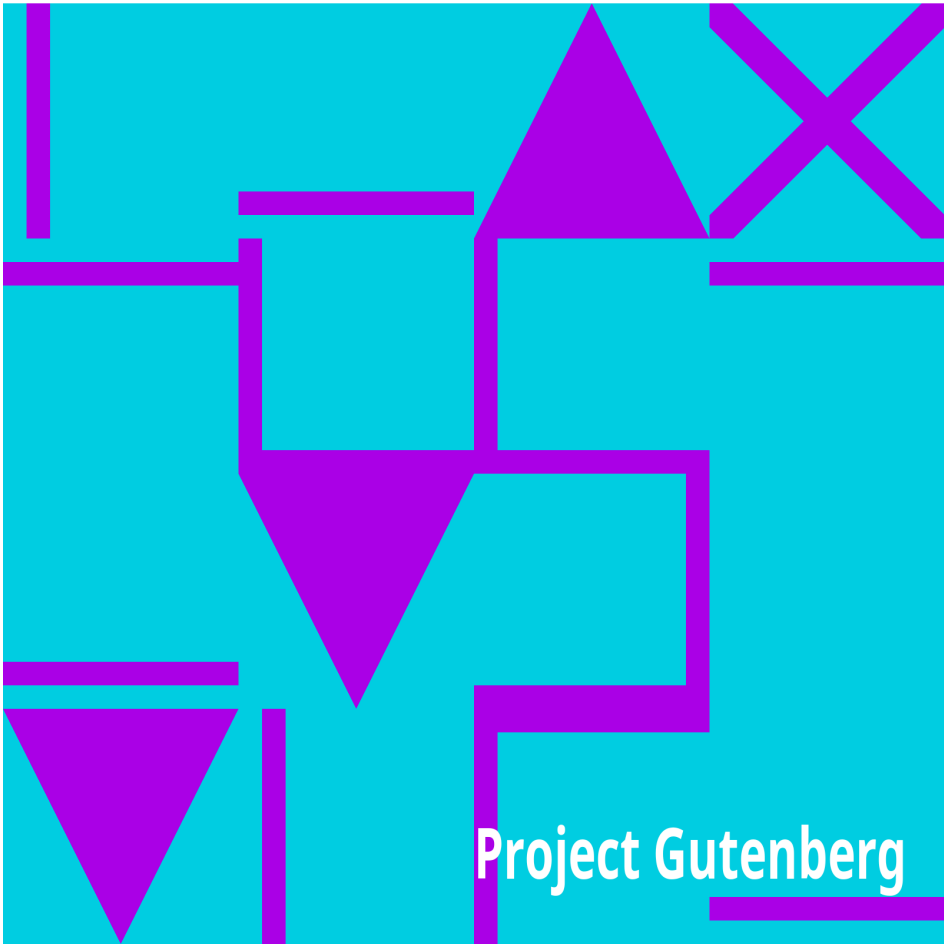
Travellers' Stories

Eliza Lee Cabot Follen



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TRAVELLERS' STORIES

BY

MRS. FOLLEN

Illustrated with Engravings.

TRAVELLERS' STORIES

It is the pleasant twilight hour, and Frank and Harry Chilton are in their accustomed seat by their mother's side in the old sofa, that same comfortable old sofa, which might have listened to many pleasant and interesting stories that will never be told.

Mother, said Frank, you have often promised us that some time you would tell us about your travels in Europe. This is a good stormy evening, and no one will come in to interrupt you; so please, dear Mother, tell us all you can remember.

It is now, boys, five years since my return from Europe. Much that I did and saw while there I forget. However, as I have been lately looking over my hasty journal, I will see what I can remember.

On the first of August I set sail in the steamer Caledonia for England. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we were out of sight of land; one by one, we had taken leave of every object which could be seen from the departing vessel; and now nothing was visible to us but the sky, the ocean meeting it in its wide, unbroken circle the sun gradually sinking in the west, and our small but only house, the ship. How strange, how sublime the scene was! so lonely, so magnificent, so solemn! At last the sun set, gilding the clouds, and looking, to my tearful eyes, as if that too said farewell! Then the moon appeared; and the long, indefinite line of light from where her rays first touched the waters to our ship, and the dancing of the waves as they crossed it, catching the light as they passed, were so beautiful that I was unwilling to leave the deck when the hour for rest arrived.

The wind was against us, and we did not get on very fast; but I enjoyed the novel scene the next day, and passed all my time on deck, watching the sailors and the passengers, and noticing the difference between Englishmen and Americans.

On Sunday it was very cold, and the wind, still contrary, rose higher and higher; it was impossible to set any sail, but I still kept on deck, and thus avoided sickness. Soon after breakfast I saw a white foam rising in different places occasionally, and was told that it was whales spouting; I saw a great number, and enjoyed it highly. Presently some one called out, "An iceberg!" and, far off against the sky, I saw this floating wonder. It was very beautiful; such a dazzling white, so calm and majestic, and so lonely; it was shaped, as I thought, like an old cathedral, but others thought like a sleeping lion, taking what I called the ruined tower for his head and mane.

Soon after this, the man on the lookout cried, "Steamship America;" and in a few moments more we saw her coming swiftly towards us with her sails all set, for the wind was fair for her. Captain Leitch then told me that he should stop his vessel and send a boat on board, and that he would send a letter by it if I would write one quickly; to others he said the same thing. In a moment the deck was cleared, and in a few more moments all had returned with their letters; and never was there a more beautiful sight than these two fine steamers manoeuvring to stop at a respectful distance from each other; then our little boat was lowered, and O, how pretty it was to see her dancing over the rough waves to the other steamer! We sent to the America the sad news of the loss of the Kestrel. After what seemed to us a long time, the boat returned and brought papers, &c., but no important news; and in a few moments the two steamers courtesied to each other, and each went on her way.

After six days, the waves had risen to a terrible height; the wind was all but a gale; the ocean, as far as one could see, was one roaring foam; one after another the angry billows rose to the height of twenty or thirty

feet, and rolled on, curling over their green sides, and then broke with a voice of thunder against our vessel.

I crawled out of the cabin, assisted by two gentlemen, and from the lower deck saw the sublime commotion over the bulwarks, when the ship rolled over on the side where I was sitting. The sea broke over our vessel repeatedly; it went over the top of the smoke pipe, and struck the fore-topsail in the middle but did, not hurt either of them. The fourth officer was washed out of his berth by a sea when he was asleep. One of the paddles broke, but in a very short time was replaced. One of the wheels was often entirely out of water, but no harm was done us by any of these disasters; and on we went safe through the troubled waters.

At night, when we were planning how we should secure ourselves from rolling about the cabin, there came a sudden lurch of the ship, and every thing movable was sent SLAM BANG on one side of the cabin; and such a crash of crockery in the pantry! A few minutes after came a sound as if we had struck a rock. "What is that?" I asked of the stewardess.

