

JOSEPH DANIEL AIKEN

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Embarking Wednesday 9th: of May 1849. at Boston for Liverpool, on board the Steamer Cambria Capt Sharmon, We touched at Nova Scotia on Friday morning. and took the opportunity of a walk in Halifax; my slight observation served to convince us of the terrible imprecation invoked upon those whom we sometimes jestingly wish at Halifax, with the English it is classed in their Anathemas with Hell & [of hell?] & is their climax of wretchedness. the Nova Scotians are called blue noses because (says the illustrious M^r. Sam^l. Slick) of the production of a peculiar kind of potatoe: Halifax conducts considerable trade with the West Indies in fisheries. There is a fort with one Regiment of Soldiers situated on an Eminence Overlooking the town. Two hours delay at this fort enabled us to receive the mails, a few passengers, & coal, & we are again at Sea. As we approach the banks of Newfoundland, the weather which had hitherto been delightfully mild, became cold, windy and damp. Saturday Evening & Sunday were very rough. Dinners at a discount and a "fall" in provisions; very sick. Eat nothing for near four days. Terribly wracking is this Sea Sickness a modern process of casting out Devils, as one almost invariably is the better of this purgation. See Land on Sunday afternoon in the Skilligs [Skelleys?] south west of Ireland. pass Cape Clear Sight at 9 OClock. meet Steamer Niagara exchange signals of rockets. Arrive at Liverpool on Monday night 11 O'Clk. get ashore about 1. Stop at the Adelphi, visit the Zoological Garden. very agreeably intertained. had an interview with father Mathew who upon our entering, came forward and spoke to us: asked from what part of the States we were &c. visit S^t: James Cemetery where there is a monument to Hon M^r: Huskinson also go to the Exchange square, where we saw Nelson's Monument. transact my money matter, make M^r. Langton my Banker. Liverpool is chiefly interesting because here we first come in contact with Jn^o: Bull, & we stop to contemplate him at the threshold; Strange & new sights occur to

us, I assure us, that we are in a strange land.

- Visit to Chester & Eton Hall. -

The distance 31 miles, fare 2^s & 6^d through half hour. Chester is one of the oldest towns in England. originally settled in the year .73. its antique buildings & its walls, are its only objects of interest, among the former of principle notoriety is the Church of S^t. John. Supposed to have been built originally in the twelvth Century, subsequently rebuilt of brown stone in 1670: numerous monumental inscriptions, of this date bear record of the piety & virtue of worthies of that period. it is still a place of worship & well calculated to inspire its congregation with the perishing nature of all things earthly. There is in this town a subterranean passage of several hundred yards length, built by the Romans, for what purpose is only conjectured: a subterranean Chapel of gothic style was discovered in digging a cellar some years since, it is now the store room of an ironmonger.

On the suburbs of Chester, is the extensive park and grounds of the Marquis of Westminster, an entrance through a handsome gothic arch & porters large, introduce you to the beautiful body of wood & lawn, threaded for several miles by a fine white McAdamised road, winding through the constantly sifting panorama, until at length bursting upon the view is the Elegant Gothic site of Eton Hall. The glistening & deep green verdure of the grass and shrubbery. the magestic oaks. The velvet lawns with clumps of trees, alive with deer & beautiful cattle. the lakes & river winding among the trees. The graceful & majestic swans floating in conscious dignity over their rippling surface, the distant view of mountains all around, make up one of the most beautiful & lovely pictures imaginable: The gardens are very extensive, the kitchen gardens hot houses & fruit trees (trained upon the walls), occupy 23 acres, the ornamental grounds of large oaks & beech with every variety of flowring shrub & undergrowth, tastefully trim'ed, embrace perhaps fifty more; among the improvements going on at present is a

magnificent Italian garden immediately in front of the Palace, in extent about 3 acres: a gass tank is another recent improvement, the out building correspond with the other parts of the premises. We returned to Liverpool & leave next morning for

Manchester. Chapel. & Buxton.

Manchester is perhaps next in importance to London. the road from Liverpool (where on taking the carr we passed under the city for 1½ miles through a tunnel) is extremely interesting. the hundreds of tall chimneys filling the air with smoke, rearing their long tall funnels, into the cloud which they make the almost continuous town of factories, the the [sic] wide stretch of Country, alive with every discription of workmen & those automaton workmen Steam engines. converting the raw material into beautiful fabrics, makes this rout an open book for study. The City of Manchester may almost be said to controul the destinies of nations; Certainly, the dominion of cotton producers. The print works are very interesting Those we visited employed some 150-200 hands; turned out monthly 60.000 pieces callico & muslin, measuring 28 yards each; this week 3000 pieces are sent off. We witnessed the process of carving the rollers &c & saw a great many of the copper cylinders, with various & beautiful patterns. We visited the Royal institution, saw an instrument for knitting stockings. & a great variety of specimens of work from all parts of the Kingdom: paintings & casts from celebrated pieces of statuary &c. &c. Dined at the Albion at 4: & at 5 took stage coach for "Chapel en la Frith". An English coach was something new. I took a seat on the outside with 19 others, the ladies inside with others, in all numbering 26 and their luggage; at the rate of one parcel a price at least; this enormous load was drawn by two horses in a trot for about 10 miles. I would scarcely have believed it possible. We reached Stockport 6 miles without knowing we were out of Manchester, such is the density of settlement: At Stockport is an immense bridge for the Rail way & arches about 60 feet high: a beautiful McAdamised road with houses, at intervals of ever 100 feet or yards and sidewalks all the way, lead us to Chapel

en la Frith” an old village, we here met a very gentlemanly Englishman who gave us much useful information & who having recently visited Chatsworth, said “it beat Eton into fits”. We took a cab to Buxton, arrived at the Shakespeare at 9. and early next morning visited the Crescent, a very large and Elegant building of a crescent form where are several Hotels & the warm baths, a beautiful garden &c. from this place to Chatsworth the Scenery is in many places strikingly picturesque & all of beautiful. We arrived at the Eildon Hotel at 11 & went immediately off to the park & grounds of

Chatsworth.

The fame of this place had prepared us for much of the rich & Elegant, but “the half had not been told us”, The first view is soft & quiet, seen from the slope across the Derwent, which winds along in front of this grand & magnificent seat. Our first visit was to the kitchen gardens where M^r. Paxton the head manager & horticulturist resides: the hot houses & fruits of all kinds & in every stage, were on a more extensive scale than at Eton: the park was literally covered with gangs of deer & beautiful cows. there are above 2000 deer in the park; the entrance through an iron gate beautifully gilt under an archway of the Doric Order leads to the grand entrance of the Palace on the western side, the vestibule below is ornamented with several busts by Canova & others & over head is fastentined to the ceiling a fine painting of Aurora ushering in the morning: up a short flight of marble steps cut from a neighbouring quarry is a passage way to the entrance chamber, richly laid in mozaics of various figuers. The chamber is about 25 x 40 feet. 25 feet high, & adorned with choice specimens of sculpture & painting. the entire ceiling is a collection of heathen dieties, the walls are covered with scenes in the life & death of Julius Ceasar: a huge skin of an African lion with the head eyes & teeth natural is spread out on the marble floor just inside the door. a beautiful boat & oars is along the walls: up a short flight of steps & to the right leading around three sides of the interior court is the

picture gallery, the walls of which are covered with the best productions of the best artists of ancient or modern times. up a magnificent flight of steps, brass railing & gilt iron balustrades, you are introduced into the grand State dining room, in the old part of the building. (this suit of rooms is only used by royalty itself) here too we see some very fine busts one of C.J. Fox, Channing, Pauline Buonaparte &c. the ceiling contains another collection of mythological dieities the walls & mantelpiece, the most wonderful, & curious, carvings in wood, of game, flowers &c. the next room, was the state drawing, in which were the magnificent chairs used by William the 4th & Queen Adelaide at their coronation, the walls of this room is of embossed leather & gilt pattern, the ceiling and cornice beautiful paintings of antique figures, the bust of Louis 14th in bronze & one of marble of George 4th. are in this room: the next room belonging to this suit is, The State bed room. the bed is ornamented with canopy of tapistried velvet, wrought by an ancient relation of the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of this regal establishment, the dressing room adjoining is decorated with paintings, & ornaments of different kinds: this entire suit occupy the Eastern front of the Palace, looking out upon, an enchanting garden of shrubbery. & grass beds, in the midst of which are three jets d'eau, one of which, when the Duke is present throws water to the height of 167 feet, beautiful statuary deck the gardens in great profusion. There is still one part of the palace to be seen, the sculpture room, here are Chefs d'oeuvre of Canova, Chantry, Thorwaldsen, &c &c it is one of the finest collections in Europe, a spendid bust of Napoleon, bust of Pius IX, Statues of Napolion's mater, & pauline, statues of Achilles, the arrow through the heel. Venus & Cupid, Endymion (the original) Mars & Cupid &c. large & costly vases, lions &c. But we must not forget the Chapel; this magnificent Temple is a perfect cluster of gems, painting of the richest & most superb character decorate the walls & ceiling. the latter was covered by an appropriate & beautiful representation of the ascension, over the chancel is a fine painting of Thomas' unbelief by Verrio, the sculptured columns & decorations are exquisite. the Duke's seat is at the side near the Desk, a beautiful marble

table a present from the Emperor of Russia is in rear of it. the wainscotting is of cedar high backed chairs arraigned around against the wall accommodate the household. & the gallery furnish seats for guests, at the vestibule of another flight of stairs, are Elegant full length portraits of the Emperor & Empress of Russia of George fourth. & third Earle of Burlington. in another room Known as the billiard room, are several portraits the walls of this room are lined with crimson silk velvet one of the present duke, one of his father, two sisters, & painting of "Bolton Abbey in the olden time" by Landseer. The orangery contains trees from Maintenon formerly belonging to the Empress Josephine, through this room we pass into, "the gardens on the north, equally beautiful with any thing yet seen, a cataract of near a quarter of a mile, or rather a succession of cataracts pour down a torrent of water, directly north from the grand State dining room, from a source high upon the mountain range which enclose this Eden spot further along through huge masses of clustering rocks, artificially arranged & with the most enrapturing effect, is the Conservatory. this mountain of plants, is enclosed by a house of glass 270 feet long 130 wide & 40 high & cost 40,000*L*. the furnace which heats it is supplied with coal by a subterranean rail road, arched over & running for several hundred yards, This imperfect sketch will barely give one an outline of the extent & magnificence of this one of the Duke's places, for he has six others. The drive to Haddon Hall is through a very interesting country about 4 miles. here we visit a most interesting palace of former times, within and about whose halls cluster much that is rich in romance and valuable in history; it is the ancient seat of the Vernons, but became the property of the Rutlands on the marriage by stealth of Dorothy Vernon & John Manners, we were shewn the door by which this romantic pair made their escape, on the night of a ball. This venerable pile enjoyed its highest degree of Elegance during the reign of Queen Bess, it was then distinguished for its hospitality its wassel & goodlie companie; the Banqueting room yet exhibits the instrument by which the temperately inclined visitor of that day was forced to drink or receive it through the sleeve, the Ball room is a sad and gloomy antithesis of

former scenes of gaiety & splendor a State Bed, with tapistried walls shews where those uneasy heads have lain that wore a crown, last occupied by George 3, The Chapel, buttery kitchen servants halls, page's room are all interesting the mute witnesses of the departed glory of Haddon, it is the property of the Duke of Rutland, & is preserved & valued with great interest by him. From this place we pass through Bakewell & Rowsly [Rowsley] to the Vale of Matlock, along the babling Derwent, the scenery growing more beautiful, to

Matlock. Bath.

This beautiful & romantic dell, has been long frequented by the rich & the poor, the old & the young, the gay & the grave, the half the blind, &c. and all have hung in raptures upon its bewitching scenery: on the right & left, look down, giant cliff, great Brobdignagian monster, upon the vale below, and the gentle Derwent winds its meandering way along nor munnors, but when the crusty cliffs obstruct its way: opposite our Hotel (the old bath) is the "Wild Cat Tor", at the top of which is the head and front of a huge lion in a sleeping posture, the workmanship of a sculptor old as creation, there it is "rock ribbed & ancient as the sun". under these immense crags, three or four hundred feet is a Rail way tunnel, aptly illustrating the magesty of nature, & the persevering industry of art. the villages along, the vale are neatly built & ornamented with gardens, the houses up the steep ascent almost, one on top of another: the shops below containing beautiful specimens of wrought marble from neighbouring quarry the articles are rich & costly: the baths are the attraction, to the invalid, the rheumatic, but the scenery would cure any ordinary complaint. There are memorials of great men here; Byron & Miss Chaworth it is said, in the ball room of this house, indulged in a pettish little lover's quarrel, that changed the destinies of both: He as well as Scott, D^r. Darwin & several others have already Enbalmed Matlock in never dying song. I hope therefore to be

excused for the present & will retire. We attended church on Sunday 27th: May at the next Chapel near the Hotel. On Monday morning, took the omnibus for Ambergate Station passing through some very sweet scenery. took the train at 10, and arrived at Chesterfield 12: Having a letter of introduction to D^r. H.E. Walker, we were soon quite at home in his neat little drawing room surrounded by his very interesting family. The day (being Whit-Monday) a number of clubs with music & banners were parading the streets, and the inhabitants generally of both sexes and all ages were thronging the streets, Our kind friend having procured a phaeton, we, after a little refreshment set off for

Hardwick Hall

This venerable seat, is another of the Duke of Devonshire's many Elegant Mansions, about 7 miles to the south[ard?] of Chesterfield, in a beautiful hill country, this noble Edifice Stands on an Eminense commanding an Extensive view. The ruins of the Old Hall of Hardwick wherein, the beautiful & unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotts was incarcerated, are quite near the present building, & with its rich drapery of Ivy green, its massive walls (still here & there stuckoed with quaint figures) lifting their Sharp outlines against the horizon presents a beautiful & interesting picture. The present building was erected by Elizabeth Shrewsbury, who seems to have been a woman of masculine & energetic character. The tapestry is generally very well preserved, and looks at a little distance very like fine oil painting, nearly all the rooms are decked with it. We were shewn one room, the furniture & door jams & part of the wainscoting of which had been removed from the room in the old Hall, which had been occupied by the unfortunate Mary, and was intended (as was the entire building) to resemble the old one as near as possible. A statue of Mary by Westmacott out of Maltese stone, stands on a pedestal of buff stone in the great Entrance Hall: in the state bed room is a bed said to have been occupied by her & now, just as then was, The most interesting part of the building is the

picture gallery containing near 200 portraits of the nobility of England for Centuries back, by the best masters, such an imposing array of handsome visages & rich productions of art, is indeed rarely if ever to be met with. We returned to Chesterfield at 5. passing in view of Boldsover [Bolsover] Castle, one of the Strong holds of Cromwell during the Commonwealth, now the property of the Duke of Portland, & also in view of Sutton Hall, associated in history with the former, now the property of a M^r Arkwright one of the family of the celebrated inventer of the spinning jenny. Tuesday morning the sun arose bright, & the air was balmy as our own sweet May, Our party being increased by the addition of two very pleasant young gentlemen (Messrs Walker & Ogden) we set off for New Stead Abbey, whether it was the pleasant party, the delightful atmosphere, the lovely scenery, or the inspiring association & reflection of the great genius, whose former haunts we were about to visit, I know not, but there was a thrilling, soul ravishing pleasure in this days visit, which a life time of toil would cheaply purchase: here we were treading the grounds once trod by that brilliant, but wayward child of the Muses, here were the scenes, that suggested thoughts, that vibrated like an electric flash through the world, here we were, at the haunts & home of Biron & this was

New Stead.

This ancient pile of ruins, was originally built in the 12th century, and was for centuries occupied by Monks, they were added to the possessions of the Biron family by Henry 8th: they were sold in the year 1817 & purchased by Col. Wildman the present proprietor & occupant. & a former schoolmate of Lord Biron. It is indeed pleasant to witness with what interest Col. W. preserves the place. Himself a gentleman of tast. of fortune & of distinctions, both won at Waterloo, & inherited from high born ancestors, he is not unmindful of those schoolboy attachments & a proper regard for the memory of his distinguished friend, and spares neither pains nor Expense to make it worthy of his

illustrious predecessors. Much of the furniture, is modern & the entire building was at the time of the sale in such a state of decay as to require total renovation. Biron's bed room was shewn us, much as he left it. then we were in & at this very hallowed Shrine of Poesy. here had he held sweet communion with the divine Goddess: and here had Kept watch over his silvry dreams, the cherubs of inspiration.

In the dining room were Cuirasses, brought from Waterloo. on the walls stood Coats of Mail, polished bright as silver, swords, helmets, halberds, stags' & buffaloes' heads & horns. &c: the old Cloister of the monks & their walks the Chapel & the relics of different kinds were all deeply interesting, but nothing, so forcibly impressed me, as to hold in my hand the identical skull, which Biron had made into a wine cup, handsomely set in silver, with his verses inscribed upon it, It had been found in a stone coffin, in the grounds about the Abbey & was thought to have been one of the superiors of the fraternity, among the ruins, or rather where the old Church once stood is the monument to Boatswain, Biron's favorite Newfoundland friend, of whom he says in the Epitaph "I never knew but one & here he lies" &c. &c. On a tree in, what is called the Devils walk is distinctly traceable the inscription "Biron 24" 'Sept 1814." & underneath "Augusta". cut on the bark by his Lordship himself, the night before he left New Stead for the last time; his Sister's name is just under his own, & springing from the same root, is another tree quite close & just under the one, on which the names are, The grounds about are neatly Kept. the park not so much so, it is completely run away with by Rabbits, New Stead Abbey is a mile from the road, the Hut is quite a pretty little Inn, where visitors refresh themselves, and where we found it necessary to seek reparation & comfort for the, unheard of outrage which, a vulgar visitor to the abbey had committed upon our bottle of Sherry left for convenience & Safety in "the Old Monk's". We enjoyed a delightful drive back to the delightful Society & home of our friend D^r. W. the next morning we visited a lace factory a few squares off, which was to us very curious & interesting. Chesterfield is remarkable for its crooked and warped steeple, many coal mines, potteries & factories

of different kinds afford occupation & a living for its 10000. inhabitants. We took a reluctant leave of our friends

Sheffield.

for Sheffield, where we arrived at 12 O'Clock & went immediately to the celebrated Cutlery Establishment of Rodgers & Son, after making a few purchases & looking at the wonderful evidences of skill and workmanship; we strolled through the streets, amused exceedingly, at the wonders of a fair in England. The streets were lined with every kind of merchandise and, songs and recitations in verse, & the clamorous & incessant chattering of every vendor, from "Oyster three for a penny", to the eloquent declamation of a preacher, thundering away from his wheelbarrow pulpit, & handing out copies of his eloquent discourse at "a penny a piece". We took the train via Masboro [Mosboro?] for York where we arrived at 7 O'Clock at the Royal Hotel. We could not resist the strong wish to see the great

York Minster

and being in the immediate neighbourhood, went forthwith to take a look at its exterior: The setting sun shedding a flood of rosy radiance upon its western front, seemed to gild its lofty towers, and almost to give a flesh tint to the grey old Stone Statues, which filled every niche, & cluster upon its gothic walls: next morning we crossed the Ouse in a small row boat, & ascended a flight of stairs, and strolled for near a mile along the delightful walk upon the walls of this ancient Roman City, passing in review, the nunnery, the York Castle (a large and well built structure built by William the Conqueror:) the Clifford tower & Several antiquated churches, until we at length arrived at the Minster. Our guide proved to be a brother of Capt. Welsman of Charleston, and

was very attentive & kind. The Entrance to this vast pile is exceedingly imposing, High overhead, the gothic arches support the elaborately worked ceiling: monuments of sainted bishops, around on all sides: Sculptured figures & groups of various styles & of long distant periods. The organ screen is a most wonderful specimen of carving in stone: The effigies of 14 Kings of England cut in stone stared arranged along on either side of the entrance to the Choir: the Organ with its 7500 pipes surmounts the screen & is just under the Center tower: The Nave or great vestibule is 264 feet long, the whole length of the interior is 487 feet. Exterior 524.: Interior width 225 feet Exterior 241 feet. height of the Nave 99 feet to the ceiling. height of the center or lantern tower 213 feet. The windows of old stained glass, are rich, curious & enormously large, one on the East front is 75 by 32 feet, and contains (in the stained glass) historical illustrations of scriptural events. The Chapter house is very beautiful & for gothic architecture is said to surpass anything of the kind in the world. The organ is said to be the second best in the world. The view from the lantern tower is extensive & well compensates for the long, tortuous corkscrew journey to its top. The external appearances of this huge & venerable pile is sublimely grand: its turreted towers, & pinnacles & minarets, its curious and ludicrous figures & images, its battlements & buttresses, its pedestals & niches, make this building the great attraction, not only at York but of the north country. We left york at 2 and passing through an interesting region arrived at the Queens Head. NewCastle at 7. OCK The buildings in front of the Hotel were of a very superior order of Architecture. & the Arches over the river Tyne & the street, were the largest we had ever seen. a very handsome monument to Earl Grey stands at the junction of two fine streets: This town so famous for Coal is of course sooty & dark, but the shop windows were very handsome, (so also York)

