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Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Molière
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka
Cotton Dostoyevsky Kipling Doyle
Baum Leslie Henry Flaubert Nietzsche Willis
Dumas Stockton Vatsyayana Crane
Burroughs Verne
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch
Homer Tolstoy Whitman Twain
Darwin Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato
Potter Kant Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte
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The Diary of an Ennuyée

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Sad, solemn, soure, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe: yet wist she neither how nor why:
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease, perdie;
Yet thought it was not Love, but some Melancholie.

Spenser.

DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE. [A]

Calais, June 21.—What young lady, travelling for the first time on the Continent, does not write a "Diary?" No sooner have we slept on the shores of France—no sooner are we seated in the gay salon at Dessin's, than we call, like Biddy Fudge, for "French pens and French ink," and forth steps from its case the morocco-bound diary, regularly ruled and paged, with its patent Bramah lock and key, wherein we are to record and preserve all the striking, profound, and original observations—the classical reminiscences—the threadbare raptures—the poetical effusions—in short, all the never-sufficiently-to-be-exhausted topics of sentiment and enthusiasm, which must necessarily suggest themselves while posting from Paris to Naples.

Verbiage, emptiness, and affectation!

Yes—but what must I do, then, with my volume in green morocco?

Very true, I did not think of that.

We have all read the Diary of an Invalid, the best of all diaries since old Evelyn's.—

Well, then,—Here beginneth the Diary of a Blue Devil.

What inconsistent beings are we!—How strange that in such a moment as this, I can jest in mockery of myself! but I will write on. Some keep a diary, because it is the fashion—a reason why *I* should not; some because it is *blue*, but I am not *blue*, only a *blue devil*; some for their amusement,—*amusement!!* alas! alas! and some that they may remember,—and I that I may forget, O! would it were possible.

When, to-day, for the first time in my life, I saw the shores of England fade away in the distance—did the conviction that I should never behold them more, bring with it one additional pang of regret, or one consoling thought? neither the one nor the other. I leave behind me the scenes, the objects, so long associated with pain; but from pain itself I cannot fly: it has become a part of myself. I know not yet whether I ought to rejoice and be thankful for this opportunity of travelling, while my mind is thus torn and upset; or rather

regret [Pg 2] that I must visit scenes of interest, of splendour, of novelty – scenes over which, years ago, I used to ponder with many a sigh, and many a vain longing, now that I am lost to all the pleasure they could once have excited: for what is all the world to me now? – But I will not weakly yield: though time and I have not been long acquainted, do I not know what miracles he, "the all-powerful healer," can perform? Who knows but this dark cloud may pass away? Continual motion, continual activity, continual novelty, the absolute necessity for self-command, may do something for me. I cannot quite forget; but if I can cease to remember for a few minutes, or even, it may be, for a few hours? O how idle to talk of "*indulging* grief!" talk of indulging the rack, the rheumatism! who ever indulged grief that truly felt it? to *endure* is hard enough.

It is o'er! with its pains and its pleasures,
The dream of affection is o'er!
The feelings I lavish'd so fondly
Will never return to me more.

With a faith, O! too blindly believing –
A truth, no unkindness could move;
My prodigal heart hath expended
At once, an existence of love.

And now, like the spendthrift forsaken,
By those whom his bounty had blest,
All empty, and cold, and despairing,
It shrinks in my desolate breast.

But a spirit is burning within me,
Unquench'd, and unquenchable yet;
It shall teach me to bear uncomplaining,
The grief I can never forget.

Rouen, June 25. – I do not pity Joan of Arc: that heroic woman only paid the price which all must pay for celebrity in some shape or

other: the sword or the faggot, the scaffold or the field, public hatred or private heart-break; what matter? The noble Bedford could not rise above the age in which he lived: but *that* was the age of gallantry and chivalry, as well as superstition: and could Charles, the lover of Agnes Sorel, with all the knights and nobles of France, look on while their champion, and a woman, was devoted to chains and death, without one effort to save her?

It has often been said that her fate disgraced the military fame of the English; it is a far fouler blot on the chivalry of France.

St. Germain, June 27.—I cannot bear this place, another hour in it will kill me; this sultry evening—this sickening sunshine—this quiet, unbroken, boundless landscape—these motionless woods—the Seine stealing, creeping through the level plains—the dull grandeur of the old chateau—the languid repose of the whole scene—instead of soothing, [Pg 3] torture me. I am left without resource, a prey to myself and to my memory—to reflection, which embitters the source of suffering, and thought, which brings distraction. Horses on to Paris! Vite! Vite!