"Only a sea, ma'am," she replied. In my heart I hoped we should not have another such box on the ear.

We had a horrid night, but the next day it grew quieter, though it was still rough, and the wind ahead. Soon after, it grew fair, and the captain promised us that on Monday, before twelve o'clock, we should see Ireland; and sure enough it was so. I was on deck again just at twelve; the sun came out of the clouds, and the mate took an observation.

"That is worth five pounds," said he; "now I know just where we are."

Then the captain went up on the wheel-box, and we heard the welcome sound, "Tory Island." We were then greatly rejoiced; this was the twelfth day of our voyage. At night, for one hour, the wind blew a gale, and the ship rocked in a very disagreeable manner; but at six

o'clock on Tuesday morning we were on deck, and there was the beautiful Welsh coast, and Snowdon just taking off his night-cap; and soon we saw "England, that precious stone set in a silver sea."

Next to the thought of friends whom we had parted from for so long a time, my mind during the voyage was occupied with the idea of Columbus. When I looked upon the rude, boundless ocean, and remembered that when he set out with his little vessel to go to a land that no one knew any thing of, not even that there was such a land, he was guided altogether by his faith in its existence; that he had no sympathy, but only opposition; that he had no charts, nothing but the compass, that sure but mysterious guide,—the thought of his sublime courage, of his patient faith, was so present to my mind, that it seemed as if I was actually sometimes in his presence.

The other idea was the wonderful skill displayed in the construction of the small, but wonderfully powerful and beautifully arranged and safe home, in which we were moving on this immense and turbid ocean, carrying within her the great central fire by which the engine was moved, which, in spite of winds and waves, carried us safely along; then the science which enabled the master of this curious nutshell of man's contriving to know just in what part of this waste of trackless waters we were. All these things I knew before, and had often thought of them, but was never so impressed with them; it was almost as if they were new to me.

Before I quit the ocean, I must tell you of what I saw for which I cannot account, and, had not one of the gentlemen seen it too, I should almost have doubted my senses. When we were entirely out of sight of land, I saw a white butterfly hovering over the waves, and looking as if he were at home. Where the beautiful creature came from, or how he lived, or what would become of him, no one could tell. He seemed to me to be there as a symbol and a declaration that the souls of those whose bodies lay in the ocean were yet living and present with those they had loved.

When we arrived at Liverpool, we found a very dear friend, whom we had known in America, on the wharf ready to receive us. He took us to his house, and we felt that we were not, after all, in a strange land. Love and kindness are the home of all souls, and show us what heaven must be.

The thing that impressed me most was the dim light of the English day, the soft, undefined shadows, compared with our brilliant sunshine and sharply defined shade—then the coloring of the houses, the streets, the ground, of every thing; no bright colors, all sober, some very dark,—the idea of age, gravity, and stability. Nobody seems in a hurry. Our country seems so young and vehement; this so grave and collected!

Now I will tell you something about my visit to my dear friend Harriet Martineau, whose beautiful little books, "Feats on the Fiord," "The Crofton Boys," and the others, you love so much to read. She lives at Ambleside, in what is called the Lake Country. Ambleside is a beautiful country town in the valley of the Rotha, and not far from Lake Windermere. Around the town rise high hills, which perhaps may be called mountains. These mountains are not, like many of ours, clothed to the summit with thick wild forests, but have fewer trees, and are often bare at the summit. The mixture of gray rock and green grass forms such a beautiful coloring over their graceful and sometimes grotesque outline that you would not have them other than they are.

The Ambleside houses are of dark-gray stone, and almost all of them have ivy and flowers about them. One small house, the oldest in the village, was several hundred years old; and out of all the crevices between the stones hung harebells and other wild flowers; one side of it and much of the roof were covered with ivy. This house was only about ten feet square, and it looked to me like a great rustic flower pot.

I should like some time to read you a description of this lovely place, written by Miss Martineau herself. Then you will almost hear the murmuring sound of the Brathay and the Rotha, and breathe the

perfume of the wild heather, and catch the freshness of the morning breeze, as she offers you these mountain luxuries in her glowing words.

Miss Martineau lives a little out of the village. You drive up to the house through a shrubbery of laurels, and roses, and fuschias, and other plants,—young trees and flowers,—to the beautiful little porch, covered with honeysuckles and creeping plants. The back of the house is turned to the road, and the front looks out over the loveliest green meadows, to the grand, quiet hills, sometimes clear and sharp in their outline against the blue sky, and at others wreathed with mist; and one might sit for hours at the large bay window in the parlor, watching these changes, and asking no other enjoyment.

It was also a great pleasure to witness the true and happy life of my friend. I saw there the highest ideas of duty, usefulness, and benevolence carried into daily practice. Miss Martineau took us one morning to see the poet Wordsworth. He lived in a low, old-fashioned stone house, surrounded by laurels, and roses, and fuschias, and other flowers and flowering shrubs. The porch is all covered with ivy. We found the venerable man in his low, dark parlor. He very kindly showed us his study, and then took us over his grounds.

When we took our leave, I asked him to give each of us a leaf from a fine laurel tree near him; this he did very kindly, and smiled as kindly at my effort at a compliment, in saying to him something about one who had received so many laurels having some to spare to others. I thanked him for his goodness in giving me so much of his time, and bade the venerable man good by, very much pleased with my visit, and very grateful to the kind friend who had introduced me to him, and insured me a welcome. I shall never forget that day.

Ambleside is a very fashionable place for travellers to visit in the summer months, and we saw there many distinguished and agreeable people.

I had a conversation with an intelligent lad of fourteen years of age, which impressed me very much. He was talking with me about our country, and finding faults with it of various kinds. While I could, I defended it. He thought our revolution was only a rebellion. I told him that all revolutions were only successful rebellions, and that we bore with the tyranny of his country as long as we could. "I don't like the Americans," said he; he blushed as he thought of the discourtesy of saying this to me, and then added, "they are so inconsistent; they call themselves republicans, and then hold slaves, and that is so wicked and absurd." He went on to say all he thought and felt about the wickedness of slavery. I heard him to the end, and then said, "There is nothing you have said upon that subject that I do not agree to entirely. You cannot say too much against slavery; but I call myself an abolitionist, and while I live, I mean to say and do all I can against it. There are many people in America, also, who feel as I do, and we hope to see it abolished."

While we were in Westmoreland, we made an excursion of four days among the beautiful lakes. Miss Martineau was our guide and companion. She knows the name of every mountain, every lake, every glen and dale, every stream and tarn, and her guidance lent a new charm to the scenes of grandeur and beauty through which she conducted us.

We took a vehicle which the people call a jaunting car; it is a square open carriage with two side seats and a door behind; and is drawn by one horse. Two easy steps and a door easily opened let you in and out when you please. The car holds four persons. The driver has a seat in front, and under it he tied our carpet bag.

