

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE

Departure from Venice—a sunset scene—Padua—splendid hotel—manners of the contry—Vicenza—midnight—lady returning from a party—Verona—Juliet's tomb—the tomb of the Capulets—the tombs of the Scaligers—two gentlemen of Verona—a walking chronicle—palace of the Capulets—only cool place in an Italian city—banqueting hall of the Capulets.

We pushed from the post-office stairs in a gondola with six oars at sunset. It was melancholy to leave Venice. A hasty farewell look, as we sped down the grand canal, at the gorgeous palaces, even less famous than beautiful—a glance at the disappearing rialto, and we shot out into the Giudecca in a blaze of sunset glory. Oh how magnificently looked Venice in that light—rising behind us from the sea—all her superb towers and palaces, turrets and spires fused into gold; and the waters about her, like a mirror of stained glass, without a ripple.

An hour and a half of hard rowing brought us to the nearest land. You should go to Venice to know how like a dream a reality may be. You will find it difficult to realize when you smell once more the fresh earth and grass and flowers, and walk about an acre field and mountains, that this city upon the sea exists out of the imagination. You float to it and about it and from it, in their light craft, so aerially, that it seems a vision.

With a drive of two or three hours, half twilight, half moonlight, we entered Padua. It was too late to see the portrait of Petrarch and I had not time to go to his tomb at Arqua, twelve miles distant, so, musings on Livy and Galileo, to both of whom Padua was a home, I inquired for a *café*. A new one had lately been built in the centre of the town, quite the largest and most thronged I ever saw. Eight or ten large, high-roofed, halls were open, and filled with tables, at which sat more beauty and fashion than I supposed all Padua could muster. I walked through one after another, without finding a seat, and was about turning to go out, and seek a place of less pretension, when an elderly lady, who sat with a party of seven, eating ices, rose, with Italian courtesey, and offered me a chair at their table. I accepted it, and made the acquaintance of eight as agreeable and polished people as it has been my fortune to meet. We parted as if we had known each other as many weeks as minutes. I mention it as an instance of the manners of the contry.

Three hours more, through spicy fields and on a road lined with the contry house of the Venetian nobles, brought us to Vicenza. It was past midnight, and not a soul stirring in the bright moonlight streets. I remember it as a king of city of the dead. As we passed out of the opposite gate, we detained for a moment a carriage, with servant in splendid livings, and a lady inside retourning in full dress. I rarely have seen so beautiful a head. The lamps shone strongly on a broad pearl fillet on her forehead, and lighted up features such as we do not often meet, even in Italy. A gentleman leaned back in the corner of the carriage, fast asleep—probably her husband.

I breakfasted at Verona at seven. A hump-backed *cicerone* took me "Juliet's tomb." A very high wall, green with age, surrounded what was once a cemetery, just outside the city. An old woman answered the bell at the dilapidated gate, and without saying a word, pointed to an empty granite sarcophagus, raised upon a rude pile of stones. "Questa?" asked I, with a doubtful look. "Questa," said the old woman. "Questa!" said the humpback. And here, I was to believe, lay

the gentle Juliet! There was a raised paice in the sarcophagus, with a hollowed socket for the head, and it was about the measure for a woman! I ran my fingers through the cavity, and tried to imagine the dark curls that covered the hand of Father Lawrence as he laid her down in the trance, and fitted her beautiful head softly to the place. But where was "the tomb of the Capulets?" The beldame took me through a cabbage garden, and drove off a donkey who was feeding on an artichoke that grew on the very spot. "Ecco!" said she, pointing to one of the slightly sunken spots on the surface. I deferred my belief, and paying an extra paul for the privilege of chipping off a fragment of the stone coffin, followed the *cicerone*.

The tombs of the Scaligers were more authentic. They stand in the centre of the town, with a highly ornamented railing about them, and are a perfect mockery of death with their splendor. If the poets and scholars whom these petty princes drew to their court had been buried in these airy tombs beside them, one would look at them with some interest. Now, one asks, "where were the Scaligeré, that their bodies should be lifted high in air in the midst of a city and kept for ages in marble and precious stones?" With less ostentation, however, were pleasant to be so disposed of after death, lifted thus in the sun, and in sight of moving and living creatures.

I inquired for the old palace of the Capulets. The *cicerone* knew nothing about it, and I dismissed him and went into a *café*. "Two gentlemen of Verona" sat on different sides; one reading, the other asleep, with his chin on his cane—an old, white-headed man of about seventy. I sat down near the old gentleman, and by the time I had seated myself, he awoke. I addressed him in Italian which I speak indifferently; but, stumbling for a word, he politely helped me out in French, and I went on in that language with my inquiries. He was the very man—a walking chronicle of Verona. He took up his hat and came, to conduct me to *ts casa capuletti*, and on the way told me the true history, as I had heard it before, which differs but little as you know, from Shakspeare's version. The whole story in the annuals.

