

ART. VIII.—*Outre-Mer.*

*Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea.* Nos. I. and II. Boston. 1833—1834.

THIS work, only two numbers of which have yet appeared, is obviously the production of a writer of talent, and of cultivated taste; who has chosen to give to the public the results of his observation in foreign countries, in the form of a series of tales and sketches. It is a form, which, as every reader knows, has been recommended by the high example and success of Mr. Irving; and, in recording only such circumstances as suit his fancy, an accomplished traveller is certainly more likely to preserve the proper measure of spirit and freshness, than when he enters on the task of preparing an elaborate and formal narrative. It must not be supposed, that, in adopting the form of Mr. Irving, the author has been guilty of any other imitation. They have both entered on the same field, in different directions, and without the least hazard of crossing each other's path; and we are much inclined to wish that other writers, who possess the requisite leisure and accomplishments, would follow their example.

The *Pays d'Outre-Mer* was the name, by which the Holy Land was known to the pilgrims and crusaders; and the author describes himself as a pilgrim of the Land beyond the Sea. This land filled the visions of his youthful fancy, and when he first beheld its shores, it was with the same emotions, with which the wandering palmer used to hail the bounds of Palestine. It does not appear, however, that in roaming over classic ground, he felt as if he were undergoing penance; on the contrary, he seems to have pursued his journey with a tolerably cheerful spirit, and when it was fairly over, to have sat down to embody and preserve the recollection of the scenes he had passed through. We first behold him mounted on the summit of that locomotive ark, a French diligence, making himself merry with the aspect of his equipage, and the official personages to whom the reins of its government were confided, until he finds repose and shelter in the Golden Lion Inn, at Rouen. This was the first European city of importance he had visited, and he thus describes the feelings with which he gazed on its magnificent cathedral.

‘ I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent Cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overwhelmed my imagination ; and I stood for a long time motionless, and gazing entranced upon that stupendous edifice. I had seen no specimen of gothic architecture before, save the remains of a little church at Havre ; and the massive towers before me,—the lofty windows of stained glass,—the low portal, with receding arches and rude statues,—all produced upon my untravelled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church, the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place,—the lamps that burned on the distant altar,—the kneeling crowd,—the tinkling bell,—and the chant of the evening service, that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes,—filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church,—the huge columns, that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above,—the long and shadowy aisles,—the statues of saints and martyrs, that stood in every recess,—the figures of armed knights upon the tombs,—the uncertain light, that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel,—and the form of the cowed and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favorite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church,—all I had read of, but had not seen,—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I shall never feel again.’

At the *Table d' Hôte* of the Golden Lion, the pilgrim encountered a venerable personage, thoroughly versed in all the legendary lore of the city of Rouen, who related to him the story of ‘ Martin Franc and the Monk of St. Anthony,’ which he professed to have found in an old manuscript of the public library. We would not question the veracity of the merry antiquary, who deserves to be regarded as the Dr. Dryasdust of this venerable city ; but we strongly suspect, that the learned man has confounded his Oriental manuscripts with Norman ones. His story is, nevertheless, a good one ; but its length forbids us to extract it, and we should only mar the whole by offering a portion of it to our readers.

The author next takes up his abode in the village of Auteuil, in a *Maison de Santé* ; not to ascertain to what extent the healing art had been carried by its keeper, but because it

affords a secluded and agreeable retreat in the sultry months of summer. Here he 'possessed himself in much quietness,' and he has preserved a record of some of the circumstances, which are magnified into events in the annals of a village. The reader will be struck with the beauty of the following passage, in which the living reality is set before him by the quiet accuracy of the description, while the scenes themselves are brought together, as we often find them in the course of life.

'I was one morning called to my window by the sound of rustic music. I looked out, and beheld a procession of villagers advancing along the road, attired in gay dresses, and marching merrily on in the direction of the church. I soon perceived that it was a marriage festival. The procession was led by a long orang-outang of a man, in a straw hat and white dimity bob-coat, playing on an asthmatic clarinet, from which he contrived to blow unearthly sounds, ever and anon squeaking off at right angles from his tune, and winding up with a grand flourish on the guttural notes. Behind him, led by his little boy, came the blind fiddler, his honest features glowing with all the hilarity of a rustic bridal, and, as he stumbled along, sawing away upon his fiddle till he made all crack again. Then came the happy bridegroom, dressed in his Sunday suit of blue, with a large nosegay in his button-hole, and close beside him his blushing bride, with down-cast eyes, clad in a white robe and slippers, and wearing a wreath of white roses in her hair. The friends and relatives brought up the procession; and a troop of village urchins came shouting along in the rear, scrambling among themselves for the largess of sous and sugar-plums, that now and then issued in large handfuls from the pockets of a lean man in black, who seemed to officiate as master of the ceremonies on the occasion. I gazed on the procession till it was out of sight; and when the last wheeze of the clarinet died upon my ear, I could not help thinking how happy were they, who were thus to dwell together in the peaceful bosom of their native village, far from the gilded misery and the pestilential vices of the town.