Paris, 28.—What said the witty Frenchwoman?—*Paris est le lieu du monde où l'on peut le mieux se passer de bonheur;*—in that case it will suit me admirably.

29.—We walked and drove about all day: I was amused. I marvel at my own versatility when I think how soon my quick spirits were excited by this gay, gaudy, noisy, idle place. The different appearance of the streets of London and Paris is the first thing to strike a stranger. In the gayest and most crowded streets of London the people move steadily and rapidly along, with a grave collected air, as if all had some business in view; *here*, as a little girl observed the other day, all the people walk about "like ladies and gentlemen going a visiting:" the women well-dressed and smiling, and with a certain jaunty air, trip along with their peculiar mincing step, and appear as if their sole object was but to show themselves; the men ill-dressed, slovenly, and in general ill-looking, lounge indolently, and stare as if they had no other purpose in life but to look about them. [B]

July 12.—"Quel est à Paris le suprême talent? celui d'amuser: et quel est le suprême bonheur? l'amusement."

Then *le suprême bonheur* may be found every evening from nine to ten, in a walk along the Boulevards, or a ramble through the Champs Elysées, and from ten to twelve in a salon at Tortoni's.

What an extraordinary scene was that I witnessed to-night! how truly *French!* Spite of myself and all my melancholy musings, and all my philosophic allowances for the difference of national character, I was irresistibly compelled to smile at some of the farcical groups we encountered. In the most crowded parts of the Champs Elysées this evening (Sunday), there sat an old lady with a wrinkled yellow face and sharp features, dressed in flounced gown of dirty white muslin, a pink sash and a Leghorn hat and feathers. In one hand she held a small tray for the contribution of amateurs, and in the other an Italian bravura, which she sung or rather screamed out with a thousand indescribable shruggings, contortions, and grimaces, and in a voice to which a cracked tea-kettle, or a "brazen candlestick turned," had seemed the music of the spheres. A little farther on we found two elderly gentlemen playing at see-saw; one an immense corpulent man of fifteen stone at least, the other a thin dwarfish animal with gray mustachios, who held before him what I thought was a child, but on approaching, it proved to be a large stone strapped before him, to render his weight a counterpoise to that of his huge companion. We [Pg 4] passed on, and returning about half an hour afterwards down the same walk, we found the same venerable pair pursuing their edifying amusement with as much enthusiasm as before.

Before the revolution, sacrilege became one of the most frequent crimes. I was told of a man who, having stolen from a church the silver box containing the consecrated wafers, returned the wafers next day in a letter to the Curé of the Parish, *having used one of them to seal his envelop.*

July 27.—A conversation with S** always leaves me sad. Can it then be possible that he is right? No—O no! my understanding rejects the idea with indignation, my whole heart recoils from it; yet if it should be so! what then: have I been till now the dupe and the victim of factitious feelings? virtue, honour, feeling, generosity, you are then but words, signifying nothing? Yet if this vain philosophy lead to happiness, would not S** be happy? it is evident he is *not*.

When he said that the object existed not in this world which could lead him twenty yards out of his way, did this sound like happiness? I remember that while he spoke, instead of feeling either persuaded or convinced by his captivating eloquence, I was perplexed and distressed; I *suffered* a painful compassion, and tears were in my eyes. I, who so often have pitied myself, pitied him at that moment a thousand times more; I thought, I would not buy tranquillity at such a price as he has paid for it. Yet *if* he should be right? that *if*, which every now and then suggests itself, is terrible; it shakes me in the utmost recesses of my heart.

S**, in spite of myself, and in spite of all that with most perverted pains he has made himself (so different from what he once was), can charm and interest, pain and perplex me:—not so D**, another disciple of the same school: he inspires me with the strongest antipathy I ever felt for a human being. Insignificant and disagreeable is his appearance, he looks as if all the bile under heaven had found its way into his complexion, and all the infernal irony of a Mephistopheles into his turned-up nose and insolent curled lip. He is, he *says* he is, an atheist, a materialist, a sensualist: the pains he takes to deprave and degrade his nature, render him so disgusting, that I could not even speak in his presence; I dreaded lest he should enter into conversation with me. I might have spared myself the fear. He piques himself on his utter contempt for, and disregard of, women; and, after all, is not himself worthy these words I bestow on him.