1st: June

We left New Castle for Alnwick via Lesbury Station where we exchange the select &

comfortable apartments of the “first class”, for the dusty democratic “Bus”, a drive of 3 miles brought us to the White Swan, whence by a short walk we reach the ancient & renowned seat of the Percys

Alnwick Castle. (pronounce Anwick)

This ancient stronghold of a line of noble warriors was rebuilt by the late Duke of Northumberland, and is now the braw [braw?] ideal of a baronial castle of the middle & subsequent ages: Its massive walls fortified with 16 towers, the entire wall, covered with antique figures of warriors, armed with clubs, bows, spikes, halberds, stones &c &c all gracefully cut of stone, large as life, constitute a peculiarly grand & striking spectacle. This view from the armory tower is (tho not extensive) a fine landscape. the interior is richly furnished tho is no comparison to other palaces we have seen. There are several fine portraits of the Percy family all of which are full of intense interest to the historian. History sufficiently records the Character & conduct of the many heroes of this noble family. the present Earl of Northumberland is over 50, married about 6 years since to the daughter of the Marquess of Westminster, has no children, is popular with his tenants who have erected a monument, (a fluted pillar surmounted by a lion) as a memorial of his generosity in reducing their rates 35 pr.ct one year. his income is £450,000. a year. Near the Lesbury Station on the Sea Coast is the Old Castle of Warkworth famous in song & story the property of his grace The Duke. The rail Road runs along the Sea Coast from this place nearly all the way to Edinboro. sometimes a mile or two off and at others at the waters Edge: the prospect is inexpressibly grand, the distant hills with their blue crests rising gently against the western horizon, on the one hand: the boundless ocean spreading out in majestic grandeur on the other: Every plain and cliff, moor & ravine rich in the classic treasures of legendary lore. Here the immortal Author of Waverl[e]y, the great majician of the North, has by the power of his wand, roused into action the

slumbering dead of many a battle field, and into each crumbling ruin, and rugged crag has breathed the breath of life "creating a soul beneath the ribs of death". We passed over a part of lammermoor., in sight of "The Holy Island", near "Fast Castle", "Long stone" the scene of Grace Darling's Adventures, "Preston Pans" &c &c &c until about 7 O'Clock we arrived at the great northern Emporium

Edinburgh

2nd: June

Nearly opposite our Hotel. (Gibbs' Royal) in Princes Street, is the superb Gothic Monument of Sir Walter Scott, truly this structure is worthy the great genius whose memory it seeks to perpetuate, and is superior far to any other of the very many rich and Elegant, which ornament this great city. the general assembly of both the established & free church of Scotland being in session, I went to the beautiful Chapel of the former. the attendance was thin the bustle & noise prevented my hearing any thing for some time. I ascertained meanwhile that the Moderator was D^r. Simson, that the gentleman who occupied the throne in rear & above the D^r. was Lord Balhaven [Belhaven] the commissioner or agent of her Majesty, the venerable gentleman near him the purse bearer, the little boys in crimson coats & powdered wigs his (the Lords) pages, after the reading of reports &c a spirited debate sprung upon the order of the day in which more scottish fire than Christian forbearance was manifested. at length two bewigged gentlemen whom I learned were advocates appeared with their records & entered upon the discussion of the order, a Rev^d: M^r. Murray had accused another Rev brother of remissness in ecclesiastical duties & whereupon the latter sought to vindicate himself & criminate his assailant: There was nothing remarkable in the matter or manner of the learned advocates; nor indeed in the worthy body of devines, His Lordship, and the wiggs seemed to share the greater part of public curiosity. Returning to the Hotel we set out for a stroll in Princes street, the pave was thronged, the shops gay. the sights curious. we reached in our walk Carlton [Calton] Hill, an elevation at the east end of this fine street, it is covered with monuments: first Dugald Stewarts, then on the left Profsr. Playfairs, on

the right Nelson's, into this we were hurried, and shewn first the Camera, to me this was very curious, we ascended this towering structure, from the top of which is a most admirable view of the City & its environs. The exercise of this walk prepared us for dinner, & a ride in the afternoon, we visited first the modern city which is built up with rich & elegant rows of buildings, interspersed with frequent gardens or small parks & numerous statues. The old city being the localities of its earlier history is much the most interesting. we passed several Hospitals: the university: the house of Jn^o. Knox: through the Cannon gate; S^t: Giles, the ancient Hart of MidLothian; near Holyrood &c This morning being Sunday we attended Service at the venerable S^t: Giles, and heard an interesting discourse from the Rev^d. M^r. Aiken of Kilmarnock, in the tolbooth; The Church is divided into three Chapels and service was conducted in each. Lord Balhaven being in one of them, we remained a moment with the crowd to see his lordship & her ladyship enter their coach, which stood surrounded by laquis in shorts of Crimson plush, crimson coats, cocked hats &c: about her ladyship there was nothing remarkable; he wore a crimson coat white pants, cocked hat & plume, sword &c: the array of wiggid gentry that composed the escort was truly ludicrous. In the afternoon I went to the Cannon Mills to hear a distinguished minister of the free church, the assembly was immense I think 1500 persons. the speaker exhibited more of the Orator than any one I have yet heard in the Kingdom, he was the Rev^d. M^r. Kennedy from Dingwall. on Monday morning we walked over into the old town. down through the cannon gate to Holy Rood Palace & Abbey. How the thrilling events of the life & history of the unfortunate Mary, sieze upon the feelings & imagination at the sight of this ancient & venerable Seat of Royalty. Here in ruins of the Abbey are shewn the very spot where she married to Darnley: the ground within the ruins is covered with dark slab stones of nobles of the 14 & 15th Century the Abbey was built about the 12th: Century. Within the Palace are the bed room & furniture of Mary, and the adjoining room from which Rizzio was dragged out & murdered. The Cicerone yet points out the blood stained spot on the

floor where he breathed his last. The Ball room, now a sort of picture gallery, is used as a balloting room in the Election of peers, the paintings bear marks of the rudeness of Cromwells Soldiers, once quartered here. In ascending high street, we stopped at the Old Parliament house & entered for a moment the Criminal Court Room, 3 Justices (Lord [Monerieff ?]) with red coats & powdered wigs, occupied the bench, 3 women were being tried for robbery. The ladies here returning to the Hotel I visited the Castle at the head of the street, the prospect is very fine from this elevated battlement: but the great object of interest here is the crown room Containing the Crown and Scepter of Mary, several jeweled trinkets of great value &c &c The view from the parade ground is very fine. on south is Greyfriars Church, where are buried several Scotch Kings; near it is Heriot's Hospital, which today (this being his birth day) is decked with flowers & crowded with visitors; here is a fine view of the pentland hills. Arthurs Seat, Salisbury Craigs, & in the distance Lammermuir

In the afternoon we set off by Rail way for

Melrose Abbey.

There is a mingling of doubt with the emotion produced by the sound upon the Ear. And are we really at that spot, venerable from age, sacred from its history, hallowed by the inspired pen of the gifted Poet. It is strange with what holy reverence, the mind may contemplate a mass of Stone. Who enters those sacred grounds with other than feelings of profound solemnity? Who regards these vaulted roofs, these high spanned arches, these solemn tombs, their massive ruins which with their rich ornaments still defying time, flourish in sad mockery of their former grandeur, without being overwhelmed with the vanity of all things earthly? Its old clock now strikes the midnight hour. how solemn while all around is ruin & decay, man, godlike man who gave this house its shape &

being, has for long long centuries ceased to be food for worms: yet time rolls on and the sad monitor chimes the passing hour, it is fit so. The mellow light of the evening sun fell upon its craggy walls, and gleamed through its gothic arches when we entered Melrose: the Ivy seemed a deeper tinge, the surrounding scenery was hushed in the calm repose of rural quiet, the Eildon towering up in a graceful dignity, still stooped below the risen moon. This was a scene for the artist, it has been the theme of the Poet, and little soul had he who did not feel at such an hour, the buildings of the divine efflatus [afflatus]. This abbey was founded by David II of Scotland and was the elegant abode of a college of monks as far back as the 12th century, During the border wars it was a severe sufferer, and at the time of Cromwells occupation of the North, & of the reformation, the work of destruction already begun left it in a ruin: the fractured stones in the walls shew the traces of heavy artillery. It was partially repaired about 200 years since, and a part of the choir occupied as a chapel. The figures of S^t: Peter & S^t: Paul yet occupying niches in the wall, exist in a remarkable state of the preservation. The old clock in the South Gable still like old father time, runs on and frosty with age, presides over & prides him in, the ruin he has made, Several tombs are shewn. Alexander II of Scotland. Michael Scott. & the slab under which is said to have been buried the heart of Bruce. We returned at 11 O'clock to see it by moonlight, but the long twilight & hazy atmosphere deprived us of the light & shade of the moon. Next morning we visited Abbotsford, the location seemed to me not happily chosen to give it that effect which its peculiar style of Architecture more advantageously located could not fail to produce; leaving the road at a small rough gate, a narrow irregular footpath conducted us down a wooded declivity, some 40 yards in sight (some 60 yards farther off) of this turreted "romance in stone and mortar" the grounds about are not remarkable nor the prospect around, The interior however compensates for any deficiency without, the vestibule is ornamented with stags horns, &c. turning to the right is a large room which is a complete curiosity shop. Every thing from a snails shell to a coat of mail, in the shape of armour, every part of the walls are

covered: the ceiling is ornamented around the cornice, with the Coats of arms of the various Clans of Scotland. and overhead with those of the Scott family. the study, dining room, Library, &c were shewn us. in the former of which preseved in a glass case is the suit of Clothes last worn by Sir Walter, a portrait by & a Bust by Chantre[e]y, Several portraits of different members of his family, the Charity box of Queen Mary Napoleon's pistols, & a thousand other valuable & interesting objects compose his very extensive cabinet, Arriving at Gala Shiels before the train for Edinburg, we visited several woollen factories,. Tweeds & plaid shawls, &c We reached Edinboro late, & left forthwith for Glasgow. This is the largest city in Scotland, and is well built, has quite a commercial aspect. a number of vessels of large size moor along the banks of the Clyde for a mile down: Several monuments adorn the gardens & public squares. We left the morning after our arrival in a stm^r. for Dumbarton some 15 or 20 miles down the Clyde Passing many places of interest & noticing particularly Kilpatrick the birthplace of S^t. Patrick, and Dumbarton Castle, seated on a soliatry cliff 500 feet above the sea: a ride of 5 miles brought us to Loch Lomond, up which we were carried some 25 miles in a stm^r: tho' showery at intervals, we were unwilling to leave the deck & lose the Scenery, which altho not equalling our Expectations, was certainly very pretty at first, & continued to improve: until at foot of Ben Lomond & Ben [Voirlich ?] we were landed at Inversnaid Mill, Up a steep ascent of near a quarter mile, we clambered, & having secured seats for the ladies in a phaeton, I set off on foot for the next five miles to Loch Katturin [Katrine], the way lay along a winding valley of the highlands, Surrounded on all sides by high barrow & desolate looking mountains, with no object to attract the attention, but the solitary shepperd and his scattered & bewildered flock, At length in the distance on rising a hill, we discover the smooth waters of

Loch Katturin.

The tiny Steam Boat fretting like a tea kettle, lay at the pebbly bank, waiting our arrival (which had been delayed a little by the most unbecoming & refractory conduct of the horse). Soon the “Rob Roy” shipped her valuable freightage and in lilliputian mimicry of Steam navigation, sought the landing at the opposite extremity of the lake. There prevailed a becoming calmness upon the beautiful loch, and the grey old hills looked down from their snowy crests in solemn grandeur upon the scene below: far off on the north west coast, is pointed out the birth place of that heroic merauder Rob Roy. farther on is the “Silvery Sands” of the shore: behind, rises like Achilles above his fellows “Lofty Ben Lomond” taller by head & shoulders: in front on either hand. Ben Ledi & Ben Ann [A’an, An] and here commence the trossachs a little farther and we are in fairy land this is Ellen’s Island, there she “Pushed her light shallop from the shore”, here in the glen opposite the gallant grey paid the forfeit of the too eager Chase with his life beautiful as is the poetical description of this lovely scenery, it can scarcely be said to surpass the actual beauty and loveliness of the Island and lake at this place. The walk, about a mile and a half to the new and elegant castellated Inn, is through most enchanting scenery, here the stag “dashing down a darksome glen” “In the deep Trossachs’ wildest nook His solitary refuge took”. Sir Walter has been liberally supplied with Nature’s best efforts in landscape painting here, and with a ready pencil he found no difficulty in transferring the copy. Opposite the Inn is the sweet little lake of Achray. farther on is Vennechar. along the banks of both of which winds a most delightful road, and throughout the whole distance are shewn spots consecrated by the sword of the hero or the pen of the poet, here is Glenfinlas & here Coilantogle ford there the battle ground of Fitz James & Roderick Dhu, Our Coachman, a sprightly, spirited young scotchman belonged to the Clan Cameron of Lochiel and seemed as little likely to be frightened by a wizard as the great chieftain himself. At Callendar we had a relay of horses and proceeded on towards Stirling. the roads fine & the country beautiful, we passed the old ruins of Doune Castle: through the park of Sir Blair Drummond, once (I believe) the

residence of Lord [Kaimes?], and arrived at The Royal Hotel Stirling at Eight O'Clock. The sun being yet near an hour high, we went forthwith to Stirling Castle. This venerable & highly interesting fort is seated upon the summit of a high rocky eminence overlooking in every direction, scenery which is defective in no single feature of all that is grand, lovely, & picturesque. Below, the Frith with its tortuous windings, waters the rich valley of mosaic fields: far in the west, bounding the horizon in blue undulating outline rises Ben Lomond & his clan: to the north rugged highlands, with grey old towers & battlements: Eastward the thriving town of Stirling: and to the South two miles distant, the battle field of Bannockburn. As we arrived at the Castle, The military band in the picturesque costumes of the Nation, (fifteen in number) appeared, five of the number with bagpipes, alternated with five others with the Spirit Stirring drum & five with the shrill necked fife. The scene was in the highest degree animating. The evening sun gilding the western horizon threw a gentle radiance upon the high battlements of Stirling. towering above the surrounding country; Its ancient halls identified with the most thrilling events in the history of Scotlands' Kings, Queens, & nobles: the same martial airs that had in past years roused her heroes those "Scots wha ha wi Wallace bled; Scots whom Bruce has often led" to do or die for their dear Country: the same patriotic fire yet flashing in the eye of each kilted soldier at the sound of his national instrument, who could calmly look on such a scene as this? We were politely conducted by a young officer, late as it was through the building, and shewn the room once occupied by Geo Buchanan, the room in which James [II] stabbed Douglass the room (now the armory) in which James 2nd. & 3^d. were born. in which also is Jn^o Knox's pulpit. also the Old Parliament room, now the soldiers quarters: from the Castle we returned to Royal Hotel in King St the best we have met with in England or Scotland: At an early hour next morning we returned by R^l:R^d to Glasgow and after a short interval, took the Rail for Ayr "The land of Burns". The birthplace of the poet is an humble cot by the road side; on one side of the door the stranger is informed, by a sign board of this important event in its past history; & on the

other, of the fact, in equally conspicuous letter, that the present proprietor is a licensed retailer of small beer &c: the room is neatly kept and is no means coadjutor in the matter of revenue to the other part of the house: half a mile farther on is Alloway Kirk, near which is a fine monument to Burns in the midst of a blooming garden & on a gentle elevation: and a little beyond, the “brig O’doon”. Between & quite near to these interesting objects, which the poet has rendered memorable in all time to come, is very properly placed, the monument to his memory. Tho Burn’s possessed unquestionably much of the fire of true genius there is much of his writings which scarce deserves the name of poetry: but he was the bard of his own time & of his own people, & we must not expect him to inculcate moral precepts in a love ditty or ale house ballad. Take him all together, he has contributed much to the temporal enjoyment if not to the permanent moral elevation of his countrymen: & will be the Poet of the people when the whining sentimentalist is forever forgotten. In his monument are several interesting relics, the testaments given to his Highland Mary, and a lock of her hair &c: in another small building in the garden is the capital figures in Ayrshire Stone of Souter Jonny & Tam OShanter, by Thom the Self taught Artist We returned to Glasgow, which place we finally left Early the next morning for the South. The Country for many miles presents no interesting features. Gretna Green is passed, and from which place the country begins to present more agreeable prospect, until arriving in the lake district of Cumberland, the scenery becomes very fine. At Lancaster we pass directly under the walls of its ancient Castle, now improved & used as court rooms. Passing through numerous populous towns such as Carlisle, Preston Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Coventry &c., we arrive at length at Leamington, a most beautiful & Elegantly built town, situated in the midst of a country, full of the most intensely interesting objects. Early next morning we procured a fly & proceeded to (9th: June)

Warick Castle

This is the noblest old palace we have yet seen; all that wealth, birth or natural advantages of any discription, can do to render this, the home of an illustrious race of heroes, attraction, has been done; beautifully situated upon the Leam, embosomed in shrubbery, this ancient & venerable pile, lifts its grey walls, and stony & lofty towers high above the surrounding objects. It encloses a green plat or court of about an acre & half; on all sides, the massive walls covered with clambering ivy shut in the view, which from the town, stretches for miles in any direction, overlooking the towns of Warwick. Leamington &c. & the exterior park. The interior is fitted up & furnished with a magnificence corresponding to the ancient reputation & character of the noble proprietor. The large entry hall, is covered with, armour of various kinds: antique implements of war, coats of mail, cuirasses, shields, swords, &c &c. the helmet of Cromwell was shewn us. a Succession of Rooms covered with fine old paintings by the best masters, detained us an hour or more, when we visited the gardens to see the Celebrated Warwick Vase. It is immensely large, (about 130 Gallons.) of one piece of white marble. The heir and only child of the present Earle of Warwick is Lord Brooke about 30 years of age, a member of the commons from Warwick is single. At the porters lodge we were shewn a number of the relics of the great Guy of Warwick, the sword weighing 25^l b. the breastplate 50. &c. From Warwick Castle we rode about a mile to Guy's Cliff, the seat of one of the noble Percy family. We were hurried through, the apartments with indecent speed, and although there was nothing very rare or remarkable, the paintings by the father of the present M^{rs}: Percy were well worth a more careful inspection. In the old Chapel was a gigantic Stone Statue of Guy of Warwick This Seat, like many others was an abbey originally, is seated on the River ____ [Avon] surrounded by dense trees &c not far off. and in view of the road, is a cross, indicating the spot where Pieres [Piers] Gaveston was beheaded; about four miles farther on, we reach - Kenilworth Castle -

Famous in history, renowned in Story, beautiful in its ruins, we scarcely know whether to

regard this place as a startling fact, or a tragical romance: so much is history and fiction mingled together, that we incline to look upon its history as a charming fable; and its fabulous, we are ready to regard as truth. The ancient grandeur of this ruin, may be readily imagined from the ground still occupied, and the traces of former magnificence every where visible; the lofty walls festooned with ivy, Whilest it presents a picturesque & pleasing sight to the natural Eye, is truly a sad and instructive object for mental examination: Here, but comparatively a short time since, the great, the powerful, the noble, of the land, held their festivals, surrounded by all the pomp & shew of Earthly glory; little dreaming that soon, "there cloud capped towers these gorgeous palaces" and the gay throng within & without must pass away & be forgotten. Where once the greatest of England's queens, sought and received the greatest adoration, the swallow & the rook, hold their [lives?] & the timid sheep enjoys her evening siesta. This place is perhaps the most frequented ruin in England. It is the property of Lord Villiers Earl of Clarendon, the Liechester grand Entrance building, some fifty yards from the ruins is tenanted by a sturdy farmer, who takes charge of the grounds, a part of the Walls, are fitted up & used for a barn. It detracts very much from the dignity and romance of these interesting resorts of the traveller, to find them surrounded by a miserable little village, whose inhabitants like Harpies beset you with all Kinds of annoyance. From this place we drove to Stoneleigh Abbey & Park. The seat of Lord Leigh, a gentleman of great wealth & good taste, & of some literary reputation. The Park is remarkable for the large & beautiful trees with which it abounds. the house is large, commodious, & very handsomely furnished, perhaps next in Elegance to Chatsworth of all that we have seen; abounding in fine paintings, beautiful & costly furniture, a fine library &c &c. The remains of the Abbey still afford comfortable apartments for the domestics of the establishment. We returned to Leamington, at 5. OClk having enjoyed a most delightful day: The weather could not have been more charming, nor the places visited more full of interest. A drive of ten miles through the very heart of England brought us to

Stratford on Avon.

