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SUMMER PICTURES.

SUMMER PICTURES:

FROM

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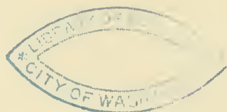
BY

HENRY M. FIELD,

AUTHOR OF

"THE IRISH CONFEDERATES AND THE REBELLION OF 1798."



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TO THE COMPANION OF THIS TOUR,

WHOSE FAMILIAR KNOWLEDGE OF EUROPE,

AND QUICK OBSERVATION OF LIFE AND MANNERS,

MADE EVERY DAY ONE OF INSTRUCTION;

AND WHOSE EVER-BUOYANT SPIRIT

GAVE TO THESE MONTHS OF TRAVEL

ALL THEIR BRIGHTNESS AND SUNSHINE,

IT IS MOST FIT TO DEDICATE

This Souvenir of so much Happiness.

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ONE WORD.

Pictures—nothing more! No "grand tour" here drags its slow length along. This is not a Hand-Book of Foreign Travel, ponderous with statistics of strange lands and cities, but a mere Portfolio of Sketches by the Wayside. Most of these were taken on the spot, and sent home, in letters, to America, which may explain their familiar style. The writer calls them "Pictures," to indicate their fragmentary and unpretending character; and "Summer Pictures," partly because they were taken at that season of the year when the earth puts on her beauty—but still more as a token of that cheerful light in which he has looked upon countries and men. In the same genial temper may the reader cast his eye over this succession of pleasant landscapes, warm and glowing with the summer's sun.

New York, *May* 20, 1859.

SUMMER PICTURES.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A PACKET SHIP—A NIGHT ON A PILOT BOAT —LANDING AT FALMOUTH—RIDE ON AN ENGLISH MAIL COACH— THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, *June* 7, 1858.

OUR passage across the Atlantic has proved one of the most rapid ever made by a packet-ship. Only fourteen days from land to land! At first the fates seemed to be against us. A storm with thunder and lightning broke over us as we were going down the bay. But from the hour we passed Sandy Hook, the winds which for weeks had been blowing from the east, turned to the west, and continued favorable through the whole voyage. In the Gulf Stream and off the Western Islands, we encountered heavy gales, but as they blew from the right quarter, they only speeded us on our way. The scene was exciting, and sometimes fearful. The waves went booming past with a noise like thunder, the spray rained upon our deck,

and the winds shrieked in the rigging, but still the gallant ship swelled her canvas proudly to the gale, and flew before it like a bird of the storm, and in just two weeks brought us in sight of England.

Our friends who are going to Europe, if they do not fear to be delayed by contrary winds, and can spare a few days more of time, will do well to take one of the London packets. I commend to them especially the famous line of Capt. Morgan, who has been himself so long and so favorably known to all travellers between England and America. Rev. Dr. Bushnell once told me that half the pleasure of a voyage to Europe was to cross the sea with Capt. Morgan. Since he retired from active command, he has resided in New York, and had charge of the whole line. The ships are all good, but one may think himself peculiarly fortunate who embarks on board the Amazon, with Capt. Hovey. This is a ship of 2,000 tons, very stoutly built, and of such fine model, that she carries herself through the water with a steady and gentle motion. Her captain is an excellent seaman, very quiet in his manner, but with a quick eye to observe every spar and sail and rope, and prompt and energetic in the whole discipline and management of his crew. The ship was always in perfect order, and under such excellent control as gave us a very pleasant feeling of confidence and security. Besides, Capt. Hovey is not only a brave and skillful seaman, but a thoroughly good man, always kind and considerate of the comfort of his pas-

sengers. I had crossed the ocean with him once before, on the voyage home from England in 1848, and was glad of the opportunity to be with him again.

To many persons it will be a further recommendation of these ships, that they can carry but a limited number of passengers. A few years ago, when all travel between Europe and America was by sailing vessels, the London and Liverpool packets were fitted up with long cabins, which could accommodate a large number. But since the majority of travellers now go by steamers, the cabin is reduced in size, though perhaps increased in convenience. That of the Amazon is built on the upper deck, so high as to furnish the best light and air. It held now but little over a dozen passengers, yet the state-rooms were all occupied. As our companions chanced to be all countrymen, and agreeable persons, there sprang up between us a very friendly feeling. There were just enough for a good family party. At their special request, joined to that of the captain, we had daily prayers, and as we met thus morning and evening, or gathered around our table, we seemed indeed like one household, and sure I am, that all will recur to these two weeks on shipboard as a most agreeable chapter in their lives.

As soon as we saw the coast of England, we were impatient to be on shore. The captain knew our wish, and offered to aid us in its execution. We had hardly entered the British Channel before we descried making towards us a pilot boat from Falmouth, which hailed us,

and asked for orders. As we were bound for London, the captain had no use for a pilot to Falmouth, but asked if he would return into port with several of our passengers. Four of us wished to go, and the pilot said he would take us in for a pound apiece, an offer which we eagerly accepted. He sent a small boat to take us off to his little vessel, and we clambered down the sides of the Amazon, Mrs. F. being swung over in a chair. The sun was sinking in the west as we moved away from the noble ship, and our friends waved their adieus from the upper deck.

We were in full view of the coast, yet we had some miles to work up to Falmouth. With a cracking breeze, our light boat would easily have taken us in in an hour; but hardly had we left the ship, before the wind left us. The gale which had borne us on so swiftly, had spent its strength, and was dying away. The long swell which came rolling in from the Atlantic, subsided into gentle undulations, as if the waters knew that they touched the shores of England, and sank down submissive at her feet.

If I were an artist, I would try to paint that sunset, though the richest colors ever thrown upon canvas could not approach the reality. All gloriously sank the summer sun, resting on the horizon like a globe of fire, and casting up his rays into the clouds which hung over the place of his going down. We stood up in the stern of the boat in silent awe, and seemed transfigured in the glory which covered the sea and sky.

As the sun went down, the breeze went with it. Fainter and fainter came the pulses of the air, till at last there was a dead calm, and our little boat, though light as a feather, ceased to move; her canvas drooped, and like a white duck folding her wings at shut of day, she lay sleeping on the ocean's breast.

But we had still several hours of light. To the golden sunset succeeded the softer twilight, which in the month of June, and in this high northern latitude, lingers long. At ten o'clock, its pale reflection was still in the heavens. As it faded out in the west, calm and beautiful shone forth the evening star.

For a time we had kept up a brisk conversation, but as the twilight deepened, we spoke in lower tones, and at last all sat silent and thoughtful, watching the revolving lights in the lighthouses along the coast, or turning away to where the great phantom of the ship glided on in the darkness. We saw distinctly the houses on the shore. But all were hushed in quiet. Not even a curl of smoke could be seen rising from the chimney-top, and not a watch-dog's howl came across the waters. The people, like honest Christian folk, had gone to bed, where we ought to be.

When we left the ship, we did not dream of passing the night in this cockle shell. A pilot boat has but limited sleeping arrangements. One may indeed creep down a ladder into a narrow space under the deck, which is dignified as "the cabin." But a full grown man, who

should stretch his limbs in it, would feel almost as if he were laid out in a coffin. I tried it for a few minutes, but was glad to escape into the night air. So we were fain to make a sofa out of a pile of trunks; and wrapping our cloaks and shawls about us, there we sat all night long, muffled and still. But the hours did not seem weary. De Quincey says, that often, when under the influence of opium, he fell into long reveries, from which he did not wish to awake. "More than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea, that I have sat from sunset to sunrise, motionless and without wishing to move." We too were under a spell. The heavens above, and the waters beneath, were full of solemn mystery, suggesting thoughts too deep for slumber.

But look! the day begins to break. By three in the morning, the first faint bars of light streaked the east, and in an hour it was clear day. We found that we were inclosed by the arms of a small and tranquil haven. On either side the hills rose up from the water as fresh and green as if they had just risen out of the crystal sea. In front, a projecting headland was crowned by an old fort, on whose walls the sentinel ever keeps watch and ward, and from which the morning drum-beat rolls over the peaceful waters. We looked up with all the surprise and delight of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner:

"O dream of joy! Is this indeed
The lighthouse-top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?"

There was a keen delight of the senses in the first smell of the land, as we inhaled the odor of violets in the freshness of the morning air. And hark, we hear the carol of a bird. It is the song of the cuckoo!

The pilot now got out his small boat, and two strong oarsmen soon pulled us in to the shore. But it seemed as if we were landing, like Columbus, to take possession of an uninhabited country. There on the beach lay a town, but we saw no sign of life. It looked as if the inhabitants had all disappeared, and there remained nothing but silent streets and empty houses. The people in this quiet nook of England are guilty of no such revolutionary practices as that of getting up early in the morning. They "sleep o' nights." Indeed the English generally are famous sleepers. To lie abed late is recognized as a part of a sound, staid, conservative character. Such men are not dangerous. A friend who has travelled much in England, tells me that the greatest drawback to his happiness, is that he cannot get anybody up in the morning! Such was our experience. We stepped on the stone quay, and made our way through the deserted streets to an inn. But here not a living creature was visible, not even a dog to bark at a wayworn traveller. We shouted lustily as Young America is apt to do, but could get no

reply. Soon a policeman appeared to check any signs of riot and revolution. But seeing we were but houseless travellers, he came to our help—he beat upon the door, he rang his club upon the pavement. At length a window opened above, and a head in a nightcap peered out into the court, and a shrill voice demanded wherefore was all this clatter? Our man-at-arms set forth that we were voyagers who had just come from off the stormy main, and had need of shelter and rest. Whereupon a light foot tripped down the stairs, the door was unbarred, and we were admitted to the warmth and comfort of an English inn.

In course of time we got a breakfast. But you don't expect me to enlarge upon that. You do not think me quite so "material." I wish I wasn't. But I must confess, after being two weeks on shipboard, sleeping on shelves, and dining on an inclined plane, it was no small comfort to be able to sit upright, and partake in peace of a quiet, civilized breakfast. This morning we were in the highest state of enjoyment. Indeed, we were like Adam and Eve in Paradise, in a state in which everything was pleasant to the eye, and good for food. We declared that the bread was the best that ever was baked, the butter the sweetest that ever was churned, and the cream the richest that ever came from good motherly cows. And then the hissing teapot, and the fine English breakfast tea! Ah me, I fear I am growing "material." We were waited on by a trim little maid, with whom we

fell in love on the spot, and made offers to take her to America. So we talked and laughed, and shouted and sang. Indeed we didn't behave with any sort of propriety. But all the while we kept on eating (of course from mere absence of mind). I thought we never should stop, and felt quite ashamed of our appetites. The only relief to our consciences was the satisfaction of paying a good round bill.

But all good things must come to an end, even the best of breakfasts, and that source of happiness being at length exhausted, we sallied forth to find the coach for Plymouth.

Falmouth, where we landed, is a little, quaint old town in the southwest corner of England, near the extremity of Cornwall. It is one of the few points in the island not yet touched by a railroad. One is being built, but it is not yet complete, so that we had before us the unexpected pleasure of a day's ride on an old-fashioned English coach. Coaches have almost disappeared in England. Even ten years ago, when I was here, I found them only in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and I little thought ever to see one again. It was therefore with a sense of keen delight that we mounted to the topmost seat, and saw the burly coachman rein in his mettled horses, that were prancing at the bit, and heard the guard wind his mellow horn.

To ride on the top of an English coach is an experience never to be forgotten. Dr. Johnson once said to Boswell, when they were thus perched in air and whirl-

ing over the country, "Life has few things finer than this." So we thought to-day. The distance from Falmouth to Plymouth is 70 miles, which we made in seven hours. The coach, carrying the mail, is required by law to make ten miles an hour including stoppages. More often we were going at a speed of twelve. Up hill and down, the gait was never checked. It was generally the most rapid trot, but often it broke into a furious run. The only notice given of mounting a hill was an extra touch of the whip, which spurred the horses into a gallop, with which they dashed up the ascent, and as soon as they reached the summit, they plunged down in such mad career, that I griped the iron railing of the seat, trembling at the fearful speed. This swiftness of course could be kept up only over the finest roads in the world, and by frequent relays of horses. But the Queen's highway was like a floor newly swept. Not a pebble jarred the even poise of the coach. The horses were changed every seven miles, and where the road was hilly they were changed even in four. Thus we went whirling over hill and dale, now rushing through towns and villages, the guard startling the inhabitants with his ringing blast, and then sallying out into the open country, which was smiling in all the beauty of early summer. To heighten the enjoyment, the day was one of a thousand. The skies were clear, only a few soft clouds shading us from the face of the sun. The hills and valleys glistened with fresh verdure; the trim hedge-rows, the smooth lawns

and noble parks were in their richest green. On such a day and amid such landscapes we rode for seventy miles. This was our introduction to England.

In landing at Falmouth, I had another motive besides the mere eagerness to be on shore. I knew that the Telegraph Squadron was to rendezvous at Plymouth, and I thought it possible that I might meet there my brother Cyrus,* before the departure of the expedition. At Falmouth the Custom-house officer brought me the London Times, which announced that the ships had sailed a week before on a trial trip, but were to return to Plymouth. It was therefore a great satisfaction, as we drew to the end of our journey, and were just crossing the river which divides Cornwall from Devonshire, to learn that the ships *had* returned, and were then lying in the harbor. As we entered the town, I sprang from the coach and hastened to the Royal Hotel, to seek for tidings. Imagine my joy to be told that my brother was then in the house! The Directors had come down from London to complete the preparations for the expedition, and were now in session here. The servant had not the words out of his mouth, before he exclaimed, "There is Mr. Field now, coming through the hall!" The surprise and happiness of such a meeting can be understood only by those who have been alone and far from home, and who in a foreign land have suddenly rushed into a brother's arms. We had hardly

* Cyrus W. Field, widely known from his connection with the Atlantic Telegraph.

reached our room before we received an invitation to dine with the Directors, and in half an hour after our long ride, we were dressed and sitting at our first English dinner. Eight or ten gentlemen were present, among them Mr. George Peabody, the well-known American banker; Mr. Brett, the father of submarine telegraphs in Europe; Mr. Brooking, the vice-president of the company, and Mr. Saward, the secretary; Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, and Mr. Lampson, of London.