Never did four souls enjoy themselves more than we on this little excursion. I could not give you an adequate idea of what we saw, or of the pleasure we took. Think of coming down from one of these beautiful hills into Eskdale, or Ennesdale, of walking four miles on the banks of Ullswater, of looking with your living eyes on Derwent Water, Grassmere, Windermere, and many other lovely spots of which you have

seen pictures and read descriptions; and of being one in the pleasantest party in the world, as you think, stopping where, and when, and as long as any one pleases.

It was on this journey that I first saw a real ruin. The ruins of Calder Abbey I had never heard of; but the impression it made upon me I can never forget; partly, perhaps, that it was the first ruin upon which I ever gazed. One row of the pillars of the great aisle remains standing. The answering row is gone. Two tall arches of the body of the main building remain also, and different pieces of the walls. It is of sandstone; the clusters of columns in the aisle look as if they were almost held together by the ivy and honeysuckles that wave around their mouldering capitals with every motion of the wind. In every crevice, the harebell, the foxglove, and innumerable other flowers peep forth, and swing in the wind. On the tops of the arches and walls large flowering shrubs are growing; on the highest is a small tree, and within the walls are oak trees more than a century old. The abbey was built seven hundred years ago; and the ruins that are now standing look as if they might stand many centuries longer. The owner of the place has made all smooth and nice around it, so that you may imagine the floor of the church to look like green velvet. It seems as if the ivy and the flowers were caressing and supporting the abbey in its beautiful old age.

As I walked under the arches and upon the soft green turf, that so many years ago had been a cold rough stone pavement, trodden by beings like myself; and felt the flowers and vines hanging from the mouldering capitals touch my face; and saw, in the place where was once a confessional, an oak tree that had taken centuries to grow, and whose top branches mingled with the smiling crest of flowers that crowned the tops of the highest arches,—the thought of the littleness and the greatness of man, and the everlasting beauty of the works of the Creator, almost overwhelmed me; and I felt that, after all, I was not in a decaying, ruined temple, but in an everlasting church, that would grow green and more beautiful and perfect as time passes on.

There is a fine old park around these lovely ruins; and, not far off, a beautiful stream of water, with a curious bridge over it. The old monks well knew how to choose beautiful places to live in. All harmonizes, except—I grieve to tell of it—a shocking modern house, very near, very ugly, and, I suppose, ridiculously elegant and comfortable inside. From this hideosity you must resolutely turn away; and then you may say, as I did, that your mortal eyes have never rested on any thing so lovely as the ruins of Calder Abbey.

Sometimes Miss Martineau would tell us some pretty legend, or some good story.

This was one of the legends: Near the borders of the Ullswater is the beautiful Ara Force, one of the most lovely falls I have seen in England. One may stand below, and look up at the rushing stream, or above, on the top of the fall. Here, long ago, in the time of the crusades, stood a pair of lovers; and here grows an old oak which was their trysting tree. The lady was of noble birth, and lived in a castle near by; and her true knight used to come at the still hour of evening to meet her at the Ara Force.

At length the lover was called away to the Holy Land. As he left his lady, he vowed to be her true knight, and to return and wed her. Many long days passed away, and the lady waited in vain for her true knight. Though she heard often from others of his chivalrous deeds in the East, yet no word came from him to tell her he was faithful; and she began to fear that he was no longer true to her, but was serving some other lady. Despair at last came upon her; and she grew wan and pale, and slept no longer soundly: But, when the world was at rest, she would rise in her sleep, and wander to the trysting tree, and pluck off the green oak leaves, and throw them into the foaming water.

The knight was all this time faithful, but was not able to send word to his lady love. At last, he returned to England, and hastened towards the castle where she lived.

It was late at night when he came to the Ara Force; and he sat him down under the trysting tree to wait for the morning. When he had been there a long time, he saw a figure approach, all in white, and pluck off the oak leaves, and fling them into the stream. Angry to see the sacred tree thus injured, he rose to prevent it. The figure started and awoke. In a moment he knew his beloved lady. She was now on the frail bridge. The sudden shock, and the roar of the Force below, had made her giddy. He leaped forward to embrace and save her. Alas! too late. Her foot slipped, and she fell. It was all over. The water tumbling far down into the rocky chasm beneath told the story of death.

The knight was inconsolable. He retired from the world forever, and built a monastery near by, on the borders of the lake, where he died.

The frail bridge is now gone, and a strong plank, with a railing, supplies its place. But the water still roars down the rock as on the fatal night; and the foam and spray look as if the white garments of the fair lady were still fluttering over the deep below.

From Ambleside I went with some friends to visit Dr. Nichol at Glasgow. We took coach first, and then the railroad. For the sake of economy we took a second class carriage. The second class carriages, on the English railroad, are, in fact, boxes with small holes for windows, from which you may, if you are not very short, see something of the world you are flying through, but not much. Good, honest, hard boards are on the floor, sides, tops, and seats; in short, all around you. The backs are not slanted at all. You must sit bolt upright, or not sit at all. Now and then, these vehicles have a thin leather on the seats—not often.

Nothing can be more luxurious than a first class carriage. The floors are nicely carpeted, the seats and backs are all stuffed; each seat is a very nice easy chair. You can sleep in them almost as well as in a bed; but these carriages are very expensive; and on this account many of the gentry take those of the second class, hard as they are.

We arrived at Glasgow at eight o'clock in the evening, and were unfortunate enough to have a driver to the vehicle we took, who did not know where the Observatory was. We knew that it was three miles from the city, and not much more. We were advised by a gentleman, who was in the same railroad box with us, to take a noddy, or a minibus, to the Observatory. What these things were, of course, we could only guess, and we did not care much, so we could only get out of our wooden box. We came to the conclusion that we could sympathize tolerably well with poor Box Brown.

We, as we had been advised, took a noddy. A minibus is only a small omnibus. A noddy is a contrivance that holds four, and has a door at the end, and only one horse,—very like a Yankee cab.

Glasgow, as every one knows, is one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the world. Before we arrived, we were astonished at the great fires from the iron works in the environs; and, as the streets were well lighted, our eyes were dazzled and delighted with the whole scene, and we were so pleased with the comfort of our noddy, that we did not at first feel troubled at the fact that neither our driver nor we knew where Dr. Nichol's house was. Presently we found ourselves left in the middle of the street, and saw our noddy man, in a shop as bright as day, poring over a directory. All he could learn was what we had already told him, and so on he went, not knowing whether right or wrong, giving us a fine opportunity of seeing the city in the evening. At last, he came to the bridge over the Clyde, and there the tollman directed us to the Observatory.