What visitor to England passes by Stratford? Who does not feel, that he has not accomplished the sacred mission of his life until he has made the pilgrimage to the birthplace & tomb of the great highpriest of nature? We had scarcely secured our lodgings at The "Red Horse Inn" before we set off down the street some 200 yards to the house in which immortal bard was born; a very small indifferent old building, clean & neatly Kept within, was soon Scrutinised; & a few memorials procured; some of the thousand names scribbled on the whitewashed room walls pointed out, and we returned to the Hotel: The next day being sunday, we attended service in the next Church, in the Chancel of which Shakespeare was buried; the Service was in many respects curious to us: also the publishing of the banns of Mat^{ny} a stroll along the banks of the Avon, thro the grave yard &c & home to dinner. The next morning we again visited the church & grave of the August & Peerless: There was little inclination for conversation there: we sat in mute meditation upon the history & writings of the greatest human intellect, & upon the freaks of Nature in the disposition of her favours: in vain we looked around for Evidences of congenial or Kindred spirits, in the villagers of Stratford, and thought she had had her share of glory. We passed on saturday the Park of the Lucy family from which Shakespeare poached the deer. It was litterally covered with them, and offered strong inducements to the modern Nimrods of Stratford to repeat the offense. At two OC^{lk} we took the post for Oxford, 60 miles: delightful road, & a beautiful country, passing many interesting places among which were Woodstock, & Blenheim Park & Castle the latter, the property of the Duke of Marlboro, and one of the finest in the Kingdom. We reached Oxford at about 7 OC^{lk} P.M. the weather had been Exceedingly cold, but quite clear. the ladies had made the acquaintance of a very Kind old gentleman Rev^d: D. Lally who proved a most kind & obliging friend to us. Tho a clergyman of 50 years standing & an L.L.D. of Oxford, he felt sufficiently interested in us as americans to

call Early next morning & conduct Us through several of the colleges & various other places of interest in this seat of learning: We visited the Old University founded by Alfred the great, since which time 18 other colleges have been built up, all constituting one university. We had the great gratification also of going thro' the Bod.leian Library, perhaps the largest in the world: in addition to the literary treasures, there is here a very fine collection of paintings. some statuary. & models of celebrated buildings: the Chapel of New College is a most elegant specimen of architecture, the stained glass superb. Our venerable Mentor took great pride in conducting us thro the Park & buildings of S^t: Johns College his own Alma Mater. In Magdalin College we accepted the proffered civility from one of the young demi fellows, of a mug of Beer & bread & Cheese: It was certainly very pleasant, to set at table within these venerable walls, in which the renowned in literature for ages past had regaled themselves: and to Sup from the same Silver goblet, with a Rev^d L.L.D. who was a descendant, maternally from Addison (whose portrait hung near us): Our aged friend had visited Oxford at this time to participate in an Election of Proffers. of Anglo Saxon, his Kindess secured us a seat in the convocation room, where we witnessed the ceremony of ballotting. It was a curious sight to see the LLD's with their scarlet gowns. The DD's with scarlet cape & under gown,, the AM's black gown, & hoods lined with pink, all with the diamond shaped cap. Here the Celebrated D^r. Pusey was pointed out to us, in personal appearance among the most ordinary looking men present, but with a face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought", his Expression, was one of anxiety & uneasiness & his restless movement shewed that his nervous temperment could seldom allow him to be a calm spectator in scenes like this. We took leave of our venerable & excellent friend D^r. Lally, with reluctance, & a higher opinion than ever of the courtesy of the English gentleman. The D^r: is the good shepperd of a flock in Staffordshire, & numbers among his lambs: (when in the country) Sir Rob^t: Peel & other dignitaries: A London Bishop Jones, informed me that I was the second American, he had ever had the pleasure of Speaking to. & that he

would not have suspected us of being foreigners: We left Oxford about 4 oclck and at 6 were in The great Metropolis

London. (12th June)

We stopped temporarily at the Euston Hotel, which any where else would be quite good enough, but subsequently we took an Elegant suit of rooms at Morley's, looking directly out upon Trafalgar square with its Statues, monuments, & jets. On the evening of our arrival we went into Oxford Street where the ladies looked into the fashionable shops & made a few purchases. The next morning I went into the heart of the city, called on Messes Collmann & Stolterfoht, &c. rec^d. a letter from home, procured tickets for the Concert Matinal at 1½ O'Clk. which we attended, and to our gratification, heard Grisi, Persiani, Angri, Catherine Hayes, Corbarri & Mess^{rs}: Mario, Tamburini &c. The execution was generally, admirable. but not quite equaling out expectations; Grisi is in person stout, without dignity or grace Persiani is small, resembling somewhat M^{rs}. Toomer of Charleston, but the most charming creature among them was Catherine Hayes. genteel in appearance: voice, round, soft, & finished: Mario is decidedly handsome & his voice corresponds to his person: Tamburini but for his vulgar name might pass (on the stage) for an Englishman. The next day we visited S^t: Pauls, but as I desired to see the races at Hampton Court, we only looked at the Statuary & monuments &c. I arrived (by Rail) at the Hampton Station (1 mile from the course, 16 from London) at near 3 O'Clk. The crowd was immense, the river was covered with boats, the course with all Kinds of booths, stalls, Exhibitions &c. The running was not remarkable, nor the horses of a superior order, tho good: considerable betting: On my return we went to the Haymarket Theater heard Kean & M^{rs}. Kean (formerly Ellen Tru) in MacBeth which of these or Hacket, as Macduff was the Star of the Evening it would be difficult to say, each was admirable; the afterpiece "the Sphynx" was a capital burletta. Next day we were off by times to see Westminster Abbey, a description of it would be tedious & unsatisfactory,

groups of the most exquisite sculpture every where deck the walls: Kings Queens & Nobles here “sleep the sleep that Knows no waking”: the renowned in battles, by land & Sea: the Statesmen & poets for centuries back, here mingle their dust in this common mausolium of the great & good. The monument to Shakespeare must attract the visitor, simple tho it be: a marble statue of himself with a scroll & quotation from himself “These cloud cap^t. towers” &c: is here truthful & Sublime: near this spot, rest the remains of Sam^l: Johnston Goldsmith, RB Sheridan & Garrick: What a galaxy of genius: how hallowed the spot: From this place we went across the street to the Queen’s Bench, saw two of her Majesty’s courts in session. 7 judges of whom Lord Deuman, (our guide seemed to think) was most distinguished: there was nothing very Intellectual in any of them, so far as our opportunities of Judging extended: The great banquetting room or Westminster Hall, is under the same roof: it is said to be the largest room in the world 250 feet long.

We walked into St. James’ park, to the Palace, & near it met the Duke of Wellington on horseback; we recognised the war worn veteran from the resemblance to the many statues of him throughout the Kingdom: he is taller than I had supposed, & tho bearing the frost of many winters on his head, he still seems vigorous & healthful: Not far from the same spot about half an hour after, we saw Prince Albert, in his coach, a glance was sufficient to identify his royal highness: Coming home we procured tickets to the Drury lane Theater or German Opera: At this place we had a better view of Prince Albert and our first sight of the queen. The prince begins to shew the hand of time on his German looks. the hair on the top of his head becoming perceptibly thin: his bearing is that of a well bred gentleman, not what we would call princely. Of her Majesty, the impression (at the distance we were from her, across the theater) produced was decidedly of irreverence & disappointment: with the aid of an opera glass we were able to see her distinctly: her complexion florid almost to coarseness: the Expression of countenance, awkward &

unmeaning; deportment, girlish & undignified; half concealed by a curtain, at times, peering round with her large white eyes, then shrinking from the public gaze: at one time laughing heartily, at the merry singers below, & now relapsing into a half serious half Studious expression over the copy of the opera which she held in her hand: her dress seemed plain, the only ornament of the head was a wreath of green leaves & fuscia. Albert sat next to her: quite mute, occasionally, nodding ascent or dissent to some observation of his better half two young ladies accompanied her, 3 gentlemen occupied the rear seats of the box. the whole party looked far from regal. The next morning 16th: June we took apartments at Morleys: I visited the Royal Academy of arts the collection of Oil paintings is large & valuable; the statuary consists chiefly of busts, a few groups, & some statues one statue of Campbell, & a group in basso relievo of Cowper, are soon to be placed in Westminster Abbey. The afternoon we procured seats at the Italian Opera Drury Lane wither we repaired, but unluckily not having black pants, alamode I was compelled to commit the ladies to the manager & return & rearrange my toilet. I was again refused admittance because my black cravat had a purple strip in it: I could not & would not stand this & went in nolens volens. I was not in the most amiable temper after this inquisitorial attack & endured the remnant of the Opera of Don Giovanni which I heard, in a spirit better becoming some of the victims of the Don's treachery. Really there was very little music in it, altho many of the best performers in the city. Grisi. Persiani. Corbarri. Mario. Tamburini &c were the actors. Sunday 17th. we attended Service in S^t: Martins in the fields afternoon at home. Monday morning we again visited S^t: Pauls & from the top had a good view of the city; altho the day was Clear, & the sky bright, the smoke settled around in an artificial horizon & prohibited an Entire view of this great metropolis: far and near arose towers & steeples from the confused mass of red tyle & smoking chimneys. the Thames spanned by 7 bridges & covered with Steam Bts & other craft, wound along to the South, beyond which stretched out the endless city, its monuments & Steeples in the dim distance like specters looking upon the crowd below.

The Dome, the whispering gallery. the Statues are very interesting but space will not allow any thing like a description. From S^t. Pauls we went to the Tower: The wardens with their flaming red frock coats decked off with gilt lace were buisily engaged conducting in Dozens, the crowd of visitors who frequent this place, We were taken first to the horse armory, a large room some 150 feet long occupied through the center by equestrian figures, clad in armour from the Edw^d. 1.st to James II: the walls and ceiling are covered with weapons of every description fantastically arranged: a stair leading up to Queen Elizabeth's Armoury is lined with curious warlike implements, at the top of the Stairs we entered the apartment in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, the walls 14 feet thick: the dungeon adjoining said to have been his sleeping room for 12 years: a beheading block & axe, which had been in actual use, insruments of torture of various kinds: the shield of Henry 8th: & a thousand relics of antiquity. a Norman Crusader 700 years old. The Jewel room contains in a large glass case in the center of the room Victoria's Magnificent & truly splendid crown worth one million, together with her two scepters numerous other scepters crowns Gold tankards, Communion Service of gold, golden wine fountain &c &c. the whole valued at three millions. The conspicuous place in the history of England's Kings & Queens which this place has long occupied, make it a place of the first importance & interest to a stranger In the afternoon we visited the Surrey Zoological gardens, this being the birth day of the Duke, the fire works representing the Storming of Badajoz were very Brilliant: the grounds are prettily laid out, a fine collection of aminals some statuary, a band of music constitute the Ev'^g's Entertainment. Next morning I called on M^r. Bancroft delivered my letter, procured tickets of admission to the houses of parliament on a subsequent Evening, & returned home to Dinner, rec'^d letter from J.R.A. and prepared for Her Majesty's Theatre, or Italian Opera. This we enjoyed more than any exhibition we have seen in London. The Marriage, "Il Matrimonio Segreto" we heard. Parodi Alboni. Gialian: & Messn Lablache & Calzolari The plot was amusing, the music & acting fine: the Theatre not perhaps so

fine as Drury lane, but larger. the dancing by Marie Taglioni was sylphlike, and the scenic effect at the conclusion of the afterpiece (called Electra or the lost pleiad) was absolutely, amazingly grand, representing clouds, twinkling Stars, the brilliant Electra ascending amid a throng of bright spirits to their celestial abode &c.

Tuesday 19th June, We went into Regent in the forenoon to look at Silver, Carpeting, Etc: in the afternoon rode to the park, in a coach. The West End is Elegantly built up, with rows of magnificent buildings, Hyde park is the most fashionable drive, here is laid off a road for Equestrians exclusively, between which and the carriage road a beautiful lake intervenes; pleasant foot walks, are laid off along the roads & fine old Elm & Oak trees grow at convenient distances; the display of Equipages, the troops of Equestrians far Exceeded any idea we had formed, of the high life out of doors in London On returning from Regents Park we stopped at Md^m Tussaud's great Exhibition of wax figures: In a splendid saloon, profusely gilt & lined with mirrors & brilliantly illuminated, are exact images, large as life, of about 130 distinguished persons, Kings, Queens, Emperors, Sultans, & one President Geⁿ. Washington. Luis Napoleon is also there: one female figuer asleep, seems to expand & contract the chest as naturally as the respiratory movement of any living person; you find yourself constantly surprised as you pass through the room by the presence of some distinguished personage, who is just about to speak to you, when you find out the deception, In an adjoining room I had the pleasure of taking a seat in the Carriage of Napoleon, taken at Waterloo, it is a curiosity & must have been very convenient, a drawer in it contains some of the clothes worn by the hero that day. the room is devoted to him; his memories & his relics; another room also devoted to Napoleon contains many very interesting memorials, his saber, his chair, his camp couch &c & a tooth...several fine paintings.

Thursday morning 21st. We went to the Thames Tunnel, it was very different from what I had imagined, It is used I apprehend very little except by visitors & Strangers, to see the

curiosity, clean & neatly whitewashed, & lit up with gas, it is almost as light as day. It is supported overhead by double arches forming two passages through: the stalls along the center between the columns of the arches are occupied by various hucksters of small wares, there were not many visitors during our stay. Returning home we stopped at Hanover Square to see a Floral Fete for some charitable purpose, under the patronage of Duchesses, Marquesses, Ladies &c. there was nothing remarkable to be seen. In the Evening we attended the Italian Opera. The Queen & Prince Albert were there. She looked rather better tonight than at our first sight of her. the performance was Excellent, Lucrezia Borgia: Moriani Lablache: Alboni & Parodi, were the principle singers the afterpiece "la prima ballerina" was rather pretty, dancing &c. The audience was brilliant: much of the nobility & gentry were present. Friday we visited the British Museum, which of course comprises a little of every thing; we spent four hours buisily, walking through this immense collection of wonders: In the afternoon I went to the House of Lords. Passing through a labyrinth of passages & stairs & rooms each turn of which is guarded by a policeman who challenges your Order of admissions: you at length arrive at the gallery which, being high & removed affords a very unsatisfactory view of the noble lords below. During my stay Lord Campbell, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Brougham, Lord Wicklow Lord Abing^{er}: & the occupant of the Wool Sack Lord Deuman addressed the house Lord Brougham said but few words, having had the floor previous to my arrival: the manner generally was colloquial. The young Duke of Argyle, is a young man of promise, & decided cleverness, he is red headed: Lord Morpeth now Earl Carlisle, I recognised instantly. There was a very nonchalant air about many of the Lords, reclining, or with one foot thrown over the bench in front &c It is not that august body in appearance, which it is in reality. The Chamber tho small is magnificent. & the Canopy over the throne, entirely gilt. The wool sack is a crimson velvet ottoman near the center of the room.

Saturday morning 23:^d June, I visited the Courts at Westminster Hall, there were seven courts in session. The manner of conducting trials similar to our own. I heard one or two very ingenious arguments from Sargeant Wilkins & others. Saw Sargeant Talfourd, had not the pleasure to hear him plead. On Sunday forenoon, we went to Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone & had the satisfaction of hearing that Eminent divine Rev^d. Henry Melville. It is enough to say that he fully sustained his high reputation: the discourse was in aid of the Middlesex Charity Hospital, his text from John 3rd: Chap 30:” Verse “He must increase, but I must decrease” His style is classically pure & finished: his voice good: person not unprepossessing, manner chaste & dignified: The house was of course very crowded, & the auditory very attentive: In the afternoon I attended Service at Westminster: there is at all times an awful grandeur about this venerable pile, but when its transept & aisles are thronged with worshippers, bow^d down in thanksgiving & praise to the living God, or the deep thundering tower of its Organ reaches through the immense temple, and every fretted arch & groove & pillar prolong the Sound, it is terribly grand & Sublime. A very good discourse by the venerable D^r. Ripton was succeeded by an Anthem which would have done no discredit to the Italian Opera. It is shameful mockery to call this sacred music, or to imagine that it awakens devotional feeling. What can the worshipful curate be thinking of, when he is remarking upon the beauty of a trill, & wagging his head to the time, so soon after lifting his eyes from the sacred volume which by the way he whined out like a backwoods schoolboy. In the evening at 9, we went to M^r: Bancrofts’ to tea. found them very Pleasant, & M^r: B. excessively polite & Kind.