Aug. 25.—Here begins, I hope, a new æra. I have had a long and dangerous illness; the crisis perhaps of what I have been suffering [Pg 5] for months. Contrary to my own wishes, and to the expectations of others, I *live*: and trusting in God that I have been preserved for some wise and good purpose, am therefore thankful: even supposing I should be reserved for new trials, I cannot surely in this world suffer more than I have suffered: it is not possible that the same causes can be again combined to afflict me.

How truly can I say, few and evil have my days been! may I not say as truly, I have not weakly yielded, I have not "gone about to cause my heart to despair," but have striven, and not in vain? I took the remedies they gave me, and was grateful; I resigned myself to

live, when had I but willed it, I might have died; and when to die and be at rest, seemed to my sick heart the only covetable boon.

Sept. 3.—A terrible anniversary at Paris—still ill and very weak. Edmonde came, *pour me désennuyer*. He has soul enough to bear a good deal of wearing down; but whether the fine qualities he possesses will turn to good or evil, is hard to tell: it is evident his character has not yet settled: it vibrates still as nature inclines him to good, and all the circumstances around him to evil. We talked as usual of women, of gallantry, of the French and English character, of national prejudices, of Shakspeare and Racine (never failing subjects of discussion), and he read aloud Delille's *Catacombes de Rome*, with great feeling, animation, and dramatic effect.

La mode at Paris is a spell of wondrous power: it is most like what we should call in England a rage, a mania, a torrent sweeping down the bounds between good and evil, sense and nonsense, upon whose surface straws and egg-shells float into notoriety, while the gold and the marble are buried and hidden till its force be spent. The rage for cashmeres and little dogs has lately given way to a rage for *Le Solitaire*, a romance written, I believe, by a certain Vicomte d'Arlincourt. *Le Solitaire* rules the imagination, the taste, the dress of half Paris: if you go to the theatre, it is to see the "*Solitaire*," either as tragedy, opera, or melodrame; the men dress their hair and throw their cloaks about them *à la Solitaire*; bonnets and caps, flounces and ribbons, are all *à la Solitaire*; the print shops are full of scenes from *Le Solitaire*; it is on every toilette, on every work-table;—ladies carry it about in their reticules to show each other that they are *à la mode*; and the men—what can they do but humble their understandings and be *extasiés*, when beautiful eyes sparkle in its defence and glisten in its praise, and ruby lips pronounce it divine, delicious; "*quelle sublimité dans les descriptions, quelle force dans les caractères! quelle âme! feu! chaleur! verve! originalité! passion!*" etc.

"Vous n'avez pas lu *le Solitaire*?" said Madame M. yesterday. "Eh mon dieu! il est donc possible! vous? mais, ma chère, vous êtes perdue de réputation, et pour jamais!" [Pg 6]

To retrieve my lost reputation, I sat down to read *Le Solitaire*, and as I read my amazement grew, and I did in "gaping wonderment

abound," to think that fashion, like the insane root of old, had power to drive a whole city mad with nonsense; for such a tissue of abominable absurdities, bombast and blasphemy, bad taste and bad language, was never surely indited by any madman, in or out of Bedlam: not Maturin himself, that king of fustian,

"— — ever wrote or borrowed
Any thing half so horrid!"

and this is the book which has turned the brains of half Paris, which has gone through fifteen editions in a few weeks, which not to admire is "*pitoyable*," and not to have read "*quelque chose d'inouïe*."

The objects at Paris which have most struck me, have been those least vaunted.

The view of the city from the Pont des Arts, to-night, enchanted me. As every body who goes to Rome views the Coliseum by moonlight, so nobody should leave Paris without seeing the effect from the Pont des Arts, on a fine moonlight night: —

"Earth hath not any thing to show more fair."

It is singular I should have felt its influence at such a moment: it appears to me that those who, from feeling too strongly, have learnt to consider too deeply, become less sensible to the works of art, and more alive to nature. Are there not times when we turn with indifference from the finest picture or statue—the most improving book—the most amusing poem; and when the very commonest, and every-day beauties of nature, a soft evening, a lovely landscape, the moon riding in her glory through a clouded sky, without forcing or asking attention, sink into our hearts? They do not console,—they sometimes add poignancy to pain; but still they have a power, and do not speak in vain: they become a part of us; and never are we so inclined to claim kindred with nature, as when sorrow has lent us her mournful experience. At the time I felt this (and how many have felt it as deeply, and expressed it better!) I did not *think* it, still less

could I have *said it*; but I have pleasure in recording the past impression. "On rend mieux compte de ce qu'on a senti que de ce qu'on sent."