'On the evening of the same day, I was sitting by the window, enjoying the freshness of the air, and the beauty and stillness of the hour, when I heard the distant and solemn hymn of the Catholic burial service, at first so faintly and indistinct that it seemed an illusion. It rose mournfully on the hush of evening,—died gradually away,—then ceased. Then it rose again, nearer and more distinct, and soon after a funeral procession appeared, and passed directly beneath my window. It was led by a priest, bearing the banner of the church, and followed by two boys,

holding long flambeaux in their hands. Next came a double file of priests in white surplices, with a missal in one hand and a lighted wax taper in the other, chanting the funeral dirge at intervals,—now pausing, and then again taking up the mournful burden of their lamentation, accompanied by others, who played upon a rude kind of horn, with a dismal and wailing sound. Then followed various symbols of the church, and the bier, borne on the shoulders of four men. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, and a chaplet of white flowers lay upon it, indicating that the deceased was unmarried. A few of the villagers came behind, clad in mourning robes, and bearing lighted tapers. The procession passed slowly along the same street, that in the morning had been thronged by the gay bridal company. A melancholy train of thought forced itself home upon my mind. The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep,—and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side, and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding feast and the funeral pall! The bridal song mingles with the burial hymn! One goes to the marriage bed; another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain and transitory!

In a very interesting sketch, the writer describes an excursion which he made on foot in autumn through the delightful valley of the Loire. It was the season of the vintage; which, in addition to the beauty of nature, just before the hour of its temporary dissolution, brought many scenes of rural happiness to his view. These he has painted with abundant grace and skill; and his course presented to him yet another charm, in the hoary monuments of other times, on which he evidently loves to dwell. We copy his descriptions of the chateaux of Chambord and Charnanceau, so strongly associated with the recollection of Francis I., the most refined, if not the most glorious monarch of his day.

‘I breakfasted at the town of Mer; and leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long, broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day, found myself before the high and massive walls of the chateau of Chambord. This chateau is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle, to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it, the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-

grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within, all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the court-yard,—and the rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the court-yard I entered the central tower, and ascending the principal stair-case, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stepped back into the precincts of the feudal ages; and as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast, deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me, and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music and revelry and was-sail echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers.'

'At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the romantic borders of the Cher, and the chateau of Charnanceau. This beautiful chateau, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis the First. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture, a dwelling for a warrior;—but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion, with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

'The chateau of Charnanceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious court-yard in front, from which a draw-bridge conducts to the outer hall of the chateau. There the armor of Francis the First still hangs upon the wall;—his shield and helm and lance, as if the chivalrous but dissolute prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows, looking up and down the stream, command a fine reach of pleasant river scenery. This is said to be the only chateau in France, in which the ancient furniture of its original age is preserved. In one part of the building, you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favorite hanging over the mantel-piece. In another, you see the apartment of the infamous Catharine de' Medici;—a venerable arm-chair, and an autograph letter of Henry the Fourth;—and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis the First!—Doubtless the naked walls, and the vast, solitary

chambers of an old and desolate chateau, inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe ; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains,—the faded tapestry on the walls,—and the arm-chair by the fireside, the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to have left their halls for the chase or the tournament ; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

‘ Wrapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble chateau, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the chateau,—and crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road, and a clump of woodland, at length shut them out from my sight.’

We offer one extract more, from the account of a journey into Spain.

‘ I passed by moonlight the little river Bidasoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain ; and when the morning broke, found myself far up among the mountains of San Salvador, the most westerly links of the great Pyrenean chain. The mountains around me were neither rugged nor precipitous ; but they rose one above another in a long majestic swell, and the trace of the plough-share was occasionally visible to their summits. They seemed entirely destitute of forest scenery ; and as the season of vegetation had not yet commenced, their huge outlines lay black and barren and desolate against the sky. But it was a glorious morning ; and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendor over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon. The scene was enlivened by the dashing of a swollen mountain-brook, whose course we followed for miles down the valley, as it leaped onward to its journey’s end, now breaking into a white cascade, and now foaming and chafing beneath a rustic bridge. Now and then we rode through a dilapidated town, with a group of idlers at every corner, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, and smoking their little paper cigars in the sun. Then would succeed a desolate tract of country, cheered only by the tinkle of a mule-bell, or the song of a muleteer. Then we would meet a solitary trav-

eller, mounted on horseback, and wrapped in the ample folds of his cloak, with a gun hanging at the pommel of his saddle. Occasionally, too, among the bleak, inhospitable hills, we passed a rude little chapel, with a cluster of ruined cottages around it; and whenever our carriage stopped at the relay, or loitered slowly up the hill-side, a crowd of children would gather around us, with little images and crucifixes for sale, curiously ornamented with ribbons, and little bits of tawdry finery.