Such a party of capitalists, with immense business on their hands, you might think, would be very grave and anxious. But on the contrary, it was one of the merriest dinners at which I was ever present. An Englishman, however hard he may work, lays off all care at dinner, and these men, who had been at work all day, and might work all night, were now the most cheerful companions in the world. I sat next to Mr. Peabody, who was full of pleasant and friendly chat about England and America. When the dinner was ended, we left the directors to resume their deliberations, while we walked out to see the beauties of Plymouth, which, viewed from "the Hoe," a promenade on high ground overlooking the bay, with its ships and forts, appears a very picturesque city.

It was now Saturday evening, and Capt. Hudson called to invite us on board the Niagara the next morning, with the special request that I should preach

to the officers and crew on the last Sabbath before they sailed to commence their great undertaking. The occasion was one of such interest, that tired as I was, I could not refuse. The captain sent his boat, with a lieutenant and a dozen stalwart seamen to row us to the ship. Again the day was beautiful, and the water was like glass as we glided across the bay. Before us lay the whole telegraphic fleet, four noble ships destined in a few days to undertake one of the most stupendous enterprises ever attempted or conceived by man. A solemn religious service amid such surroundings could not but be deeply impressive. It seemed like the prayers of Columbus and his companions before they sailed from Spain. On the after-deck an awning was spread to shade us from the sun. A table, covered with the American flag, served for desk and pulpit. Before me sat the officers of the ship, with several of the directors and other scientific men; and behind, sitting upon cannon, and crowding every spot where a man could sit or stand, four or five hundred seamen. My heart was full. They were my countrymen. And yet we were in a foreign port. Around us were the hills and waters and fleets of England. At that moment I felt how strong were the ties which bind us to the Old World as well as to the New, and most devoutly did I pray that the connection which these ships were sent to establish between two hemispheres, might be a tie to bind them in close and peaceful union. Standing

thus in the presence of two nations, it seemed appropriate, by humble and united worship, to acknowledge our obligations to Him, who has made both England and America what they are. It was an act most fitting to the hour, that we should bow together on those decks, and stretch out our hands to God, and implore His blessing on the work which we were about to undertake. I opened to the 107th Psalm and read, "They that go down to the sea in ships, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Then I spoke to the officers and sailors as men especially honored of God and of their country, by being chosen for this work of civilization. They were going on a missionary enterprise, to plant in the depths of the ocean a chord of iron, which should be vital as a chord of flesh, quivering with human life and language, telling the thoughts of men and speaking the glory of God at the bottom of the sea, and I adjured them evermore to bear themselves as members of "a sacred band." Never had I a more attentive audience. The hardy tars bent forward and listened eagerly to catch every word, and the tear that fell on many a bronzed cheek, told that beneath that rugged breast there trembled a gentle and manly heart. I may travel over many lands, but such a scene surely I can never hope to see again.

After service, the captain took us back to the city. In crossing the harbor, we visited the Agamemnon. As we approached the ship, we found it surrounded by a

fleet of boats, which were filled with women! The sea was alive with them. We asked what it meant, and were told that these were the wives and sweethearts of the sailors, who had come off to take leave of them, as this was the last Sunday that the ship was to be in port. Jack seemed to be plentifully supplied with friends of the other sex. They swarmed over the ship, clambering up the sides, crowding the decks, and looking out of the portholes.

Captain Preedy was standing at the side of the ship to receive us. As we touched the deck, he reached out his arm to Mrs. F., and led us off straight to his cabin, and gave us a hearty English welcome. It was pleasant to see the cordial relations which exist between the officers of the two nations, and to mark the interest and ambition with which all enter upon their great work.

Before we left, Captain Preedy took us down into the hold of the ship to see the monstrous coils. He showed us one pile forty-six feet in diameter, and fifteen feet deep, in which there were 1,300 miles of cable! Can such a chain ever be stretched across the wild ocean? The undertaking seems almost above the power of man. Yet the preparations are on a corresponding scale of magnitude. All that human skill can do, is done, and the great result, on which so much depends, must now be left with that Being who spreadeth out the heavens, and ruleth the raging of the sea.

CHAPTER II.

DICKENS READING HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Was there ever a better Charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens' Christmas Carol?"—THACKERAY.

LONDON, *June* 17, 1858.

As we were riding up to London, we saw in the Times that Dickens was the next day to give a public reading of his Christmas Carol. So many happy hours had this writer afforded us by our own cheerful fireside, in the far off Western World—as we sat alone on winter nights, just as he wishes his readers to be when they take in hand his stories—the fire blazing brightly on the hearth, and the ample curtains flowing to the floor, shutting out every sight without, and muffling the sound of city streets—that we were curious to see him giving form and voice to one of his own delightful creations. Early in the morning I hastened to secure "stalls," as the best seats are called. The house was already full, but fortunately a party had just returned a couple of tickets, and so we succeeded in obtaining excellent places right in front of the platform. The reading was to begin at three, but it was an hour before that we took a "Hansom," and drove to St. Martin's Hall in Longacre. Already the rear of

the hall was crowded, but the seats in front, being numbered and secured, filled more slowly. While waiting, we amused ourselves in observing the audience, which included many persons of distinction. It was evident that we were surrounded by representatives of the fashionable society of London. Here were lords and ladies of high degree; with members of parliament, and officers in the army, who had served in Crimean and Indian wars; and who had turned out of the clubs at this morning hour, to sit under the spell of a man of genius. Yonder grey-headed old man, who totters across the room, is a noble duke. That lady, with a long, red nose, who sits near the stage, at Mr. Dickens' feet, is Miss Burdett Coutts, the richest heiress in England—a lady who is very plain, but who makes up for the want of beauty by being very good. She is full of charitable deeds, having built I do not know how many churches, and endowed English bishoprics at the ends of the earth. The last of these was in British America, to the north of the Columbia River.

But none of these grand personages had more than a moment's interest for us, since in turning we espied across the hall, one familiar face—that of an artist, who, though from England, had long resided in America, and from whom we had parted in New York but a few months before. It was a pleasant countenance to see so far from home. No man is more of an artist in his soul, more full of fine poetic feeling, than Paul Duggan; and to recog-

nize his friendly face amid a crowd of strangers, was a pleasure equal to that of the reading itself. To his society, and that of Cropsey, another American artist now settled in London, we owed, afterwards, many of our happiest hours in England.

And now the fingers of the clock are pointing to the hour. Exact at the minute, a quick step is heard, and a man of light frame, dressed in a frock coat and grey pantaloons, issues from behind a screen, skips up the steps with the agility of a boy, and advances rapidly to the front of the stage, and turns and makes his bow to the audience. Le voilà! That is Charles Dickens.

Mark the figure. It is slight and slender, but all quivering with life. That agile form seems to be set on springs. The man has the same elasticity of body as of mind. In age he looks to be just what he is, forty-seven; but time has touched him lightly. Notwithstanding his long literary career, and immense activity, he still seems as fresh as ever. There is plenty of fire in his eye, and a jaunty toss in the curly locks, which, though a little frosted, still hang richly on his temples.

Pausing a moment, he glanced a quick eye around the hall, to see that all was hushed and still, and then, in a voice, not loud and sonorous, nor yet low and subdued, like that of a great orator, who first lets out the softest notes of an organ, which he can swell till the very walls tremble with the sound, but sharp and clear, he began the Christmas Carol.

I take it for granted that you have read this charming story—if not, you ought to—and so I need only allude to a few of its points to illustrate the varieties of style and the dramatic power of the reader. At the first slap, came the hard matter of fact:

"Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. . . . Old Marley was as dead as a door nail."

Marley was a hard man in his day, and one like him is now standing in his shoes. Here is the portrait of his surviving partner, Scrooge. The pencil of Hogarth never sketched an old miser better than Dickens by these few strokes:

"Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge. A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. Heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?'"

In personating this selfish old wretch, Dickens threw

himself into the character, as heartily as Kean entered into the part of Shylock in the Merchant of Venice. He drew down his face into his collar, like a great turtle drawing in his head, put on a surly look and spoke in a gruff voice. You recall the scene. It is the afternoon before Christmas, and the old miser sits in his counting-house. We see him there, crouching like a wolf in his den, snarling at any intruder, and keeping a sharp eye on a poor clerk, who sits in a little hole, which is a kind of tank, and who trembles under that evil eye.

But heigho! the door opens. A young face looks in, and a cheerful voice—which it requires no effort on the part of Dickens to imitate—cries out, "A merry Christmas, uncle!" It is a nephew of Scrooge, who is as poor as a rat, but who in spite of that, has fallen in love, and (greatest of absurdities!) has actually got married, and who, finding himself very happy, makes bold to ask his crusty old uncle to come to a family dinner, the next day. Scrooge sends him away with anything but a blessing. "Merry Christmas," he mutters scornfully. "What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough." But the young fellow is in such a happy mood that he is not offended, and away he goes, light of heart. Just then two gentlemen enter who are collecting money for the poor to afford them relief. Here Dickens drew himself up with a dignified air, such as would become a portly and benevolent gentleman, and spoke in his blandest tones. But the solicitors have a tough subject, and make no

impression. Scrooge looks at the papers, and hands them back without a word. The kind hearted men attempt to plead for the poor. But the wolf growls:

"Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?"

Ah yes, indeed, there are enough of those sorrowful abodes. But, they interpose, "many can't go there, and many would rather die."

This is a pleasant thought to Scrooge: "If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Disgusted with all this nonsense of benevolence, this keeping merry Christmas, and this trying to be happy, even of people who have got no money, Scrooge rises slowly from his seat, and buttons his great coat to the chin—in which Dickens follows him—and walks surly home. He shuts the great house door with a bang, which fills the desolate place with dreary echoes, and goes to his room and locks himself in. It is a fearful night. The wintry wind howls around the building, shakes the door, rattles the windows, and rustles the curtains of the bed. In such a gloomy hour a man of the firmest nerves might feel his spirit shake with ghostly dread. (Dickens' voice grows husky with terror, as if he were sitting in Scrooge's place, and felt his heart die within him.) Strange sounds are in the air. A heavy tramp is heard upon the stair, and lo! an apparition! Scrooge knows the face as soon as it appears. 'Tis old Jacob Marley, who died seven years ago this

very night, and who has come back from the grave to warn his old companion of his own sad doom. Talking solemnly as spirits talk, he gives his warning and then slowly disappears. As he stepped backward towards the window, Scrooge "became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret, wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night."

Nothing in the whole realm of fictitious or poetical creations, is more difficult to manage than this introduction of spirits from the invisible world. Dickens succeeds admirably in his rendering of the character. The spirit speaks always in a serious, solemn tone, as one who has passed beyond the bounds of this world, and now looks upon it with other eyes and a higher wisdom. True to the warning, Scrooge is visited on successive nights, by three spirits, the ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future, who take him by the hand, and give him such tramps as make his old bones shake with terror. What follows is chiefly taken up with these ghostly visits and nightly wanderings.

As the Christmas Carol is not a play, but a story, of course it is but partly occupied with dialogue. Animated conversations are followed by passages of description, which must be given in an altered manner. Here Dickens changes from the actor to the reader. This rapid succession of different styles, so far from checking the in-

terest, adds greatly to the variety. These quiet passages furnish relief to those which are more exciting. Dickens' voice, which all through the conversations had been running up and down the scale like a ventriloquist's, now fell into a more even and quiet tone, as softer scenes passed before his eye. Led by his airy visitants, the old miser returns to the scenes of his childhood, when heart and hope were young, and even tender love was not altogether stifled in his breast. Nothing could be more delicate than Dickens' rendering of those childish scenes, which he so much loves to depict. Scrooge revisits the place where he went to school. He enters the very room, full of forms and desks. "At one of these, a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire, and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he used to be." Again a door opens, "and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her dear, dear brother."

One of the beautiful things in the Christmas Carol is its frequent contrasts, as in the setting of harsh and hardened age beside gentle and trusting childhood. Thus from the repulsive look of avarice, so hard and grim, a friendly ghost transports us along with the miser, to a different scene—to a poor family who in their humble home, and in their poor way, try to keep this holy, happy Christmas time. Nothing in Goldsmith exceeds the description of the Cratchit family. Poor Bob

Cratchit had but fifteen shillings a week, and yet the ghost of Christmas "stopped upon his threshold and blessed his four-roomed house!"

Here Dickens was in his element, and never did he portray more exquisitely the joys and sorrows of the poor. So animated was the picture, and so well did his voice keep time to every change and incident of the scene, that we could see it all. There was the family coming together to keep Christmas—the eldest daughter, Martha, returning home from service; the mother in her twice turned gown, decked out with ribbons, and Miss Belinda Cratchit, and Master Peter Cratchit, and all the little Cratchits, tearing like mad, so wild with mirth and glee.

But the jewel of the family is yet to appear. His father has taken him on his shoulder, and trotted off with him to church. Soon poor Bob comes in with the little creature perched upon his shoulder. He is the smallest bit of a thing, and his name is Tiny Tim. Dickens' voice took a softer tone as he said, "Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!"

"'And how did little Tim behave?' asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"'As good as gold,' said Bob, 'and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. [Gentler,

gentler, was the speaker's voice.] He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.'

"Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty."

Dickens' voice wavered too, but in an instant rallied to describe the great event of the Christmas dinner. Here his fancy found full sport, and ran riot amid the scene. How well did he describe the bustle of delightful preparation, the world of pains by each one of the family, to give due pomp to the expected feast. He fairly rollicked in the description of the goose and the pudding. "There never *was* such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked." But even this great achievement was eclipsed when Mrs. Cratchit, having retired for the purpose, reappeared upon the scene, bearing the pudding! "Oh that was a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage."

These touches were given by Dickens with such mock seriousness, such exquisite drollery, that the audience were convulsed. We laughed till we cried. But come back to the happy group around Bob Cratchit's table.

"At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared,

the hearth swept and the fire made up." Then came the apples, and oranges and chestnuts. "All sat round the fire. Then Bob proposed, 'A merry Christmas to us all, my dears—God bless us!' which all the family reëchoed.

"'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all." Again Dickens' voice fell into the minor key, as he added, "He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him."