September 8.—Paris is crowded with English; and I do not wonder at it; it is, on the whole, a pleasant place to live in. I like Paris, though I shall quit it without regret as soon as I have strength to travel. Here the social arts are carried to perfection—above all, the art of conversation: every one talks much and talks well. In this [Pg 7] multiplicity of words it must happen of course that a certain quantum of ideas is intermixed: and somehow or other, by dint of listening, talking, and looking about them, people *do* learn, and information to a certain point is general. Those who have knowledge are not shy of imparting it, and those who are ignorant take care not to seem so; but are sometimes agreeable, often amusing, and seldom *bêtes*. Nowhere have I seen unformed sheepish boys, nowhere the surliness, awkwardness, ungraciousness, and uneasy proud bashfulness, I have seen in the best companies in England. Our French friend Lucien has, at fifteen, the air and conversation of a finished gentleman; and our English friend C— is at eighteen, the veriest log of a lumpish school-boy that ever entered a room. What I have seen of society, I like: the delicious climate too, the rich skies, the clear elastic atmosphere, the *out of doors* life the people lead, are all (in summer at least) delightful. There may be less *comfort* here; but nobody feels the want of it; and there is certainly more amusement—and amusement is here truly "le suprême bonheur." Happiness, according to the French meaning of the word, lies more on the surface of life: it is a sort of happiness which is cheap and ever at hand. This is the place to live in for the merry poor man, or the melancholy rich one: for those who have too much money, and those who have too little; for those who only wish, like the Irishman "to live all the days of their life,"—*prendre en légère monnaie la somme des plaisirs*: but to the thinking, the feeling, the domestic man, who only exists, enjoys, suffers through his affections—

"Who is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove—"

to such a one, Paris must be nothing better than a vast frippery shop, an ever-varying galantee show, an eternal vanity fair, a vortex of folly, a pandemonium of vice.

September 18.—Our imperials are packed, our passports signed, and we set off to-morrow for Geneva by Dijon and the Jura. I leave nothing behind me to regret, I see nothing before me to fear, and have no hope but in change; and now all that remains to be said of Paris, and all its wonders and all its vanities, all its glories and all its gaieties, are they not recorded in the ponderous chronicles of most veracious tourists, and what can I add thereto?

Geneva, Saturday Night, 11 o'clock.—Can it be the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" I hear from my window? Shall I hear it to-morrow, when I wake? Have I seen, have I felt the reality of what I have so often imagined? and much, *much* more? How little do I feel the contretemps and privations which affect others—and feel them *only* because they affect others! To me they are nothing: I have in [Pg 8] a few hours stored my mind with images of beauty and grandeur which will last through my whole existence.

Yet I know I am not singular; others have felt the same: others, who, capable of "drinking in the soul of things," have viewed nature less with their eyes than their hearts. Now I feel the value of my own enthusiasm; now am I repaid in part for many pains and sorrows and errors it has cost me. Though the natural expression of that enthusiasm be now repressed and restrained, and my spirits subdued by long illness, what but enthusiasm could elevate my mind to a level with the sublime objects round me, and excite me to pour out my whole heart in admiration as I do now! How deeply they have penetrated into my imagination!—Beautiful nature! If I could but infuse into you a portion of my own existence as you have become a part of mine—If I could but bid you reflect back my soul, as it reflects back all your magnificence, I would make you my only friend, and wish no other; content "to love earth only for its earthly sake."

I am so tired to-night, I can say nothing of the Jura, nor of the superb ascent of the mountain, to me so novel, so astonishing a scene; nor of the cheerful brilliance of the morning sun, illuminating the high cliffs, and throwing the deep woody vallies into the darkest

shadow; nor of the far distant plains of France seen between the hills, and melting away into a soft vapoury light; nor of Morey, and its delicious strawberries and honey-comb; nor of that never-to-be-forgotten moment, when turning the corner of the road, as it wound round a cliff near the summit, we beheld the lake and city of Geneva spread at our feet, with its magnificent back-ground of the Italian Alps, peak beyond peak, snow-crowned! and Mont Blanc towering over all! No description had prepared me for this prospect; and the first impression was rapturous surprise; but by degrees the vastness and the huge gigantic features of the scene pressed like a weight upon "my amazed sprite," and the feeling of its immense extent fatigued my imagination till my spirits gave way in tears. Then came remembrances of those I ought to forget, blending with all I saw a deeper power—raising up emotions, long buried though not dead, to fright me with their resurrection. I was so glad to arrive here, and shall be *so* glad to sleep—even the dull sleep which laudanum brings me.