After a long drive, evidently over not a very good road, the driver stopped, and told us that here was Dr. Nichol's house. He began to take off our luggage. We insisted upon his inquiring, first, if that was Dr. Nichol's. He took off our trunk, and would have us go in; we resisted; and after a while he rang the bell, and the answer was, "Dr. Nichol lives

in the next house." Still higher we had to climb, and at last stopped at the veritable Observatory, where our friend, who was expecting us, lived. Nothing could exceed the hospitality with which we were received.

Early, one misty, smoky morning, I embarked in one of the famous little Clyde steamers, and set out on a Highland tour. I had heard of old Scotia's barren hills, clothed with the purple heather and the yellow gorse, of her deep glens, of her romantic streams; but the reality went far beyond the description, or my imagination. The hills are all bare of trees, but their outline is very beautiful and infinitely varied. Picture to yourself a ridge of hills or mountains all purple with the heather, relieved with the silver-gray of the rocks and with patches of the bright yellow gorse, and all this harmony of color reflected in the green sea water which runs winding far in among the hills. As the light changes, these colors are either brought out more strongly, or mingle into one soft lilac color, or sometimes a sort of purple-gray. Your eye is enchanted, and never weary of looking and admiring. I would not have any trees on the Scotch hills; I would not have them other than they are. If I were dying I could look at them with joy; they are lovely beyond words to tell.

I was on all the most celebrated and beautiful lakes. I was rowed in an open boat, by two Highland youths, from one end of Loch Katrine to the other, and through those beautiful, high, heathery, rocky banks at one end of the lake, called the Trosachs. These exquisite rocks are adorned, and every crevice fringed and festooned with harebells, heather, gorse, and here and there beautiful evergreen trees. We passed by "Ellen's Isle," as it is called, the most exquisite little island ever formed, a perfect oval, and all covered with the purple heather, the golden gorse, and all sorts of flowers and exquisitely beautiful trees. O, what a little paradise it is! A number of little row-boats, with fine-looking Highland rowers and gay companies of ladies and gentlemen, were visiting the island as we passed. They show the oak tree to which they say Ellen fastened her boat. It was beautiful to see the glancing of the sunlight on the oars of these boats, and the bright colors of the shawls and bonnets of the ladies

in them, and to witness this homage to nature and genius which they were paying in their visit to Ellen's Isle. I was glad to join them, and do reverence too. The heather is usually not more than two feet high,—sometimes higher, but often shorter; but on Ellen's Isle it grows to the height of four and five feet.

Just before we came to Oban, we passed the estate of Lord Heigh, where we heard the following story. The origin of his name and rank is this: When King Kenneth ruled in Scotland, he was beaten in a great battle by the Danes, and his army scattered among the hills, while the enemy was marching home in triumph. A man in the Scottish army said that he knew a pass through which the victor must go, where one man might stop a thousand, and offered himself and his two sons to defend it. He came to the pass armed only with an ox-yoke, but made such use of his weapon that the Danes were kept at bay, till the Scots rallied and cut them to pieces. When Kenneth reached the pass, he found his brave subject lying in truth quite exhausted. He raised him up, and inquired his name; the fainting man could only gasp, "Heigh-ho, heigh!" From that moment he was called the Lord of Heigh, and the king gave him as much land as an eagle could fly over without alighting. The family arms are an eagle on the wing over an ox-yoke.

At Edinburgh, I went to see the Regalia, which are kept in a small room in the castle, in which they were found after being buried there for more than a century. It is a small room, not more than twelve feet square. On one side is the iron chest in which the Regalia were found; and in the middle of the room is a marble table, entirely white, surrounded by an iron grating, on which is the crown which Robert Bruce had made for himself, the sword of James the First, the signet ring of Charles the First, and other jewels that had belonged to some of the Scottish kings. Around these and the other insignia of their former royalty the lamps are always burning. This is an altar sacred to Auld Lang Syne.

I arrived in York at half past two o'clock at night. All was dark in the city, save the lights in the large station, where we were let out of our boxes with our luggage. We had contrived occasionally to lie down on the hard wooden seats, resting our heads on our carpet bags, and, by a little entreaty, had secured a box to ourselves, so that we were not quite so weary as we might have been, and were in good spirits for what was before us, which was to hunt up a lodging place for the remainder of the night, for all the inns were closed.

After a while, we got a porter to take the luggage. After some hard knocking we roused an innkeeper, and by three o'clock we were all in as good beds as mortals could desire.

At nine o'clock we breakfasted, and at ten my delighted eyes rested on the real, living York Minster; the dream of my youth was realized, and I stood in its majestic presence. I entered; the service had just begun; the organ was playing, they were chanting. You could not tell from whence the music came. It was every where; it enters your soul like a beautiful poetic thought, and you know not what possesses you. Only your whole soul is full of worship, peace, and joy. I could hardly keep from falling on my knees. Look at the fine engravings, and study it all out as well as you can; still you can form no adequate idea of the effect of those endless arches, of the exquisite carving in stone, of the flowers, strange figures, and in short every wild, every grotesque thing that you can or cannot imagine. Well has it been called a great poem in stone,—such grace, such aspiration, such power, such harmony. O, it was worth crossing the Atlantic, that first impression.

After the service, I took a guide and went all over this miracle of beauty and genius, and read the inscriptions and saw the curiosities.

During my second stay in Liverpool, my friend took me to Chester, that wonderful old city, just on the borders of Wales. If you can imagine the front rooms of the second story of a row of houses taken out, and in their place a floor put over the lower story and a ceiling under the upper

story, and shops in the back rooms, you will form some idea of Chester. All the streets, nearly, are made in this way. The carts and horses go in the narrow streets between the houses, but foot passengers walk in this curious sort of piazzas, put into the houses instead of being added to them. The most elegant shops are here in these back rooms, and you walk for whole long streets under cover, with the dwellings of the inhabitants over your heads and under your feet. Often the upper story shelves over the third, so that you almost wonder why the house does not tumble over.

A friend, whom I had never seen, did me the honor to invite me to her hospitable mansion in Manchester. It was indeed a great privilege to be allowed to make a part of the family circle, and sit with them by their fireside, and be made to feel at home so far from one's native land; and this I experienced all the time I was in England.

I was prepared for the appearance of Manchester. So I was not astonished at the number of tall chimneys, nor at the quantity of smoke that issued from them. And I could quite enter into the feelings of the friend who told me that nothing was more melancholy than to see a clear atmosphere over the town; the blacker it looked the more prosperity was indicated, and the more cause for rejoicing.

My kind friend took me to one of the great print factories. My principal wish for going was to see how the factory people looked, whether they seemed well and happy. I observed them; they were well dressed, and were cheerful in their appearance. There were a few children employed, who looked healthy and happy. There was at this factory a reading room, nicely warmed and perfectly comfortable, where the workman, by subscribing a penny or two a week, could obtain the right to spend his leisure hours and see the periodicals and newspapers. Each one had a vote in deciding what these papers should be, as they were paid for by the subscription money of the laborers. The proprietors paid a certain sum towards the support of the reading room.

