand abode,—and how the mounted grooms were kept galloping into Paris hourly with portions of his feuilletons wet from that fertile pen ; never was there such a contrast to the Grub-street lie about literature ;—and never also such an exaggeration of the plain respectable truth.

The whimsical abode where Dumas lived three years and called it 'Monte Christo' because his novel enabled him to build it, is the smallest dwelling on the smallest island in the smallest pond possible : a turreted summer-house of two stories and four little rooms, with a corkscrew staircase so narrow that it puts one in mind of climbing in dreams up a suffocating gallery ; and how the stout little negro—but true genius—Dumas got up and down I cannot guess : as for the island, a very few square yards comprize it,—and as to the ocean, you could leap on to the mud bank island anywhere. The whole is overgrown with rank trees. Still there is evidence here of no small outlay in the decorative line, and Dumas has characteristically carved the names of his numerous novels on the sides and corners of his bijou-dwelling.

After awhile, he built near it another prettier house and a larger, all in arabesqued

stone but unfinished ; I went over it, moralizing on change : this poor generous author, now an impoverished exile, kept profuse hospitality within these walls though incomplete ;—and his drawing-room (that was to be) is ceiled and walled like the Alhambra, mottoed with such wise sentences as “ *Qui bat le chien, va battre le maitre* ” (our “ *Love me love my dog* ”) and “ *La parole c’est d’argent, la silence c’est d’or,* ” &c. &c. For all beside, the maisonette is a pretty little bachelor’s villa, lately sold to a French countess and to be let again, as unfinished and unpleasantly invaded by tourists.

Returning by rail as I came, (part of it atmospheric,) I could not help reflecting what a sort of special providence for modern Paris in the matter of fuel were the selfish forest-making propensities of former French kings : Fontainebleau, Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and the like are now the Parisian coal-measures ; even as the numerous Palaces, Elysées, Trianons, Chateaux, &c., are to-day no longer the luxurious retreats of royal mistresses, but bourgeois Parisian Edens, holiday-places for the townsfolk : not that this after good-use can excuse the extravagance of those past kings, whose wicked self-indulgence was the seed of revolutions, the last wave

whereof has scarcely yet subsided. A strange-looking incipient aqueduct affair on the horizon is, I am told, the machine de Marly, that supplies Versailles with water : if Paris had more water it were better ; housekeepers—we for instance in the Champs Elysées—have to buy it clumsily by the pail ; and that, while the Etoile fountain near us is wasting an Artesian river daily, and the drainage of Paris is believed to be in a perilous state, as one vast stagnant cesspool.

In the evening, having, during the day been thus a caller on Dumas, I paid a visit to George Sand, in the way of taking some of my party to see his—or her—exquisite play of Maître Favilla at the Odéon ; where Monsr. Rouvière entranced us by his delicate perceptions of that high-minded (though demented) gentlemanly character : redeeming the honour of the drama hereabouts, and giving us at once a lesson in the French language and in acted ethics. “Let us speak of a man as we find him”—and of a woman too : Madame Dudevant must be much calumniated, or my charity has been most fortunate ; for all I have read of her novels has been one pure and beautiful story,—and all I have seen of her plays is this touching and elevating Maître Favilla ; the impersonation whereof by

Rouvière did good by wholesale to a crowded and silent audience ; no small benefit in Paris.

14th, *Sunday*.—Service at Marbœuf Chapel, —and beside the local payment, a collection to be sent to England for the Church Pastoral Aid Society. Everywhere it is the same uncomely system of begging for Protestant purposes, in miserable contrast with Catholic liberality. And the advocate was impolitic enough to tell us that his Society's income was no less than forty thousand pounds a year by way of winning our generosity for the per contra fact that their outgoings were forty-three ; and from the letter bewailings of parochial clergy for the ignorance and infidelity of their flocks, he left us to infer no small amount of dullness and inefficiency in such clergy themselves.