Monday morning we went by Steam Bt down the Thames about five Miles to Greenwich: the attraction is the magnificent Hospital for infirm & disabled Marines. This establishment reflects the highest credit upon the government. If its (the Governments) exactions are grievous its charity, is munificent: over 2000 retired soldiers are here fed & clothed & comfortably provided for: a gallery of fine paintings chiefly Portraits of

distinguished naval officers, engages the attention of the visitor: The observatory is a little way off on an elevated spot in the adjoining park: The buildings of the Hospital was originally a Royal Palace & is the birth place of Henry 8th. & Queen Elizabeth & Mary. Upon our return to town in the afternoon I proceeded to the house of commons: Admission was attended with as much difficulty as to the house of lords with the additional inconvenience of being obliged to have my card countersigned by some official within the house: The discussion was upon the transportation of Smith O'Brien & his confreres. I heard Lord John^o: Russel. Sir George^o: Grey. John^o: & Fergus O'Connell & Several others. I can say very little for the manner of any of them; nothing favorable of John^o: Connel. In personal appearance Lord John (who is at this time the Government) is a very ordinary looking little man indeed, sharp features, diminutive & angular, nothing noble or graceful in any respect. Sir Robert Peel, is among the finest looking men in the house, De'Israeli is rather good looking, younger than I had expected, not a Jewish face (he is a converted Jew): there were several young members: quite a variety in age & appearance & I presume in mental capacity. On Tuesday 26th: we went in the afternoon, agreeable to his appointment, with Mr. Bancroft to the House of Lords. He having placed the ladies in the neat little gallery among the peeresses I went below (not having the privilege of the gallery). The evening was a most auspicious one, the House was unusually full, the subject for discussion the Bill entitling a Jew to a seat in parliament: on our arrival we witnessed the ratification of several bills, and were exceedingly amused at the Ceremony Three crimson robed Lords sat in front of the throne with cocked hats on, representing the Queen: clerk at the table in the center of the room read the title of the bill, another, bowing most reverently to their crimson lordships, turned to the speaker & members of the other house, who stood at the bar at the other end of the hall, and sung out, la reine le [pent?] & so on: but to the discussion: it was opened by Earle Carlisle (lord Monpeth) in a most beautiful & able speech: in favour of the bill, he was sustained by the Arch Bishop of Dublin, the Duke of Clarence, lord Wicklow Duke of Argyle &

others & opposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of Exeter & of Oxford by Earl Shrewsbury, Lords Winchelsea, Eccleston, Nelson (the son of the late distinguished, (Viscount Nelson) Desart & others. we left at 11 OClock with a much higher opinion of the power & ability of the noble body than before: The Duke of Wellington occupied a seat near the centre of the room: lord Brougham's seat is near, but he is generally moving about, whilst the Earl of Carlisle was speaking, he came near to where I stood & conversed with Sir Rob^t: Peel who stood at the bar. I could not but exclaim what a group. there sat the Old Duke near the speaker, & here Brougham & Peel. men whose names & deeds had filled the mouths of the universe. Thursday 29: June we took the Rail to Richmond about 9 miles. The view from Richmond hill is very beautiful but there was little of interest to be seen, it is more remarkable for having been the residence of some of the Monarchs of England & here Queen Elizabeth closed her illustrious career. Nothing now remains of the palace but an arched gateway in one of the narrow alleys; from this place we rode out to Petersham & Hain neighbouring villages & then took the omnibus for Hampton Court, originally built by Cardinal Woolsey & given by him to Henry VIII so say the guide books, but it is quite probable, that the tyrant was pleased with its magnificence & unceremoniously appropriated to himself what had most unritiously been extorted from the people. The Cardinal lived here in great splendour keeping upwards of 800 servants about his household many of them Lords: The grounds are beautifully laid out and abound in sweet flowers, rows of the richest & rarest variety. the interior of the main building is a complete picture gallery the walls of several apartments being completely covered with elegant paintings. one room contains pieces by West alone. Another, a long corridor is hung with the cartoons of Raphael. The Palace is open to the public and crowds throng the elegant mansion every day. We returned by the same rout through Twickenham the residence of Pope: Totherington &c indeed the road seemed one continued village, with neat cottages & pretty little garden spots and lovely lawns all in the best order: At Kew we concluded to take the Stm Bt for London. but first one

word of Kew. It is celebrated for its gardens & Pagoda. We arrived too late to get admittance to the gardens, but I had a glimpse of them from the top of the Omnibus. The Conservatory is considerably smaller than that at Chatsworth. & it is said that the gardens are not as fine as they were some years ago. This Steam Bt to London was crowded altho leaving every half hour, & the rush to get on board frightful, a small civil war ensued from this conflict of discordant Elements, luckily no lives were lost. Friday morning was occupied in a business way, in the afternoon we rode in Hyde Park and had the pleasure of meeting her most gracious majesty the Queen, in her coach & four: the equipage was elegant tho Scarcely regal. The Queen looked as if she had taken cognac at lunch. The next afternoon we accepted the Kind invitation of M^r. Henry Eybank to whom we had a letter from M^r. Memminger to spend a few days with his family at Tonbridge about 40 miles S.E. from London. this proved a most delightful episode in our journeyings. M^r. J.B. Lucas of Charleston was at the same time a guest of M^r. E. We attended Church on Sunday and on Monday morning, our party consisting of 6 in all, drove down to Tonbridge Wells about 5 miles distant: a very fashionable & celebrated watering place; the improvements however are far short of Saratoga. from this place we visited Baham [Bayham] Castle. the property & occasional Country residence of Lord Camden which name & family are connected with Carolina history. the Ruins are the remains of an Abbey of the White friars, destroyed by Henry 8th: Supposed to have been built in the 12th: Century. Returning home we passed thro a park & near a fine old building said to have been given by Queen Elizabeth to Leicester. There is a very beautiful relic of an ancient Castle in Tonbridge.

We took leave of our very Kind friends on Wednesday morning, (whose Kindness we shall long cherish) and arrived at Dover. We had not long been here before we were on the top of Shakespeares Cliff overlooking the Sea & the town. On a clear day the opposite coast of France is visable. On another Eminence is Dover Castle. In^o: Bull

growls & shews his tusks here on almost every turning. We left Dover at 11 O'Clock P.M. & after a quiet passage arrived at Ostend at near 5. This was an important Change in so short a time; we were now on the Continent, afloat without a Knowledge of the language of the people & Scarcely Knowing whither to steer our way. Our first interview with the foreign nation at the Custom House was rather prepossessing, we were crowded but civilly treated. my passport visaed & soon off for Antwerp (called by the Belgians Anvers) passing through Bruges, Ghent (famous as the place of the treaty ratification between England & U.S.) Malines. & arrival at our destination 11 1/2 O'Clock AM.

Antwerp.

The double defence of walls & dykes around this old town, shews the military & warlike character of the country we are now in: We passed under a heavy gateway & were inspected by an officer, whose business we did not understand until he had finished. Here we stopped at Hotel De S^t. Antoine & dined at the Table D'Hote for the first time in Europe After dinner we visited the Cathedral, whose superb gothic steeple is one of the highest, & finest in the world the interior, is lined with paintings: the many Chapels around are ornamented in the finest style with sculptured marble & paintings: around each & throughout the body of the church the devout worshipper is seen at all hours of the day, mumbling his Pater Noster, & counting his beads. The Priests officiate from 10 to 12. AM: I rather fear that the holy sacrament is a favourite rite with them for more than one reason: from the long draughts & apparent gout with which they take it. The carvings in wood are Exquisite, The Steeple is remarkable for its height (460 feet & upwards) & its light & graceful workmanship: The chime of bells which play every few minutes are as soft & pleasant as the tones of a piano. We visited the representation of Jerusalem in a nook on the outside of the Church of S^t. John: it is composed of pieces of stones piled up fantastically & surmounted by figures in grey stone of the Apostles, Evangelists, the Virgin & Our Saviour, &c. a grotto containing a prostrate figure

represents the tomb of our Saviour, a quantity of plate hangs around on the walls, & one small piece is suspended from the finger: two or three old Crones who we found here in the attitude of Worship, on our entrance changed their Entreaties (to our annoyance) from the deaf stone to the equally implacable flesh. From this place we went into the church. here were numerous painting, one the scourging of our Saviour by Rubens I thought the best painting I ever saw: from this we went to the museum, now in a somewhat inchoate state, consisting as yet of paintings only. but they of the best of the old masters. This building was the school of Rubens and in the walls of the garden are the tombs of many of the old masters. We next visited the Church of S^t: Giles, the sculpture & decorations in Marble of which is finer than any we have ever seen. The Chapels (10 or 12 in number) around, belong to Noble families, who have enriched them with the best productions of the finest artists: new & beautiful statues of the Apostles are being placed along the transept. One of the Chapels, contains the mortal remains of Rubens: it is neatly and elegantly fitted up: a painting of Rubens' family is over the alter, regarded his best. The memory of the great artist is cherished by every one here, and with the apparent consciousness, that to him they are to look for this place in the estimation of mankind & for whatever of celebrity history may award them. In the evening we rode out to the Zoological Garden, which place we found a very agreeable promenade; it is comparatively recent, but contains many fine specimens of animals: a band of excellent musicians enlivened the scene: We were very favourably impressed with the refined & courtious manners of the Germans from the specimens we saw here, & further observation has strengthened the impression, they seem to combine the civility of the french with the sincerety of the English. We took Steam Boat at 11. for Rotterdam. There is nothing to be seen but the same flat netherland, with now and then a village spire and the everpresent windmill. we arrived at 7 - our trunks were examined on the River at the boundary between Belgium & Holland. - O'Clk P.M. at =Rotterdam- This is a large commercial city on the Meuse, and is intersected by canals which answer the

purpose of Streets, large Elm trees grow along the banks, under which are shady walks: Singular costumes, head dresses & ornaments of gold among the better classes, and the large wooden shoes of the humbler attract the attention. This town is the birth place of Erasmus, we were shewn the house in which he was born, & a bronze statue of him, there is little of interest beside; it has been a sufferer from Cholera & one might conclude from the market places & canals strew'd with cabbage leaves that it is a favourite lurking place of that dreadful scourge. We stopped at The New Bath Hotel. the next morning we concluded to leave a part of our Baggage until our return from Ams

(Saturday 7th. July)

and having found it necessary to employ a commissionaire to accompany us we set off for
= The Hague = which we reached in about an hour's ride by Rail.

The day was excessively warm, but we walked over much of this neat cleanly & quiet city. visited the Museum, into which we were admitted after the usual hour, by virtue of being Americans. the first Story is filled with Chinese Japanese & Indian Curiosities. The Stair way & upper story with fine paintings embracing many of the best of the flemish school. We saw and admired the celebrated piece by Paul[us] Potter "the young bull" it is to the life. also Rembran[d]ts, "Anatomical professor & students": from this place we walked through the streets, which generally have no side walks, the citizens being pedestrians take the centre, passed the Palace of the King (William III.) saw two Statues to his grandfather W^m:Ist. were exceedingly amused at the dog carts, to which one two three or four dogs are harnessed drawing loads of vegetables etc. We again took the car and after an hours ride, arrived at the "Lion D'or" Hotel at = : Leyden : = The ladies feeling too much fatigued to walk. I with the Commissionaire, set out after dinner to look at this Oxford of Holland. It is a quiet clean old town with canal streets, over which are 160 bridges. We went to the botanical garden, which is prettily laid off and contains a large variety of plants. among them the cocoa. coffee. date. bread tree.

cinnamon &c. &c. a Persimmon grows very luxuriantly in the garden: a fine old honeysuckle, (quite a tree) planted by Linn[a]eus himself; 500 different kinds of grasses &c at 9 O'Clk we again took the train for = Harlem = We retired between 12 & 1., and the next day being Sunday we went at 11 O'Clk to hear the great Harlem Organ. It is certainly a magnificent instrument, altho with 1000 pipes less than the York Minster Organ it is much handsomer in the Church of S^t: Bovan. [Great Church of St. Bavo] originally a catholic Cathedral is now protestant: the congregation sat with their hats on & were only uncovered at prayers: the Church is very large: a part of it seperated by brass railing is used for marriages: In the afternoon I with the commissionaire walked about a mile to the garden, or more properly, the park. the shady walk was thronged with people some laughing, some singing, all smoking: we passed the Palace of the King, a very fine looking building. Soon the thickening crowd & the fine burst of music from the brass dragoon band, arrested our progress. Within a circular Enclosure were the Elite of the city. Officers with their rich dresses, ladies with jewelry & feathers the music at a stand erected for their convenience: here at snug little tables on the grass plats, or under the shade of a tree, or in the low verandah of the refectory they were taking tea, or coffee or wine as the taste of each preferred: under the shade of large Elms: at the Hotel without the enclosure were musicians with various instruments guitars, flutes, violins, &c with crowded audiences seated around sipping wine or beer & smoking of course This way a strange way of passing the Sabbath evening & very unexpected to me, in a christian country: It was not confined to the lower or middling classes. At the doors of several houses in the town we noticed a sort of rosette of lace over pink silk, which proclaimed to the passing citizen that a son or daughter had been recently added to the family, the latter when the pink was half obscured by white paper. There is a Statue here to Laurens Coster the inventer of printing, who was born here & who must ever rank among the greatest benefactors of mankind. Haarlem is celebrated for its gardens chiefly of hyacynths & tulips with which plants, it supplies nearly all Europe & from which

derives a very large revenue. Our hostess of the "Lion D'or" spoke English intelligibly & seemed particularly anxious to please us. & not without success: Since our arrival in Holland my passport has been visey'd [visa'd] at every town where we have spent the night. & I am required to sign on a printed sheet, my name, place of birth, & of residence, profession, place last from, destination, object &c. The horses here are generally black & are brought from Friesland, which is the country around: they are used for draught & without collars the trace continuing round the breast, not handsomely formed or groomed, the tail which is long & bushy, knotted up frequently about the root. the finest carriages, are very open & lightly built, the equipage is by no means as elegant as in England. the more modern residences are neat, brick buildings, the brick very small, the glass in the windows large & of a claret tinge. The country from Harlem to amterdam is still more dutch. very flat & along a canal nearly the whole way. at one point the Haarlem lake & Zuider Zee is allowed to mingle their waters, which are separated by a bank only, for several miles. The Rail Road is fine but travels slowly, about 10 or 12 miles [the ?] hour. The signal for starting are trumpets, not bells; a blast in the rear saying "all ready", is immediately responded to in front saying.. "we are off".

Amsterdam.

We arrived about 10 O'clk am. and took lodgings at the Pays.bas [country.low] Hotel: having lunched lightly, we went to the museum of Paintings: there, are many very valuable pieces; a very large banquetting scene by Van der Helst, for which \$25.000 has been offered, (& refused) by Englishmen, various fine productions of Paul Potter, Rembrant, Van Dy[c]k, Rubens, Snyders, Teniers, Otto Viniers, Wouverman &c. this was a rich treat, and might occupy the visitor for years: from this place we walked along canals & through narrow streets, into an open square, upon which fronted, the Palace, the Exchange, City hall, a church &c. We entered the palace, which externally, is a large genteel looking building of dark plastered walls: the furniture &c within, were rich &

costly, tho by no means equalling the residences of many of the English noblemen. We were shewn the Kings bed room, it was lined with orange satin the bed coverings & canopy of similar, tho finer material: the drawing rooms & dining rooms. were ornamented with Statuary & paintings, Among the most remarkable of which was a painting of Van Speyk preparing to sacrifice the ship and himself rather than be taken; The Audience room contains the royal throne, which is very rich & handsome; The large ball room is 120 feet long 100 high & 60 wide the walls of the rooms were generally of white carara [carrara] marble: we next climbed by flight after flight of stairs to the rotunda where we had a very fine view of the city, with its cordon of windmills surrounding: and of the Harlem mare, & Zuider Zee: & beyond, these waters, the towns of Haarlem, Zarandam, & many others. In the afternoon we took a carriage and rode through the most interesting parts of the city; the streets generally are occupied in the center, (about 40 feet) by the canal and on either side there is a row of Elm trees, then a carriage way & occasionally a sort of side walk, occupying about 30 feet on each side, between the water and the houses; draw bridges at every cross street; the vessels are low dutch tubs from 1 to 500 tons burden, their masts arranged to be lowered on deck. We rode through a part of the city appropriated to the jews; crowds of these wretches, as usual, obstruct the way with, brass jewelry, old clothes, scraps of old iron & all sorts of filth, you may see a Moses Levi, or a Levi moses in every countenance. This is the largest city in Holland containing about 200.000 inhabitants who seem thrifty & light hearted generally. The next morning early we arose & took the train for = Utrecht. = The appearance of the country was fresher & more productive that about Rotterdam, herds of black & white cattle grazed in the green meadows: at Utrecht we breakfasted on fresh herrings, our appetites paying the forfeit of our curiosity. The Commissionaire having provided us a handsome coach we drove through & around in the suburbs of this pretty little town. The tea gardens & prominades are very fine the "[Mal y ban ?]" Eight rows of Elms near half a mile in length, planted by Napoleon, exceeds any Promenade I

have yet seen: the drive round the town is under a shady avenue along the bank of a pretty canal, between the road & the walls of the city. A great proportion of the public roads through Holland is under a beautiful avenue: from Utrecht we drove about five miles along one of these charming roads to Vuswyk, a small villiage on the Rhine where we took the Stm Bt for Rotterdam; here we passed through a bridge of boats & a little further down we passed the salmond fishing ground, & here saw stork nests on the house tops, & so on until we reached Rotterdam: We found the "New bath" very comfortable & Mijnheer Craenenbroeck a very genteel man: We had an early breakfast & took the Steam Bt for Antwerp, having but a few days since traversed the same rout, there was little to interest for the next 9 hours. resigning ourselves to the London Punch & other amusements we arrived again at Antwerp & again had our trunks ransacked passport vise'd & took lodgings at the "Grand Laborou" in a fine wide street & in view of the Royal Palace. This city is Entirely Catholic; on many of the corners of the buildings are images of the virgin. and at the houses of The Priests are images of our Saviour or The Virgin on the front: tonight a muttering sound of many voices attracted my attention to the window, it was a large procession of both sexes escorting the Priest home after vespers, and repeating a prayer as they went along. We took the train for Malines or Mechlin [Mechelen] long celebrated for its lace manufacturer, on our arrival at this place we took a Cab and visited the various sights of the City. In an open square we saw a fine marble Statue of Margaret of (Autriche) or Austria: but a few days since Erected, in The presence of the King & Queen of Belgium to this benefactress of the City, dec:^d some 300 years ago. near this place there was open "Exposition de industrie" where we saw pretty specimens of art: The chief curiosity of the place, however is the Cathedral. here as usual are fine paintings and statuary, a curiously carved pulpit of Oak. (S^t: Paul's conversion) &c: together with finely carved confessional boxes. &c &c. Images in plaster, of the apostles adorn the transept. The marble tomb to the late, Count Bishop is Elegant: Offerings of different material to various Saints, decorate the pillars & images

around the chapels The spire if completed in what was no doubt the original design, would be, I think, the highest in the world. There was also within this Church a “descent from the Cross” by Van dyk. very fine. many of the paintings represent the sufferings of the Martyrs. We also visited the Church of S^t: John, here were five or six fine paintings by Rubens S^t: John’s baptism of our Saviour, his inspiration. his death &c. various other paintings & Sculpture. & finely carved oaken pulpit representing the Saviour saying to his apostles, “feed my lambs. We returned to the Station & took the train & were soon passing through a richly cultivated & beautiful Country & arrived in less than an hour at, Brussels. =

We secured comfortable rooms in the Hotel “Bella Vue” commanding a fine view of the Rue Royal (the finest street in Brussels) the Park: the place Royal, and quite near to the Palace: after dinner we walked out. & passed through the bazaar & some of the principle shopping streets. The next morning visited the Cathedral (Church of S^{ts}: Michael & Gudule:) in which Charles Vth: abdicated, a number of banners were hung round, preparatory to an approaching procession: Statues of the Apostles arranged along the main aisle: Paintings hung upon the walls. Chappels richly adorned with works of art &c &c as usual, but there were other things very unusual: the Stained glass here is said to be the finest in the world, the designs by Rubens; A carved pulpit of Oak, representing the Expulsion from Paradise. with various animals figuring the Evil passions, is admirably wrought. From this place the ladies visited an extensive lace establishment & made purchases, here we were shewn specimens of lace work truly astonishing one handkerchief valued at 6000 francs. In the afternoon we saw the Hotel D’ville & just opposite the Maison D’Roi in which was held the Duchess of Richmond’s ball previous to the battle of Waterloo. The city of Brussels is built on a Slope facing west: the lower or old part of the city is very uncomfortably destitute of side walks, & in very many places, of decency, which renders it any thing but Pleasant as a promenade: the streets are

narrow & very irregular & hilly. The upper part of the city is beautifully located & Elegantly built, Commanding from many places a fine view of the lower city & country around. The park is a dense grove of large trees, laid out in walks, but rather dusty at present: the palace royal is a plain building, badly situated. The King (Leopold) passed our window today (Sunday) in a coach & four, two postillions & two footmen going to Chateau Lac to dine, he was accompanied by his aid in another coach, he was the Choice of the Belgians after the revolution of 1830. & separation from Holland. his first wife was a daughter of George IV of England, his second, the daughter of Louis Phillipe Ex King of France, he is protestant, his subjects, thoroughly catholic, he however seems popular.

Waterloo.