Of course, seeing one prosperous factory and the fortunate workmen in it, in Manchester, cannot enable one to form any adequate judgment of the condition of the working people.

I visited the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, which appeared to me to have an admirable teacher. One of his best aids is a young man who was his pupil. The teacher desired me to ask of this young man the meaning of some word that had an abstract meaning. I asked him what he understood by intelligence. He put his hand to his head, and thought for some time, before he attempted to reply; then he nearly covered the slate with his definition. He evidently saw the difference between intelligence and learning or knowledge, but had to use many words to express his idea; but I thought he had as clear a thought as any of us. After he had given the best definition he could, he added, "There is another meaning to the word: it means news, sometimes."

There was, at this Asylum, a little girl, about twelve years old, who was blind, as well as deaf and dumb. She was a very interesting child from her countenance and manner, apart from her infirmity. Her face was far more beautiful than Laura Bridgman's; her head good, but not so fine at present, not so well developed. Her eyes were closed, and her long, dark lashes rested on her cheeks with a mournful expression. The teacher was just getting into communication with her, but had to make many efforts, such as pressing her head, her heart, and shoulders, as well as her hands. When he tried to tell her that Laura Bridgman, in America, was in the same state that she was, and that she had learned a great deal, and had sent her love to all the deaf and dumb, by a lady who had come to see her, she raised her head, and looked as if trying to see or hear, and then put out her hand. I took it, and then told the teacher how Dr. Howe and others communicated with Laura Bridgman by moving their fingers, and making certain impressions on the palm of her hand. As I told him, I imitated the motions with my fingers on the palm of her

hand. She gave one of those peculiar screams which Laura Bridgman does, at times, when she is excited, and her white face glowed with pleasure and strong emotion.

Her teacher told me I had put myself into communication with her; but my heart ached to think I could do no more.

In a few moments we left her. She told her teacher to tell me to give her love to Laura Bridgman, and sat down again upon her little bench, in the solitude of her perpetual silence and blindness.

When I had been over the institution, and seen the admirable work of the inmates, and was about leaving, I had to pass near this lovely child again. When I was within three or four feet of her, she put out her hand and took hold of me. It seemed as if she knew me from the rest of the party, after I had thus by chance spoken to her imprisoned soul. No one will wonder that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes.

I visited another collection of children, who might have been still more unfortunate than these but for the wise charity of the people of Manchester. The Swinton Union School is a large, noble building, in the outskirts of Manchester. The school is a fine looking place, surrounded by nice gardens and grounds. It can contain one thousand children; there were then in it six hundred and fifty. They have a fine, large, well-ventilated school room. They have a large place to wash themselves, with a sufficient number of separate, fixed basins, arranged to admit and let off water, a towel and piece of soap for each child; and they are obliged to wash their faces and hands three times a day. There are great tanks where they are all bathed twice a week.

They have a fine infant school for the little ones, most admirably managed. The large girls are taught to wash, and iron, and do housework. The boys are, some of them, taught the tailor's trade, and some the shoemaker's, and others the baker's. It was a pretty sight to see the little fellows sitting on their legs, making their own jackets and

trousers, and laughing together, and looking as happy as boys can look; and just so with the little shoemakers. They work only four hours, and then another set take their place. The room was large and airy, and perfectly comfortable. I saw the clothes they had made, all nicely pressed and put away in their storerooms, ready for wear. So with the shoes; they mended their old shoes and their old clothes themselves.

I saw those of the children who were not at work, at play; for the school hours were past. I saw their happy faces, their clean, tidy clothes, and their long rows of nice, clean beds, for I went into every part of the house, and a beautiful sight it all was. In the kitchen some girls were making up the bread, and most excellent bread it was, and a good, large, thick slice there was for every one. I saw the dining hall, and all that belonged to that part of the concern, and all was just what it ought to be.

Now, you must know that these are, all, the children of paupers—children who have no earthly parents, children that the public must take care of, or they would live or die in the streets. All the different parishes have erected this building, and put in the best teachers, and furnished it as I have related to you, and there placed these poor children, who were growing up in vice and misery. Here they are taught habits of order, industry, and obedience, and learn a way of supporting themselves honestly, and are kept till they are old enough to be put apprentice to some good person who will treat them well. So, instead of six hundred and fifty ignorant, reckless vagrants, the community receives that number of well-instructed, well-brought-up individuals, who can support themselves decently and respectably.

An English country home, where education, high breeding, easy circumstances, old trees, room enough, and a merry family circle, make life beautiful—this had always been one of my dreams of earthly happiness. All this was realized at Mrs. C—'s, at Chobham, where I stopped for a visit on my way to London.

Every day my kind friends devised some little plan for my amusement, beyond the constant pleasure of the every-day life. One day they took me to Windsor, which, you know, is one of the queen's country palaces. We approached it through the famous avenue of elms in the park. The effect of the castle, seen through that long, long vista, is very fine. The English elm, though not so graceful as ours, is more grand and stately, and better for architectural effects. There were many deer in the park, which added much to its beauty. At last we were at the castle; it is a fine building, but would be far more picturesque in ruins than in its present perfect state. We went first into the chapel; this is exquisitely beautiful. The Gothic clusters of pillars springing up from the floor rise unbroken to the roof, and spread out like palm trees. The emblazoned coats of arms of the knights of the garter hanging all around on the pillars of the chapel, the beautiful carved ornaments like lace-work, and many other rare and lovely objects, make the royal chapel very magnificent. There was a horrible old woman who went screeching about the room, showing the pictures, &c. She was particularly apropos in calling us, when she found we were Americans, into a corner of the chapel to show us the tomb of Lord Harcourt, who is there represented receiving the sword of some unfortunate American general, and shrieked out with her cracked voice, "I thought this might interest you."

After feasting my eyes long enough upon the chapel, I went into the castle, and joined one of those batches of human beings which are driven through the state apartments by the guide. The rooms are magnificent. One contains a beautiful collection of pictures by Vandyke. We saw the grand malachite vase, presented to Victoria by the Emperor of Russia, large enough to hold one or two men. After seeing the rooms, we ascended the tower, whence is a fine view. We then walked on the terrace, and went to join the rest of our party, who had gone before us to the hotel.

We then went to get a look at the famous Eton school, about a mile distant. The Eton boys amused me much. They go there very young, and remain there a long while, till they are ready to enter the universities. Their dress indicates their advancement in age and standing. First comes a jacket, then a little suspicion of a tail, which gradually lengthens and widens as maturity comes on, till, at last, it is a perfect tail coat. I saw specimens in these various stages of growth.