What we want for the evangelization of Manchester is field and street preaching : one energetic Whitfield or Wesley would be worth ten years produce of your average College-bred rectors and curates : what we want is the parish priest who wins the affections of his people, not the man who turns evidence against himself by a well-deserved unpopularity. It is (as a rule) the fault of the parson, if his church is empty and his minis-

trations unfruitful ; earnestness and anything approaching to ability or eloquence tend to fill the meeting-house with willing hearers tired of empty pretension and established drony dullness : why not substitute the warm harangue for the chilling dissertation ? Too much learning and too little heartiness have alienated priest from people.

Again, apropos to these perpetual collections on the Continent ; they really are too constant ; sometimes not altogether honest : I wot of a clergyman—and there may be many such—beneficed and every-way well-to-do who contrives to leave his parish and get a three months' tour yearly gratis and make a purse beside, by dint of continental church services, the plate sent round for himself each time, and sacrament every Sunday, ditto : his appeals, printed as well as oral, for money are most humiliating, and I doubt not productive : but I leave you to judge of their effect upon the minds of all tourists, not excepting the religiously and devoutly disposed : of course also, the Roman Catholics must despise our parsons.

There ought to be stated or itinerant clergy of the Church of England *paid* out of some of the superfluous thousands of an Ecclesiastical fund from the fat purses of

Durham or London, to be "able ministers of the New Testament" for the English abroad: as things are, our church is meanly represented on the continent. The preachers at the oratory this year have been a good beginning in the right direction, but they were temporary, a mere annex to the Exposition; and the continued money at the doors was a damage every way: a free church, well served, would do wonders for us in the way of character: as it is, we are despised.

In the afternoon I went to that curious old church St. Etienne-du-Mont, an extraordinary mixture of Roman and Gothic architecture, with a tall round tower running up alongside the principal square one not unlike the famous tower-mysteries of Ireland: *e. g.*, St. Canice's Kilkenny. Within, a double or occasionally a triple row of arches clinging to uncapitalled columns,—and a pair of openworked stone spiral staircases leading to aerial choir galleries,—and the rich effect of the strange architectural *mélange* aforesaid, make a most striking coup d'œil: then it is full of ancient stained glass, has some good statues and pictures, and in chief St. Genevieve's tomb, (covered with recent white coronets and lit with hundreds of tapers) her chapel, an exquisite bit of elaborate Gothic lately restored in

gold and colours and hung with innumerable votive offerings,—and (which interested me most of all) Blaise Pascal's epitaph, dead at thirty-nine,—and a tablet erected to Racine by Boileau. Vespers, with a deep-mouthed organ, a musical quire, and a sympathizing congregation, made those old arches echo thrillingly; and altogether I have a solemn as well as a pleasing recollection of St. Etienne-du-Mont.

14th.—In the course of a last Paris ramble to-day I have encountered two of those humble kinds of lying in state, which I have only seen hereabouts: the shop drest out with funereal upholstery, and the coffin exposed with candles and an attendant priest. Met also going at a quick march the Chasseurs d'Afrique, a mixture of the Zouaves and the Rifles. Item, went into Notre Dame des Victoires, otherwise "des petits Pères," so called because certain "short priests" obtained the site from Henri Quatre, who asked, "Qui sont ces petits pères là?"

A plain high-arched Roman-Ionic church with some good pictures, and the most remarkable Mariolatry in Paris: the Virgin's altar is ablaze with wax lights night and day, the walls covered with ex-voto offerings; and there

is a golden legend round the whole church addressing her with "Alleluias," as "Sponsa Spiritûs, Filia Patris, and Mater Domini,"—"immaculata, sine labe concepta, credimus in te ex toto corde," &c., &c. : how grieved, if she can now know it, must the humble Mary of Bethlehem be at such Latreia. I hear there is to be a colossal image of her erected in Auvergne, a hundred feet high, cast from the cannon of Sebastopol, and that Louis Napoleon has subscribed to it ten thousand francs : this, taken in connection with the recent Bull "Ineffabilis," surely fills to the brim the guilty cup of Mariolatry.