After a half hours walk among the handsome, and more modern parts of the city we stopped opposite a house of an antique construction, but newly stuccoed and painted. A wheelright occupied the lower story, and by the sign, the upper part was used a tavern. "Impossible" said I, as I looked at the front and the staring sign. The old gentleman smiled, and kept his cane pointed at it in silence. "It is well authenticated," said he, after enjoying my astonishment a minute or two, "and the interior still bears marks of a palace." We went up and mounted the dirty staircase to a large hall on the second floor. The frescoes and ornaments had not been touched, and I invited my kind old friend to an early dinner on the spot. He accepted, and we went back to the cathedral, and sat an hour in the only cool place in an Italian city. The best dinner the house could afford was ready when we returned, and a pleasanter one it has never been my fortune to sit down to; though, for the meats, I have eaten better. That I relished an hour in the very hall where the masque must have been held, to which Romeo ventured in the house of his enemy, to see the fair Juliet, you may easily believe. The wine was not so bad either ther that my

imagination did not warm all fiction into fact; of another time, perhaps, I may describe my old friend and the dinner more particularly.

Sentence of Death.—Henry Joseph, and Amos Otis, were brought into court this morning to receive the sentence of the law, as guilty of murder. Upon being asked by the Judge if they had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced—the former, with many tears, acknowledged the commission of the crime, that he had a quarrel with the Captain and Mate, and took this method of being revenged, and that Otis had no participation whatever in the act. Otis, when called upon, briefly noticed the circumstances adduced against him by the witnesses, each of which he either explained in a manner, to say the least, very natural and connected, or absolutely denied; asserting that there was testimony to their falsity, which could be produced in the persons of two of the crew of the vessel which boarded the Juniper on the day after the fatal transaction. Judge Story then proceeded in the most solemn manner to explain to them the heinous nature of the offence, of which they had been convicted—and to impress upon their minds the importance of speedy preparation to enter in a future state. He recapitulated to Otis than any further consideration of his case must rest with the Executive. He pronounced the awful sentence of the law, which sentence is to be executed, between the hours 9 A. M. and 1 P. M. on the 2d day of December next.

Joseph repents himself as having a wife and two children in Carthage—and Otis has a brother in Quebec—to whom they requested permission to write.

Boston Journal.

THE IMPARTIAL,

Laprairie Thursday 26th Nov, 1834.

The serious disturbances which has taken place in Montreal during the present Election, and the manifestation of a refusal of more and still greater violence the magistrates have for the purpose of preventing further trouble, and to secure the public tranquility met in special session and issued the following Proclamation.

PROCLAMATION.

The Magistrates being convoked to take into consideration the disturbed state of the City, and to take effectual measures to maintain Peace, call upon the Inhabitants in general, to remain quietly at home, and abstain from attending Meetings calculated to disturb the public tranquillity, or to inspire dread in the Citizens, under pain of a rigorous enforcement of the Law.

The Magistrates entreat their fellow Citizens calmly to reflect on the unlawful excesses which have lately taken place, and the great danger to be apprehended from large bodies of people parading the Streets at Night, and they earnestly hope that the well disposed will aid them by their influence and example in maintaining order, and in supporting the authority of the Law.

In special sessions } By order of the
Montreal, 15 Nov. 1834 } Court,
DE LISLE & DE LISLE, Cks. P.

We are informed that on Monday morning the 17th inst. the Poll of the West Ward, instead of being opened by the Returning Officer in the usual manner was closed by proclamation the causes for such a new procedure are said to have arisen out of fear, the Returning Officer declaring that he really believed his life to be in danger much agitation and discussion no doubt will arise out of this case.

MARRIED

In this village on the 16th inst, by the Revd M. Boucher M. Narcisse Lefebvre son of Capt Louis A. Lefebvre, of the parish of St. Remi, to Miss Florence Dupuis daughter of the late Julien Dupuis a Respectable Inhabitant of the Parish of St. Phillip.

DIED

In this village on the 12th inst. The Revd. Octave Boucher vicar of this Parish in the 28th year of his age. In the death of this pious and talented young man the public have suffered a severe loss and an aged Father, and Mother and affectionate Son, who promised to be their stay in the Evening of life—That young man had, by his industry raised himself to a great degree of respectability in his profession. He was interred under the Parish Church amid the tears and sighs of a multitude of spectators.