After one of the happiest weeks that ever mortals passed, I said a reluctant farewell, and departed for London, where more kind friends, whom I had never seen, were expecting my arrival. I can now, in my mind's eye, see all the dear family on the steps or in the hall door, giving us their parting blessing, and the old comfortable-looking gentlemanly butler arranging my luggage. One of the dear family accompanied me to the railroad, and saw me fairly on my way to London.

In London we again enjoyed the great pleasure of being received like old friends, not heard there truly divine music. There is no describing and no forgetting the effect of one of those sublime religious strains that seem to burst forth from you know not where, and swell and grow fuller and louder, and then more and more distant, and fainter and fainter, till you think it dying in the distance, and then gush out with an overwhelming fulness of harmony and beauty. One feels as if he would hear such strains at the hour of death.

Our next object was St. Paul's. How different! how very different! In a Gothic building, you think that the artist, who designed it, had in mind the idea of the solemn forest where the crossing branches produce all those beautiful lines and forms, which so delight your eye, and where the dim, mysterious light awakens and accords with the religious sentiment; but the effect of the great dome, which suggests the open sky, is entirely opposite. The effect upon your mind of standing in the middle of St. Paul's is very impressive; but what moved me most was the sound of the people without the walls. No one of our party spoke, and the noise of the busy multitude without was like the waves of the ocean. I had heard the

voice of many waters while coming over the Atlantic, and there is no exaggeration; it is just such a sound, such an ebbing and flowing, and yet such a full and constant roar, as the waves make after continued high winds. It was truly sublime, this concentrated sound of this living multitude of human beings, these breathings and heavings of the heart of the mighty monster, London.

We were shown all over the cathedral; we first ascended to the inside gallery, and walked around, looking down upon the whole interior; we then visited the clock, and we heard and felt the quiver of its tremendous voice. We next entered the famous whispering gallery, which is made around the base of the dome inside. The faintest whisper is heard at the point opposite that whence it comes. Then we went outside, and walked some time around the dome, gazing about with great delight. Then we ascended to the Golden Gallery, as it is called from the fact that the balustrade is gilded. It runs around the top of the dome. From here, you see London all spread out like a map before you,—its towers, its spires, all its multitudinous abodes, lie beneath your eye. One little thing remained. The ball was yet above us. The gentlemen of our party went up various perpendicular ladders, and at last pulled themselves through a small hole into the ball. There is room, I think, there for a dozen people, if well packed, not to stand, walk, or sit, however; these things the nature of the place forbids. It is a strange feeling, they say, to crouch in this little apartment and hear the wind roaring and shaking the golden cross above. The whole ball shakes somewhat, and by a sudden movement one can produce quite a perceptible motion.

We descended the infinity of stairs, and entered the crypt, as it is called, under the church. There were many grand tombs there. Nelson's occupies the centre, and is a fine work. But what impressed me most was the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren himself; a simple tablet marks his tomb, with this inscription, which is repeated above in the nave:—

Subtus conditur
Hujus Ecclesias et Urbis Conditor,
CHRISTOPHERUS WREN;
Qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta,
Non sibi, sed bono publico.
Lector, si monumentum requiris,
Circumspice.
Obiit 25 Feb. MDCCXXIII., aetat. XCI.

We subjoin a translation of this inscription for our young friends:—

"Underneath lies buried Christopher Wren, the builder of this church and city; who lived beyond the age of ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good.—Reader, if you ask for his monument, look around you.—He died on the 25th of February, 1723, aged 91."

He is called the builder of the city, as well as of the church; for Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of more than fifty of the churches in London.

One morning, our friend, Miss S., was kind enough to accompany us to Greenwich, where, you know, is the Hospital for disabled sailors of the British navy. The day was warm and lovely, like what we call the Indian summer in America. We took an omnibus to London Bridge; from thence we proceeded by railway, and in a few minutes were in Greenwich. We entered the magnificent old Park, and wandered about for a long time, to our hearts' content, among the venerable old trees, admiring the graceful deer that were enjoying themselves all around us. At last we came to the top of a charming hill, where we sat down to rest and look at the river. Several of the sailors had arranged spy glasses of various sizes for the accommodation of visitors, and for the good to themselves of a few pence. We patronized one of these, and then descended to the Hospital, which is the main object of interest. It was just time for the old sailors' dinner, and we went into one of their dining rooms, where there were about three hundred seated at an excellent meal, plain, but wholesome and plentiful. A very pleasant sight it was;

they were chatting, telling good old stories, and laughing merrily, and evidently enjoying themselves highly. There were, at that time, more than seven hundred of these veterans in the building. Those who chose carried their dinners to their rooms.

The place for the sailors' sleeping rooms was a long hall, with small rooms on one side and large windows on the other. The rooms were just large enough for a bed, a bureau, a little table, and, I think, two chairs. There were shelves around the room, except on the side that looked into the Hall, where was the door and a window. On these shelves were ranged little keepsakes, books and various articles of taste, often beautiful shells; there were hanging up around the rooms profiles of friends, perhaps the dearest that this life can give us. I could not help thinking that many a touching story might be told by those silent but eloquent memorials. We were much amused with looking at a card put in one of the windows of these little comfortable state rooms, on which was written these words: "Anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-folks'-business Society. 5000 Pounds reward annually to any one who will really mind his own business; with the prospect of an increase of 100 Pounds, if he shall abstain from poking his nose into other folks' business." We returned to London in a steamer.

Now you must suppose you are walking with me in Paris, on a bright Sunday morning in spring. We will go first to the Place Vendome. It is an oblong square with the corners cut off. The buildings are all of the same beautiful cream-colored stone, and of the same style of architecture,—a basement story, very pretty and simple, and upper stories ornamented with Corinthian pilasters and gilded balconies. There are high, pointed roofs with pretty luthern windows. The Place is four hundred and twenty feet by four hundred and fifty. Two large handsome streets, opposite to each other, the Rue de la Paix, and the Rue Castiglione, open out of the Place; these alone break the range of handsome buildings that surround this beautiful spot. In the centre is the magnificent column, made in imitation of the column of Trajan, and surmounted by a bronze statue of

Napoleon in his military dress. At first he was placed there in his imperial robes; but when he fell, so did his statue, and it was melted up to help make an equestrian statue of Henry IV. In 1833, the present statue was erected; and the people are very proud of the Little Corporal, as they call him, as he stands up there, looking over their glorious city, as if born to lead men to conquest, and to govern the world. Inside the column is a spiral staircase by which you ascend to the top of the column. You are well paid for the fatigue of mounting these one hundred and seventy-six steps, when you get your breath and look down upon Paris glittering in the sunlight. What pleases me most, however, is the scene immediately below. All the people are in the streets. Sunday in Paris is a holiday. Whole families leave work, care,—all their troubles,—and come into the public places to enjoy themselves. There is no swearing, no drunkenness, no rudeness, no noise; the old folks seats themselves in chairs, and the children run about. Some have been to mass, and some have not, but all are in the spirit of enjoyment. Nothing can be more enlivening than the aspect of the French people. You cannot resist their cheerful looks. The appearance of the Place Vendome is truly enchanting.