Oct. 1.—When next I submit (having the power to avoid it) to be crammed into a carriage and carried from place to place, whether I would or not, and be set down at the stated *points de vue*, while a detestable laquais points out what I am to admire, I shall deserve to endure again what I endured to-day. As there was no possibility of relief, I resigned myself to my fate, and was even amused by the absurdity of my own situation. We went to see the junction of the Arve [Pg 9] and the Rhone: or rather to see the Arve pollute the rich, blue transparent Rhone, with its turbid waters. The day was heavy, and the clouds rolled in prodigious masses along the dark sides of the mountains, frequently hiding them from our view, and substituting for their graceful outlines and ever-varying contrast of tint and shade, an impenetrable veil of dark gray vapour.

3rd.—We took a boat and rowed on the lake for about two hours. Our boatman, a fine handsome athletic figure, was very talkative and intelligent. He had been in the service of Lord Byron, and was with him in that storm between La Meillerie and St. Gingough, which is described in the third canto of Childe Harold. He pointed out among the beautiful villas, which adorn the banks on either side, that in which the empress Josephine had resided for six months, not long before her death. When he spoke of her, he rested

upon his oars to descant upon her virtues, her generosity, her affability, her goodness to the poor, and his countenance became quite animated with enthusiasm. Here, in France, wherever the name of Josephine is mentioned, there seems to exist but one feeling, one opinion of her beneficence and *amabilité* of character. Our boatman had also rowed Marie Louise across the lake, on her way to Paris: he gave us no very captivating picture of her. He described her as "*grande, blonde, bien faite et extrêmement fière*:" and told us how she tormented her ladies in waiting; "*comme elle tracassait ses dames d'honneur*." The day being rainy and gloomy, her attendants begged of her to defer the passage for a short time, till the fogs had cleared away, and discovered all the beauty of the surrounding shores. She replied haughtily and angrily, "Je veux faire ce que je veux—allez toujours."

M. le Baron M— n, whom we knew at Paris, told me several delightful anecdotes of Josephine: he was attached to her household, and high in her confidence. Napoleon sent him on the very morning of his second nuptials, with a message and billet to the ex-empress. On hearing that the ceremony was performed which had passed her sceptre into the hands of the proud, cold-hearted Austrian, the feelings of the *woman* overcame every other. She burst into tears, and wringing her hands, exclaimed "Ah! au moins, qu'il soit heureux!" Napoleon resigned this estimable and amiable creature to narrow views of selfish policy, and with her his good genius fled: he deserved it, and verily he hath had his reward.

We drove after dinner to Copet; and the Duchesse de Broglie being absent, had an opportunity of seeing the chateau. All things "were there of her"—of her, whose genuine worth excused, whose all-commanding talents threw into shade, those failings which belonged to the weakness of her sex, and her warm feelings and imagination. The servant girl who showed us the apartments, had been fifteen years in [Pg 10] Madame de Staël's service. All the servants had remained long in the family, "*elle était si bonne et si charmante maîtresse*!" A picture of Madame de Staël when young, gave me the idea of a fine countenance and figure, though the features were irregular. In the bust, the expression is not so prepossessing:—*there* the colour and brilliance of her splendid dark eyes, the finest feature of her face, are of course quite lost. The bust of M. Rocca [C] was

standing in the Baron de Staël's dressing-room: I was more struck with it than any thing I saw, not only as a chef-d'œuvre, but from the perfect and regular beauty of the head, and the charm of the expression. It was just such a mouth as we might suppose to have uttered his well-known reply—"*Je l'aimerai tellement qu'elle finira par m'aimer.*" Madame de Staël had a son by this marriage, who had just been brought home by his brother, the Baron, from a school in the neighbourhood. He is about seven years old. If we may believe the servant, Madame de Staël did not acknowledge this son till just before her death; and she described the wonder of the boy on being brought home to the chateau, and desired to call *Monsieur le Baron* "Mon frère" and "Auguste." This part of Madame de Staël's conduct seems incomprehensible; but her death is recent, the circumstances little known, and it is difficult to judge her motives. As a *woman*, as a *wife*, she might not have been able to brave "the world's dread laugh"—but as a *mother*? — —

We have also seen Ferney—a place which did not interest me much, for I have no sympathies with Voltaire:—and some other beautiful scenes in the neighbourhood.