On Saturday 14th: July we took a coach to this great theater of human slaughter, the day was uncomfortably hot, & the road dusty, the atmosphere however of the dense forest of Soignies [Soignes] through which much of it lay, was cool & pleasant, Arriving at the ground we found ourselves occupying the spot on which Wellington stood at the cross roads; immediately in front were, on either hand, a granite monument: to the right arose the huge mound thrown up to commemorate the occasion, surmounted by the Belgie Lion, and affording a sepulcher to the hecatombs of human beings that have here been offered up a holocaust to the ambition of one man: on the summit of the mound a fine view is afforded of the ground: now as on the 17th: June 1815 covered with waving grain; each spot is particularly pointed out, “the Hougomont”, “La Haya Sainte”, “La belle Alliance” “Mont S^t: Jean” &c., the forest where Napoleon camped, & through which he retreated; the direction & relative positions of the armies the evening before the battle; the spot on which the Scotch greys so nobly contested every inch of ground. Nap’s gallant charge; the scene of the valorous cold Stream guards; Blucher’s approach: &c &c &c. What a subject for speculation, but for the present we must pass on. On our return

we strolled through the park and along the boulevards: This city no where has that crowded appearance which cities of Holland presented, at least in no part which I have seen, and the populace seen generally of a rather better class. The military are every where, and the streets are alive with them, Priests are seen too at almost every view. On Sunday Morning we repaired to the Cathedral to witness the solemnities preparatory to the procession in honour of Margaret of Austria, who first introduced the custom: the interior was Crowded, the military occupying the transept; the array of richly robed priests & their minions; the quantity of burning candles; the paintings & tapestry, the glitter of brass every where, made quite a brilliant shew. The antics of the priests would be amusing, but for the solemnity of the occasion: How different from our idea of a Suitable and acceptable worship of the great being whose image seems to be their god. The procession was at length formed & set off, with a band of music, and infantry & cavalry: hundreds with lighted lamps & burning candles. the Streets through which they passed hung with evergreen: and the poor deluded wretch whose hard earned penny had been extorted to get up this exhibition bow'd to the ground as it passed along. We left Brussels at 11 Monday morning: Having determined to leave two of our trunks here until we should reach Paris, the proprietor of the Hotel de belle vue Md^m: de Krofft kindly offered to forward them to us. The journey was unpleasant, the weather being excessively hot the road very dusty & the carriage crowded, Six hours by the rail passing, Trierleumont [Trier-le-mont?], Louvain, Liege, Verviers, & we arrived at "Aix le Chappelle" at 7. here we stopped at the Neulens Hotel, & after dinner strolled through this ancient town famous as the burial place & perhaps the birth place of Charlemagne, to whom there is a bronze Statue in the market place some 400 years old. we stopped at the circular building opposite the Hotel, to taste the mineral water, which was quite warm and impregnated with sulphur. we rose early next morning and visited the Cathedral in which is the tomb & Chair of Charlemagne: the worshippers were at mass: and occupied much more of our thoughts than the dead King. It was particularly surprising to see so

many of the labouring class at that hour of the day, kneeling & going through the outward forms of worship: what spell was there that influenced these poor priest ridden wretches, to spend their time & money so freely, when the protestant Christian & his churches were only occupied on the Sabbath perhaps. But these poor papists seem to me to be ashamed of themselves when seen crossing or counting their beads. The interior tho rather dusty (as most of them are), is very magnificent, ornamented with Paintings & Sculpture &c. The ride for two hours from this place by Rail was more pleasant (tho dusty) & through an exceedingly fine grain Country. (Our trunks were examined at Aix.)

Cologne. [Koln]

16th. July 1849.

We entered the Prussian frontier at Herbesthall where our passport was taken & restored at Aix le Chappell. Cologne is strongly fortified & beautifully situated on the Rhine the City has little to recommend it but its far famed Eau de Cologne, & but for which it would occupy I imagine a small space in public estimation. We crossed over the bridge of boats & took lodgings at the Belle Vue, a very excellent Hotel, we rec:^d letters from home & dispatched a package in return. In the afternoon James having provided us a nice coach, we rode through the city, stopping at the Cathedral, which is the most remarkable object in the town, when it was commenced is unknown is a period as uncertain as when it will be completed: for the last 120 years it has been in the hands of workmen, at this time upwards of 200 are engaged on it, the front tower is very much decayed & has never reached more than half its height: the corresponding tower is barely commenced: they are to be 500 feet high when finished. The dome & the parts that are finished, are most elaborately wrought & certainly equals, if it does not exceed any thing in the world. the interior is magnificent the stained glass, the gilded Statues &c. is on a scale commensurate with the Exterior. The tomb of the 3 Kings of Cologne whom it is pretended were the magi who went to Bethlehem at the nativity, is in a Chapel in the rear of the high altar. they are crowned with jewels &c. We also visited the Church of S^t:

Ursula, who with her 11.000 nuns, it is said were murdered by barbarians whose hands they declined, the walls enclose their bones, & glass cases Expose their skulls around the room: of all abominable falsehood & priestcraft this is the most detestable. It is said that S^t: Ursula's body was not distinguishable in the indiscriminate slaughter, and that in answer to a prayer, she dismissed a dove from heaven with a letter, informing where her mortal remains lay & that there a church must be built: at that spot in the Church is a marble tomb & Statue of her: From this we visited the Church of S^t: Jerome, it also contained a great number of skulls, said to be of martyrs, there was something cold & horrifying in the dusty old building & our visit was short. We passed an old circular tower built by the romans: and vis a vis (as the card says) to the Mark!: we called at Jean [Johann] Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne' factory celebrated the world over, & now of near 200. years standing there are several others in the town who have surreptitiously appropriated the name, supposing that the rose by any other name might not smell as sweet, or find as ready a market. we made a purchase and returned to the Hotel where we found an excellent band playing in the tea garden just under our window. The city of Cologne is extremely filthy & unpleasant, the streets are very narrow and are a perfect labyrinth. The bridge is about 500 yards across, & communicates with Deutz on the opposite side, it is laid on boats & is easily disjointed for the passage of vessels: We left in the Steam Bt at 10. am. resolved to stop at Bonn but, concluded to continue on to

The River Rhine it is well known

Doth wash your city of Coln .

But tell me Nymphs what power devine

Shall henceforth wash The River Rhine

Coleridge

Coblentz. [Koblenz]

As far up as Bonn, The Rhine is comparatively tame in the scenery of its banks, numberless antiquated little villiages, with very primitive looking houses, & Church spires seem (no doubt like the Pastor's Sermons) a repitition of the same thing: after leaving Bonn (celebrated for its university & as the birthplace of Beethoven) the Scenery becomes at times grand and beautiful. the noble Stream, still calm but deep & rapid the water a lemonade colour. Coblentz is situated on a plain at the confluence of the Rhine & Moselle, from which it takes its name: opposite on the lofty cliff, in the impregnable fort Ehrenbreitstein. (honors broad stone) to the rear of the city on Every side are frowning battlements: forts Alexander, Constan [Constantine] & [France?]: through the city everywhere are barracks, indeed it is a city of soldiers their being 6000. quartered here and 2000 at the Fort opposite. There is little or nothing to be seen in the city: it is poorly built, its shops are few & inferior. a bridge of boats crosses the Rhine to the villiage of Ehrenbreitstein. and a large heavy stone bridge of 15 arches crosses the moselle, which is here a placid stream slightly tinged with a claret colour. We stopped at the Hotel du Geant. fronting on the Rhine. during the night a gently shower refreshed the Earth, & next morning we took a coach for Ems. The road was fine, distance about 10 miles. the atmosphere pleasantly cool & the scenery beautiful: along the road were Shrines & Saints & Crucifixes. across the noble Rhine was Stolzenfels, the beau ideal of a Princely Castle, redeemed from its ruins by the King of Prussia & furnished in a style worthy royalty itself: nearer on a craggy & precipitous Eminence, stood in solemn contrast the fine old ruin of Lahneck. here we had an Exceedingly fine Picture. the road continues along the lovely valley to, Bad.Ems. a celebrated watering place, situated in a Paradise of natural scenery, the little town is composed chiefly of Elegant & commodious Hotels: the bazaar & Shops contain a variety of rich & costly trifles in buck's horn, carved wood, bohemian glass &c. We spent a few hours very pleasantly, tasted the waters (selzer, hot) made a few purchases, dined, and returned by a different road, crossing the mountain ridge. the view from the summit of which, was surpassingly grand & beautiful: the

richly cultivated fields, like mozaic, lay spread out over hill & valley: the emerald green, the ripening grain, & the golden harvest, were relieved by a back ground of mountain & valley, intertwined, and melting into a soft blue outline upon the far distant horison: having passed the culminating point, the prospect opened on the west: here in addition to the mozaic of gold & emerald. the majestic Rhine stretch'd along the valley, & the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein frowning defiance, lay far below us. James having procured a ticket of admission, we drove up into the fort. This is well called the Giberalter of the Rhine. 1500 men fine comfortable quarters within its walls they are generally young from 18 to 24: The view from the battlement is very commanding: up the valley of the Moselle, over the city of Coblantz & up & down the Rhine. We returned to the city & walked through several streets & to the bridge of the Moselle. Enjoying every thing and Congratulating ourselves upon spending a day long to be remembered among the happy months of our journey.

The Rhine.

The richness of the Scenery of this beautiful river, has been the subject of the poet and the painter, in almost all ages, but no one who loves the picturesque & beautiful in nature, can be content with bare discriptions or sketches, however eloquently written, or accurately drawn: that it derives much of its interest from its castilated ruins is beyond a question, but it presents views, cabinet pictures, every where between Coblantz & Mayence no where equalled: towns along the water's Edge are passed every few miles, many of them dating back beyond the Christian Era, and needing no other chronicler than their decayed walls and mouldering towers: Mountains starting up from the brink of the river clad in the rich verdure of the clustering vine and crowned with the grey old ruins of a feudal castle valleys lovely as vallambrosa or the vale of Tempe & all pictured again in the mirrorlike surface of the water. Stolzenfels with its graceful turrets seems an apparition, starting up to shew what was the Elegance of these ruins in their prime. After

passing many whose history would fill volumes, we at length come in view, in the heart of the loveliest scenery of this peerless stream, of the grand & magnificent old ruin of Rheinfels above the town of S^t: Goar to the north is seen the Castles of the mouse, so called from some legend of its lord having been devoured by that voracious animal; to the south in full view are Jungfrauen, Gutenfels Schonberg, all beautiful in their ruins and exceeded by Rheinfels only in its vastness: but they are all surpassed, in the boldness of its position and the finish of its architecture, by Rheinstein, perched like an Eagle's nest on the topmost point of a towering & precipitous cliff, it rears still higher its beautiful turrets, & overhangs the stream far below. It is the royal palace of the King of Prussia, but rarely honored by its noble proprietor however, Fredrick W^m: the present King ascended the throne in april last, at the death of his father Fred. W^m: III his residence is at Potsdam near Berlin. A short distance above Rheinstein the river Nahe forms the boundary between Prussia & Darmstadt, Several fine towns are seen. Bingen at the mouth of the Nahe is a favourite resort. At Diebrich a little farther on & on the opposite side is the palace of the Prince of Nassau. On the right a mile farther is the fine oriental looking town (of domes & Steeples) of

Mayence. [Mainz]

Here we dined at the Hotel Holland rather sumptuously, and walked over the town, and into the Cathedral. the customary profusion of rich carving in wood and stone which adorns these temples, was here abundant & of a very superior quality: here I witnessed for the first time the ceremony of a Confession: the Statue of Gutenberg the inventor of printing, who was born in this place stands in an open square near the Cathedral, it is of bronze & was modelled by Thorwaldsen: The city is full of soldiers and is fortified jointly by Prussia & Austria their respective forces may be distinguished by the blue & white or blue of the former, & the white & blue or white of the latter. From this place we went by coach (crossing the bridge of boats to Kastel) to the celebrated watering place

Wiesbaden. two german miles. We arrived late saturday evening & took rooms at the Hotel de Rose. I walked out but a few steps to the boiling fountain, & tasted the waters; the opinion is that it tastes like chicken broth with ink in it; the temperature is 56° of [Raumer ?], & its mineral character Chalybeate chiefly. It is one of the most frequented and fashionable watering places in Germany. the town is handsomely built & sits nestled in a lovely valley. We were surprised to be aroused at 6 Sunday morning by the sudden blast of a full band of music at the Stand near the fountain: which on other days we found no unpleasant interruption to our morning slumbers. The ladies attended Service in the forenoon in the English Chapel. In the afternoon, James called to take me to the Kur Saal, whither with the ladies I had (I omitted to say) strolled the Evening before, this is a fine building fronting on a mall, with two rows of sycamores & a long range of fine shops under Colonades, on Either side; in the rear an artificial lake, and shady walks for many acres: the large hall, of the building is very handsomely arranged for balls &c, opening out of it, are, a magnificent concert room, an Eating room, or salle à manger, and, (shall I say it) a gambling room: into this latter I walked, after the ceremony of procuring a ticket was through with, and found a number of elegantly dressed ladies & gentlemen, submitting with the utmost good nature to this legalised robbery: this expensive & luxurious vice is the favourite amusement of the German nobility of both sexes at these places. In the garden, hundreds of the gay and the fashionable, sip'd their wine, and puffed forth volumes of smoke, whilst a band of music seemed to be revelling in the sweets of Strauss' latest productions. The shops along the Collonade, Exhibited their best wares, and all traces of the Sabbath had entirely disappeared. The Theatre was opened at 7 to which in due time the throng repaired. Monday morning we made a few purchases and at 2 O'Clk attended a Musical concert in the splendid room of the KurSaal. the piano, violin, Harp, Clarionet, & voice successively & successfully contributed to our Enjoyment & Edification: after dinner the ladies took a ride on Donkeys to a neighbouring height, from which we had an extensive

and lovely view, Embracing glimpses of the Rhine, the towns of Mayence & Biebrich, cultivated fields, & distant mountains. on tuesday at 8 we took the train for the free City of

Frankfort on the main. [am main]

The drizzling rain did not prevent our seeking the interesting objects of this fine City. We went immediately after our arrival at the "Hotel de Russie", to the Museum of paintings, which we found generally to be very ordinary. One room however contained enough in four or five superb pieces to compensate us. The paintings of "Huss before the three Cardinals" of "Job & his friends" of "Daniel in the lions den" & one other of a "Prince in Prison" are all surpassingly fine. from this place we took a carriage to the celebrated group of Dannecker "Ariadne sitting on the back of a panther" This is the most Exquisitely graceful piece of Sculpture we have ever seen: it is placed upon a revolving Pedestal, & is seen in every light & when the glass window is covered with crimson cloth, the tint is very flesh like: we returned to dinner & immediately after walked through the town visiting, the bronze Statue of Goethe, the Church in which 46 german Emperors had been crowned, which otherwise had little of note, a Madonna by Rubens & Crucifix by Van Dyk. the Chair for the Coronation &c. We visited the Hotel de ville containing full length portraits in the banqueting hall of 37 German Emperors; among them we particularly noticed Charles V. & Francis I. in the same building is the Senate room of this free town. In passing the foot of the fine broad street called "Zeil" we noticed a house bearing marks like a recent attack of Small pox, which we found to be impressions of cannon balls, fired at a barricade in the late attempted revolution; in a narrow & filthy street occupied by the Jews, we were shewn the house in which the Rothchilds were born, & in which their aged mother still resides, one of the Sons has always resided here. This town is said to resemble New York: its suburbs are finely built its streets generally clean & wide, its government Embraces Several neighbouring towns.

We took the rail at 11 for Heidelberg.

Passing Darmstadt & several smaller towns, and several ruins on the mountain range on the East, One of the Station houses (Ladenburg) bore fresh marks of hard knocks, and the Soldiers now were particularly vigilant: at Heidleberg Station Passports properly signed were required before leaving the car, this was not calculated to make a very favourable impression, we concluded to leave our luggage at the Station until we had dined & visited the Castle This extensive ruin, on an Eminence overhanging the town was formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine & Embraces in it, eventful history much that is interesting in the Period of its Existence, but a summary of which would be too much for our Space; the location is certainly most commanding: at its foot the town of Heidleberg: across the Neckar the "holy mountains: to the west Stretches out along the Neckar Valley, a vast sweeping view with glimpses of the Rhine & the City of Man[n]heim. A part of the ruin is in a remarkable State of Preservation: figures of Stone Stand along on the top & in niches of the wall The Wim Tun or cellar with casks 20 or 30 feet in diameter, is an overwhelming witness against the temperance principles of its former proprietors. A circuitous rout of near two miles was necessary in ascending to the Castle; on our way we stopped at the Wolfbrunnen, a famous fountain etc. We descended by a more direct rout into the town & passed S^t: Peters Church, where Luther once preached & also by the University long celebrated, with now about 600 Students. We were particularly favoured by the weather during our visit, & next took the carr in the rain for

Carlshrue. [Karlsruhe]

We arrived about 8 OClk P.M. it has rained all the way from Heidleberg, & we were glad to get comfortably seated at the Hotel D'Agleterre, very advantageously situated on the corner of two very fine streets & opposite the open Market Place. The next morning,

repeated showers of rain and heavy clouds, dampened our spirits a little, but we were soon favoured by a bright sun, and walked over a part of the town to the museum of Paintings We passed a very pleasant hour in glancing at the many very fine paintings here & the casts of Statuary: We returned by way of the Palace of the grand Duke of Baden, admired its Exterior & the grove in front & were admiring also a very Superior bronze Statue of a dec:^d grand duke, when the approach of troops & a splendid band of music all on horse back came up the street towards us, it was the Prussian forces returning from Rastadt, (about 700 in this line) where but a day or two since, the revolution drew its last gasp. Carlshue is a remarkably neat & handsome town, the streets many of them radiate from the Palace are straight and well paved, we were detained at the Station for some time, meanwhile an Extra train of 43 cars of Soldiers with a fine band of music arrived from Rastadt & passed on. A part of the rail some 8 or 10 miles below having been destroyed by the insurgents, we were obliged to avail ourselves at that Station of a very antiquated looking diligence into the Coupe' of which, we fortunately clambered without accident, & from which we were enabled to look over the rebellious & refractory district of Rastadt This place was the first to commence the recent insurrectionary movement & the last to surrender the rencounter a week or two since with the Prussians resulted in the loss of 40 of the former & 80 of the latter, We arrived about 5 O'Clk at the farfamed Watering Place (Hotel D'Angleterre)

Baden Baden.

beautifully situated in the valley of the Oos; soon we were out visiting the shops, & looking at the curiosities of the place. There were comparatively few visitors in consequence of the disturbance, which but a few weeks before, was particularly violent at this place, the Scene of a Conflict. Our host was compelled to Entertain 150. insurgents at 10^d: pr day for several days: already a very different state of affairs Exists. One of the Prussian Generals with his staff occupying rooms in the house. On our return we found a

very fine band of music before the door & the General on the balcony above, The
“[Conversantion ?] Hall” is closed as yet, there being no inducement to open it. The
building in which the fountain of mineral Water is, well compensated us for the visit to it.
A collonnade along the Entire front, about 300 feet: paintings instead of Windows
ornament the wall (on the outside) The little prattling river Oos running through the
town, and the mountain scenery around, give to this place a most attractive and agreeable
appearance. The lion of the vicinity however is the Old Castle or “Alten Schloss” which
by special favour of the weather & the aid of a couple of Donkeys the next morning, we
were enabled most fortunately to visit, like Every thing Exalted, the attainment of this
lofty Eminence was not without labour. the arrival at the foot of the Castle leaves much
yet to be accomplished, through its windings, up stone steps under archways, up, up, up,
& upward still, until at length we are safely landed on the very summit of the tower, and
here was a view: if we had now to change our course homeward, & leave unseen the
lofty Alps, and all that remains to be seen, we would have much to boast of in this fine
landscape. In the valley to the South was Baden Baden behind which rose up & toward
the East a range of mountains: On the West spread out the broad valley of the Rhine with
its hundred villiages: just under us the hostile villiage of Rastadt, and on the plane
without the walls, the white tents of the Prussian Camp, which but two days since
threatened distruction to the beseiged town: nearly starved out they were compelled to
Capitulate & hundreds of true Patriots are prisoners now awaiting punishment for a
resistance to oppression. We almost wished for a conflict then, that we might securely
view the struggle from the height: We descended to the refectory in the lower Court of
the Castle & drank in a small glass of Annisette, many happy returns of Madamoselle’
Henriette’s birth day. We took the train at 12 for Friburg. [Freiburg]

where the Prince of Prussia had established, head quarters of the Army,
and found on our arrival the Hotels all crowded with soldiers. the Prince was at dinner
we did not see him, he is the brother of the present King of Prussia & Commander in

Chief of the allied forces. Carl Frederick is about 45. There is at this place a remarkably fine steeple the old Cathedral is well worth seeing: the stained glass; arched Entrance; the profusion of figures: and the very light workmanship of the Steeple, are equal to any we have seen. I am premature in arriving at Friburg: We went from Baden Baden to Kehl, a little town on the German side of the Rhine & crossed over on a bridge of boats to Strassburg. where we arrived to dinner, our stroll through the town in the afternoon was not very agreeable, and but for the great Cathedral which we visited the next morning it is not worth visiting. The steeple of this Cathedral is said to be the highest in the world, 495 feet; its architecture is superbly fine; the Exterior is covered with figures: it was intended originally to have two spires, but like most of these grand and costly buildings, it is still unfinished, the Stained glass is the most complete and the oldest we have seen and the "dim religious light" is here in perfection the tout ensemble, Either without or within is grand beyond comparison with any other we have seen. In the north east corner of the transept is the famous Clock. a most intricate and wonderful specimen of machinery. In the centre below, near the floor, is a large blue dial; a figure points out the day, on the margin: above, pass in review other figures, representing the days of the week, our visit being on Saturday, Saturn in his golden Chariot stood conspicuous: above these sat two angels one struck the hour & the other turned an hour glass above these, death stood ready to strike, each revolving quarter hour, when youth manhood, middle age and, old Age successively walked around: above these stood the Saviour before whom at 12 O'Clock passed the 12 apostles: high above all was another figure of the Saviour: on the top of another Part of the Clock stood a Chicken Cock, which at 12 O'Clock flapped its wings & crowed 3 times: in the centre of the front was a fine dial, & a ball in another blue dial represented the moon, being one half gilt & one black; machinery for measuring the Exact Equation, and for Keeping the Ecclesiastical feast or fast days, & a great deal more are seen in this wonderful instrument. The Chanting of the priests behind the high altar, struck up like thunder,

when mingled [mingled?] with the deep bass notes of some brass instrument: the more musical tones of the splendid organ was much more agreeable to us, & we lingered here as long as our limited time would allow. Having sent our trunks from Baden directly on to Friburg we were not long delayed by the police in examining our little bag both going & returning: This visit to the Soil of France gave us an opportunity of contrasting the German & French manners, very discreditable to the latter. we took the rail at the Station near Kehl at 11. and at 3 arrived at Friburg a slight discription of which I have (by mistake) already furnished; from Friburg we intended going to S[c]haffhausen, but the time did not suit us, & we came on by train to where we took an Omnibus for 9 miles (the Rail being unfinished) during this ride we were four times topped by officers to examine our Passport. along the road & in every little dirty villiage were stationed prussian Soldiers. Having now reached the German frontier, we can testify to the uniform civil & courtious deportment of the german People, & but for their incessant tobacco smoke they are very agreeable. We arrived about 9 O'Clk at the Swiss town

(28th: July.)

