

**PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS:
EMBRACING A SERIES OF
STORIES OF ADVENTURE,
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND
DESCRIPTIONS OF PLACES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649669561

Persons, Places and Things: Embracing a Series of Stories of Adventure, Sketches of Travel and Descriptions of Places by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS:
EMBRACING A SERIES OF
STORIES OF ADVENTURE,
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND
DESCRIPTIONS OF PLACES**

PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS.

EMBRACING A SERIES OF

STORIES OF ADVENTURE, SKETCHES OF TRAVEL
AND DESCRIPTIONS OF PLACES.

BY POPULAR WRITERS.

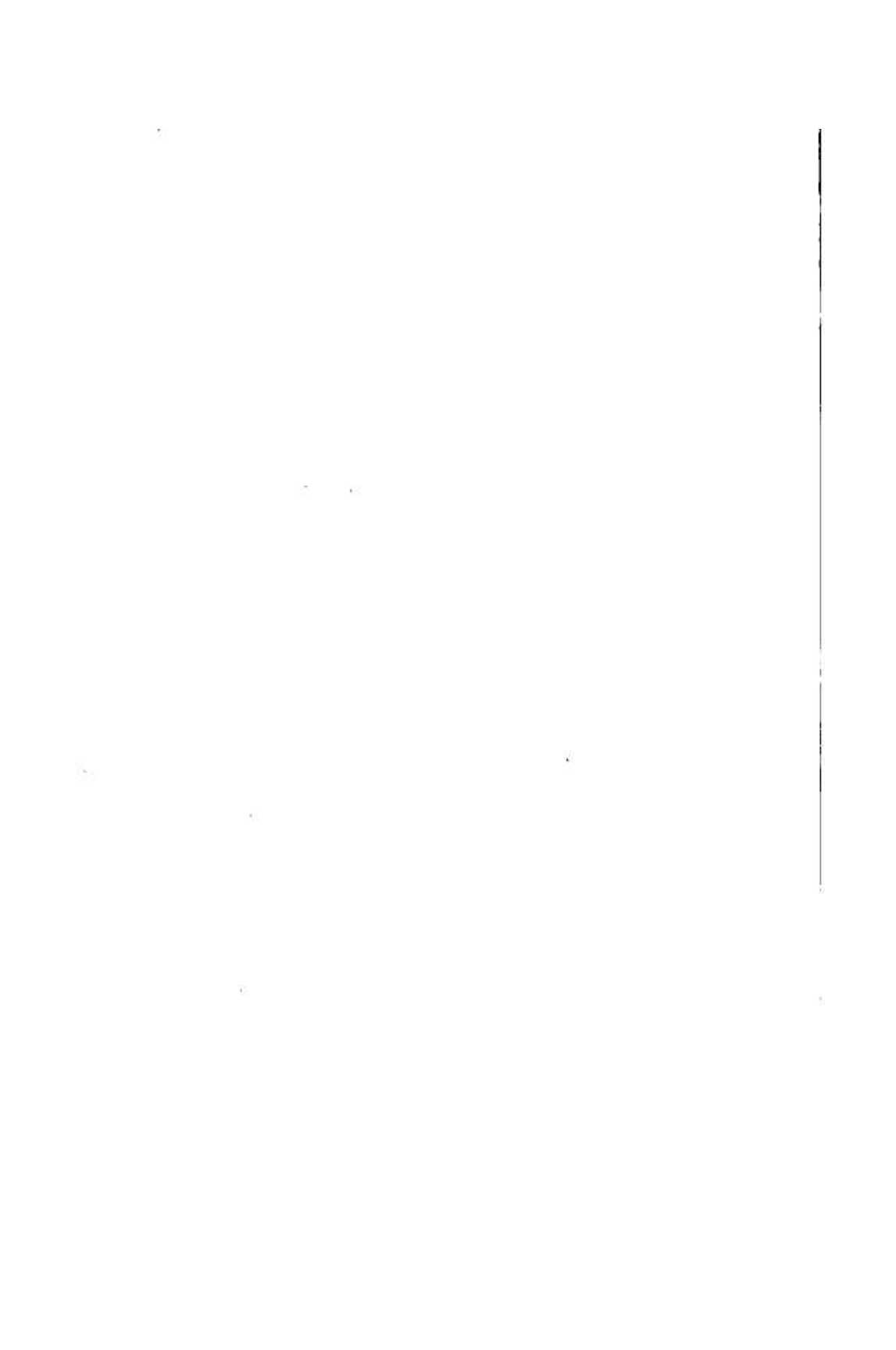
WITH OVER TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1878.