I have referred to the frequent contrasts in the progress of the story, which give to its pictures such variety, and keep alive throughout a tender and pathetic interest. There were scenes which almost lifted one off from his feet by their exuberant gaiety. Thus the story-teller enters into a game of blind man's buff, like a romping boy. He enters into the very soul of Topper, and into his body too, when that young man, though his eyes are bandaged, and he has to grope in the dark, is always sure to catch "the plump sister," and nobody else! And when old Fezziwig improvises in his shop a party for his apprentices and shop girls, you would have thought Dickens was about to give a performance himself, or that he was at least the fiddler, shouting to the whirling couples. His voice skipped lightly along sentences which fairly danced to the sound of their own music.

Yet a few minutes and his voice is checked again, and droops like a mourner over some sad scene. These were the passages which pleased us most—so touching were they, and so fitly spoken, with a power beyond the reach of art, the power of deep, genuine feeling. No one could doubt the heart of the man that heard him then. Full as he is to overflowing of the comic element, there is also within him a string that vibrates to the sweet, sad music of humanity. His voice knows well the low tones that speak of human grief and tears. Perhaps the gem in all the Christmas Carol is the death of Tiny Tim, and I would give much to have you hear Dickens read and act this touching domestic scene. How he shared the household grief! You would have thought there had been a death in his family, that one of his own children had been laid upon the bier.

The ghost has taken Scrooge out again upon his nightly walk. "They enter poor Bob Cratchit's house, the dwelling he had visited before, and find the mother and the children seated round the fire.

"Quiet, very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And he took a child and set him in the midst of them.'

"Where had Scrooge heard those words?

"The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

" 'The color hurts my eyes,' she said.

" The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!"

" 'They're better now again,' said Cratchit's wife. 'It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.'

" 'Past it, rather,' Peter answered, shutting up his book. 'But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother.'

"They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

" 'I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed.'

" 'But he was very light to carry,' she resumed, intent upon her work, 'and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!'

" She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob, in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees, and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, 'Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!'

"Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table,

and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit, and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"'Sunday! you went to-day, then, Robert?' said his wife.

"'Yes, my dear,' returned Bob. 'I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!' cried Bob, 'my little child!'

"He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been further apart perhaps than they were.

"He left the room, and went up-stairs, into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

"They drew about the fire and talked; the girls and mother working still. . . . . Bob said: 'However and whenever we part from one another, I am sure none of us will forget poor Tiny Tim, shall we? or this first parting that was among us?'

"'Never, father!' cried they all.

"'And I know,' said Bob, 'I know, my dears, that

when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it.'

"'No, never, father!' they all cried again.

"'I am very happy,' said little Bob, 'I am very happy!'

"Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!"

How these words thrilled the audience! A few moments before we had been convulsed with laughter. Now many eyes silently filled with tears. Lords and ladies, and commoners alike wept for poor Bob Cratchit and his Tiny Tim.

The close was in a lighter vein. Old Scrooge at last awakes, and finds it all a dream. But the ghost has done its work. He is thoroughly frightened from his former way of life. He is shaken in his constant mind by the sight of those, who, with not a hundredth part of his means of enjoyment, are yet a thousand times happier than he. Appalled at the dreariness and desolateness of his miserable and selfish life, he stands aghast at the prospect of a lonely and wintry old age, and in his despair, he starts from his sleep, and cries for mercy.

From that day Scrooge is another man. He goes to his office the next morning, and meets his little clerk, who

is none other than poor Bob Cratchit, whom he frightens half out of his wits by cutting unheard of capers, telling him that he is going on the spot, to raise his salary! He goes out into the street, and pats children on the head, and hails the beggars, and gives them means to keep the blessed holiday. He finds too—joy of his heart! that poor little Tiny Tim is *not* dead. It was only a dream. And forthwith he takes the little Dot under his sheltering wing to love and keep him evermore. And suddenly he finds that he has a heart beneath his toughened ribs, and a thrill of life runs through his old bones.

So ends the tale, with joy and happiness restored, the speaker saying, "And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one," and with that last word Mr. Dickens bowed to the audience, and as they broke out into a furious clapping, he walked rapidly off the stage and disappeared.

We afterwards heard Dickens twice. Once he read the first part of Dombey and Son, that which describes little Paul; and the other, he read several detached stories, The Poor Traveller, Boots at the Holly Tree Inn, and Mrs. Gamp. Each time we admired still more his rare dramatic skill and mastery of the human heart. He is almost as great an actor as he is an author. He is a perfect master of the art of mimicry, being able at will to assume almost any look, and to imitate almost any voice. He can put on a grave or a merry face. His countenance takes easily the queerest and drollest ex-

pression. Then he draws himself up, and puts on a solemn grimace, looking like a great wise owl. At times, when playing a quizzing character, there is an archness in his look, a playful drollery about the mouth, and a twinkle in his eye that are irresistible. And then how well his voice corresponds. He can speak in a low bass, or in a piping treble, taking almost at will the voice of childhood or of age, of man or woman. How well did he personate poor Toots, in Dombey, and Mrs. Gamp, the whining old nurse, in Martin Chuzzlewit!

But perhaps his happiest reading, as well as his most beautiful writing, is that which delineates children. Little Paul Dombey was the counterpart, though in another sphere, of Tiny Tim. The picture was drawn with the same delicate and inimitable grace. Who can ever forget the little fellow on the sea-beach, gathering shells, and asking his sister that question, which tells so much of premature development, and decay and early death, "Am I an old-fashioned child?"

Sometimes Dickens rises still higher, as in the scene of the death of Paul's mother, when poor little Florence, who has never known what it was to be loved but by her, comes into the room and throws herself upon her dying mother's breast. Dickens' voice had a tone of solemnity that still rings in my ears, as he said: "Thus clinging fast to that slight spar within her arms, she floated out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world."

This is not the place to enter into a critical estimate of Dickens as a writer. Faults enough there may be for those who wish, to pick at. His style may be disfigured by frequent instances of broad caricature and gross exaggeration. But at present I am too much under the spell of what I have just heard, to be in a mood to criticise. Whatever faults may be found elsewhere, in those portions selected for these public readings, all must concede not only the overflowing genius, but the healthful moral influence. Well might Thackeray ask: "Was there ever a better Charity Sermon preached in the world than Dickens' Christmas Carol?" I can well believe him, when he says: "It occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling—of Christmas punch-brewing—and awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and baking of Christmas beef." "As for this man's love of children," he adds, "that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him."

It is no small proof of goodness thus to be loved by children, who are the truest, the most unconscious and most unaffected of friends; nor is it less to be able to draw from the fancy or the heart, and to depict airy children of the brain, so that they shall become to us real beings, and shall live in our faith and our affection.

Whatever else of Dickens may perish, let his children live. They at least are innocent objects to love. Whatever be said of his portraitures of men and women, still let us keep the memory of these household saints as of our own children that we have loved and lost. Always must I bless the hand that drew the pale face of little Nell, that put such love in her faithful heart, and gave strength to her wandering feet, and still as I hear the Christmas Carol, will I say—SPIRIT OF TINY TIM, THY CHILDISH ESSENCE WAS FROM GOD!

CHAPTER III.

A Near View of Mr. Spurgeon.

London, *June* 23, 1858.

No preacher in England, since Edward Irving, has had such popularity as Mr. Spurgeon. He is one of the lions of London—a rather young lion, to be sure; but one who, since his appearance in the field, has roared so loudly as to make all the nation hear—and every stranger who wishes to "do" the sights of this Babylon, must for once, at least, see and hear him. Accordingly we set apart our first Sabbath to this purpose. We took a carriage early, as Surrey Hall is on the other side of the Thames, full three miles from the West End, where we had our quarters. We arrived before the gates were opened, but found the crowd already beginning to collect. I had a letter to Mr. Spurgeon which I gave to one of the officers of the church, who immediately admitted us and invited us to sit on the platform, but we preferred a seat in the front of the side gallery, from which we could overlook the audience, which was almost as much a matter of curiosity as the preacher. Soon we knew that the gates were opened by the hurrying of those who had tickets to secure good places.

It was interesting to observe the audience assembling—to mark the hurried step and eager look of the multitude. Music Hall, as it is named, is situated in the centre of Surrey Gardens, a place of resort and amusement during the week. The hall was designed, as its name indicates, for monster concerts, such as those given by Julien. It is built with three or four galleries, like the Academy of Music in New York, though from its greater length, it can hold a much larger audience. It is said that it will contain eight thousand people. But, vast as was this amphitheatre, it was soon filled. Tier above tier rose the dense array of heads. The admission is by tickets, though the price is so small that it is but a trifle to those who wish to attend. Thus, a shilling buys a ticket which is good for a month; and five shillings for the same time secures reserved seats. At half-past ten the doors were opened to those without tickets. Then came a second rush, which choked up every aisle and passage with persons standing. But at length the trampling ceased, for the building could hold no more, the audience hushed to quietness, and the preacher ascended the pulpit.

Never had a public speaker a more unpromising exterior than Mr. Spurgeon. He is very short and very fat, and altogether what we should call *chubby*, and as he goes waddling up the stairs he looks more like an overgrown boy than a fully developed man. Nor does his countenance betoken superior intellect. His forehead is

low, and his upper lip is so short that it shows his teeth, which gives his mouth the appearance of a simper or a grin. Surely, I thought, eloquence cannot come out of such a mouth as that.

But the impression which a physiognomist might form from these dull and heavy features, is dispelled as soon as he begins to speak. Then his countenance lights up with animation. His voice is full and clear, and rings through the hall like a clarion, filling every ear with the melodious sound.

The introductory services were not of any special interest, beyond the ordinary services in every church. As is common in England, the reading of the Scriptures occupied a longer time than with us, being accompanied with an exposition. The prayer which followed was appropriate and fervent, but not remarkable for thought or expression, as were the prayers of Edward Irving. The singing, though of the plainest kind, was grand from the multitude of voices which swelled the mighty chorus. Mr. Spurgeon read the words, verse by verse, and a precentor, standing up in front of the pulpit, gave out the tune, and led the singing. It was a noble sight to see this whole audience rising, and joining in that old majestic hymn of which each verse ends with the line,

"Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice."

Before commencing his discourse, Mr. Spurgeon announced that a telegraphic dispatch had just been re-

ceived, calling for a person who was supposed to be present, and who was summoned away by a severe domestic calamity. The man whose name had been called came forward, much agitated, to the pulpit to receive the message, and, as he retired, the sermon began.

The text was Ecclesiastes viii. 10: "And so I saw the wicked buried, which had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this is also vanity." The subject was THE WICKED MAN'S LIFE, FUNERAL, AND EPITAPH. The introduction struck me as beautifully simple and apposite, as neither farfetched nor commonplace. See how naturally he introduces his solemn reflections upon death:

"It is quite certain that there are immense benefits attending our present mode of burial in extra-mural cemeteries. It was high time that the dead should be removed from the midst of the living—that we should not worship in the midst of corpses, and sit in the Lord's house on the Sabbath, breathing the noxious effluvia of decaying bodies. But when we have said this, we must remember that there are some advantages which we have lost by the removal of the dead, and more especially by the wholesale mode of burial which now seems very likely to become general. We are not so often met by the array of death. In the midst of our crowded cities we sometimes see the sable hearse bearing the relics of men to their last homes, but the funeral ceremonies are now

mostly confined to those sweet sleeping-places beyond our walks, where rest the bodies of those who are very dear to us. Now, I believe the sight of a funeral is a very healthful thing for the soul. Whatever harm may come to the body by walking through the vault and the catacomb, the soul can there find much food for contemplation, and much excitement for thought. In the quiet villages, where some of us were wont to dwell, we remember how, when the funeral came now and then, the tolling of the bell preached to all the villagers a better sermon than they had heard in the church for many a day; and we recollect, how as children, we used to cluster around the grave, and look at that which was not so frequent an occurrence in the midst of a rare and sparse population; and we remember the solemn thoughts which used to arise even in our young hearts when we heard the words uttered, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' The solemn falling of the few grains of ashes upon the coffin-lid was the sowing of good seed in our hearts. And afterwards, when in our childish play we have climbed over those nettle-bound graves, and seated ourselves upon those moss-grown tombstones, we have had many a lesson preached to us by the dull, cold tongue of death, more eloquent than aught we have heard from the lips of living man, and more likely to abide with us in after years. But now we see little of death. We have fulfilled Abraham's wish beyond what he desired—we 'bury the dead out of our sight;' it is rarely

that we see them, and a stranger passing through our streets might say, 'Do these men live always? for I see no funerals amongst the millions of this city, I see no signs of death.'"

Having thus conducted us to the borders of the grave, the preacher made a simple division of his subject into three parts, and asked us first, to mark the living man, "as he came and went from the place of the holy;" next, to attend his funeral; and finally, to write his epitaph.

"The place of the holy," he said, in the original probably referred to the seat of judgment, held by the civil magistrate, but the term might also be applied to the house of God, and with a still stronger emphasis to the sacred pulpit; and he therefore proceeded to consider all of these positions as sometimes occupied and profaned by the presence of wicked men. How sternly did he rebuke those magistrates who sit to judge the poor drunkard, or the wretched woman of the streets, and who yet in their hearts know themselves to be guilty of the very vices which they condemn!

The same rigid inquisition he applied to the worshippers in the sanctuary. After drawing a picture of the multitudes coming up to the house of God, he proceeded to separate the congregation, and to mark those who attend from form, or fashion, or curiosity, and who go away as vile as they came. After speaking of the goodly sight presented by the vast audience, he said:

"Your pleasure must have a great deal of alloy if you stop for a moment and dissect the congregation. Pull the goodly mass in sunder: in a heap it sparkles like gold; pull aside the threads, and alas! you will see that there are some not made of the precious metal, for 'we have seen the wicked come and go from the place of the holy.' Little do we know when we look here from this pulpit—it looks like one great field of flowers, fair to look upon—how many a root of deadly henbane and noxious nightshade groweth here; and though you all look fair and goodly, yet 'I have seen the wicked come and go from the place of the holy.'"