Thereafter, took a last look at the Beaux Arts, as two of our youngest had not been there, and the Emperor with his guest of Brabant were expected ; and in the evening, by way of a wind-up to our Paris gaieties, Paterfamilias treated his whole party to the spectacle of Les Grands Siècles at the Ancien Cirque, a piece manifestly concocted to order or by assent of the authorities to indoctrinate Paris with contentment under present circumstances ; as thus : in a not uninstrucive series of historical tableaux one learns—to despise Louis Treize and his mistresses, to dread Richelieu and Mazarin, to dislike both Ligueurs and Frondeurs, to scorn the selfish



gilded great king Louis Quatorze, and with Molière and Maintenon (well got up both of them) to ridicule his courtiers and courtezans ; then, as for the fifteenth Louis, the prophetic Count St. Germain at a gambling house is made to denounce that “*siècle infame impie*” as the cause of the future reign of terror,—which latter also comes in for wholesale reprobation, a mob tearing down Simon the cobbler’s house, that Simon whose cruelty murdered the little dauphin ; while all such teaching by scenery and acting tends to exalt the next *Siècle*, the late and present, the *siècle Napoléonien* ; wherein the Uncle is represented as “*remonté au ciel, mais il en redescendra*” by way of a resurrection in the Nephew, which of course is the moral of the play : a piece of French history well worth making a note of.

And now “the games are done, and Cæsar is returning” to his Lares : for, after divers farewell calls of zealous new-made friends, and many inevitable payments, we have left those Elysian Fields this day (the 16th of October ; ) and having made the usual uninteresting railway journey of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, half of it in the dark, I find myself with all my following, occupants of “*Les Appartements particuliers de S. M. L’Empereur*” at the Hotel Brighton, Boulogne.

How short a time we staid at that grand but inconvenient hostel, and whither we went afterward, and what we then proceeded to see and to do, need be a care to nobody, not even to myself: for I shall journalize no more.

Not but that Boulogne is a very interesting place, far more so than its popular characteristics had led me to expect: cockneyfied holidaymaking, the bankrupt's refuge, the worrying Douane halfway between London and Paris to be scuffled through and left behind as quickly as possible, the shabby French Brighton, the pestilential fishing town, these, with reminiscences of sea-sickness, and a welcome of exorbitant changes, amount to the common thoughts of ignorance respecting Boulogne.

Truth however is herein much fairer than uncharitable fiction, and after a fortnight's experience I am happy to report as thus, very briefly: to the historian, the antiquarian, and the geologist, Boulogne is a most interesting place; the feudal walls and happily obsolete torture chamber of its *old* town, no less than the gay shops and marble diamond-patterned pavement of its new; the frequent Roman sites and remains found in it and near it, evidenced by that rich Museum; the many strataed cliffs full of ammonites fossil shells

and vertebræ and other morsels of extinct monsters ; the notable new Cathedral and its primeval crypt beneath ; Napoleon's marble column ; the miles of Honvault camp ; together with the pleasant sands, the breezy jetty, the well-furnished reading-rooms, busy quay, picturesque fisher-girls, the military band,—all these help to make Boulogne a very endurable place for a fortnight at all events.

However *I* have done with diarizing, and *you* are sick of it ; so let there be an end. Doubtless, we shall here exhaust all to be exhausted, cathedral and museum, Caligula's ruin, Napoleon's tower, the empty camp and all ; and doubtless also, those outrageous custom-house discourtesies and confusions wherewith England inhospitably receives all comers at Folkestone will be my last vexation ; “*sed et hæc meminisse juvabit* ;” and so every other trouble over, all perils past, and so many exploits well-achieved, Paterfamilias and his flock will shortly go home again both gratefully and gladly.

LONDON

G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.