‘A day’s journey from the frontier brought us to Vitoria, where the diligence stopped for the night. I spent the scanty remnant of day-light in rambling about the streets of the city, with no other guide but the whim of the moment. Now I plunged down a dark and narrow alley,—now emerged into a wide street, or a spacious market-place, and now aroused the drowsy echoes of a church or cloister with the sound of my intruding footsteps. But descriptions of churches and public squares are dull and tedious matters for those readers, who are in search of amusement and not of instruction; and if any one has accompanied me thus far on my fatiguing journey towards the Spanish capital, I will readily excuse him from the toil of an evening ramble through the streets of Vitoria.

‘On the following morning we left Vitoria long before day-break, and during our forenoon’s journey, the postillion drew up at a relay, on the southern slope of the Sierra de San Lorenzo, in the province of Old Castile. The house was an old, dilapidated tenement, built of rough stone, and coarsely plastered upon the outside. The tiled roof had long been the sport of wind and rain, the motley coat of plaster was broken and time-worn, and the whole building sadly out of repair: though the fanciful mouldings under the eaves, and the curiously carved wood-work, that supported the little balcony over the principal entrance, spoke of better days gone by. The whole building reminded me of a dilapidated Spanish Don, down at the heel and out at elbows, but with here and there a remnant of former magnificence peeping through the loop-holes of his tattered cloak.

‘A wide gate-way ushered the traveller into the interior of the building, and conducted him to a low-roofed apartment, paved with round stones, and serving both as a court-yard and a stable. It seemed to be a neutral ground for man and beast:—a little republic, where horse and rider had common privileges, and mule and muleteer lay cheek by jowl. In one corner a poor jackass was patiently devouring a bundle of musty straw,—in another its master lay sound asleep with his saddle-cloth for a pillow; here a group of muleteers were quarrelling over a pack of dirty cards,—and there the village barber, with a self-important air, stood

laving the alcalde's chin from the helmet of Mambrino. On the wall, a little taper glimmered feebly before an image of Saint Anthony; directly opposite these, a leathern wine-bottle hung by the neck from a pair of ox-horns; and the pavement below was covered with a curious medley of boxes, and bags, and cloaks, and pack-saddles, and sacks of grain, and skins of wine, and all kinds of lumber.

'A small door upon the right led us into the inn kitchen. It was a room about ten feet square, and literally all chimney; for the hearth was in the centre of the floor, and the walls sloped upward in the form of a long tapering pyramid, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Quite round this little room ran a row of benches, upon which sat one or two grave personages smoking paper cigars. Upon the hearth blazed a handful of faggots, whose bright flame danced merrily among a motley congregation of pots and kettles, and a long wreath of smoke wound lazily up through the huge tunnel of the roof above. The walls were black with soot, and ornamented with sundry legs of bacon and festoons of sausages; and as there were no windows in this dingy abode, the only light, which cheered the darkness within, came flickering from the fire upon the hearth, and the smoky sunbeams, that peeped down the long-necked chimney.'

There are several sketches, to which we have not yet adverted; among them, are two or three of a humorous character, from which we could not well take portions without impairing the general effect; but which, though spirited and entertaining, can hardly be said to exhibit the highest power of the writer. His rich and poetical, and yet graphic description, and the true feeling with which he looks on nature and on social life, are the qualities which most attract us in his writings, because they are not precisely those in which travellers are most apt to abound. The greater part of these worthies consider themselves as itinerant critics, whose vocation would be indifferently fulfilled, if they should admit that they find any verdure between Beersheba and Dan; and it is equally rare and grateful to encounter a pilgrim, who can enjoy the clear blue sky and sunshine of other countries than his own. This generous feeling and true philosophy charm us in the pilgrim of the Land beyond the Sea; they throw a mild, yet most attractive coloring over all the objects he encounters, and all the scenes he passes through; and, whether we walk with him through the valley of the Loire, take passage by



night in the stage-coach from Paris to Bordeaux, or partake of the somewhat doubtful welcome of the inn of old Castile, we feel that we are in the company of a person of talent, and of cultivated taste. We are sorry to part with him, at the close of the second number, the last which has yet been published, at the Puerta de Fuencarral of Madrid; and take the liberty of suggesting to him, that if Spain be poor in present glory, she is rich in ancient recollections; and that there is no one, from whom additional sketches of her natural beauty and social aspect would be received with a heartier welcome, than from him.

ART. IX.—*The Washington Papers.*

*The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the original Manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations.* By JARED SPARKS. 8vo. Vols. II, and III. Boston. 1834.

THIS is the first *livraison*,—to use a convenient French term, for which we have no English equivalent,—of Mr. Sparks's promised selection from the correspondence and other papers of Washington. The two volumes are to form the second and third of the work; the first, which is to appear at some future time in the progress of the publication, being devoted exclusively to a new biography of the illustrious author, from the pen of his learned and indefatigable editor. We incline to think, that the feeling of the country will ultimately call for the printing of all the Washington manuscripts, voluminous as they are, at the public expense. The deep veneration for his character, that now prevails throughout the civilized world, and is constantly augmenting from generation to generation, will hardly permit the people to rest satisfied, while any portion of his compositions, which is known to exist, remains unpublished. As the only fitting monument to his memory is that which he erected to it himself in the independence and liberty of his country, so the only suitable inscription for that monument is the whole mass of written compo-