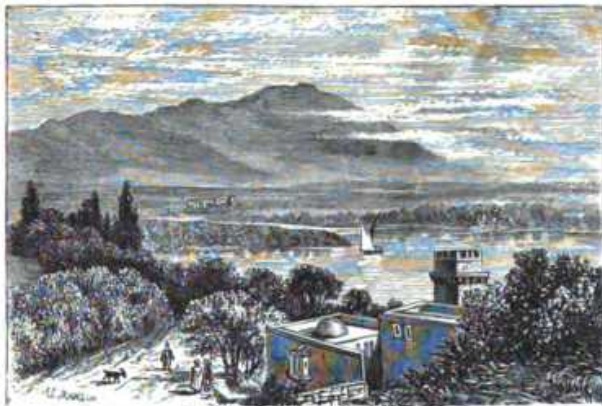
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WANDERINGS WITH VIRGIL. EDWARD C. BRUCE.....	5
WALKS AND VISITS IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY. TWO PARTS. ELLIS YARNALL.....	15
SIX MONTHS AMONG CANNIBALS.....	41
AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.....	49
OUR FLOOR OF FIRE. TWO PARTS. EDWARD C. BRUCE.....	60
AN AFRICAN FAIRHAVEN.....	102
PICTURES FROM SPAIN. TWO PARTS. EDWARD KING.....	113
THE TRIANON PALACES. MARIE HOWLAND.....	145
JOSEPHINE AND MALMAISON. MARIE HOWLAND.....	158
CRUMBS FROM THE RHINELAND. ALICE GRAY.....	168
TRAVELS IN THE AIR. TWO PARTS.....	180
GLIMPSES OF POLYNESIA.....	198
AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.....	206
AUSTRALIAN SCENES AND ADVENTURES. TWO PARTS.....	223
TWO WEEKS IN THE CARLIST COUNTRY. CECIL BUCKLAND.....	249
QUAINT CRAFT. W. L. O. O'GRADY.....	264
THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND HIS EYRIE. W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.....	272



PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS.

WANDERINGS WITH VIRGIL.



PLAIN OF TROY, FROM TENEDOS.

FROM this our modern upstart land of Atlantis there pass every year to the circling shores of the great Central Sea, in search of knowledge, health or pleasure, more voyagers by far than embarked with Æneas in his twenty ships built from the woods of Phrygian Ida, and saw the last peak of fatherland sink into the eastern shadows of twilight behind Tenedos. They would outnumber, a score or two to one, the little remnant that disembarked with him from one ship

at Latium, and gave to the world the Latin race and the Alban fathers and the walls of lofty Rome. Add to them the reinforcements from the ancient edge of the globe, Britain and North-western Europe, and the host of sight-seers will exceed the army that Agamemnon, king of men, marshaled under the walls of Ilium for the long fight that will rage for ever.

Among all these there exists, doubtless, a full share of latent heroism, dor-

mant devotion and capacity for manifestation of the highest qualities of mortals. The "pink parasol by the Pyramids" probably shades as fair a face and as much of "true womanly" in form and heart as did the golden coil of Briseis; and its escort would promptly and gracefully pick up the glaive of Achilles or go with Jason wool-gathering to the Crimea—an exploit the latter, in fact, which Mr. Kinglake and his British readers think a mere bagatelle to the victory of Inkermann. But, for all that, none of them will personify beauty and valor in the eyes of the poet and the painter of thirty centuries hence. They will sink, life and memory, into the mass of what the dyspeptic Carlyle calls seventeen millions of bores, and might as justly, had he chosen to extend the characterization to his own bailiwick, have called seventy millions. Is it that the disproportion between actualities and probabilities is so immense; that gifts and opportunities so seldom come together; that the conditions of the required result are so numerous and involved; that Nature, prodigal and wasteful in the moral and intellectual as in the physical *semina rerum*, refuses to innumerable individuals and long cycles of time their just and normal development, like the immeasurable majority of codfish eggs that never hatch? Or is it that a long list of special elements combines to give to this amphitheatre of the world an attracting and inspiring charm no other region will ever possess?

