

# A BUCKEYE ABROAD;

OR,

Wanderings in Europe, and in the Orient.

BY

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“The Utopians imagine that HE, as all inventors of curious engines, has exposed to our view, this great machine of the Universe, we being the only creatures capable of contemplating it.”—*Sir Thomas More's Utopia.*

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laughs; the Tuileries with its palace, where Louis Philippe once lived with his family, still preserved (with some few marks of popular fury) as it was in 1848, when Girardin recommended the abdication, which ended in an airing on horseback; and its gardens, which are only rivalled in tasteful walks, manifold flower-beds, beautiful fountains, and luxuriant orangeries by the Luxembourg,—where the taste of the Medici family is still preserved, notwithstanding Louis Blanc held socialist meetings there, and notwithstanding soldiers have rendezvoused in the gilded rooms; the museum of artillery, where the arms of France, from the invasion of Gaul down to the last revolution, are displayed, including the armor of Joan of Arc, and the delicate festoonery of the entrance hall, in the shape of the iron chain which the Turks used at the siege of Vienna, to construct a ponton bridge over the Danube; the Jardin des Plantes, where the roar of the beasts does not in the least disturb the silent putting forth of the fragrant flowers; where the cedar of Lebanon grows within sight of the anaconda's den; where the delicate tamarind tree and flowering magnolia are arranged in the same home with the gazelle and rhinoceros; where geology and botany have their halls, and the most disgusting lizard and snake their hiding-place; where all is scientifically arranged, and within whose centre is a bower and a summer-house overlooking the whole, and affording a splendid view of Paris;—and above all embracing a Sabbath evening, with its concerts in the open air, its crowded cafés, its immense promenades, a living and moving mass of blouses and monsieurs, fine ladies and mademoiselles in neat caps, the amusements, Punch and Judy, cross-bow firing at plasters, billiards, wooden-horse riding, circuses performing, music playing, cat and dog entertainments, children with little balloons, amidst glancing lights and spraying fountains, gardens of the rarest flowers, and shadows of arched trees, mingled with the everlasting jabber and gay laugh of the French; which latter is not the least wonderful phase of this city of wonders. But why enumerate, where there is so much to be seen? There is indeed “but