But the sternest rebuke of the preacher was reserved for those who profane the sacred desk:

"If there be a place under high Heaven more holy than another, it is the pulpit whence the Gospel is preached. This is the Thermopylæ of Christendom; here must the great battle be fought between Christ's Church and the invading hosts of a wicked word. This is the last vestige of anything sacred that is left to us. . . . Yet I have seen the wicked come and go from it. Alas! if there be a sinner that is hardened, it is the man that sins and occupies his pulpit. . . . We have known cases where men when convicted to their own foreheads, have unblushingly persevered in proclaiming a Gospel which their lives denied. And perhaps these are the hardest of

all sinners to deal with. But if the garment be once defiled, away with all thoughts of the pulpit then! He must be clean who ministers at the altar. Every saint must be holy, but he, holiest of all, who seeks to serve his God. Yet, we must mourn to say it, the Church of God every now and then has had a sun that was black instead of white, and a moon that was as a clot of blood, instead of being full of fairness and beauty. Happy the Church when God gives her holy ministers; but unhappy the Church where wicked men preside."

After these descriptions of a guilty life, we were brought to see its fearful end. We had seen the wicked in his power—we were yet to see him laid low in the grave. "Now," said the preacher, "WE ARE GOING TO HIS FUNERAL. I shall want you to attend it." He added with a sarcasm that often flashes out in his discourse:

"You need not be particular about having on a hat band, or being arrayed in garments of mourning. It does not signify for the wretch we are going to bury. There is no need for any very great outward signs of mourning, for he will be forgotten even in the city where he hath done this: therefore we need not particularly mourn for him."

He then drew the picture of a pompous funeral ceremony made over the body of a wicked man:

"There is a man who has been a county magistrate.

Do you see what a stir is made about his poor bones! There is the hearse covered with plumes, and there follows a long string of carriages. The country people stare to see such a long train of carriages coming to follow one poor worm to its resting-place. What pomp! what grandeur! See how the place of worship is hung with black. There seems to be intense mourning made over this man. Will you just think of it for a minute, and whom are they mourning for? A hypocrite! Whom is all this pomp for? For one who was a wicked man; a man who made a pretension of religion; a man who judged others, and who ought to have been condemned himself. All this pomp for putrid clay; and what is it more or better than that? When such a man dies, ought he not to be buried with the burial of an ass? Let him be drawn and dragged from the gates of the city. What has he to do with pomp? At the head of the mournful cavalcade is Beelzebub, leading the procession, and, looking back with twinkling eye, and leer of malicious joy, he says, 'Here is fine pomp to conduct a soul to hell with!' Ah! plumes and hearse for the man who is being conducted to his last abode in Tophet! A string of carriages to do honor to the man whom God hath cursed in life and cursed in death; for the hope of the hypocrite is evermore an accursed one. And a bell is ringing, and the clergyman is reading the funeral service, and is burying the man 'in sure and certain hope.' Oh! what a laugh rings up from somewhere a little lower down than the grave! 'In

sure and certain hope,' says Satan; 'ha! ha! your sure and certain hope is folly indeed. Trust to a bubble, and hope to fly to the stars; trust to the wild winds, that they shall conduct you safely to heaven; but trust to such a hope as that, and thou art a madman indeed.' Oh! if we judged rightly when a hypocrite died, we should do him no honor. If men could but see a little deeper than the skin, and read the thoughts of the heart, they would not patronize this great, black lie, and lead a long string of carriages through the streets; they would say, 'No, the man was good for nothing, he was the outward skin without the life; he professed to be what he was not; he lived the scornful life of a deceiver; let him have the burial of Jeconiah; let him not have a funeral at all; let him be cast away as loathsome carrion, for that is all he is.' When a godly man dies, ye may make lamentation over him, ye may well carry him with solemn pomp unto his grave, for there is an odor in his bones, there is a sweet savor about him that even God delighteth in, for 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' But the gilded hypocrite, the varnished deceiver, the well accoutred wolf in sheep's clothing—away with pomp for him! Why should men bewail him? They do not do it; why should they pretend to do so, and give the outward semblance of a grief, where they feel none?"

Or the wicked might be buried in a more quiet way;

silently laid in the grave with none to mourn for him—men standing around whom delicacy to the living constrained to silence, but whom truth would not permit to utter hypocritic praise. Thus contemplating the end to which all must come, the preacher said with solemn truth, "*Brethren, after all, we ought to judge ourselves very much in the light of our funerals.*" And I could see that he was thinking of what might be said of him when he was gone, as he added,

"Oh! I would desire so to live that when I leave this mortal state, men may say, 'There is one gone who sought to make the world better. However rough his efforts may have been, he was an honest man; he sought to serve God, and there lies he that feared not the face of man.'"

And then, as if to heighten by contrast the effect of the dark picture he had drawn, he thus portrayed the burial of the righteous:

"I remember the funeral of one pastor—I attended it. Many ministers of the Gospel walked behind the coffin to attend their brother, and pay honor to him; and then came a long string of members of the Church, every one of whom wept as if they had lost a father. And I remember the solemn sermon that was preached in the chapel, all hung with black, when all of us wept because a great man had fallen that day in Israel. We felt that

a prince had been taken from us, and we all said, like Elijah's servant, 'My father, my father, the horses of Israel and the chariots thereof!'

"But I have seen the wicked buried, and I saw nothing of this sort. I saw a flickering kind of sorrow, like the dying of a wick that is almost consumed. I saw that those who paid a decent respect to the corpse did it for the widow's sake, and for the sake of them that were left behind; but if they could have dealt with the corpse as their nature seemed to dictate they ought to have dealt with the man when living, they would have said, 'Let him be buried at the dead of night; let him have some unhallowed corner in the churchyard where the nettle long has grown; let the frog croak over his tomb; let the owl make her resting-place o'er his sepulchre, and let her hoot all night long, for hooted he well deserves to be; let no laurel and no cypress grow upon his grave, and let no rose twine itself as a sweet bower around the place where he sleeps; let no cowslip and no lily of the valley deck the grass that covereth him; there let him lie; let not the greensward grow, but let the place be accursed where sleeps the hypocrite."

But he went still further:

"There is a sad thing yet to come. We must look a little deeper than the mere ceremonial of the burial, and we shall see that there is a great deal more in some people's coffins besides their corpses. When old Robert

Flockart was buried a few weeks ago in Edinburgh, he was buried as I think a Christian minister should be, for his old Bible and hymn-book were placed upon the top of the coffin. Had he been a soldier, I suppose he would have had his sword put there; but he had been a Christian soldier, and so they buried him with his Bible and hymn-book as his trophies. It was well that such a trophy should be *on* that coffin; but there is a great deal, as I have said, *inside* some people's coffins. If we had eyes to see invisible things, and we could break the lid of the hypocrite's coffin, we should see a great deal there. There lie all his hopes, and they are to be buried with him. Of all the frightful things that a man can look upon, the face of a dead hope is the most horrible. A dead child is a pang indeed to a mother's heart; a dead wife or a dead husband, to the heart of the bereaved, must be sorrowful indeed; but a coffin full of dead hopes—did you ever see such a load of misery carried to the grave as that?

"Wrapt in the same shroud, there lie all his dead *pretensions.* When he was here he made a pretension of being respectable; there lies his respect, he shall be a hissing and a reproach forever. He made a pretension of being sanctified, but the mask is off now, and he stands in all his native blackness. And so he sleeps. The tongue that prattled once so pleasantly concerning godliness is now silent. That hypocritical eye that once flashed with the pretended fire of joy—it is all now dark,

dark. That brain that thought of inventions to deceive—the worm shall feed on it. And that heart of his, that once throbbed beneath ribs that were scarcely thick enough to hide the transparency of his hypocrisy shall now be devoured by demons. There are dead pretensions inside that rotten skeleton, and dead hopes too.

"But there is one thing that sleeps with him in his coffin that he had set his heart upon. He had set his heart upon being known after he was gone. He thought surely after he had departed this life, he would be handed down to posterity and be remembered. Now read the text—'And they were forgotten in the city where they had so done.' There is his hope of fame. Every man likes to live a little longer than his life—Englishmen especially—for there is scarcely to be found a rock in all England up which even a goat can hardly climb, where there may not be discovered the initials of the names of men, who never had any other mode of attaining to fame, and therefore thought they would inscribe their names there. Go where you will, you find men attempting to be known; and this is the reason why many people write in newspapers, else they never would be known. A hundred little inventions we all of us have for keeping our names going after we are dead.

"But with the wicked man it is all in vain; he shall be forgotten. He has done nothing to make anybody remember him. Ask the poor, 'Do you remember So-and

so?' 'Hard master, sir, very. He always cut us down to the last sixpence; and we do not wish to recollect him.' Their children won't hear his name; they will forget him entirely. Ask the Church, 'Do you remember So-and-so? he was a member.' 'Well,' says one, 'I remember him certainly, his name was on the books, but we never had his heart. He used to come and go, but I never could talk with him. There was nothing spiritual in him. There was a great deal of sounding bell-metal and brass, but no gold. I never could discover that he had the root of the matter in him.' No one thinks of him, and he will soon be forgotten. The chapel grows old, there comes up another congregation, and somehow or other they talk about the old deacons that used to be there, who were good and holy men, and about the old lady, that used to be so eminently useful in visiting the sick; about the young man who rose out of that church, who was so useful in the cause of God; but you never hear mention made of *his* name; he is quite forgotten. When he died his name was struck out of the books; he was reported as being dead, and all remembrance of him died with him. I have often noticed how soon wicked things die when the man dies who originated them. Look at Voltaire's philosophy; with all the noise it made in his time —where is it now? There is just a little of it lingering, but it seems to have gone. And there was Tom Paine, who did his best to write his name in letters of damnation, and one would think he might have been remem-

bered. But who cares for him now? What is a wicked man's body but a rotten piece of noisomeness? Put it away, and thank God there are worms to eat such a thing up, and thank him still more, that there is a worm called Time, to eat up the evil influence and the accursed memory, which such a man leaves behind him."

And then in a few solemn words the preacher wrote the epitaph of the wicked, THIS ALSO IS VANITY, showing the folly and madness of the course which led to this miserable end.

As soon as the sermon was closed, there were signs of a movement near the door, when Mr. Spurgeon cried out, "All who do not want a blessing, can go," and immediately pronounced the benediction, and the vast audience slowly dispersed.

I have given you this full description of the sermon as the best means of conveying an idea of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. Every one is surprised by his readiness and fluency, a gift so rare especially among Englishmen. During the whole of this long discourse, he had not a note or a line before him. It was purely extemporaneous. It was taken down in short-hand, as are all his Sunday morning sermons, and printed in a tract form, from which I have quoted those passages which most impressed me in the delivery.

But what I admired yet more than the fluency of speech, was the simplicity of the language. There was

not a word which could not be understood by everybody. He used plain, homely phrases, and thus the truth was brought directly into contact with the minds of his audience. In many points Mr. Spurgeon reminded us strongly of Henry Ward Beecher—in his hearty earnestness, in his blunt, pithy way of saying a thing, in his touches of tenderness and occasional gleams of humor, and in his varied imagination, which though sometimes stooping to coarse figures, often rises to the use of imagery the most delicate and beautiful.

From all this you will readily infer that we came away from Surrey Hall with a very pleasant impression. I confess we had gone with some misgiving, for I had so often seen a great reputation dwindle as it was approached, that I dreaded to have another illusion dispelled. But this sermon relieved my fears. I had seen Mr. Spurgeon criticised and ridiculed in the English journals as a clerical mountebank, and I did not know but he might appear as a theatrical performer in the pulpit. But the critic who can deride Mr. Spurgeon as a charlatan, must be insensible to any demonstrations of oratorical power. No candid listener can deny to him the possession of great talent, and when the amount of his labors is considered, it appears still more remarkable.

The same evening we heard him again in his own chapel in New Park street, and after the service, we saw him in his vestry and had a very pleasant interview. I

had a natural apprehension that he must be breaking down from excessive labor. But he assured me that he was in robust health. He said that his constant speaking was the best exercise for him, and that he should die if he did not preach *twelve times a week*. I asked him when he found time to study, to which he replied that he could give but little preparation to his sermons, often entering the pulpit with not more than fifteen minutes previous thought of his subject.

But he has lately contrived to secure some degree of leisure. He has taken a house by Clapham Common, at several miles' distance from his church, to avoid interruptions. His deacons do all his visiting, and hence, in the interval of his public duties, he is able to snatch a few hours for study and books. I suspect, too, that he has read largely in former years. He appears to be very familiar with the old divines, especially with Bunyan, whom he calls "the greatest of Englishmen." In this very sermon, when speaking of the holy dead, he paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the marvellous dreamer. Traces of his familiarity with the writings of Bunyan are seen everywhere in his style.

Such are my impressions of Mr. Spurgeon. I rank him very highly among the living men of his country. Sometimes I hear a fling at him, that he is a coarse, vulgar man, and that he is puffed up with conceit. Perhaps he is vain of his popularity. I can only say that I did not discover it in his public preaching, nor in his private con-

versation. As to his low breeding, certainly he has not an aristocratic air. As he has sprung out of the ground, he shows plain marks of his origin. He is of the earth, earthy. But that very fact may give him half his power. His thoughts and language are racy of the soil, and thus he is fitted to be what he is—not a fashionable preacher, but a real tribune of the people, swaying the hearts of thousands of men. I think he would have been injured rather than benefited if he had been educated at one of the universities, and spent the years in studying Latin and Greek, which he has turned to much better account in studying Bunyan and the people of England. Let critics carp at him if they will. I shall still love, and honor, and admire Mr. Spurgeon—as a man of rare eloquence, and what is better still, of a great and noble Christian heart—a heart that loves his fellow-men, and seeks their good, and I believe that God has raised him up to be a great blessing to England.

CHAPTER IV.

English Manners—Reserve—Pride—Snobbery—Worship of Rank—Better Qualities—English Hearts and English Homes.

London, *June*, 1858.

When two Americans meet in England, the first question they ask each other, after bowing and shaking hands, is, What do you think of these English? Each answers according to his own experience. As he has chanced to fall in with favorable specimens or otherwise, so is his judgment of the whole people, which he is not slow to express in that peculiarly energetic and forcible language in which Brother Jonathan is apt to set forth his ideas of men and nations. One who should keep silence and listen to these off-hand verdicts, would be amused by their variety. I hear so many contradictory opinions that I feel much hesitation in expressing my own. Nor is this diffidence diminished by seeing the greater carefulness of those who know more.