Volumes have been, and volumes more might be, written on the features which make the Mediterranean a unique field for all human activities. Its axis running with latitude and not with longitude, its climate has still the entire range of the temperate zone. Alpine glaciers overhang its northern rim, while its southern waves lap the tawny sands of the Libyan desert. Its waters reflect the fir and the palm, the ibex and the camel. Tideless and landlocked; with a coastline, counting the islands, equal to that of the Atlantic; its sinuosities presenting harbors to every wind, often but a few hours', and rarely more than two days', sail apart; endowed with a won-

derful variety of commodities of its own, besides those which drift to it by the Don from the Arctic plains, by the Nile from Capricorn, and by the Straits of Hercules from the Main,—it has from all time enjoyed the civilizing influence of commerce. To vessels which seldom lost sight of the stars by night, and could not be driven more than two or three days from land, the compass was not an essential. The three great voyages which have left us their logs—those of Ulysses, Æneas and Paul—were indeed circuitous enough, but from design mainly in the first two cases, while the apostle seems to have been unfortunate in his selection of skippers; and it is clear, from his own account, that they ascribed their extraordinarily bad luck to an equally unfortunate choice of a passenger.

From a period undreamed of by Niebuhr or Deucalion—the close of the Glacial period, when the Lapp slid northward with the seal, leaving the hairy elephant to die in Italy, and determine, perhaps, the site of Rome by bequeathing his caput to the Capitol—this vestibule of three continents must have been the life-seat of the nations, the lungs of the globe. From north, east and south, peoples and languages struggled thither. They groped instinctively toward the daylight, as Russia yearns for Constantinople and Prussia for the Scheldt. They found, among the ever-blooming islands and peninsulas of that sunny sea, the seeds of the highest style of man. The insular spirit of mingled enterprise and independence fostered political liberty and free thought. A swarm of little empires sprang up, alike in blood, habits and traditions. Near enough to communicate, but not to be absorbed, their relations ran through an intricate dance of alliance and war, the two conditions equally tending to make common property of the advances in culture of each state. Merchant-ship and war-galley bore fructification from island to island like so many bees, stinging and stingless, transporting pollen from flower to flower. There arose a singular balance of unity in diversity in mental character, art, religion and social and political institutions. We read

of a multitude of lawgivers — Solon, Draco, Lycurgus, Minos, etc., each imposing his rigidly-drawn system for an unchanged duration of centuries on his particular people. Codifiers they should more properly be called, like Justinian and Alfonso; not creating wholly new

and arbitrary schemes of jurisprudence, but collating, pruning and defining for better practical service the customs which had grown up in the ages before them. Some of these men were deified, simply because they seemed to embody the national genius or were convenient



DELOS.

historical starting-points. In those pantheistic days air, land and sea were supersaturated with divinity. It floated on the winds, spoke in the thunder, lurked in the shadows of the woods, sank into the centre of the earth and pervaded the deep. Its manifestations were everywhere, and rested on the humblest objects. Worshipers who ascribed divine attributes to their chimney-pieces and boundary-stones might not unnaturally detect them in their attorneys.