Now let us go down, and take a nearer look at what is going on below. At the foot of the column you will see a group of children collected round a man with a large basket of little tin carriages which are constructed in such a way that they will go with the wind on a smooth place. For some distance round the column is laid the asphaltum pavement. These little tin carriages run well across this wide platform; and you might imagine that the tin horses carried them. It is a pleasant thing to see the delight of the children, and a lesson in good nature and good manners, to see how carefully all the passers by turn aside, so as not to interrupt the progress of these pretty toys.

Look up at the beautiful bas reliefs in bronze, on this noble column, giving the history of so many fierce battles and so much bloodshed, and at the military hero on the top, and then at these laughing, merry

children at the foot, running after the tin carriages that go with the wind. Is it not a strange and moving contrast? Does it not tell a story that all of us hope may be one day true; when war shall belong only to history, and when peace shall possess the earth?

Around the base of this beautiful column many of those who served under Bonaparte, or who remember him with affection, hang wreaths and garlands as expressions of their tender remembrance. This is still done; these memorials are ever there. At one time this was forbidden by the government, but to no purpose. At last, an officer was stationed at the foot of the column with a water engine, and with orders to play it upon any one who should bring any votive offerings to the fallen hero. A lady, whose love and admiration could not be so intimidated, came the next day in her carriage, which she filled with wreaths of flowers, and stood up in it, and threw wreath after wreath at the foot of the column, crying out, as each one fell, "Will you play your engine upon me?" But not a drop of water was sent at her, and she deposited all her offerings, and went away unharmed. I suppose a Frenchman would sooner have been shot than have done any thing to quench the enthusiasm of this heroic woman.

One thing struck me much in Paris, and most agreeably, and that is the good appearance of the children. This is not confined to the rich; you will see a very poor woman leading her child, really well dressed. You never see boys idling in the streets; you never hear them swearing and quarrelling. If you ask a boy to show you the way, his manner of doing it would grace a drawing room. I am told that the French are never severe with their children; that the French nature will not bear it; that strong excitement makes the children ill; that the law of love is the only one they will bear.

Stop with me now on our walk, at this little low cart, just by the sidewalk; it is as you see larger than a common handcart, and much lower, and on four small wheels; it is full of china, all marked 13 sous. See how pretty these cups and saucers are. After your looking at all the

pieces, the owner would say, "Bon jour" very kindly to you, if you took nothing, but we will take this pretty cup and saucer; as a remembrance of his little cart. As we walk along, we shall see many others, containing every thing you can imagine.

I bought many things in the streets,—combs, saucepans, clothes-brushes, &c. Look into this shop window; see these lovely flowers, and, in the midst of them, a small fountain is playing all the time to keep them fresh. Look at those immense bunches in the windows,—of pansies, violets, hyacinths of all colors, ixias, wall flowers, tulips, geraniums, narcissus; and O, this is not half the variety of flowers! look into the shop; there are bushels of them and other flowers, all ranged round the wall; the perfume salutes the most insensible passer-by; it tells of the songs of birds, and of the delights of summer time. You cannot resist its influence. Let us go in and look at the flowers. The person who keeps the shop has the manners of a lady; she wishes you good morning; and, if you do not behave just as you would if you entered a lady's parlor, you are set down as an American or Englishman, who does not know how to behave. When you leave the shop also, you must remember to say, "Bon jour," or you commit an offence. How kindly the lady who keeps this flower shop shows us all her flowers! how she seems to love them, as if they were her children! We must get a bouquet to show our gratitude for her kindness, though she would not demand it. At every street corner is a woman with a basket of violets and evergreens. She offers them in such a pretty way, taking care that you shall take their perfume. You cannot resist them.

Now, suppose we were taking a walk, some other morning. Before us is the "Place de la Concorde," all glistening in the spring sunlight. See, there, in the centre, is the Obelisk—a monument of the time of Sesostris, King of Egypt, erected by him before the great temple of Thebes more than three thousand years ago, or fifteen hundred and fifty years before Christ. This enormous stone, all of one piece, seventy-two feet high, seven feet and a half square at the base, of red granite, and covered with

hieroglyphic inscriptions, was given to the French government by the Viceroy of Egypt, in consideration of an armed and naval establishment which that government had helped him to form at Alexandria. Eight hundred men struggled for three months in Egypt, in the midst of all manner of hardships, building a road and constructing machinery to drag the obelisk, completely cased in wood, down to the Nile. It cost two millions of francs to place this monument where it now stands. This was done with great pomp and ceremony in October, 1836, the royal family and about a hundred and fifty thousand other people looking on.

Now try to place yourself in imagination at the foot of this great Obelisk of Luxor, mounted up as it is upon a single block of gray granite of France, covered all over with gilded engraving of the machinery used in placing the great thing where it is. The Place de la Concorde itself, which surrounds you, is eight sided; and if the excavations around it were filled with water, it would be an island, seven hundred feet or so across, and connected with the main land by four elegant little bridges. But instead of water, these "diggings" are beautifully filled with flower gardens. At the eight corners of the island are eight pavilions, as they are called; or great watch houses, of elegant architecture, occupied by the military or the police, as occasion requires. Each of these forms the base of a gigantic statue, representing one of the principal cities of France. It is as if the whole eight were sitting in friendly council for the good of Paris. How beautiful they are, with their grand expressionless faces, and their graceful attitudes, and their simple antique drapery. They are all sitting in their mural crowns,—the fortified cities on cannons, the commercial ones on bales of goods. Strasburg alone seems full of life. She has her arm akimbo, as if braving Germany, to which she once belonged. Look, north from the Obelisk, up the Rue de la Concorde, and the splendid church of the Madeleine bounds your sight. On your right are the Gardens of the Tuilleries; on your left are the Champs Elysees; behind you is the Chamber of Deputies. Both before and behind you, in the Place itself, you have a splendid fountain, each being a round basin, fifty feet in diameter, in which stands a smaller basin, with a still smaller

above it, supported and surrounded by bronze figures of rivers, seas, genii of fruits, flowers, and fisheries, and all manner of gods of commerce and navigation, all spouting water like mad.

See the famous marble horses from Marly. How impatient they look to break away from the athletic arm which holds them! what life and spirit they show! how beautiful they are! Take one look now at the Arc de Triomphe; it is nearly two miles off, but looks very near. Now turn; and directly opposite, at some distance, you see what James Lowell calls the "Front door of the Tuilleries."

The gardens are full of beautiful children. Their mothers or nurses are sitting under the trees, while the children run about at will. There are thousands playing at ball, driving hoops, jumping ropes, shouting, laughing, merry as children will be and ought to be.