The Panorama exhibited in London just before I left it, is wonderfully correct, with one pardonable exception: the artist did not venture to make the waters of the lake of the intense ultramarine tinged with violet as I now see them before me;

"So darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;"

it would have shocked English eyes as an exaggeration, or rather impossibility.

THE PANORAMA OF LAUSANNE.

Now blest for ever be that heaven-sprung art
Which can transport us in its magic power
From all the turmoil of the busy crowd,
From the gay haunts where pleasure is ador'd,
'Mid the hot sick'ning glare of pomp and light;

And fashion worshipp'd by a gaudy throng
 Of heartless idlers — from the jarring world
 And all its passions, follies, cares, and crimes —
 And bids us gaze, even in the city's heart,
 On such a scene as this! O fairest spot!
 [Pg 11] If but the pictured semblance, the dead image
 Of thy majestic beauty, hath a power
 To wake such deep delight; if that blue lake,
 Over whose lifeless breast no breezes play,
 Those mimic mountains robed in purple light,
 Yon painted verdure that but *seems* to glow,
 Those forms unbreathing, and those motionless woods,
 A beauteous mockery all — can ravish thus,
 What would it be, could we now gaze indeed
 Upon thy *living* landscape? could we breathe
 Thy mountain air, and listen to thy waves,
 As they run rippling past our feet, and see
 That lake lit up by dancing sunbeams — and
 Those light leaves quivering in the summer air;
 Or linger some sweet eve just on this spot
 Where now we *seem* to stand, and watch the stars
 Flash into splendour, one by one, as night
 Steals over yon snow-peaks, and twilight fades
 Behind the steeps of Jura! here, O *here!*
 'Mid scenes where Genius, Worth and Wisdom dwelt, [D]
 Which fancy peopled with a glowing train
 Of most divine creations — Here to stray
 With *one* most cherished, and in loving eyes
 Read a sweet comment on the wonders round —
 Would this indeed be bliss? would not the soul
 Be lost in its own depths? and the full heart
 Languish with sense of beauty unexpressed,
 And faint beneath its own excess of life?

Saturday. — Quitted Geneva, and slept at St. Maurice. I was ill during the last few days of our stay, and therefore left Geneva with the less regret. I suffer now so constantly, that a day tolerably free from

pain seems a blessing for which I can scarce be sufficiently thankful. Such was yesterday.

Our road lay along the south bank of the lake, through Evian, Thonon, St. Gingough: and on the opposite shores we had in view successively, Lausanne, Vevai, Clarens, and Chillon. A rain storm pursued, or almost surrounded us the whole morning; but we had the good fortune to escape it. We travelled faster than it could pursue, and it seemed to retire before us as we approached. The effect was surprisingly beautiful; for while the two extremities of the lake were discoloured and enveloped in gloom, that part opposite to us was as blue and transparent as heaven itself, and almost as bright. Over Vevai, as we viewed it from La Meillerie, rested one end of a glorious rainbow: the other extremity appeared to touch the bosom of the lake, and shone vividly against the dark mountains above Chillon. La Meillerie—Vevai! what magic in those names! and O what a power has genius to hallow with its lovely creations, scenes already so lavishly adorned by Nature! it was not, however, of St. Preux I thought, as I passed [Pg 12] under the rock of the Meillerie. Ah! how much of happiness, of enjoyment, have I lost, in being forced to struggle against my feelings, instead of abandoning myself to them! but surely I have done right. Let me repeat it again and again to myself, and let that thought, if possible, strengthen and console me.

Monday.—I have resolved to attempt no description of scenery; but my pen is fascinated. I *must* note a few of the objects which struck me to-day and yesterday, that I may at will combine them hereafter to my mind's eye, and recall the glorious pictures I beheld, as we travelled through the Vallais to Brig: the swollen and turbid (no longer "blue and arrowy") Rhone, rushing and roaring along; the gigantic mountains in all their endless variety of fantastic forms, which enclosed us round,—their summits now robed in curling clouds, and then, as the winds swept them aside, glittering in the sunshine; the little villages perched like eagles' nests on the cliffs, far, far above our heads; the deep rocky channels through which the torrents had madly broken a way, tearing through every obstacle till they reached the Rhone, and marking their course with devastation; the scene of direful ruin at Martigny; the cataracts gushing, bounding from the living rock and plunging into some unseen abyss be-