Ancient history, so called, is modern. What are the nine hundred years during which the Spartans boasted of having adhered to the injunctions of their first lawgiver, or the three or four centuries to the back of that since the immortals saw fit to overset the Asian realm and the derelict race of Priam, and Neptune's Troy lay smoking on the ground, to the succession of fossil dominions, here two or three, there five, six, seven deep, revealed to us on these shores by those unpretending and uncritical investigators,

the shovel and the pick? Herculaneum, partly disinterred last century, and mostly re-abandoned to the mould in this, is known to have been one of the most ancient Greek cities in Italy. The tufa that enshrouds it is a duplicate of the tufa on which it stands, and beneath that is a soil full of the clearest traces of tillage which must have been bestowed upon it before the beginning of tradition, since the eruption of A. D. 79 was the first recorded of Vesuvius. Behind the Etruscans, who antedate Rome, and whose language, as inscribed upon their lately-opened tombs, remains uninterpreted, was at least one civilization of as high an order as theirs, represented by numerous remains. And still beyond that, we shall doubtless be soon perusing, or attempting to peruse, new leaves of the buried volume, older and more valuable than the lost books of the Sibyl. Troy herself speaks in this way literally from her ashes, and tells a tale we should not have gathered from all that has been

written of her. In the débris of her citadel, sixty feet deep, not less than six successive and distinct series of occupants are traced, each raised, by the ruin of its predecessor, to a loftier stronghold and a broader view over the rich historic plains.

These strata of pre-historic history carry us to a region through which we have no other guide. As we emerge from it into the mist of myths, the half-light of tradition, or the light, often equally uncertain, of the earlier historians, we get at least names, events, and some dates, more or less confused and contradictory. Hardly so far back as this does Virgil pretend to carry his readers. The poet romances less than the historian, and contents himself with ground where a firmer footing may be had. There he grows quite circumstantial, and throws together statements, obviously the result of long and close research, that have been too unsparingly pooh-poohed by critics possessed of but microscopic fragments of the authorities that guided him.

Hard fact is coming daily to the rescue of the classic annalists in verse and prose from the merciless skepticism dealt out to them in our times. The ground we tread upon is made to testify in their behalf. Witnesses for the dead rise from beneath the feet of the living. A few strokes of the mattock, and we stand in the Scæan gate, on the stones that Hector trod. A few more, and we lift from the smoke-stained ruin of a wall hard by a clump of Priam's treasure, saved from "the red pursuing Greek" by the wreck he had wrought—double-lipped cups, images of the Penates, chains, armlets and other decorations. The débris we throw aside is filled with the bones and armor of dead warriors. If we have not here the exact studies from which Homer drew, we have at least those from which he might have drawn with strictly identical results. If his is a phantom Troy, what is the reality before us? The field of Waterloo is at this day more difficult to identify by those who may have fought there, or by others who depend on contemporary descriptions, if we shut out the Belgian monument, than this mar-

velous photograph, in palpable stone, metal and ashes, of a mythical city and conflict described with the most painstaking minuteness by a mythical poet in writings that have been public property for twenty-five centuries. It may not have been Troy, but it must have been a Troy. Homer may be but a collective term for a lot of unknown rhapsodists, who all wrote in the same dialect of the same language, in perfectly sequent style, of a single series of events participated in by the same group of men on the same ground. But the foundation of probabilities so laid is stronger than that sustaining many recognized facts of history.

It is noteworthy that, as a rule, each new achievement of the modern explorer adds to the vindication of ancient accuracy. Within the past generation merely, the Pygmies have been detected in the Nyam-Nyams; the sources of the Nile have been found to be as laid down by Ptolemy; "Memnon's statue that at sunrise played" is shown by scientific demonstration to have been actually vocal, without the aid or need of sacerdotal jugglery; that arrant empiric and contemner of induction, Aristotle, has been proved right on certain points in zoology utterly obscure to our naturalists; excavations have dispersed a cloud of Teutonic theories on the original substructures of Rome; the temple of Ephesian Diana has had its pavement and pillars brought to light, and found to correspond like a "working draft" to the dimensions and design handed down to us; and generally it may be said that the light thrown by Pompeii on the domestic life, is not more sharp, clear and awakening than that shed from many other fields of inquiry on the literary conscientiousness, of the Greeks and Romans.

We may, then, yield to the temptation of crediting the Mantuan with a broader and more solid foundation of facts than the critics have allowed him—such a one, perhaps, as that of Scott's historic novels and Shakespeare's historic plays. For his supernatural machinery, it was the fashionable decoration of the day. It does not exceed, in proportion to matter of fact, the same element in *Macbeth*,