Bale. or Basle. [Basel]

Hotel Trois Roi.

The next morning being Sunday we were glad to be informed that there was an English Chapell in the Hotel, but unfortunately there was no Clergyman. In the afternoon I walked through a part of the town, saw the old Cathedral in which Erasmus was buried. & the Cloister adjoining with the tombs of OEcolumpadius & other reformers. there is not much to be seen in the town, the Streets are generally clean the sabbath is more respected than in Germany The majestic Rhine sweeps by the City with its rapid tide, in all its grandeur, the water a light green; a bridge the first we have seen across it, connects the two portions of the town: rumors of a conflict with prussia, have stirred up the military & they are marching to and fro & are gathering recruits. We concluded to leave Early next morning for the "Munster thal" rout, & take a very nice coach there now being no Rail Road (Eisenbahn) the morning was cloudy, but our usual good luck accompanied

us & the occasional mists did not prevent our seeing the beautiful Scenery along the Valley of the Bin[n]. we were in raptures with it. We arrived at 4' P.M. at Melleray where we remained until the next morning. the days journey, which was a delightful one of about 40 miles being completed; we found the "Lion D" or a very nice Cleanly villiage Inn, & left Early next morning anticipating still greater Enjoyment, & were not disappointed: the valley, through which, the early part of the days ride lay, was ravishing: We Passed Under the stone archway, with a roman inscription in ascending the mountain Pass of the Jura, the scenery grew finer until we had passed through & then from a high cliff, we had our first view of the Alps; below us stretched out a tessellated valley, with the patches of grain like strips of ribbon. the little town of Bienne with its lovely little lake of light blue just beyond. here we stopped a couple hours, & the rain shut out our view for the next three or four hours: before us, (as soon as the clouds passed away) suddenly presented themselves to view, the great chain of the Bernese Alps Their snow capped summits glittering in the sun. this was the grandest sight with which we had ever been blessed. we arrived at

Berne.

Hotel Faucon.

After diner we walked out to see, not only "the lions" of this city, but the still greater attraction here "the bears". This animal is a national pet, & for centuries has been kept in a large pit in the walls of the town; a little beyond we ascended a terraced walk, to a mound affording a magnificent view of the Alps, At the moment we arrived, a detachment of artillery on the little plane below, overlooking the city, commenced firing: the Echo from the surrounding hills and more distant mountains, flung back the report in every direction; a dark cloud to the South as if challenged to the combat, began to mutter a [grimm ?] response to the Switzers messenger of war. The sun just setting, crimsoned air, Earth & heaven with its rosy hue, & as if to complete the picture the full round moon rose in all its majesty, such scenes can not last always, this was the grandest half hour I ever saw. We strolled into the city, saw the Cathedral & two

or three superb statues in its vicinity by twilight & retired. Next morning we visited the shops. The main Street on both sides, is an archway throughout, the side walk being under this arcade; the Clock tower is the great curiosity of the town, when the Clock Strikes, a procession of bears (8 or 10) some on horseback, pass before a figure of a King with an hour glass in one hand & a scepter in the other, the King yawns, turns the glass & moves the scepter, a lion on his left shakes his head, a cock on his right crows, a puppet over his head strikes the hour, &c.

We again visited the Cathedral: the work upon the front entrance is exceedingly elaborate representing the judgement &c in Stone. behind the choir were tapestry & robes said to have been taken from Charles the bold in battle, The bronze gilt Statue of Rudolph on horseback in the square in front of the Church is excellent. We made some purchases in wood ware & prepared to leave in the same carriage we had from Bale, at 2 O'Clk. The Hotel tho not very good was the highest price we have had on the continent The town was to us novel & interesting the Swiss costumes, very odd, & we were only sorry that our time was necessarily limited.

Lucerne. [Luzern]

The road for several miles from Berne is in view of the snow clad alps, along the rich valley of the Emmenthal; we stopped for the night at Langau [Langnau ?] & Early next morning were on our way through the valley of [Entlibuck ?]; our Coachey Auguste, a very polite & pleasing Neuchateloise Entertained us with his trumpet: We arrived at Lucerne about 4 OClk: Our hotel the Schwarzerhoff, commanded a beautiful view of this lovely lake, backed by the towering peaks of the everlasting alps; as soon as convenient we walked out, first to see the nobel monument (designed by Thorwaldsen) not erected, but carved in the solid rock to the brave Swiss guards who were with one exception, all Killed in defending the royal Palace of Louis XVI during the french revolution. This

solitary exception, then a drummer boy of 16, was now our grey haired cicerone. The design is a huge lion, pierced by a spear broken in his side, dying on the Shield with the fleur de lis of the Bourbons on it; the noble beast (28 feet in length,) seems stretched in his native lairs: the huge rock Cliff, firm as the Earth's foundations is a befitting pedestal, for such a monument of such a subject. The next objects of interest, here are the bridges, across the outlet of the lake: Ordinary wooden frame footways, under the roof between the rafters are triangular wooden tablets, with very inferior Paintings of battles, or scenes in the life of the saviour or, copies from german Artists: their bridges are generally ornamented with a shrine, a crucifix or some other religious or historical painting. The evening was another lovely picture; as the sun went down, colouring mountain & lake with its loveliest rose hue, the peerless moon mounted up in the east & threw her mantle of Silver over the glassy surface of the "Vier.Waldstaedter.see" or "lake of the four forest cantons." we rose early next morning, sent our luggage by "diligence" to Interlaken & took the Steam B^t up the lake, resolved to explore its retired beauties; As we passed up, new & more sublime views presented themselves; its mountain shores enriched with the thrilling events of the heroes of [Grutly ?], or magnanimous & Patriotic Tell, was every foot consecrated ground. A small Chapel marks the spot where the hero of Burglen, escaped from Ges[s]ler, at Fluellen [Fluelen], the southern extremity of the lake we exchanged boats & were soon on our way down again, we stopped at Wiggis [Weggis] a small town on the shore, to ascend the Rhigi [Rigi]. we took horses & in about 3¹/₂ O'Clk were at the Culm an Inn on the top of this mountain; during our ascent, most extensive & lovely views were continually at hand, but not until we reached the summit had we conceived of the grandeur of the magnificent panorama, every where around us: majestic peaks towering snow capped through & above the misty Clouds, with fields of snow spread out, glistening in the sun & defying his rays: Rossberg and the melancholy scene of its desolation, where once stood the smiling villiage of Goldau; ten placid, blue lakes embosomed among neighbouring hills;

rivers meandering through fertile valleys; towns & villiages without number dotting the earth like a map: We looked on the grey old Alps far & near, & felt thankful that they belonged to Earth for they seemed fit thrones for the Gods: We gazed on Goldau & shrunk back from the comtemplation of its terrible fate. the smiling lakes without a ripple upon their blue green surface and reflecting the smallest cloud that passed over so accurately that it seemed a nether sky. The sun went down in glory to his crimsoned couch, and the Jung frau on tiptoe smiled good night; the moon rode up the Eastern heavens, lustrous as a new made bride. During the night a cold north wind sprung up, & brought over the scene a misty veil of clouds. The sun arose & had barely gilded the topmost peaks of the Bernese Oberland when the anxious hopes of the crowd of tourists, who had passed the night here to see the glorious sunrise on Rhigi were all crushed. We took an Early breakfast & commensed our descent in the wintry climate of this region 5700 feet above the sea, but soon found the sun quite warm, about halfway down we met a procession of young men headed by 2 Capuchin Monks, with their shorn crowns & long beards, their brown cloaks & hoods, rosary & Cross, wooden sandals & alpinstocks, the young men were students from Bonn enjoying vacation & about to partake of the hospitality of these fathers from the convent of "Maria Zum Schnee" or "Notre dame des Neiges" on the Rhigi. We had passed them and when far below could see them winding up the steep & toilsome way. it seemed a vision of holy patriarchs conducting ransomed spirits to their heavenward home. Arriving at the lake, we took a rowboat across to Alpnach, the water was like a sea of glass: after 3 hours we were safely landed at the Cheval blanc, or Weisses Ross Inn. A rickety old barouch conveyed us 12 miles to Lungern, along this road are many spots interesting in Swiss history the Chapel of S^t: Nicholas or Bruder Klaus. (Nicholas Von der Flue). The lakes of sarnen & Lungern, the pass of the Brunig over which the ladies were carried in Chaises, a portereurs [porteur?], I on horse back; after passing the Summit: two beautiful cascades are seen 6 or 8 miles off across a deep valley; we descended to Brienze where we took a row boat to Interlaken

passing in view of the Gies[s]bach falls, by twilight, a remarkably pretty cascade: the lake is surrounded by tall mountains & its waters sky blue: We reached our destination by moonlight & secured a very fine room at Hotel Mueller, commanding a lovely view of the Jungfrau covered with snow. Interlaken situated between lakes brienze & Thun is one of the most charming places in Switzerland, a Rural villiage in reach of some of its most beautiful Scenery: here one might be content to spend months: but we left on monday morning: here we dismissed our courier, & finding Auguste our [quandane?] Voiturier here from Lucerne we took him & his coach again for Berne & then on to Lake Geneva, at first the road lay along the bank of the sweet little lake Thun. the weather which had been too unfavourable for us to visit Lauterbrun[n]en, & the [Stanbach ?], or the Grindelwald which we had hoped to do, now cleared off before us, but left the valley & mountains behind us enveloped in cloud: We stopped at Thun long enough to walk through the antiquated little place & arrived at the Curogne Hotel at Bern where we were very politely treated. left early next morning & arrived at 12M at Freiburg crossing over its immense suspension bridge. 900 feet long the largest in the world, there is another a little above about 600 feet, at 2 we joined a Party to hear the celebrated organ, said to be the finest in Europe. The music was good The imitation of thunder excellent, almost surpassing the Original, the lightning was not so striking, & as one might suppose; would have as well represented a thornbush or an iron fence. We proceeded on to the little town of Peyorne [Payerne ?] where spent the night & went on next day to Lausanne on lake Geneva here we only stopped to dine, but my money falling Short, the landlady kindly advanced the required am^t.. And now we are actually skimming over the deep blue surface of Clear Placid Leman, & that high peak to the South east, that mass of snow is M^t: Blanc The view from this landing is not Particularly fine tho one of the best; the banks seem tame compared with Lucern or Thun or Brienze or Sarnen, the cottages or towns along the bank detract rather than add to the view here.. farther on it becomes better. near Geneva the residences are finer & the approach to the city affords a fine view

Geneva.

This city so renowned in literature & religion, is crowded together on narrow Streets, & not very well built. It is chiefly remarkable for its manufacture of watches & jewelry. Rousseau to whom there is a bronze Statue on an Island in the outlet of the Lake was born here; the names of Calvin, Knox, Voltaire Biron, Sismondi, Saussure, D'Aubigne & many others of distinction, are associated with the city. We were delighted here to receive two packages of letters from home: renew our stock of napoleons, make a few purchases &c: Here on the tenth August I found myself a year older & note it down accordingly: We set off, on the evening of the Second day, to visit Diodati once the residence of Lord Byron, but the distance being greater than we supposed & the evg' late, we returned to the Hotel. During dinner today a band of minstrels consisting of, "Father & two small, nice little daughters on the violin, the mother & a young man on Guitars" Entertained the company at table d'Hote with some excellent music; The hotel is well conducted and every effort made to please: the braying of donkeys is rather annoying in the morning: the blue rushing waters of the Rhone, clear as christal, is most refreshing to look on: Standing on one of the bridges, fish of various discriptions & sizes disporting in their native element may be seen at great depth: We left Saturday Evg' 2. PM. by Carriage for S^t. Martin (40 miles) the road lay up the valley of the Arve, which about dusk closed in, & for several miles, wore an air of grandeur resembling the munster thal. We left S^t. Martin early Sunday morning in a miserable little char a banc & in three hours arrived at Chamounix [Chamonix]; the day was clear, almost Cloudless; the lovely valley reposing in all its beauty was undisturbed by any sound, save the bell of the priory summoning the devout inhabitants to matins: We took dejuner ala fourchette, & rather than looze so fine a day, procured mules & forthwith set off for Montenvers] & the "Mer de glace", the ascent was tedious & steep, & occupied about 2¹/₂ hours to the house called the Pavilion: here we were within a Stones throw of this, the greatest curiosity &

wonder I had ever seen in all my life: a huge valley several hundred yards wide & Several miles long filled up with a sea of Ice: the atmosphere pleasant, & the hot sun of August pouring down his intensest rays: we descended into the valley and walked some distance on the ice: the surface was irregular & covered with fine gravel: now & then immense fissures or cracks varying in depth & width holds the trembling adventurer in awful silence, lest a breath might jar the yawning chasm, and engulf him in an ice bound Eternity: immense pieces of Stone perhaps 20 feet sqr. brought down from the mountains, rest upon the surface, The tall precipitous peaks rising like turrets all around, seem to pierce the very heavens, Byron has beautifully described them as no one else can.

“Above me are the Alps &c.”

In descending we passed a fountain celebrated by a french poet [Florian ?], here numbers of little girls take their seats & tempt the weary tourist with fruit, water Eau de vie &c. a little farther down a little girl pumps up from a coarse wooden box called the omnibus, to every passer by, a rude & harsh sort of music resembling somewhat a flock of guinea fowls startled by a trumpet. We reached the hotel in time to sit quietly & look at M^t: Blanc by Sunset, The monarch seems in reach, & his frosty [pow ?] that “thrones Eternity in icy halls,” seems quite neighbourly, so distinctly is he visable: but what oceans of snow & ice intervene: the “glacier de bossons,” runs down almost to the valley; the surrounding summits that flank him on all sides robed in spotless white, tho seeming to equal him, hide their diminished heads in the clouds through which he pierces still upward; a party which left the day before were seen by means of a telescope, we understood they returned next day in consequence of clouds & bad weather, the table d’hote at 8 O’Clk was excellent: We took a char a banc next morning for Argentier 6 miles where we found the same old guides, we had the evening before & forthwith mounted our mules & set off, by the pursuasion of the guides via the Tete noir instead of the Col de balm, as we intended: we found this rout perhaps less fatiguing & in Some

places extremely grand and picturesque. We took a miserable dinner at Trient & soon reached the pass Forclaz whence began our descent into the valley of the Rhone, regarded, as the book says, Exc[?] ably of everyone, "one of the finest views in Switzerland"; the descent is more fatiguing than the ascent on mules; we reached Martigny by 6'OClk & soon went to bed, Early next morning we engaged seats in the diligence for Bricy (we had sent our trunks from Geneva to martigny direct & were happy to find them here on our arrival) The diligence being full we took seats in an old barouch, which poor as it was, we preferred to the close diligence, at Sion we took dinner, The Simplon road commencing at Martigny is nearly straight to this place, up the valley of the Rhone nearly level for about 30 miles: two very remarkable and picturesque Castles (originally, now ruins) are seen, here the approach to the town presents a beautiful picture: a few miles beyond this we succeeded in getting the Coupe' of the diligence, the road continued up the valley the mountains rising abruptly on either side & continually offering magnificent views with the snow capped Bernese in front; The river had burst its bounds and flooded the valley entirely over in some places for miles doing great damage to the miserable inhabitants of the valley, decidedly the most hideous looking population we have any where met with. at 9 OClk we reached Brieg [Brig], and concluded to take a coach over the Simplon which we were to ascend next morning, & which arrangements enabled us to rest until 6, & to stop wherever the beauty or interest of the road might demand, neither of which the diligence allowed, starting at 3.

The Simplon.

15": Aug".

We left the little town of Brieg at 7, the road is so fine and the ascent so gradual, that one is tempted to walk for miles; about 10 OClk the fine view to the north & behind us, of the Bernese Alps became exceedingly grand; the grimsel, the Wetterhorn, the Jung frau, & the Moench, Stood like giants with their polished armour glittering in the sun: far down below, stretched along the valley of the Rhone dotted with its little villiages, the furious

torrent, the offspring innumerable glaciers receiving an impetus from a hundred cataracts. It winds its serpentine course, at times bursting with resistless force over every barrier, & deluging hamlets & villages in its flood: a little farther We pass the first gallery cut through solid rock; before reaching the culminating point, now in view surrounded by snow clad peaks we pass under two or three other galleries constructed to protect the road from the Avalanche, over one of them a large mountain Stream Pours down its column of melted Ice, forming a beautiful cascade with an iris at its feet, all along the way at convenient Intervals are houses of refuge, with every convenience for the humble traveller, during the delay of the coach at the one on the summit, we walked on, about half a mile to the hospice, a large comfortable looking building, on Entering we were met by a very polite little boy who politely enquired whether we would take dinner, we declined, expressing a wish to see the mansion & the S^t: Bernard dogs: he handed us over to an equally polite garson, who conducted us into the very neat chapel ornamented with some fine paintings: the little boy returned with three noble looking young dogs, we were then kindly invited up stairs by an exceedingly good old lady servant, & literally forced to take something to eat & drink. she left us & soon reappeared with wine. & dried figs. bread & Cheese: I partook freely & never with a greater relish; the Coachey soon arrived & we took leave with the best impression of monkish hospitality. For some time the descent was without interest; we stopped at village of simplon, a collection of dilapidated stone huts, soon we reached the valley of Gondo which in the wild & savage grandeur of its scenery surpassed any thing we had seen. we passed through two remarkable galleries cut in the Sol[i]d granite, to afford a passage to the road; emerging from one of them a furious cataract tumbles down in a torrent of white foam bedewing the wondering & admiring traveller with its spray: Cascades & waterfalls of every description occur at frequent intervals: the road still bears lamentable evidence of the destructive Avalanches of former years: about sunset we reached the beautifully retreating valley of the [?occia]; not however without being required to submit to an

Examination of our luggage and a verification of our passport, at the little Sardinian villiage of Iselle: soon we were seated at the Poste Hotel in the little town of

Domo.d'ossola. a short time after our arrival, a fine band of music consisting of about 60 performers; Struck up in an open space in the street near the Hotel; the music was delightfully refreshing: the ladies & gentlemen of the town soon came out, and prominaded the streets around, the ladies without bonnets, & the gent.ⁿ with cigars We concluded to take the diligence here for Milan which upon enquiry we found, left at 2 O'Clk in the morning, the distance about 70 miles. We were up at one, and found the interior not so uncomfortable: very fortunately, after sunrise & just as we reached the shores of Lago Maggiore' the Coupe' was vacated, having secured two seats for the ladies, I took one on the top; The beautifully smooth Simplon ran along the bank of the lake for about three hours, affording a delightful opportunity for enjoying the prospect of the lovely lake, hemmed in by tall blue mountains, & dotted here & there by the Barromean [Borromeo] Islands the Isola bella the most remarkable contains a Palace & a curiously terraced Italian garden. At 10 OClk we arrived at Areona [Arona] to breakfast, here there is an immense Statue to S^t: Carlo Barromeo. we passed along the borders of the lake a number of very pretty gardens: changing coaches here we again took the interrior, which for the rest of the day was excessively disagreeable, hot, dusty, & crowded, we were ferried over streams twice for which we had to pay extra, our luggage & Passport, had again to submit to the filthy touch of the villianous rogues, who screen their robbery by this sort of legal authority: for if they dont take your clothes, they dont scruple to ask for "Pour boire", you must also pay the porter who takes the trunk from the coach & returns it. in addition to this the postillion, (changed every two hours) expects his drink money; the conductor too who accompanies the mail, (upon what possible excuse I cannot imagine) calls most obsequiously for his share, to complete the agony, crowds of most hideous wretches gather around the diligence as soon as it stops, & beseech you in most piteous terms: about 7 O'Clk we arrived cramped up & exhausted

at the Ufficio [Diligeuze ?] at

Milano.