Let us take a stroll in the Champs Elysees. You have never seen any thing so beautiful, so captivating, as the scene. It seems like enchantment. All the world is here—young and old, poor and rich, fashionable and unfashionable. All for their amusement. Let us see what this group are looking at so earnestly. A number of wooden ponies are wheeled round and round, and each has a rosy-cheeked boy upon it. Here is another in which they go in boats; another in chairs. This amusement costs only two or three sous apiece to the children. The parents or the nurses stand around enjoying it almost as much as the children. Let us walk on. See that little fountain gleaming through the tender green of the young leaves as you see them in the pretty wood that forms a background to the picture. All along in the road you observe fine equipages of all sorts standing in waiting, while the gay world, or the poor invalids whom they brought to this place of enchantment, are walking about or sitting in chairs, courting health and amusement. Here is something still prettier than any thing you have seen—a beautiful little carriage that can hold four children and a driver, drawn by four white goats, with black horns and beards.

The French are peculiarly kind to animals. No law is necessary in France for the protection of animals from the cruelty of their masters. You meet men and women, very respectably dressed, leading dogs with the greatest care; and in the fashionable drives, every tenth carriage (it seemed to me) had a dog lying on the seat, or standing on his hind legs, looking out of the window. A friend told me that, when present at a grand review where there was a great crowd, she saw a woman, who could not get near enough to see the show, hold up her dog over the heads of the people, that he might at least have the pleasure of seeing what was going on.

I must tell you about the ceremony of making an archbishop, which we had the good fortune to witness. It took place at Notre Dame.

The nave of the church was full. Around the altar, all the priests and dignitaries of the church were seated; the officiating archbishop in a high seat, and an empty chair by his side for the new archbishop when finished and prepared for the honor. All the priests were in full dress. Their garments were stiff with gold and silver. My eyes were dazzled with their splendor.

Perfect silence prevailed, and the ceremony commenced. The priest, who was to be made into a bishop, had all sorts of things done to him. He knelt, he prayed, he was prayed over, he was read to, he had hands laid upon him, he was crossed; incense was thrown up, the organ played, and all the priests and bishops knelt and rose from their knees, and knelt and rose again, and again; high mass was said, and the show was very remarkable.

Once the poor mortal, who was to be consecrated, knelt, and a large book was put upon him, like a saddle. Finally they took him and tied napkins upon his arms and his neck, and then led him to a knot of priests a little out of my sight. In a few moments, he reappeared with all his canonicals on, except the mitre. Now he was brilliant indeed, loaded with gold ornaments, stiff with splendor. His face, I noticed, was very

red, and he looked weary. I did not quite understand the tumbled towels; whether these were to catch the consecrating oil that they poured on his head, or whether they were emblematic of the filthy rags of this world, which he laid aside for the new and shining garments of perfect holiness, I could not find out. Now the new archbishop knelt again before the old archbishop, and the old one put the mitre upon the head of the new one. Then the old archbishop embraced and kissed the new, and after that all the other bishops, who, as the French say, assisted at the ceremony, performed the same act on both sides of his face. After this, the new archbishop and his holy brother walked side by side, followed by all the other bishops and priests, down from the altar among the audience; and the new dignitary gave his blessing to all the people.

I wish I could carry you with me to the palace at Versailles. The magnificent equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which you can see afar off as you approach, the noble statues in the grand court yard, and the ancient regal aspect of the whole scene, with its countless fountains and its seven miles of pictures, are beyond all description. As I stood lost in wonder and admiration, my friend, who introduced me to this world of wonders, pointed to a window in one corner of the building; there, she said, Louis XVI. passed much of his time making locks; and there, from that balcony, Marie Antoinette appeared with her children and the king, when she addressed the wild, enraged Parisian mob. We saw the private apartments of the unhappy queen, and the small door through which she escaped from the fury of the soldiers. We went to see the little Trianon which she had built for her amusement; a lovely place it is. Here she tried to put aside state and the queen, and be a happy human being.

Here Marie Antoinette had a laiterie, a milk house, where she is said to have made butter and cheese. Here she caused to be built twelve cottages after the Swiss fashion, and filled them with poor families whom she tried to make happy.

We went into her dairy. It was fit for a queen to make butter in. In the centre of the beautifully shaped room was a large oblong, white marble table; on each side were places for admitting the water, and under them beautiful marble reservoirs in the shape of shells, and, underneath, large slabs of white marble. All is still, all so chaste, so beautiful, all as it once was, and she, the poor sufferer, what a story of blighted hope and bitter sorrow! See her the night before her trial, which she knew would end in death, mending her own old shoes, that she might appear more decently. The solemn realities of life had come to her unsought.

I left Paris and travelled through Belgium to Cologne. The day I arrived was some holiday; so there was grand mass in the cathedral, and such music!—the immense building was filled with the sound. The full organ was played, and some of the priest singers took part. Never did music so overcome me. The sublime piece,—as I thought of Beethoven's, surely of some great composer,—performed in this glorious old cathedral, was beyond all that I had ever dreamt of. It seems to me that I might think of it again in my dying hour with delight. I felt as if it created a new soul in me. Such gushes of sweet sound, such joyful fulness of melody, such tender breathings of hope, and love, and peace, and then such floods of harmony filling all those sublime arches, ascending to the far distant roof and running along through the dim aisles—O, one must hear, to have an idea of the effect of such music in such a place.

At Bonn we took the steamer; the day was perfect, and our pleasure was full. You must see one of these fine old castles on the top of the beautiful hills—you must yourself see the blue sky through its ruined arches—you must see the vines covering every inch of the mountain that is not solid rock, and witness the lovely effect of the gray rock mingling with the tender green—you must hear the wild legend of the owner of the castle in his day of power, and feel the passage of time and civilization that has changed his fastness of strength and rapine to a beautiful adornment of this scene of peace and plenty, its glories all humbled, its

terrors all passed away, and its great and only value the part it plays in a picture, and the lesson it preaches, in its decay, of the progress of justice and humanity.

From Coblentz to Bingen is the glory of the Rhine scenery; old castles looking down over these lovely hills covered with vines and cornfields; little villages nestled in between them; beautiful spires of the prettiest churches you can imagine, looking as if they gathered the houses of the villages under their protecting wings. Your soul, in short, is full of unutterable delight. It was a sort of relief to laugh at the legend as we passed the little island on which is the Mouse Tower, so named from the history of Bishop Hatto, who it is said was eaten up by rats because he refused corn in a time of scarcity to the starving poor, when he had a plenty rotting in his storehouses.

When I was obliged at last to turn away from all these glories, the words of Byron were in my heart:—

Adieu to thee again; a vain adieu;
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine.
The mind is colored by thy every hue,
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise.
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attracting maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days,
The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of summer ripeness, the white cities' sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TRAVELLERS' STORIES ***

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