We have in Liverpool a very excellent representative of our countrymen in the person of Rev. William H. Channing, of Boston, who has spent five years in that city, preaching to a Unitarian congregation. He is a man of fine culture and of large and liberal heart; full

of enthusiasm for all that is true, noble, and beautiful, wherever he finds it; and whose reverence for the Old World is only equalled by his hope for the New. The other day a friend of mine, who had just landed from America, asked him the usual question, What *he* thought of the English? His answer was very significant. He said he did not think he understood them so well as he did when he came to England five years before! I commend this answer to those who are so prompt and even flippant in their judgment of a great people. If a man of so much intelligence, and with such excellent opportunities of seeing the better class of English society, has to confess himself perplexed in trying to comprehend the English character, a stranger who has been but a few weeks in the country had better be modest in expressing his opinion. At least it will be safer to confine himself to marked and salient points.

It does not surprise me at all to hear opinions so diverse, for it is clear to the least penetrating observer, that the English character combines some most contradictory elements, so that a man can hardly mingle with them for a few days without finding himself in different moods, alternately attracted and repelled.

Equally clear is it that the outside of the English character is not the best side. Yet, unfortunately, it is all which most travellers see. A young American comes to England, full of interest and admiration for the country of his fathers. Yet he hardly gets on shore before

his enthusiasm suffers a rude shock. His first experience falls upon him like a shower bath. At his landing, he is thrown, like Jonah into the whale's mouth, into the jaws of the Custom-house, where he is apt to be roughly handled. This is his introduction to John Bull, and he comes out of his embraces, thinking he is but a surly fellow.

This is experience No. 1. Now for experience No 2. He gets into a railway carriage, and begins to ride over the country. He is full of eager curiosity, and has a thousand questions to ask of what he sees. But his travelling companions are not at all communicative. For the interchange of thought that passes between them, they might as well be deaf and dumb. This reserve wounds the pride of a stranger. An American especially likes to talk and to exercise his national liberty of asking questions. And this distant manner, which repels intercourse, he resents as a silent insult, as a disdain of his society. One must be disposed to judge very kindly of his fellow-creatures, who can ride all day in the same carriage with a man who deigns him never a word, without thinking in his heart that he is a disagreeable churl. If this be a prejudice, it is certainly a very natural one, and one which it takes a long time to cure.

And yet nothing can be more unjust than to impute this reserve always to pride or disdain, or to suppose that it is manifested only towards foreigners. I find, in

conversing with Englishmen, that they are as fully conscious of it as we can be, and often are quite as much embarrassed by it. A gentleman of London, who is a man of large fortune, told me that on one occasion he left for the north, I think for Edinburgh. In the railway carriage were three gentlemen besides himself. Yet not a word was spoken. Each sat in his corner silent. Thus they rode on for two hundred miles without saying a word. At York the train stopped for a few minutes, and they got out. As they returned to their seats, one ventured the presumptuous remark that "it was a miserable day" (it had been raining ever since they started), to which another had the audacity to reply, that "they had been as miserable as the day." That broke the ice, and the waters began to flow. From that moment they kept up a constant stream of conversation all the way to Scotland.

This incident, which is only one of ten thousand, shows that English reserve, in many cases, is not the effect of pride, but of shyness. These four travelling companions were silent, not because each disdained the others, but because each feared the others, and hesitated to make advances lest he should be repulsed. Every one of these travellers may have been a most amiable gentleman, full of intelligence, and "ready to communicate," but a mutual awe sealed their lips. The true explanation, therefore, of English taciturnity, is not to be found in a sour or sullen temper, but in the extent to

which class distinctions are carried, from which every man is afraid to make advances to a stranger, lest he intrude on the greatness of some one above him, or stoop to a person of lower grade, whom he will find it convenient to drop. These odious distinctions are the great bar to social intercourse, the chief barrier to general friendliness and courtesy.

But the great vice of the English character, as it appears to foreigners, that which most affronts the self-respect of every man who sets foot upon this island, and which begets all which is most offensive in English manners, is—not reserve, for that disappears on acquaintance—but another quality which never disappears—Pride. Every Englishman seems to carry about with him a consciousness of the greatness of his country, a sense of the majesty of Britain, which will not depart from him. Wherever he goes, he never forgets that England is the greatest empire on earth, and he thinks privately that no small part of its greatness is incarnated in himself. And this makes him alternately haughty and patronizing in his treatment of men of other nations.

Probably no foreigners are so sensitive to this as our countrymen, precisely because it jars rudely on their own sense of importance. An American puts himself in the way of offence, for surely as he begins to talk, he will talk about his country, which, of course, he thinks the greatest country on earth—not yet having seen any other—and this touches the pride of John Bull, who is

apt to reply by a stout assertion of the unapproachable greatness of England, or more likely by a quiet disdain. He shuts his mouth firmly, as if he had the lockjaw, scorning to reply to Yankee ignorance and impertinence.

Or if he be of a mild temper, he will perhaps be benignant, and even deign some mark of his approbation. If you tell him of the greatness of the world beyond the sea, he breathes upon you an ineffable smile—like that of the Reverend Mr. Chadband—which seems to say, You are a very nice young gentleman, and America is a promising country for a young one. Go on, my children, for a few hundred years, and you may approach the stature of your father!

Of these two phases of English manners, the lofty or the condescending, it is difficult to say which is the more offensive. An American cannot bear to be snubbed, nor to be patronized. Either mode of address implies a superiority, that wounds him in his tenderest point, which is a sensitive national vanity.

But pride, standing alone, though cold, distant, and repulsive—still has in it a certain dignity, were it not belittled by its union with another quality, which seems the very opposite, yet which often dwells in the same breast. It is obsequiousness and servility. It is the union of these two repellent traits which makes the genuine snob—a character which, if we are to credit their own writers, abounds in England. Nowhere on earth,

unless it be in the most despotic Asiatic empires, is there a more servile worship of rank. An American can hardly believe his senses when he sees the abasement of soul which seizes the middle classes in the presence of a lord. They look up to him as a superior being, with a reverence approaching to awe. The very men who carry their heads so high to foreigners, he sees now sinking into the dust of humility, and his previous resentment turns into disgust and contempt. "Ah ha!" he exclaims, scornfully, "This is the great English nation! It is a nation of snobs—insolent to all whom they think they can insult with impunity, yet cowed and cringing to the lowest degree before their own masters."

This servility gives the American a brave chance to retort the taunts which he hears in regard to slavery: "Slavery! where is there more slavery than in England —slavery, not indeed of the body, but of the soul? The worshippers of the Grand Lama are not more abject and servile adorers of power than these boasting Britons, that never, never will be slaves!"

"Hear them prate about freedom and humanity! It is all disgusting cant. Humanity! What do they care for humanity? A true respect for man is not known in the British Islands. It is rank and power that are worshipped. But for simple manhood there is not even common respect. If a stranger crosses their path, the first question is not, What is he? but who is he? What

is his name and family? It is not enough that upon every feature God hath set his seal to give the world assurance of a man. Even transcendent genius, the inspiration of the Almighty, is nothing compared with noble blood, though it be blood that has been defiled and corrupted by flowing through generations of profligate ancestors!"

This degrading class worship does not exist merely in the imagination of a stranger. It is the lament of every man of high spirit in England, and the butt of constant sarcasm and ridicule. What are the novels of Thackeray but stinging satires upon that snobbery of which England is full? Who has written in more bitter scorn of this flunkeyism—as he calls it—than Kingsley? Perhaps the eyes of literary men are sharpened by a keen sensibility to their own position. The position of a literary man in England, it has been said, is "a hell of humiliations." Conscious of great powers, they feel that they are entitled to the first social position in their country as they are at the head of its intellect. And yet they find themselves set back in the second or third rank, far behind men who are not worthy to untie the latchet of their shoes. Yet such is the overshadowing power of rank, that even those who protest against it, who try to scorn it and satirize it, still bow to its influence. Even Thackeray is accused of stooping to play the courtier in noble houses. It is said tauntingly—I know not if truly—that he seeks more the smile of lords

and ladies than to touch the great heart of England, and would rather be admitted to their society than be the first literary man in the realm.

Can anything be more degrading than a class spirit which thus eats out the manliness of the noblest minds, and which humbles the great middle class, which is a nation's glory and strength? It is humiliating to see a spirit so abject in a nation that has so many titles to our reverence; that has acted so grand a part in history, and that still stretches out her imperial arm to rule a large part of the four quarters of the globe.

I have put in the foreground these harsher traits of English manners, because they are those which first strike the eye of a foreigner, and which create such a violent antipathy to the whole people, amounting in some of my countrymen to a perfect Anglophobia. I know that manners are not character. But they are its most natural index and expression. And these diversities of address—now brusque and rude, and now gracious and condescending—are interpreted by foreigners as signs of that imperious temper, which they believe is natural to every Englishman; that lofty consciousness of his own greatness, and disdain of the rest of mankind, which is the presiding sentiment of his thoughts, the very centre and core of his soul, the spinal column of his character. This may be a rash and hasty judgment, but Brother Jonathan decides quickly, and speaks his mind

in no ambiguous manner, and I'll venture, if you were to ask one of these plain-spoken Yankees—after he has travelled a week or two in England—what he thinks of great John Bull, he would answer in terms more forcible than elegant, Cold as ice, and proud as Satan!

Nothing is more useless than to combat an inveterate national prejudice, especially when it has a partial basis of truth, as this has, in the reserved and distant English manners. The only hope is, that a better acquaintance may correct the first unfavorable impression. But the misfortune of most Americans who come to England is, that they do not remain long enough in the country to see anything of the interior of its social life. They spend but a few weeks travelling through all parts of Great Britain. They are mere birds of passage, on their way to the sunnier clime of the south of Europe. Of course, their acquaintance with the people—if such it deserves to be called—is of the slightest. Meeting them only on the great lines of travel, on railways, and at hotels, they see only the outside, and the rough side, of the English character. And so their first impressions remain with them to the last.

The partial knowledge thus acquired, serves rather to mislead than to enlighten. To judge the English justly, one should know them well, or not at all. Half knowledge is worse than no knowledge, since it serves only to create prejudice. And to know the English well, one should know the homes of England, for it is there that

the national character comes out truest and best. Could our testy countryman, who rides over the fair face of this island in a railway carriage, discussing the while Slavery and Repudiation, come down from his flying car and visit yonder cottages by the hedge rows, and those princely villas under the ancestral oaks, and see the interior life of English families, he would soon change his opinion, for he would find there much to admire and to love. He would find this people, so cold in appearance, full of domestic virtues. No man on earth has stronger household affections than an Englishman. No man has a better governed family—children more respectful and obedient, and in no human habitation is there more mutual affection, more true love and happiness.

One glimpse at such a domestic scene opens the eyes of a stranger to a new phase of English character. He finds, too, that when *he* is once admitted within that sacred pale, no reception could be more cordial. In fact, the very reserve which isolates an Englishman from those "with whom he is not acquainted," leads to a warmer and fuller outgushing of the heart in the channels where it is permitted to flow. This people are, indeed, shy of strangers. To have any claim on their good offices, you must come duly authenticated as in all respects a proper person. But when you are thus ticketed and labelled, all doors fly open, and there is no end to English kindness and hospitality.

Then comes out "the better soul" of an Englishman. The crusty manner is all gone, and the stranger finds that underneath this rough exterior lies concealed a nature soft and gentle as a woman's. Though his breast is bound round with thick ribs, they cover a great heart which beats with a strong and healthy motion. There is no man who does himself such injustice as an Englishman. In appearance he is a rough and impassible being, hard and cold as a rock. Yet deep within that living stone, there is a perennial spring of pure and noble feeling, and whoever can strike the rock, may make the waters flow.

In the reaction of feeling produced by these new aspects of English character, one is apt to lean the other way, and no sooner is he well used to them, than he begins to like some of John Bull's rough points, which, like the knobs on the British oak, are the signs of sturdy strength. I cannot go to the extreme of those, who, after stoutly abusing John Bull, suddenly turn round and offer incense to him, and who now find something to admire even in his red nose and his gouty toe! But I can put up with blunt manners, when coupled with a true and manly heart. John Bull is an honest fellow, the world over. He will not lie, and pretend to be your friend, when he means to betray you. And though he treats you rather suspiciously at first, as if you had come about him to pick the old gentleman's pockets, when once he finds that you also are a true man, he gives you

his hand, and is a friend for life, ready to stand by you in all your quarrels, and to fight your battles for you.

As for the English pride, it must be confessed that it is rather an unamiable trait. Yet even this has its good effect upon the general character. Pride is not always a bad quality, either in a nation or an individual. It produces self-respect and a scorn of baseness, and where not carried to inordinate excess, it sits well on the character. In a nation it produces a dignity of public action. For one thing I admire the pride of England. It makes her nobly indifferent to the opinion of the world. There is something grand in the repose of the British lion. A hundred petty creatures may seek to worry him, may pull his mane, and almost tweak his royal nose, yet the king of beasts does not move a muscle. Would that our country had a little of this calm self-respect, which is inspired by conscious power—a proud disdain of that foreign criticism, to which she now appears so absurdly sensitive!

And this suggests a prudent reflection on ourselves, which may check a harsh judgment of our neighbors. It may be said of nations, as of individuals, Let him that is without sin cast the first stone! When tempted to reproach the English for their disagreeable traits, my tongue is checked by remembrance of our own deficiencies. If English pride wounds our dignity, it is not more offensive to good taste than American vanity. Indeed, it is the nobler quality of the two. Willingly

would I exchange our national trait for that of the English, or at least, "go half and half."

As for the snobbery which we charge upon Englishmen, I think I have heard of such a thing even in the model republic. Are all men modest in America? Are all delicately considerate and respectful of the rights of others? Have we no upstarts among us, vulgar and insolent, taking airs to themselves, and oblivious of their equals or their betters? Perhaps it is safer not to invite comparisons.

As for distinction of classes, we have none recognized by law, but have we no social distinctions? Just as truly as they have in England, only that the lines are not as broad, and the walls are not as high, and so the distinctions are not as permanent. They are founded also on other titles, whether higher or nobler it is for the world to judge. If it be unworthy of a great nation to give such distinction to the accident of birth, is it much more honorable in us to make a god of money? There is something to be proud of in a long line of noble ancestors, which may inspire a dignity in the character. But have we gained much by throwing down the idol of aristocracy, if we at once set up in its place a golden calf, to which we bid all men bow down and worship? It is much easier to abolish the name of distinctions in society than to get rid of the thing. And we need to look well to it, that in banishing a hereditary nobility, we do not supply its place by a more vulgar aristocracy.