An old rogue in a military dress, asked some questions about my luggage, & gave me to understand that it was all right, including of course the “pour boire”, but I declined furnishing it this time, at which he muttered, and looked savage, but I order the porter to move on & following him we soon reached the sumptuous Hotel de la Ville. It is all together I think, superior to any we have any where seen. The ladies feeling a little unwell I consulted a physician next door, who upon personal Examination, prescribed & they for the next two days were clinics: Our Hotel was situated in the grand Corso near to the Duomo, to which building I repaired Early next morning. It is built of white marble, now darkened by age, and literally covered with Statues, Statuetts, & figuers of different Kinds, the plan & exterior proportions are defective; to its immense body it wants height: the interior is very grand, not in monuments or paintings; but in its gigantic proportions. The next day (Saturday) being the anniversary of the Emperor of Austria’s birth day. ([Fredrick ?] Joseph.) at an early hour, the Corso exhibits signs of the approaching fete, Windows, & balconies for a mile were hung with various coloured clothes: at 10 the military numbering about 6000. were aligned along this fine Street at 11. (Marshall [Radetski ?] the commander in Chf accompanied by a number of Gen^l: Officers passed along: bands of music 60. & 70 strong, from different points, filled the air with marshall music. I hurried on to the Duomo: here had assembled the corps diplomatic & the civilians of Milan, filling one side of the transept; the Marshall took his seat with others, within the Choir: a te deum was played on the two fine organs accompanied by a great number of Voices: other ceremonies were gone thro with. & the Marshall took his position in an open space near the Church & the long line of troops passed in review: the Commander in Chief in 84 years of age, was 5 times taken prisoner by Napoleon, was at Marengo & other battles, was recently successful in two or three battles against Charles Albert King of Sardinia who undertook to head the Piedmontese

& others in their struggles against Austria: he is not large. grey. but not feeble: The troops were well dressed & cheered the old veteran with a vivo as they passed. A troop of turks in their peculiar dress, crimson embroidered, & armed cap a pie & well mounted particularly attracted my attention, they looked as tho' they were just from the desert & were ready for the work of blood in any form: In the evening I walked up to the Duomo & entered: there was near the high altar a flickering taper, dimly seen through, the profound darkness; now and then a spectral figuer would flit before it; the still darkness of the immense temple contrasted awfully with its recent brilliant assemblage of Princes, Marshalls, & Gen'ls &c & its trimmings of crimson & gold, it seemed like death succeeding the host of life, I stepped into an arcade near where were some bright shops, & had scarce left it, I suppose, returning home, when a mob stoned some officers at a cafe near: the officers rushed out & cut down with their sabers 8 of them, & took about 50 prisoners. Sunday it rained all day which was very refreshing: Monday morning at 8 we took a coach to look at the principle sights of the town. We visited the library of Brera as it is called. 170.000 volumns, some statuary & several rooms of fine paintings, embracing many by the old masters. We visited several churches, abounding in fine fresco paintings, rich marble altars, some of them adorned with precious stones of great value, beautiful specimens of needle work, &c. In the old refectory of St. Maria del[le] Grazie, in fresco on the wall we saw the original scene of the last supper by Leonardo di Vinci, how very much effaced, but preserving still the grace & elegant proportions of the master hand that executed it: the adjoining Cloisters, are occupied by the Austrian Cavalry as horse stables; we stopped on the way to the bankers, at the studio of Raphael Mont: a celebrated sculptor of Milan & had the satisfaction to see several beautiful figuers, & some being developed by the lapidaries, which as yet seem but the poetic ideal of the Artist, locked up in stone: We went again to the Duomo, descended to the magnificent Sepulcher (just under the dome) of St. Charles Barromeo. the great spirit of the place, enclosed in a chrystal coffin wearing his mitre as archbishop, & adorned with

costly jewels: bass reliefs in silver illustrating the pious life & canonization of the Saint, ornament the ceiling over head; once a year it is exposed to public inspection: the fine stained glass windows & thousands of marble figures, abound in historic illustrations of the sacred Scriptures: During our ride we visited the Amphitheatre capable of holding 40.000 persons., also the Elegant “Gate of Peace the groves around this part of the city was occupied by the Austrian Artillery; here we had a beautiful panoramic view of the distant snow clad alps: after dinner we went to see “La Scala” the famous theatre, it is very large & the boxes being private property Are magnificently fitted up, but it was not now the Season to see it to advantage.

Milan is an Elegant City, substantially & very neatly built, and having more the appearance of fashion & elegance than commerce. At 5 O’Clk tuesday morning we took the Strada ferrata (or Rail) to Monza, 12 miles thence by Diligence to Como. where we arrived at 1 O’Clk; as soon as our passport was Examined, we took a batteau with Awning & cushions, up the lovely lake of - Como. - for Varenna where a coach we had engaged at Milan was to meet us. As is well known this lovely lake about 45 miles long is lined with, town, villages, & palaces, beautifully hedged in by mountains; some ten miles up we stopped at Pliniana, where the periodical fountain of the two Plinys & a beautiful little cascade, add an undying charm to the Elegant Palace of Prince Belgioso [Belagio ?], through which we were shewn. the Prince & Princess, very politely vacating the rooms. We were very much gratified to pass quite near the charming villa of M^{dm}: Taglioni, & to see her seated in a rosy bower, & moreover to learn something of her domestic history whose aerial lightness & grace on the stage, had rendered her as distinguished among the votaries of Terpsichore, as Napoleon among the Sons of Mars: in sight is the Chateau of Prince Turbertskoi [Trubetzkoy ?]; her paramour, & a little beyond is one of the Elegant villas of M^{dm}: [Pashy ?] a celebrated chanseus [chanteuse ?] At every turn are beautiful views of Palaces, Villas, Cascades. &c: About 5 O’Clk we

reached the Hotel (Albergo del[l]a Cadenabbia) occupying a commanding position on the lake, after dinner the lake being rough we were advised to remain for the night rather than venture across to Varen[n]a. this at first seemed Italian faith but we had no reason to regret it eventually, the fare was good & cheap. & next morning we had an opportunity of visiting quite near the Elegant villa of Somariva, here we saw one of the most heavenly groups of Statuary in existence, a Cupid & Psyche by Canova. there was also a [Palameder ?] by the same artist Several of his models & an Elegant Mars & Venus by one of his Pupils; some paintings, & other furniture; The zig zag flights of steps, the dripping prattling sound of water, the grottoes & terraced garden all constituted this a pattern of an Italian nobleman's residence. We took the St^m: Bt at 10 hoping to be soon safely landed on terra firma, but were in about 15 minutes, transferred to a rowboat & for the mile across were well tossed by the waves; at length we reached Varenna where we found our Coachman & the trunks, & we forthwith set off for Lecco where we dined & went on to Bergamo. The road, (the Splugen) passed through several tunnels or galleries running for miles along the bank of the delicious Como. with mountain shores; the waters alive with the 23 Species of fish disporting in the christal chambers of the deep. We arrived late at Bergamo, and left early next morning & had consequently little opportunity of seeing the town. We Stopped in the faubergs [faubourgs] there being no Hotel in the town proper which is beautifully seated on an eminence overlooking the surrounding country and in view of the lofty peaks of the Snowy Alps.

The road continued fine, rippling streams of clear water running along on either side the whole day, & the mountains constantly in view, & towns & villiages & gardens & vineyards. Bergamo is famous for having produced many of the best singers of Italy & among them Bellini. it also boasts its great names in literature Tasso &c. A few miles before reaching Brescia in the evening, we stopped & turned aside, up the long double avenue of tall graceful cedars, to visit the Santo Campo or celebrated cemetery. I had

never conceived of any thing of the Kind on so grand a scale; the Statuary & figures were of Surpassing Elegance: The archangel S^t: Michael above the high altar, of pure white carrara marble, looks like an inhabitant of a brighter world another, female figure seems to float in the atmosphere. Brescia is rich in works of art, its Churches abounding in paintings of the old masters, but our time did not allow us a visit to them, we set off early & found the road very dusty there is an immense number of large carts hawling casks of wine & merchandise: enormous loads: At 11 O'Clock we arrived at _____ on Lago di Garda, a most enchanting lake; our room fronting on the broad blue waves & distant, purple & rose coloured mountains, commands a magnificent prospect, we have seen none finer. Our route continued along the border of the beautiful lake for several miles At its outlet the Austrians have a most formidable fortress. We arrived at 8 o'clock by Moonlight at

Verona.

A domestic deplace, conducted us to the church of the patron Saint (S^t: Zeno) [Maggiore] of the city: adorned with hangings of crimson & gold for the approaching fete on the morrow: the antiquity of the building and the subterranean tomb & Chapel of the Saint, composed its lions: from this place, we walked through narrow dirty streets, to a retired, out of the way garden, to see the reputed tomb of Juliet: after passing through a Donkey Stall, & ascertaining by experience the strength of his lungs, we stood beside this horsetrough sepulchre, of this sweetest flower of Verona: I am unfortunately too sceptical for a genuine antiquary, & could but say of this, as of many other wonders, "Credat [Judii ?]". &c. Our next visit was to the sight of the place, the Amphitheatre; there was something imposingly grand in this immense & venerable pile, & here was no room for doubt; this was no contrivance to gull the public; but the remarkable durability of the Stone, & its complete preservation, was a great living witness, that here, ferocious beasts & equally ferocious men, had butchered each other "to make a Roman holiday".

We visited other Churches, saw in the Cathedral “the ascension of the Virgin by Titian, The influence & responsibility of the artist, can scarcely be imagined, among the ignorant & superstitious (which of course embraces a very large majority of Popedom) as his fancy & pencil presents, a scene, so they believe it really is: If the Almighty is represented wearing a mitre, & his breath a fiery sword smiting S^t: Paul, so they devoutly believe; & so the Priestly habiliments are associated with divinity; but doubtless oftener concealing the impurities of the devil: The Italians I believe, generally make no pretensions to particularly good faith, or honesty, & one is consequently not surprised by their treachery, or disgusted at their hypocrisy: they are more industrious & better mechanics than I had imagined; & even have some enterprise, as the “Strada ferrata” (R^l.R^d.) from this place to Venice declares, they still have about their person & dress something of Roman grace, he does not wear his jacket, but throws it gracefully around one shoulder. The Seignora’s are generally good looking and form a very striking contrast, with the sex in Switzerland We have dismissed our Voiturier, & took the Rail for Vicenza, arriving late, we forthwith took a domestic de place, & walked through the town; Several fine old buildings planned by Palladio (who seems to have been the great genius of the place) was shewn us, we found our rooms at the Hotel de ville, very large & comfortable & mine host extremely polite, the city is pleasantly located: The plain without was occupied by Austrian cannon; the Rail to Padua was very comfortable, we arrived here about 10 Sunday morning (26th Augth.) & passed the Sabbath quietly at L’Aigle d’or nearly opposite is a very fine old Church with five Steeples, & Seven domes, I went in Sunday to hear the music & witness the celebration of mass. Monday morning we took the Strada ferrata & arrived in a hour & half at Maestre: fortunately meeting a young Englishman, who was making a second effort to enter Venice, we took a cab & followed the Prince [Tubertskoi ?], who kindly offered to take us under his Patronage; at [Mulgara ?] we exchanged the cab for the gondola, & in about 2 hours hard rowing, we landed at Hotel “Empr’ Autrich;” We were sadly grieved to hear of the

recent death of M^r: [Sparks ?] American Consul. I addressed a letter of condolence to M^{rs}: S: The Extempore Consul called to see us, but we had gone to the Palazzo S^t: Marco; The City of Venice is peculiar & sui generis; the approach to it by Rail, had during the Siege (now but 2 days removed by a capitulation) been seriously damaged, & every thing was in a State of Confusion, the citizens nearly starved, we were the only strangers in the city, & were the objects of general observation: We spent some time looking at S^t: Marco. It is very peculiar: near 1000 years old; after the oriental style: Mozaic throughtout the interior: the floor is sunken in places & very irregular & of the most costly & curious mozaic: the ceiling is of gilt mozaic & illustrates scriptural & other facts, (the walls are of marble, The exterior is ornamented with figures in marble: four bronze gilt horses stand on the front, of very doubtful tho' antique origin: the Church fronts on the Piazza S^t. Marco, an open square, surrounded by Collonades; on the St. East is the Palace of the Doges a somewhat singular & inelegant looking building: between it & a neighbouring prison (carcere) is the bridge of Sighs: across the water some half mile is the place appropriated to the jews: The great thoroughfare is the grand Canal, on which our hotel (formerly Palazzo del graces [grazia]) is Situated. the other canals & the Streets generally are very narrow & unpleasant. We visited several churches & the Palazzo belle art. the Paintings of the latter were generally taken down, we saw one fine piece "an ascension of the Virgin" by Titian, & several busts, portraits &c. At S^t: Maria del glorioso, we saw the tomb of Canova, originally made by him for Titian, it was a master piece & worthy the author. This fine old church had suffered much by balls from the Austrian Cannon. 60.000 of which it is said were thrown into the city: many other Churches were injured, & also the academy of fine Arts: our hotel rec^d: 20 large balls suffering considerably. Tuesday afternoon we went to the doge's palace to witness from its upper piazza the entry, by boats up the grand canal, of the Gen^l. [Gorskowski ?] & the austrians, numbering I suppose about 600. it was a poor shew for a triumphal entry, but the great day is thursday, When the Marshall will enter: from this

place we walked through narrow streets, & passed over the Rialto: It was an object of curiosity to us, to think how any one, in such a crowd, could take his "Evening's walk of meditation" crowded as it always is. Near it is the palace Byron occupied whilst leading a very dissolute life in Venice: the streets (if they could be so called,) were very narrow & irregular, crossed by hundreds of small bridges, We saw Venice under very unfavourable circumstances, for it looked like a city of the dead, but I think it a den of thieves at best & no place for a decent man to live any time. The morning of the third day we prepared to leave, but as one must be qualified to go among them So also to leave them, "[facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradus hic labor hoc opus est]", I repaired to the Ufficio dela passaporta, but crowds of Starving Venicians anxious to pass out thronged the windows, the door was closed. I resolved upon another Expedient & sought the young Prince at the Gen^{l's}. headquarters. he was not in, but I soon met him on the piazza de San Marco & was henceforth relieved of any trouble: Prince [Thuburtski ?] is a Russian Nobleman of great Wealth, occupying a high position in the Austrian Army, Exceedingly kind hearted & polite & very unostentatious: he owns 3 palaces in Venice alone, one of which he gave to his Mistress M^{dm}. Marie Taglioni, We left Venice Wednesday 29th. 2 hours rowing in the gondola brought us to Maestra ¹/₂ mile from the R^l.R^d. to this place we walked & found on arriving a great crowd struggling to get tickets, owing to the tardy movements of the clerk, & the greatness of the crowd, 1¹/₂ hours were taken up in this way. we finally got off for Padua [Padova], where we returned to 'L Aigle d'or' & remained until next day at 12. Meanwhile I visited the University so famous for centuries; the Caf[f]e' Pedrocchi perhaps the finest in the world: the grand Salle or Palazzo dela Regione, 240 feet long 80 wide,, several churches, a private palace (pappafava); had my passport vise'd; & finally left in a coach at 12 for Rovigo en rout to Florence.

JOSEPH DANIEL AIKEN

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We arrived at 8 Oclk^{P.M.} 30:^h Aug:st at Rovigo. Md:^{msl} H. continued unwell; next morning at 4 we were off for - Bologna. the road was paved, & lined with rows of Lombardy poplars; at 10 we crossed the Po, at Maria Magdalena, & entered the dominions of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius Papa IX. We were civilly treated, the official declining to examine our trunks. We had, consented at Rovigo to a fourth person occupying the Coupe of our Coach, she proved to be a very nice Bolognese & rendered us good service, in making known our wants, & administering to Md:^{msl} comfort; at Farura [Ferrara ?] we stopped to take an early dinner, our passport was demanded at the gate, for which we were required to send, & also demanded on our leaving at another gate. I can conceive of nothing more stupidly harrassing to a traveler

The road to Bologna seemed interminable, but we entered the gate by moonlight & as usual surrendered our passport, and submitted to the high way robbery of a few sous. to avoid having our trunks examined. & arrived at 9 O'Clk at Hotel de Brun. Our first demand was a Physician, the Professor as he was called, appeared. toute a l'heure; this was a comfort for the present: next day M:^{dmsl} H. seemed no better, her tonsils enlarged, & the throat highly inflamed; I recommended bleeding but the Profs.^r declined, & continued his solution of Cacia. We were confined to the house, & my troubles now accumulated, as my "dearest" now also fell sick; Saturday Evening I insisted on bleeding in M:^{dml} case, to which the Profs:^r consented, & a saigneur was sent for, who finding the veins of the arm & feet too deeply seated, tried very successfully Venesection of the hand; Sunday morning evident improvement had taken place, & we resolved to leave next morning; ordered our seats engaged in the diligence, but it was full: & for a coach we were asked 100 francs, this was too bad. In the evening my dear E and myself took a domestic

deplace & set off for the Commandants' office, When we arrived, our passport was deficient the Tuscan Consul's stamp, at Ferura; this was a terrible pickle, how was it to be remedied? if I could get the Gen:^l to vise' it, this contemptible tool would sign it; we went to the Gen:^{ls} quarters, but he was at a Cafe'. & we must go in search of him. after some time, we found him, but for some time were unable to inform him of our situation. it was however all arranged & sadly fatigued & vexed returned to the Hotel, having taken seats in another diligence which we accidently discovered was to leave at 5 next morning: promptly we were off from the city of Bologna so distinguished for its saussages & which we found worthy their reputation. The city is well built & handsomely located; the days ride across the appenines, was much more comfortable than we had anticipated; there being little scenery, the interior, which we had nearly all day to ourselves, was roomy & not so much exposed to the sun as the coupe, which was occupied by an Italian Count & lady; we passed through several towns, well built & densely populated; the peasant girls along the way, were all buisily plaiting straw, & seemed cheerful & happy: the Italians are much more industrious than I had expected to find them; we reached the gate of Florence about 9 O'Clk, our trunks were opened but not examined, passport examed & returned; (it was stamped on entering Tuscany on the ridge of the Appenines), we found rooms at the Hotel Isles Britanique, & were at length in

Florence.

3.rd Sept:^r

We had looked with much pleasure to this abode of the muses, & our first impressions were altogether favourable: earger [eager ?] to see its lions we took a voiture next morning & visited the cathedral: not withstanding the many we have seen, we found this curious & interesting; the floor of fine marble mozaic, exhibited many beautiful patterns; the stained windows & the imitation stained glass, very pretty: The choir under the dome, with its profusion of rich bass reliefs, & the high altar were very costly; a number of fine Chapels all ornamented with paintings; the sacristy in which Lorenzo de Medici

took refuge when his life was endangered &c &c. The exterior of this building is still more curious, it is encased in black & white marble, the large & principal dome is said to be the largest, as well as the first erected in the world 138 ft in diameter 133. in height; the campanile or bell tower as is very frequently the case in Italy is apart & separate from the duomo; it is a square tower of black & white marble 275 ft high: the baptistry is a circular building of the same material nearly opposite, remarkable chiefly for its bronze gates of Paradise. We next visited the Medician Chapel. originally built for the reception of the Holy Sepulcher, which was attempted to be stolen at Jerusalem to be brought to this place. Most beautiful specimens of marble of every description, line the interior walls of this grand mausoleum. Pophyra [prophyra ?] tombs & Sarcophagi to the illustrious dukes of the Medici family, & bronze statues of 2 or 3. of them. occupy appropriate niches. We looked through adjoining Chapels Enriched with sculpture & paintings & went next to the Studio of Powers. having a letter to him from Pelham, I was kindly welcomed, & shewn through. we saw a finished duplicate of his inimitable greek slave. it is the perfection of female loveliness. next to it stood his Eve, rather larger, but if possible Equally peerless. next was a bust of Prosephine. very sweet; in the same room, behind the curtain, stood the cast iron man, Jno. C. Calhoun. this is not yet finished but will be in about 3 months, it is intended for the city of Charleston the figuer is a little larger than nature, but will be a good likeness, in the left hand he holds up a scroll, on which will be inscribed at his suggestion "Truth, Justice & the Constitution", the right hand across the breast points to the scroll. he has underway a bust of Miss Hampton. & was about finishing a model of M:^{rs} Jn.^o Preston. Powers we found an exceedingly clever fellow. We next day visited the "Galleria Imperiale" said to be "the richest & most varied in the world" was very extensive, embracing paintings & Statuary of almost all ages: here we saw the Venus de Medici, the ancient's conception of a perfect form, there are parts of it. (the head & fingers) which allow of criticism Niobe, the copy of Laocoon & a great many others were worthy of great admiration: In the

vicinity of this building is a sculpture gallery of itself; arranged along the facade of the building (in the shape of the greek temple) are statues of Cosmo. Lorenzo. Dante. Petrarca. Michael Angelo. Leonardo de Vinci. Boccaccio. Machieavelli. Guicciardini. Americus Vespucci. & several others. In front of the Palazzo Vecchio or Ducal Palace, are an immense group, of "Hercules subduing Cacus, & near to it a "David" by MAngelo of Equally gigantic stature, at the N.E. corner in the great "Neptune fountain", Neptune is perhaps 15 feet in stature, with four sea horses & nymphs &c &c. to the S.E. is the "Loggia De[i] Lanzi" a large porch containing a quantity of statuary of huge dimensions "Ajax & Patroclus," "Hercules & the Centaur." "the Rape of the Sabine" &c. the Post Office occupies a side of the open square, we walked in the afternoon to the old church of "Santa Croce" on entering to the right are the tombs or monuments of Michael. Angelo. Dante. Alfieri & Machiaevelli opposite is that of Gallileo: here were men who had made Heaven, Earth, & Hell their monuments by their immortal writings, & were now reposing in close. proximity, or lending the glory of their name to the Hallowed sanctuary of Jehovah. This is called the Westminster of Italy. there is a tomb & bust to Caroline Buonaparte & others of her family, Next day we visited the Pitti palace its Exterior is rough & dark; within its magnificent halls are lined with one of the richest collection of paintings in the world: many of the master pieces of Michael Angelo. Raphael. Reubens. Rembrant. Titian Leonardo de Vinci. Van Dyk & host of others, here we saw Canova's Venus much celebrated but not without faults.

We drove next to the studio of [Pamploni ?] where were a number of fine pieces of sculpture, which we were very politely shewn; we now drove out of town to a commanding Eminence overlooking the city and the Surrounding Country: around, the mountain sides were dotted thick with villas & palaces, & the Val'd'arno, an almost continuous town, lost itself in the dim distant west; the Olive, the Vine, & the Fig yield abundantly & fruit & flowers of various discriptions overload the market places: the

Evening we took M.^{rs} Powers to Ride in the [Cachine' ?] the Hyde Park of Florence, a beautiful drive, returning, the streets were illuminated with hundreds of little paper lamps; the Children uniting in celebrating the Vigil of the annunciation. Leopold II is the present grand duke of Tuscany. We left on the Rail Road 43 miles to Pisa at 9 & arrived at 11; & went forthwith to the famous campanile or leaning tower, ascended it & had a fine view of the country around. we looked through Cathedral & Campo Santo, curious & richly built of various Marble &c. took dejune & left at 2¹/₂ for

Leghorn.

called by the french Livourne; parts

of it are well built, but it is the most detestible hole we have been in; Monks, Priests, turks Jews & Military throng the streets, but the native devils are worse than all: I do not suppose their equals are to be found, for villainy, in all the dominions of his Holiness or his satanic Majesty. Sunday we attended church in the English Church, heard a good sermon: the first I have heard since I have been on the continent. At 4 PM, we took a rowboat for the Stm.^r found a number of passengers, among them M.^r Turner our Scotch acquaintance of Venice. The evening was very rough, head winds, I was quite sick of course. We arrived at 7 OClk at Chiveta Vecchia [Civitavecchia]^{A.M.} & in consequence of the rigid health & police regulations we were not permitted to land until 10. this was most vexatious. I think it best to pass over in Silence, the thousand grievances & impositions Experienced within the last few days, it is enough to bring a judgement upon such despicable scoundrels. We were favoured with dusty seats in the rear of an old diligence & at 12 M. set off for the Eternal City, the road lay for 15 or 20 miles along the coast, the entire distance of about 45 miles is the most dessolate & dreary country I have ever seen: at 9 OClk we entered the walls at [Porta Covalleggeri ?] deposited our passport, & soon found lodgings & refreshments at the Hotel D'l'Europe, which after 36 hours abstinence from sea sickness &c, I enjoyed,

Rome.

The home of the Caesars; long the mistress of the world; where Virgil lived, where Caesar died; where Cicero charmed with the silvery tones of his eloquent tongue, the roman senate; where S^t: Paul Preached & taught the words of Eternal life & reasoned of righteousness temperance & judgement to come. Two thousand years ago Rome had attained her greatest glory, & ever since she has continued to occupy a high eminence & influence on the world our first visit was to the Pantheon, the temple of all the Gods, the best preserved of her ancient temples, a large circular building. with a heavy porch of granite columns & a massive bronze door: no windows: admitting the light from above, it is now devoted to the service of the only true & living god. In it is pointed out the stone which marks the last resting place of Raphael who died at the age of 37. having achieved immortal fame. We went next thro winding streets, to the pillar & forum of Trajan: this singular monument is covered in a continuous spiral tableau of bass relief, with battle scenes from the life of Trajan. the column is surmounted by a bronze statue of S^t: Peter: the floor of the forum is several feet (10 or 12) below the streets; broken granite pillars stand at frequent intervals: We threaded our way through narrow streets until at the South western Extremity of the city we came to the Campo Vac[c]ino: once the Roman forum. where the tragedy, of Caesar's death illustrates the fickleness of human greatness: where the desperation of Virginius, sacrificed a fathers devotion, to a love of Virtue: here is the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus & his sons Caracalla & Geta. quite near are the remains of the temple of Concord: the temple of Jupiter [tonaus ?] the Column of Phocus: & going south along what once was the via sacra, we pass., the reamins of the temple of Jupiter Stator: the temple of Antonius & faustina; Romulus, & Remus, the temple of Peace, called also the basilica of Constantine: the Arch of Titus; the temple of Venus; the Arch of Constantine; & we now are at the Colliseum. 16 hundred feet in circumference, capable of holding originally 100.thousand persons & devoted to the inhuman butchery of gladiatorial shows, & the fury of savage beasts; now the self denying monk lifts the cross, the emblem of peace on earth, in the midst of the

Arena of Vespasian's royal sport and barbarity. It is a cherished ruin, & frequent repairs have preserved its walls at the expense of its antique grandeur a little to the North West is the Extensive mass of ruins of the Palace of the Caesars: about half mile south are the immense ruins of the baths of Caracalla: the most extensive ruin we have seen & preserving still evidences of its magnificence; we rode further south to the Church of S^t: Sebastian; underneath which are the catacombs where repose the dust of Popes & martyrs of the middle ages; we wound thro. their damp. dark. narrow passages, which the feeble light of a wax candle rendered more ghastly & sepulchral: the Saint lies under an altar within a chapel of the Church: Still further on we stopped to look at the Hippodrome or Circus of Caracalla where were witnessed the Chariott races: near this is the grand tomb of Cecilia Metella; returning we passed over the scene of the rape of the Sabines, & near the tiber, the temple of Vesta: the temple of Fortune; going toward the Capitol we stepped aside through a filthy little street, to look at the Tarpean [Tarpeian] rock, now built upon & crowded by mean little huts, it has little trace of its former importance. The Capitol has a commanding position, but the building nothing of grandeur. The galleries of sculpture & paintings have many specimens of first artists. The heads of the Emperors & the "Gladiator" among the former are particularly remarkable. The paintings are chiefly by Tintoretto, Guido, Claude, Corregio [Correggio], Domenichino, &c. The great feature of modern Rome is S^t: Peters, this master piece of Architecture is the produce of the brain of that Godlike genius Michaelo Angelo. Externally its circular collonade of pillars arranged in fours, its beautiful fountains & obelisk, its hundreds of statues surmounting the collonade, its grand & massive dome rising majestically above & crowning the magnificent Ediface make it altogether the grandest building in the world: but its External symmetry & grandeur is far surpassed, by its magnificent & stupendous grandeur & elegance within: lined with rich & beautiful marble walls, enriched & adorned with superb statues & figuers; tombs & Statues of Popes; Chapels of Exquisite finish and enormous value: ceilings of frescos and mozaics by the best artist & first

masters, marble floors: massive bronze doors, brought from Solomons temple at Jerusalem, & innumerable ornaments of great value, such as paintings, bronze, & marble, constitute a part of the most striking features. Beneath the great bronze Baldachin in the center under the dome, (they say) rest the last remains of Saints Peter & Paul: the Chapel behind the high altar is said to Contain the Chair of S^t. Peter, supported by four immense bronze figures: other sacred relics such as the spear that pierced the Saviour, the Keys of S^t. Peter &c, are pretended to be Kept here. The interior has a remarkably clean and comfortable appearance, & the atmosphere which is said to be always of the same temperature, is delightfully pleasant. His Holiness alone, officiates at the high altar. Quite near by, is the Vatican, the regal residence of his Holiness. The regal apartments are fitted up with great splendor; & hung with fine paintings: suits of apartments appropriated to different purposes & furnished with thrones, (upon one of which I was profane enough to take a seat) The great wealth of the Vatican consists in its master pieces of painting, and its antique Chefs d'oeuvres of sculpture. The former tho not numerous, are the first in the world. Raffael's "transfiguration" regarded the first in Existence: in the same room, a painting by Dominichino of "S^t. Ambrose administering the host to S^t. Jerome", the second; several others by Raphael. Among the statuary which is the most [extensive ?] gallery in the world, is, the celebrated "Apollo belvidere", & the "Laocoon": there are copies of the antique by Canova of a "Perseus with the head of Medusa", & two boxers: one large room is appropriated to animals in marble, many of which are exceedingly beautiful; Superb Vases, Columns, & baths of beautifully Varigated marble; Egyptian sculpture & antiquities; frescoed ceilings &c. The library is one of the best in Europe & fills many rooms & galleries, indeed the stairs, galleries, rooms &c of the Vatican is said to measure 1 mile & a half in length: the gardens, are on a scale corresponding to the furniture of the interior: fountains of every variety & discription, plants from all Parts of the Earth statuary tastefully arranged &c: S^t. Peters is situated in the Western part of the city & fronts East. In the South East on the Esquiline

is the superb Church of S^t: Johns Lateran tho much smaller than S^t: Peters is yet a magnificent Church, ornamented with mozaics, paintings, frescoes, Statuary &c in great richness & profusion. The Statues in Carara marble of the 12 apostles are remarkably executed; the baptistry & some of the private Chapels are exceedingly beautiful: The architecture of the facade is in my opinion more Elegant than S^t: Peters. Its situation is fine, commanding an unobstructed view of the Appenines, the Sabine hills, Tivoli &c. near it is Sancta Scala, a little church so called from the marble steps, which were brought from Constantinople by Helen, mother of Constantine: these sacred stairs are still ascended on the Knees by the worshippers: Not far to the north on the [Abrutine ?] is S^t: Maria Maggiore another fine old Church dedicated to the Virgin, the interior differs from most others we have seen, by the long rows of marble columns which separate the center from the side ailes; the gilded ceiling which was the gift of Charles V, & of Peruvian gold, is said to be the richest in the world: the baldachin of Porphyry columns & vert antique Canopy, are the same that were originally in the temple of Jupiter & are very valuable, beneath this, (it is said) reposed the last earthly remains of S^t: Matthew the Evangelist. The Extensive buildings Known as the Popes Palace, stands on the Quirinal or Monte Cavallo, so called from the fine antique statues of two immense horses, lead by their grooms, all of which surrounding an Egyptian Obelisk adorn the fine gushing fountain of pure water, pouring into an immense basin of one solid piece of granite; these Extensive apartments are occupied by Cardinals priests &c, & guarded by "the swiss guard", a part of which also guard the Vatican; they wear a curious dress of yellow, red, & black striped pants, a black hat with a red ostrich feather, a broad buckskin strap across the front, supporting a saber, & an antique spear or javelin in their hand. Whilst we stood in our Voiture near the fountain, contemplating the statues, the Palace, the guards &c. a regiment of french troops passed by, and we noticed for the first time the Vivandiere marching near the band of music, dressed in costume, & apparently quite delighted with the attention she attracted: Our afternoon we rode out to the Villa Borghese, one of the

most Elegant Palaces about Rome. Its fine park had suffered Exceedingly, more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of the fine large trees having been cut down during the revolution. This palace has a fine collection of antique figures & some good modern figures & groups, several fine paintings, rich vases &c. the house seems not to have been injured tho the grounds & very much out of repair. the family have furnished two popes & a cardinal & have for centuries had great wealth & influence. the first wife of the present proprietor was a daughter of lord Shrewsbury of England, as was also the wife of one of the Doria family, another of the wealthiest families about Rome: The old Roman walls altho nothing but brick, stone & tyle, were to me invested with great interest, from their antiquity, and the scenes of blood & valour they have witnessed. We rode thro the porta popolo in returning & stopped a few minutes in the fine open "piazza del popolo", with its high obelisk, & numerous fountains & Statues, & diverging streets; & thence drove up on the Pincio, another memorial of Napoleon, who no doubt sought to identify himself with the city of the Caesars; from this fine drive & promenade, a commanding view is had of the city, with its many domes; S^t. Peters in the west & the Vatican, stand out in bold relief against the Vermillion sky, glowing with the last rays of the setting sun; the sea to the S.W. & the Amphitheatre of mountains, to the East & S. East, are enveloped in azure & purple, and all around is enchantment; Statues standing forth with graceful drapery, seem the living forms of those they represent, and the bold outline of this grand old city commands the admiration & fixes itself in the mind of the beholder. Rome is abundantly blessed with that great necessary of life good water, and its magnificent fountains refresh the senses every where, with their delightful & never ceasing prattle.

In merchandise of cameos & mosaics, is an important element of its trafic, the Via Condotti is occupied chiefly with artificers of these trinkets, the Corso is the chief street for shops & promenades, there are few other streets sufficiently clean or lengthy for a comfortable promenade: the tiber is a narrow sluggish filthy & bilious looking stream, &

is as yellow as it was in Horace's day. The Hotel de L'Europe we found excellent, some of the dishes were strange to us. cock's combs for instance: The spirit of hostility to the Pope has by no means subsided, among the people & fresh outbreaks may be reasonably expected sooner or later after his return: The damage to the city during the revolution & subsequent siege, has not been serious. Several houses both within and without the walls were torn down, but they were not of much value. The Romans of Both sexes are generally remarkably good looking, and it is said that no where are good looks more valued. I may say without harshly judging them that the Italians generally are the most heartless, incomparably the most unconscionable villains, I have ever met with, In no single instance have I ever seen an act Savouring of the least generosity, & in every instance were they most exacting: Efforts for Political freedom always challenge the Sympathy of the free, but central Italy is worthy of all the tyranny the Pope can Exercise over them: They never can be free: they are incapable to enjoy or maintain a free government

16th: Sep^r.

We left Rome in the diligence on Sunday Evening for Chivita Vecchia where our guide had told us we would meet the Steamers for Marsailles: but to our disappointment & regret, after travelling nearly all night we found that the boat would not arrive until next day. Here was a day stolen from Rome & lost at this detestable little seaport. Tuesday, the 18th: we went on board the Lombardo & set off for Leghorn. the sea was rough but not so bad as on our rout toward Rome. The approach to the town next morning was pretty, we remained in port until 5 P.M. & again set off, (without having gone ashore) for Genoa. the sea this night was calm & the wind favourable The mountain coast of azure & purple the brilliant sunset & the crescent moon were a combination of most agreeable objects. About three next morning we were quietly & safely at rest in Port. Genoa is situated along the curving shore at the foot of the mountains. its Port almost enclosed

within its circular embrace. The Amount of Shipping, arranged in rows, & streets or canals between, surprised me there are no wharves, and the harbour altho large was about half full of ships. The Captain informed us about 8 oclck that, he would prefer to remain a day in port to this we protested & went ashore to the bureau, but it was all arranged & we might as well submit quietly: the Captains family lived here, & he had resolved upon staying, long ago. We, (a young English gentⁿ & myself) returned to the ship & brought the ladies ashore. A permit to enter the gates of the City was required & procured, & we found lodgings & a breakfast at "Croce de Malta". I walked through some of the very narrow streets & entered one or two churches, Next day we took a domestic and visited a private Palace, where there were a number of paintings, & the royal palace where were also paintings & statuary but nothing very remarkable. The late King Charles Albert was in the habit of spending the month of November here, he lived chiefly at Turin where he is soon to be buried. After the battle of Navarre in which he was discomfitted by Marshal Radetski he retreated to Spain having abdicated to his son Victor Emanuel. My guide says his Gen.^l accepted a bribe from Radetski & surrendered the army into his hands. Charles Albert died at Oporto soon after: his son is about 28 has 5 children, is not popular with his subjects: We also visited the Church of the Annunciation. The fresco's & gilding of the ceiling are comparatively new, and are the richest I have ever seen. the front of the church is Doric, with white fluted marble columns, the little Church of S^t: Matthew was celebrating the festival of the Saint, and was crowded, the archbishop was present with his mitre & crook: The singing was very theatrical but very good. The Cathedral was in deep mourning for the late King.

The main street of this city is elegantly built, indeed the entire city is built on a scale of magnificence, which indicates the presence of great wealth, the streets generally are about 10 to 12 feet wide, the houses four or five stories high & consequently show to poor advantage: but the narrow streets are very cool & very clean & always thronged. A

remarkably fine promenade is constructed along on the top of a very long row of buildings, which answers the triple purpose of a city wall a range of shops and a public walk or promenade. A sunset view of the harbours & mountains of Genoa & the sea was glorious: About 12 o'clk our English friend M^r: Dawson called to inform us that he had concluded to go via Turin in consequence of the rumours of cholera at Marsailles but hoped we would not be alarmed. We went on board at 1 O'clk & found that most of our fellow passengers, had stopped at Genoa many of them being Sicilian refugees & a few said to be of Geribaldi's troops: The sailors too were becoming alarmed & refusing to go to Marsailles. The Captain sent one fellow ashore, & immediately put to sea. The water was very rough & the Boat shrieked as if agonising in the storm. We had both saloons entirely to ourselves, but soon the stools & tables & chairs & crockery began to rejoice in the absence of intruders, & led off in a regular sailors hornpipe, with heel & toe: the waves too peeped in to see the fun. The lamp went out in disgust, it was a terrible night, we had frequently to change our lodgings, & were at times dislodged without much effort on our part. the gale continued until we entered the port of Marsailles. the southern shore of France was a bleak & barren grey range of rough & rugged cliffs, but apparently inhabited thickly. there were a great many ships & black looking steamboats in the harbour of Marsailles. We steered in among them & there remained for about two hours waiting for our passports which the Captain had delivered to the police, this was a fair challenge to the cholera and was casting defiance in its teeth, for the barracks & the neighbouring parts of the city had been severely scourged. Having at length got possession of our passport, we embarked in a small boat for the custom house whither our trunks had preceeded us, they were opened and slightly examined & we found breakfast at Hotel Paradise (Purgatory would have been more appropriate.) We almost steeped orselves in Camphor, particularly when a procession with three coffins passed our window. At six O'Clk we took our seats in the diligence & were drawn to the Rail Road Station, where the horses being detached we were mounted on a Car (without being

displaced) instead of the running gear of the diligence & set off for Avignon having the interior entirely to ourselves. Here we again changed, from the Steam to horse power & travelled at the rate of 8 miles an hour changing horses every hour.

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