Of the greater claims of England, to the respect of the world—to the honor, the love, and the gratitude of mankind, I need not speak. Her history, is it not written on the face of the whole earth? Nay, wherein we boast of our own greatness, do we not reflect glory upon her? For, after all, is not England our mother? Has not America, with all her youthful strength, and unbounded hope, come out of her loins? Let us, then, think kindly, nay, lovingly, and proudly, of that great people, in whose history our ancestors have borne a part, and to which we are still bound by the ties of one blood, one language, and one religion.

When I think of all that England is—of her intelligence, learning, and virtue; of her universities, founded centuries ago, and illustrated by great discoveries, and immortal names; of her men of science, and of letters; of her writers, who are the instructors, the delight, and the solace of all who speak the English tongue; of her widely diffused intelligence; of the general culture of mind, and refinement of manners; of the valor of her sons, and the loveliness of her daughters; of her ten thousands of happy, Christian homes—I think that this island is the very ark of the world, in which all that is most precious is enshrined.

CHAPTER V.

England and the Continent—Normandy—Dieppe—The Cliff, the Castle and the Beach—Rouen—Paris.

An American is not fairly in Europe until he reaches the Continent. England carries him back hundreds of years, far beyond the time of Columbus. Yet it has not quite the aspect of hoary antiquity with which it has been clothed in his imagination. It is not ancient and moss-grown. It has too many "modern improvements," and in this is too much like his own country. And it is not until he has left the Island, and sets foot upon the solid Continent, that he finds himself in contact with the old, old world—"the world before the flood." But once here, the illusion is perfect. Here are old walls and towers, old castles and cathedrals, which no rude hand of improvement has been suffered to touch. Here they stand from century to century, grand and noble in their very decay, the mighty monuments of former generations.

This difference is acknowledged by intelligent Englishmen. Says Ruskin:

"I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged

stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong like a bare, brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty, nor desirableness, pride nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets; so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore, the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise.

"I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and above all, it completely expresses

that agedness in the midst of active life, which binds the old and the new into harmony. We in England have our new streets, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it—a mere *specimen* of the middle ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which, but for its size, might as well be on the museum shelf at once, under cover. But on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and the present, and in such use as they can serve for, the grey headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while, in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretence, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these."

In coming into France we had a wish to pass through the ancient province of Normandy. No part of the kingdom has been so closely connected with England from the time of the Conquest. The very coasts correspond,—the white chalk cliffs standing face to face on either side of the Channel. So instead of the more direct route from London to Paris, by Boulogne, we came down on the Brighton railway to Newhaven, and crossed to Dieppe. We were not up to the quay before

we felt the foreign atmosphere. There was a crowd upon the shore, but not a man among them could be mistaken for a bluff and burly Briton, stout with beef and beer, with face red and round as the harvest moon. Those lank limbs were never made in England. Even the officers of the law, that generally grow fat with dignity, had a lean and hungry look. The gens d'armes, that stood to receive us on the quay, with their long swords and cocked hats, presented the same stiff appearance as in Hogarth's caricatures of the French a hundred years ago. The women, too, clattered about with their wooden shoes and with the high caps of Normandy; and both men and women kept up a ceaseless jabber in a foreign tongue.

Dieppe, like Dover on the English coast, has its white chalk cliff,

> "Whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully in the confined deep,"

and from its summit an old castle looks out far and wide upon the waters. It has, too, like Calais, its old church, that of St. Jacques, at the foot of whose tower a foreign pilgrim can muse and meditate.

Though now but a small fishing town, and visited by the fashionable world only for its sea bathing, Dieppe has been in its day a place of renown. Three hundred years ago it was the chief seaport in France. It had its ships that made voyages to the ends of the earth, and came

back laden with the furs of Canada and the spices of Senegal. It had its merchant prince, who, like the lords of Venice, sent whole fleets to sea, in the person of Ango, the friend of Francis I., whose château is still seen near the town. But the rise of Havre, at the mouth of the Seine, led to the decline of Dieppe; till now it has not more than twenty thousand inhabitants. Still it is an important fishing port, and every year sends out a hundred or more of vessels for the cod and herring fisheries. Many are the hardy Norman sailors, who drop the line on the banks of Newfoundland. But its more imposing commerce has departed. The only trace it has left is seen in the small manufacture of objects of ivory—a relic of its former trade with Africa—which are still offered to the visitor in the little shops along the beach.

But Dieppe has more stirring associations. Look up to the castle on the cliff. Two centuries and a half ago there was a stir on yonder heights, a hurrying of feet and tramp of armed men. Thither came the great Henry, when, forced to retreat before the army of the League, and almost driven out of the kingdom, he threw himself upon the fidelity of his "bons Dieppois." Left with only a little band of Huguenots to defend his person and his crown, he yet rode at their head with an unruffled brow, as serene and undaunted in defeat as in victory. Here he made his stand, and at the old castle of Arques, in a narrow valley four miles

from the town, with but four thousand trusty Protestants, he defeated the whole army that had marched against him, thirty thousand strong—a decisive battle, which made Henry of Navarre, King Henry IV. of France.

Still later, in the war of the Fronde, fled to this castle the Duchess de Longueville, so famous for her beauty and her ambition. Fearing that she could not find safety in France, she took refuge in this old tower on the coast, from whose jutting precipice, if need were, she could, like a dauntless Roman matron, throw herself into the sea. To this eyrie she was pursued, and she clambered down the rocks by night, trusting herself to the darkness and the stormy coast, rather than fall into the power of her enemies. After a succession of perils and marvellous escapes, she at length found safety in Holland.

These are brave memories which float around yonder towers. But now gentler forms come stepping over the sands as we walk here at sunset. At the foot of the giant cliff a soft and shelly beach reaches out into the sea, which is one of the most famous resorts for bathers on all the coasts of France. As we look off pensively at the deep, gentle forms come stealing out of the twilight, forms tenderly beloved in other years. Those who then disported in the surf are gone now, and the waters have washed away their footsteps. But others follow, as gay and gladsome as they. To us this whole scene presents a contrast which illustrates the

two extremes of the French spirit—emblems of glory and war, frowning over the spot where children and maidens trip with merry feet. It is a true picture of France—that grand old castle standing, dark and solemn, against the evening sky, while a group of bathers go leaping and laughing on the sands below.

The next day we came on from Dieppe to Rouen, through the heart of this ancient province, one of the most picturesque portions of old France. The scenery along the route is not grand, but it is exquisitely beautiful. The road winds through valleys of the softest green, along the banks of streams that murmur gently beneath their overhanging willows. The hill-sides are covered not with vines, but with orchards, for Normandy is a part of France, in which the national beverage of wine gives place to homely cider. These orchards give the country an appearance not unlike that of New England. I can hardly picture to your eye the softness of these landscapes as they glided past. To us they had a charm beyond their natural beauty, in tender memories that sprung like grass from the green turf beneath our feet. Mrs. F. spent a part of her childhood in Normandy, and now associations of early years rose up from these valleys, like morning dews exhaled upon the balmy air. But I cannot convey to another all the brightness of that day. Its sunshine is lingering in my memory yet.

Rouen detained us five or six hours. It is a quaint and curious old city, with its narrow, winding streets, and high, gabled houses; but a place of unusual historical interest. It was the ancient capital of Normandy. In the Palace of Justice is still shown the chamber in which the Parliament met. Here lived William the Conqueror, and after he had planted his Normans on the coast of England, here he came back to die. In the Museum of Antiquities is still preserved a letter signed by his royal hand, or rather marked by his cross, for the Conqueror of England could not write his name! Here, too, was the home of Richard Cœur de Lion, who at his death bequeathed to Rouen his lion heart, which is still kept as a sacred relic in the cathedral.

But it is not of William nor of Richard that we think most as we drive over these pavements, but of the maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, who, after leading the armies ot her country, here came to the end of her career. More than four centuries have passed since the victorious English kindled the fires for the captured girl in one of the squares of Rouen; and still the city derives its chief historical interest from the tragic fate of the heroic maid, and still every stranger comes as a pilgrim to her monument.

Rouen is rich in churches. The cathedral is one of the grandest piles of the middle ages. Especially is every beholder struck with admiration of its façade, so broad and high, and carved with the richest tracery. But still more beautiful to me was the church of St.

Ouen, so named from the patron saint of the city. Though not so large as many of the continental cathedrals, it is one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. Notwithstanding its great size, the impression on the beholder is one of airy lightness and grace. The long nave is lined by slender columns which rise to a great height, and from which the arches spring upward, like elm branches, so that it seems as if the vaulted roof would soar to the skies. We spent a long time in wandering about this beautiful edifice, not only straying through the long-drawn aisles, and musing over old tombs and monuments, but ascending to the galleries and the roof. A hundred feet above the pavement, the thick walls are pierced by a narrow corridor, through which one may pass around the whole edifice. Here came the monks from a neighboring convent, and stood in their black robes, looking down upon the worshippers below, and listening to the solemn chanting as it floated upward. Here we now stood and looked down to the stone pavement, on which men showed like pigmies as they walked about. From the galleries we passed out upon the roof, and ascended the tower, from which we overlooked the squares and gardens of the city, and the hills, and the Seine which far below was winding its way to the sea.

The same evening we came on to Paris, keeping the course of the river. The valley of the Seine presents many beautiful points, several of which I recognized as those from which Turner had taken the most charming

landscapes in his Rivers of France. Every step was over historic ground. Ruined castles, here and there crowning a distant hill-top, were hoary with legends of the past. Yonder lofty rock, to which the river bends as if to pay it tribute, was the stronghold of Richard Cœur de Lion. There he built the Château Gaillard, and from that eminence he surveyed with the eye of a conqueror the broad valley of the Seine. After his death this impregnable fortress was taken. But while he lived none dared to disturb the lion in his lair.

Farther on we see a mansion standing modestly in the valley, whose plain brick walls now reflect the setting sun. That is the Château of Rosny, where the great minister Sully was born, and where he was often visited by his royal master Henry IV. You have read the stirring poem of Macaulay on the battle of Ivry. It may therefore interest you to know that King Henry of Navarre slept under that roof on the night after that glorious day. Thus recalling the scenes and characters of history, we rode on past other châteaus and villages, and through the forest of St. Germain, till at a late hour we entered the walls of Paris. It was near midnight when we left the station. But the streets were brilliantly lighted, crowds were walking on the Boulevards, and everything marked the gay French capital. Our carriage soon whirled us into the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, and under the arched way into the courtyard of the great Hôtel du Louvre.

CHAPTER VI.

Changes of Ten Years in the French Capital—The Republic destroyed—Louis Napoleon—Improvements in the City—New Buildings, New Squares and New Streets—Enlargement of the City Walls—Military Régime—The Imperial Guard—Zouaves and Chasseurs—Chances of Revolution—Feeling of the Nation towards the Emperor—Will the Empire Last?

Paris, *July* 8, 1858.

We have now been two weeks in Paris, but every day has been so occupied with seeing sights and seeing friends, that we have not found an hour to write to America. It was not with the feeling of strangers, but rather of exiles returning to their country, that we entered Paris again, after an absence of ten years. You know that it was Mrs. F.'s native city, and that here she spent all her early life. You know, too, that I also passed here the winter of 1847–8, and was a witness of the Revolution in which Louis Philippe was overthrown. So to both of us these streets were full of the associations of other days. But we find the French capital much changed both politically and externally. When I left, the republic had been established on the ruins of the monarchy; Cavaignac was at the head of affairs, and

the National Assembly was engaged in consolidating democratic institutions. Now every trace of the republic has disappeared; the old statesmen and generals are dead or in exile. A few, like Guizot and Thiers, are permitted to remain in Paris, but they are wholly destitute of power and political influence. They live very retired and devote themselves to literary pursuits. And one man who was then known only as a Quixotic adventurer, is now the sole and absolute master of France.

Whatever might be the previous opinions of Louis Napoleon, all must now concede his great ability. He has grasped the reins of power with a strong hand, and has infused energy and vigor into every department of the government. Immense labor and expense have been devoted to the embellishment of the capital. The whole city seems to be in a process of reconstruction. I see here more opening of new streets, more tearing down of old houses, and more building of new ones, than in New York. The old parts of Paris, where the streets were the narrowest, and the houses the highest, and the population the densest and the poorest, have been pierced by long and broad avenues. The new Boulevard of Sebastopol has been cut right through the heart of Paris, connecting the opposite banks of the Seine, and the northern and southern divisions of the city. Whole blocks of decayed rookeries, which had been the refuge of squalid misery for generations, have been swept away, and given place to open squares, with

gardens, and trees, and fountains. The great work of connecting the Palace of the Tuileries with the Louvre, which several sovereigns have attempted, has at last been completed, and the Rue de Rivoli, the magnificent street of arcades, which before skirted the garden of the Tuileries, has now been extended through the whole length of Paris. One of the blocks which was removed in these changes is now occupied by our hotel, the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, which almost merits a description by itself, as one of the public edifices of Paris. It is probably the finest hotel in Europe. It occupies a whole square, facing the New Louvre on one side, and the Palais Royal on the other. Our room looks out upon the Rue de Rivoli; the Louvre is just across the street, and the Tuileries but a few rods distant. We step out of our windows on the balcony, and our view reaches eastward to the Hôtel de Ville, and beyond to the column which marks the place of the Bastille, and westward over the trees of the Champs Elysées, to where the setting sun lights up the Arch of Triumph. Still beyond lies the Bois de Boulogne, the favorite drive of the Parisians, which has been laid out anew and greatly embellished, to which thousands are pouring out at this hour to enjoy a walk or ride amid lawns, and lakes, and woods.

Another improvement is projected, which will give the city still grander proportions. It is the enlargement of the walls to nearly double their present circumfer-

ence. Like most continental cities, Paris levies an *octroi*, or city duty, on all provisions brought in from the country. This tariff yields a revenue of many millions, out of which are paid, in large part, the new improvements. To prevent any contraband traffic, the city is surrounded with an octroi wall, and officers keep watch on every vehicle, whether cart or carriage, that enters in at the gates. This duty is of course a heavy tax upon living in Paris, to escape which many of the poorer classes have moved without the walls, where provisions are cheaper. The reconstructions now going on, in which their old quarters have been torn down, have driven thousands of poor families into these suburbs, and thus has grown up outside of the city proper a population numbering, it is said, nearly four hundred thousand.

Beyond this octroi wall, at a distance of from half a mile to a mile and even two miles, is the line of the city fortifications, constructed by Louis Philippe, at enormous expense, with broad walls and a deep moat. It is in the girdle between these walls that is collected this vast surburban population. It is now proposed to throw down the octroi wall, and extend the city to the line of the fortifications. Of course the project raises a great outcry among the poor, who would find themselves at once subjected to pay city prices for their food. But it is said that this will be compensated in part by a diminution of other taxes. The main argument for the

change is, that this region without the walls, the banlieue, as it is called, has become the resort of all the most desperate characters of Paris, and that to keep them in check, it is necessary to bring them under municipal regulations, and the strict watch of the city police.

But whatever the motive, the effect will be to give to Paris majestic proportions. At one stroke it will nearly double the area within the walls, giving the city a diameter of from seven to nine miles, and increasing the population from twelve to sixteen hundred thousand souls! Those who have projected this vast expansion of the capital, have laid out the new plan of Paris on a scale of magnificence well fitted to dazzle the Imperial imagination. Thus the city is to have ninety-eight gates, the number of portals to ancient Thebes, and the design would seem to be to recall the grandeur of ancient Babylon or of imperial Rome.

These changes are fast making Paris the most splendid capital in Europe. And yet it is easy to see that they have been made with an eye to something more than beauty. They are designed also for a military purpose. Almost every new square has a huge barrack frowning over it. Every public edifice has a wide space cleared around it, so that it could be occupied by troops, and the people could have no means of approach, and no shelter in case of attack. Thus the Hôtel de Ville, the seat of the municipal government of Paris, which in every revolution is the great centre to be gained, has

been completely isolated from other buildings, while in front, the opposite side of the Place de Grève is occupied by edifices devoted to offices of State, and in the rear has just been erected a line of barracks, and both these ranges of buildings communicate with the Hôtel de Ville by subterranean passages, so that the whole could be turned into a vast fortress in the very heart of the city. The thick and populous quarters, which have been the hotbeds of conspiracy and insurrection, are now intersected by great avenues which could easily be swept by artillery; and they are so separated from each other, that, in case of an émeute, any faubourg or infected district could be surrounded with troops and girdled with fire. The main streets, too, have been Macadamized, and the large paving stones which made such formidable barricades, have been taken away from the reach of future insurgents.

All this is admirably planned and shows the emperor to be a thorough master of strategy. It would seem to render another revolution impossible. To guard against any attempt, troops are always at hand. The streets of Paris wear a military aspect almost as much as if the city were in a state of siege. Every morning we hear the roll of drums and the blast of the trumpet coming up to our windows, and from the balcony we look down on a forest of bayonets, as some regiment is marched from one end of Paris to the other. Drills and parades are of daily occurrence. If you choose to ride out to

Vincennes, you may witness twice a week the artillery practice. And every few weeks there is a grand review in the Champ de Mars. This military array shows on what the ruler of France relies for the maintenance of his power. Certainly, with a garrison of 80,000 men, which could easily be concentrated in Paris, any unorganized, tumultuous insurrection would stand but a small chance of success.

But there is always another possibility—if not of a *popular* revolution, of a *military* one. As the Roman legions crowned and uncrowned emperors, so Napoleon III. could not maintain himself for a day, if the army were to become disaffected. Such a revolt is not very probable. For he takes the greatest pains to win the attachment of his soldiers. And yet military men think he has made one grand mistake, in reviving the Imperial Guard, formed by his uncle. This is composed of twenty-five thousand picked men, the élite of the cavalry, infantry, and artillery. These are the favorite regiments. They receive higher pay than the main body of the army, and are assigned to the most favored duty, being kept in Paris, and about the Palace. The pet corps are the Zouaves and the Chasseurs. I never go to the Palais Royal without remarking the fine-looking Chasseurs who are on guard about the present residence of the Prince Jerome. And every morning, I see the Zouaves drawn up in the court of the Louvre, looking, in their red turbans and broad Turkish trowsers,

like so many wild Arabs that have just come out of the desert. These are among the finest soldiers in the world. Their bravery has been attested in many a hard-fought conflict among the mountains of Algeria, or under the walls of Sebastopol. I never pass them without stopping to look with admiration on the gallant fellows who dashed with such fury on the batteries of the Malakoff.

Of course these faithful dogs of war become attached to the hand that caresses them. But this marked favor to them offends other divisions of the army, which deem themselves neglected. I am told that this Imperial Guard has given very great offence to the regular troops of the line, and this becomes a serious matter when the affront is offered to half a million of armed men! So violent was the jealousy which it occasioned in the late war, that the different corps could hardly be restrained from attacking each other. To calm the rising storm, Pelissier had to push forward the Zouaves and the Chasseurs in every perilous attack during the siege of Sebastopol, thus showing that if they enjoyed special honors, they must pay for them by special dangers. So frequent and so great were their exposures that one third of their whole number was killed. By this murderous sacrifice, he allayed the general irritation. Thus the excitement was quelled for the time, but where such a magazine exists, the slightest spark may produce an explosion.

A gentleman who had lately been in Algeria, communicated to me another fact, which seemed to me very menacing—that there existed throughout that colony a very general disaffection towards the government. He was surprised at the freedom with which not only civilians, but officers in the army, expressed their conviction that the present state of things in Paris could not last long. The old African soldiers are warmly attached to the family of Orleans, and would gladly exchange the present emperor for a son or grandson of Louis Philippe. These facts show that a defection in the army is by no means impossible.

A popular insurrection in Paris, as I have said, would stand no chance at all *against* the troops, if they stood firm, and were resolute to put it down. But in the case of a people so impulsive as the French, it is impossible to calculate the effect of a sudden frenzy of the public mind, such as might be provoked by an extreme act of tyranny, the imprisonment of a popular favorite, or in case of foreign war, by the loss of a battle which should be ascribed to the incapacity or mismanagement of the government. Any one of these might cause such an explosion of popular indignation as nothing could withstand.

A manifestation of the national will, so imposing, might paralyze the best troops in the world, even if they were not demoralized before. The people might rush to arms, and the soldiers—not cowed, but awe-struck, might

hesitate to fire upon their own countrymen, and finally, as in 1848, end by going over to their side. In that case this whole magnificent array of defences might be turned against the hand that erected them. I mention these contingencies, not as being very likely to happen, but as by no means impossible. I have seen one revolution in Paris, which came so suddenly and with so little apparent cause, that it has greatly shaken my confidence in the stability of any government in France.

But you will ask, how do the people like this iron rule? Most foreigners can give you no intelligent answer to this question, for the press is muzzled, and Frenchmen do not open their minds to strangers. They do not speak on politics except in private and behind closed doors. But we are not foreigners in Paris. A large acquaintance makes us at home in many French families, and to us they express their opinions more freely. And yet, after hearing all, we are not in a much better position to form a judgment than those who hear none; for the opinions expressed are totally contradictory. We find that every man approves or condemns the imperial rule, just as it happens to affect his private interest, or to cross his old prejudices. The Legitimists of course think there will be no settled order in France until the Bourbons are again seated on the throne; and the Republicans think that there can be no liberty until kings and emperors alike are sent about their business. But interest is even stronger than prejudice.

If an artist finds his profession does not flourish, he thinks it is owing to a want of patronage by the court, and this of course dictated by jealousy of his genius. If a tradesman finds his branch of business suffering, he curses the government. On the other hand, those who are prosperous bless the strong hand, which has at last given to France that order which is the first condition of successful industry. A prosperous merchant tells us: "Napoleon is my man. We have made more progress under him in ten years than in fifty years before." Another who is an employé in a public administration, and who feels that his bread depends on the stability of the government, says, "I would descend into the street to-morrow to fight for him." Another, who is an artist, and a man of letters, cannot bear to hear the name of the Emperor mentioned, and speaks of him with the utmost contempt, always calling him "this parvenu—this *fellow* whom we have got at the head of affairs!" An American gentleman here, the other day went to his banker, who was probably a legitimist and regretted the old régime, and while there, playfully asked him how he liked the master of France? The old Frenchman's eyes flashed fire, and he fairly trembled with rage as he hissed through his teeth, "They will kill him!"

From these contrary opinions you may judge how difficult it is to form anything like a fair estimate of the public opinion of France. In fact there *is* no public opinion in France. There are millions of private

opinions, but where there is not free speech and a free press, as in England and America, public opinion cannot exist. The only verdict which the nation has ever given is recorded in its vote. And here the fact stands before the world, that three times has the nation by an immense majority elevated this man to the supreme power.

From all this you may conclude that nothing is certain in France but uncertainty. And such is the general feeling of the most intelligent and thoughtful observers of affairs. Ask a Frenchman what he thinks of the political prospects of his country, and the answer is generally a significant shrug, and a confession that nothing is certain for a month to come. And yet there is a general impression that there will be no change during the life of the present ruler of France. Such is the prestige which he has obtained for talent and energy, such is the popularity of his name, such the attachment of the army, and such the dread among all classes of *the terrible possibilities of another revolution*, that I think the vast majority of the nation would prefer to rest secure under his strong hand, rather than plunge into any unknown future.

CHAPTER VII.

The American Chapel in Paris.

Paris, *July* 10, 1858.

One of the most pleasant things which has come under our observation in Paris, is the new American chapel, recently erected here, by the generous contributions of a few residents in this city, aided by the liberality of friends at home, chiefly, I believe, in New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia. The want of such a place of worship in the French capital, had long been felt. There were several English churches and chapels, besides that attached to the Embassy. Yet there has not been a single place of worship which could serve as a place of Christian reunion for our countrymen, though thousands of Americans visit Paris every year. But there were many difficulties in the way of its establishment. Of the swarms of our countrymen who annually flock to Paris, the vast majority are merely travellers, who only take this city in their way to Switzerland or Italy. They stay but a few days, lodging in hotels, not long enough to form any acquaintance, or to seek out a Protestant place of worship. Occasionally families come to spend a winter. But of these a large part are in search merely of pleasure and amuse-

ment, and are much more disposed to fall into the ways of the gay people among whom they are, than to remember the God of their fathers, and to meet devoutly for His worship. The only nucleus of a congregation must be found in the Americans who have been brought to Paris by business, which keeps them here for a few years, and who may thus be considered as more permanent residents. But of these probably one half feel no interest in any such service. Still, there is a little remnant who are religiously disposed, and who would be glad on the Sabbath to join in worship in their own tongue in which they were born. But here again is a difficulty. These few religious families belong to different communions, and each prefers its own order and mode of worship.

All these causes together rendered the prospect most discouraging, and for a time it seemed that the project, however desirable in itself, was hopeless of accomplishment. Thus it would have remained in suspense or unattempted, but for the wise sagacity of the American and Foreign Christian Union, which had long looked upon Paris as its most important field in all Europe. By its earnest solicitation, Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, was prevailed upon to leave his church for a few months, to come out to Paris, to organize a congregation and commence the erection of a church. Thus supported at home, a few American residents here took courage to begin the work.

This little band was composed of members of several different communions, but their earnest spirit led them to yield in some degree their individual preferences for the sake of the important result to be secured. These united with the understanding, that the service should be partly Episcopal, and partly of that more simple form which is common in other Protestant churches. They designed to lay down a platform broad enough for all evangelical Christians to stand upon; and to establish a church in which not only Episcopalians and Presbyterians, but Congregationalists, and Methodists, and Baptists, and Lutherans, and the Reformed Dutch, should feel equally at home. The ministers of all were to be admitted to the pulpit, and the members of all welcomed to the communion. On this broad and truly Catholic basis, subscriptions were raised to erect a chapel. The Americans in Paris gave most liberally, and their efforts were nobly responded to by friends in New York. The Foreign Christian Union advanced twenty thousand dollars towards the enterprise, and so the work was begun. The labors of Dr. Kirk were most useful; but after a few months he was obliged to return to his very important charge in Boston, and the Society remained without a pastor, until in February, Rev. Mr. Seeley, late of Springfield, Mass., who had been appointed his successor, arrived to recommence the work. The chapel was still unfinished. But it was now pushed forward rapidly, and in May the congregation had the great happiness of dedi-

cating it to the worship of God, in the presence of the American Minister, and a large assembly of his countrymen. On this occasion the pastor preached an appropriate discourse on the subject of Christian Unity, and thus auspiciously was inaugurated this most important enterprise.

The chapel is situated in the Rue de Berri, near the Champs Elysées. The position is a good one, being near to the American embassy, and in the quarter of Paris preferred by our countrymen. The building is of stone, as by law it could not be erected of different materials. It is plain in its exterior, though very substantially built. The interior would, perhaps, seem a little too naked were it not for the ladies, who have united to cushion the pews, and who have thus given a little more comfort to the seats, as well as taste to the general appearance. One individual, also, has given an organ, and another a communion service. This is apart from their subscriptions to erect the edifice.

But that which pleased me most was the aspect of the congregation, which was reverent and devout. Since the chapel was finished the attendance has been quite full, and the congregation is composed of the very best class of American residents in Paris. It was my privilege to be with them two Sabbaths, and I felt it a great happiness, thus far from home, to join in the same prayers and hymns, and to listen to the same sacred words, which I had so often heard in my own happy, Christian land.

The service was partly Episcopal in its form. To this, some of our sturdy Presbyterian and Congregational brethren in America might object. But such should remember that the majority of the congregation are Episcopalians; that a very large part of the money to build the chapel was given by them; and that the officers of the church are *all* of the same communion, *ex necessitate*, since in the whole congregation there is not a single Presbyterian elder nor a Congregational deacon! Surely it is but just that a proper respect should be paid to the preferences of these excellent brethren. Indeed, I am disposed to consider it a proof of very unusual liberality on their part, that they were willing to meet with those of another communion on equal ground, and so far to yield to the wishes of others as to accept a Congregational pastor, and to consent that the services for half the time should be according to the most strict Puritan simplicity.

But what will conduce to harmony, is the selection of a pastor, in which the church has been fortunate. Perhaps I speak not without partiality, for Mr. Seeley is a very dear personal friend. For four years we were settled side by side on the banks of the Connecticut, and there I learned to love him. But friendship apart, it does seem to me that a better choice could not have been made for a post which, it must be confessed, is in some respects a delicate and difficult one. He has great tact and good judgment to harmonize differences, and that earnestness in his work, which unites all hearts in

the one great object of doing good. He is an excellent preacher, and a faithful and laborious pastor. From the great extent of Paris, his pastoral visits have to range over a distance of several miles. But he is unwearied in seeking out the scattered members of his flock, and in his kindness to strangers that come here, often without an acquaintance or a friend. Hundreds of young men come to Paris from the United States to study medicine, and the influence of such a Christian pastor, in giving them good counsel, and guarding them against the snares to which they are exposed; in showing kindness to those who are lonely and friendless; in imparting consolation to those who are sick, or who may have come here to die, far from their country and home, cannot but be most happy. The congregation may not become a very large one, for the American population here is always floating, and it is difficult to give a fixed character to such an organization. But the amount of good done will be very great.

I speak of its influence upon the Americans, for it is designed for them, and its influence must be chiefly among them. Some have imagined that this chapel was to be an engine of attack upon the Roman Catholic Church. But that is entirely apart from its proper design. To begin such a crusade would be the height of folly, and in the present state of things, would amount to suicide. Probably the chapel would be shut up by the police in a week. Or if allowed to remain open, it would

only provoke opposition and bitterness. It may indeed exert an influence upon Roman Catholics. But it can only be the silent influence of example. And that will not be small, if its present constitution is continued, and it thus presents a spectacle of a union which brings together Christians of different nations, and of different communions, to worship at the same altar.

This peculiarity already excites observation and remark. It is the best answer to the constant reproach of Romanists about the divisions of Protestants. Let it stand therefore as a silent witness of the real, vital unity of all who truly hold the same Head, though not bound by one organization, and it will produce its effect. It will be a symbol of *the true Catholic spirit* of American Christianity.

Nowhere is such a testimony to religion more needed than in Paris. The influences here which tend to dissipate all serious thought, are so many and so strong, that it is cheering to see a few who have remained faithful, assembling in the midst of this population of a million of people, to keep holy the Sabbath day, to hear the Word of God, to sing the songs of Zion, and to strengthen each other in their vows of fidelity. Such a church, under the ministry of such a pastor, will be the means of rescuing many who have gone far astray amid the temptations of this gay capital, and of saving many more who shall come to it hereafter, and in all true American hearts, it will strengthen every sacred tie which binds them to Home, and Country, and Religion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Holland—Face of the Country—Dikes and Canals—Energy of the People—Wealth and Commerce—Historical interest of Holland—Her Scholars and Painters—Wars for Liberty—Embarkation of the Pilgrims—Friendly Manners of the People—How the Dutch enjoy themselves.

Amsterdam, *July 17th*, 1858.

When we were in England, it was our good fortune to meet—at one of those famous dinners which Mr. Peabody occasionally gives to his countrymen at the Star and Garter, Richmond—Mr. Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, and a conversation with him on the subject which he has so eloquently treated, strengthened a desire which we had long felt, to visit Holland. This is not a country which is generally sought by tourists. Romantic travellers rush by it in their eagerness to reach the Rhine and Switzerland, scarcely casting a look across its dikes and canals. They think that a region so flat and monotonous, must be dreadfully common place. They forget that a country does not derive its interest from scenery alone, but from its people and its history, and that this small territory, which once was little better than a quagmire or a marsh, and that even now can hardly keep its head above water, has been occupied by one of the most powerful nations on the globe—

a nation that long disputed with England the mastery of the seas, and that stood side by side with England in defence of civil and religious liberty. If Holland cannot boast of the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, it is equally rich in that far higher interest which comes from proud historic associations, from memories of valor, patriotism, and religion.

With these recollections fresh in mind, to impart interest to the new scenes we were to visit, we left Paris for the north, and passing through Catholic Belgium, entered Protestant Holland. From Antwerp to Rotterdam the route is partly by railway, and partly by steamboat along the river Maas (French *Meuse*), whose broad current flows through the south of Holland. Our first view of the country was from *the elevation of the river;* for, strange as it may seem, the river does afford a very convenient elevation, as its banks are walled in by high dikes on either side, so that the stream flows along the top of a ridge, quite above the level of the country; and here, standing on the deck of a steamboat, one gets a pretty extensive view. The appearance of the country itself has been made so familiar by Dutch paintings and by the letters of travellers, that it is needless to describe it again. One picture will answer for the whole kingdom, for every landscape is the same. Certain uniform features enter into every view, and you can easily combine them in your eye and make a picture for yourself. Imagine a country so very flat that it actually

sinks the other way and becomes a little hollow; or think of the most level prairie which you ever saw, and one of such extent that, as our Western friends would say, you are "out of sight of land," with not a hill or tree or shrub to break the boundless monotony. All round this huge pancake is a low crust, where the ground is turned up at the edges into dikes, and the whole space between is crossed and recrossed by canals, which always run in straight lines, somewhat as in the garden of Eden in the old family Bible, where the four rivers cross each other at right angles. To put life in the scene, these plains are covered with millions of black and white cattle, while the most conspicuous objects which rise above the line of the horizon are the windmills, which seem, like grim sentinels, to keep watch and ward over the country. They stand bolt upright, like so many doughty Dutchmen, with their long arms beating the air and bidding defiance to every foe.

That will answer for a description of the country. The cities are a little different, though not much, except that they have more houses, and that they wade deeper in the water; a large part of Amsterdam and Rotterdam being built on piles driven in the mud.

Thus stranded at low tide, the honest Dutch have to lead a kind of amphibious existence. Thousands of the poorer classes live in boats on the canals, like the Chinese in their junks. And those on shore are never out of sight of dikes and canals. A Yankee would think a

house thus perched on poles, with its under timbers soaking in the water, "slightly damp." But there is nothing like being used to it. A Dutchman deems the prospect of still water an element of beauty in a landscape, and if by possibility he is deprived of that pleasing vision, his first care is to make an artificial pond or canal within his own grounds. Give him the dryest piece of land in all the Netherlands to build a house upon, and he will immediately dig a ditch before his door, that he may have a stagnant puddle to gladden his eyes and regale his nostrils.

It is curious to observe what ideas of beauty people get who live in a country where nature is on such a scale. The day we came to Amsterdam was one of the hottest of summer, and we were glad to get to the end of our journey, for we rejoiced in the thought of a quiet inn, cool rooms and bountiful ablutions.

"To what hotel do you go?" said a fellow-traveller in the railway carriage.

"To the Hotel des Pays Bas," I replied, as that stood first in the guide book.

The gentleman recommended rather the Hotel Doelen. Turning again to Murray, I found the two set down as of equal excellence. But our courteous informant set forth the special advantage of the latter as commanding a fine "water view." That decided the question. Dusty and weary, we started at that glimpse of coolness like horses on the burning desert. The sight of a beautiful

sheet of water under our windows would soothe our fevered pulses. We of course pictured to ourselves a broad and placid lake, or at least a river—something like the lake of Geneva, or the blue and arrowy Rhone. There we would sit at evening, and see the sun setting in the waves, or the moonlight covering them with silver. With all speed we drove through the long streets of Amsterdam to this garden of delights, and instantly demanded a room with a balcony to overlook the enchanting prospect. The landlord looked a little blank at our excited manner, but straight led the way to a spacious apartment. We rushed to the windows, when (may all the saints preserve us!) there was nothing to be seen but a dirty canal, covered with cabbage leaves and geese (not swans), and anything but pleasant to sight or smell. We turned and looked at each other in blank dismay, but the next moment the joke of the thing put us in a gale of laughter. Happily the other promises of this hotel did not mock our hopes. If we found no lake or river, we did find excellent baths, which soon washed off all the dust of the Low Countries. Of other "creature comforts" it supplied all that one could desire. The servant brought us in a delicious tea, and letting the curtain fall to shut out the "water prospect," we sat down in the merriest mood. To add to our sense of dignity, we found that the Count de Chambord, the Bourbon heir to the throne of France, had just been spending three days here, and of course the odor of

royalty still lingered in the house, and imparted a slight flavor of gentility to all who patronized this aristocratic establishment.

As might be expected, these watery foundations sometimes give way, or sink a little too low, so that the houses suddenly become weak in the knees, and lean over like tottering old men, and to us it seemed at first as if they were going to pitch into the street, but still they held up their heads, and the people said they were quite secure, and they live in them without the slightest fear. But while the water is thus kept out of the houses, it is allowed to flow freely in the streets. In fact, the principal streets are merely quays, with a canal running through the middle, and a carriage road on either side. This good city of Amsterdam is thus divided into ninety-five islands, which are connected by no less than two hundred and ninety bridges! No wonder that it seems like the first appearance of dry land, "standing out of the water and in the water," and that Erasmus should say that "he had reached a city, whose inhabitants, like crows, lived on the tops of trees." But the vigor and spirit of the people appear all the greater from the obstacles which nature puts in their way. The country has to fight for existence against the sea. Nor is it a danger which, once conquered, is forever subdued. It is always rising and threatening ruin. The necessity of guarding against the elements exists now as much as ever. Amsterdam is not secure for a day except as it

keeps up its defences against the inrushing of the sea. All round the city are reared colossal embankments to keep out the water. Last evening we drove along the dikes, which protect the city on the side of the Zuyder Zee, and were amazed at the height and solidity of these works, which reminded us of the walls and moat of the citadel of Antwerp. As we rode along in a carriage on the top of the dikes, we looked down at the people who were walking in the streets, not only far below us, but below the level of the water in the harbor. These great works of course require constant labor to keep them in repair. Watchfulness can never be relaxed, for the city is never free from danger. There is an enemy always at their gates, knocking and thundering for admission. When a great storm, or a long northwest wind raises the ocean above its usual level, and the tides dash and break against the walls of rock and earth, the danger becomes imminent, and the defences are watched night and day. Nothing but unceasing vigilance insures safety. This necessity of keeping up an armed force to watch the enemy, and a corps of sappers and miners, to drive him back, entails a vast expense on the city and the country. One-third of the whole revenue of Holland has to be applied to keeping up the dikes along the coast and the banks of the rivers—a sum amounting annually to three millions of dollars.

With such natural disadvantages, it is a wonder that Holland ever attained any importance. It could not

have been anything more than a desolate coast, furnishing a scanty living to a few poor fishermen, if it had not been peopled by an indomitable race. But great obstacles, which crush the weak and indolent, call out all the force of the strong and the brave. And I am sure that it is partly this very fact of having to wage a constant war with the elements, that has developed in the Dutch such a stubborn strength of will, such heroic industry and perseverance. This has made their country, so insignificant in territory, one of the most powerful kingdoms in Europe, both upon land and sea. It is not so long ago, that England has forgotten how stoutly Holland disputed her naval supremacy; how the Dutch sailed up the Medway, and burnt the fleet at Chatham, and how the thunder of their cannon in the Thames sent terror into the hearts of the people of London. But two hundred years have passed away since brave old Van Tromp defeated Admiral Blake, and sailed through the Channel in triumph, with a broom nailed to his masthead, to signify that he had swept the English from the seas. It was with no small interest that I saw in the museum at the Hague, the very armor that he wore in his battles, with more than one huge dent in its iron plate, where grapeshot had struck that manly breast.

The rival of England in war, Holland was her superior in commercial importance. Amsterdam succeeded to Antwerp, as Antwerp had succeeded to Venice. Its commerce extended to all parts of the world. Its mer-

chants were princes. A monument of the wealth and power of those days may be seen in the old Stadhuis, erected by the burghers of this city for their municipal government two hundred years ago, and which Louis Bonaparte, when king of Holland, occupied as his palace. To make a foundation, nearly 14,000 piles were driven 70 feet into the ground, and on this was reared a marble structure which cost, I do not dare to say, how many millions.

That former ascendency of Holland has departed. She is no longer the commercial centre of Europe. But she is still a country of vast wealth. The bankers of Amsterdam are among the richest on the continent. The foreign commerce is still imposing. In the Museum at the Hague, is a collection of articles from Japan, which shows the extent of the trade with that distant empire, which the Dutch alone of all European nations, have carried on for two hundred years. Rotterdam alone sends out near a hundred large ships a year, to the Dutch colony of Batavia. Our hotel in Rotterdam was on the great quay, called the Boompjes, and from our windows, we looked down on the decks of stout merchantmen, fitting out for the East Indies, which, notwithstanding their peaceful purpose, were armed with formidable guns to keep off the Malay pirates. These crowded ports, and this forest of shipping, are signs of that vast foreign trade which still pours a stream of wealth into these broad lowlands.

Nor was Holland, while thus rich and prosperous, undistinguished in art and literature. The name of Erasmus, whose monument stands on a public square of Rotterdam his native city, is as eminent in Holland, as that of Luther in Germany. The University of Leyden was one of the first in Europe, and has been distinguished by the studies and teachings of Grotius and Descartes, and by a long line of illustrious names. Her painters were equal to her scholars. Rembrandt is the glory of Amsterdam, as Rubens was of Antwerp; and he is but one of a whole school of Dutch painters, whose works not only fill the galleries of the Hague and of Amsterdam, but adorn every great collection of pictures in Europe.

But nobler than literary fame, or than mere deeds of arms, is the heroic part borne by Holland in defence of liberty and of the Protestant Religion. As I ride over the country, I cannot recall without a thrill of admiration the scenes at once terrible and glorious, which have transpired on these peaceful plains, and around the walls of these cities. This small kingdom has been the battlefield of one of the most memorable struggles in history, when the Netherlands rose against the yoke of Spain. These plains, now so fresh and smiling in their summer's green, have often been red with blood. These cities, whose church spires gleam so peacefully among the trees, have been beleaguered by foreign armies. They have heard the cannon thundering at their gates, and have withstood long and dreadful sieges with heroic endur-

ance—resisting, not only the enemy without, but famine and pestilence within—a courage sometimes rewarded, as at Haarlem, by a perfidious massacre, or, as at Leyden, by a deliverance obtained only by the voluntary destruction of their country. For more than once, these low, sunken fields, where the cattle now graze so quietly, have been flooded by the inhabitants themselves, who thus devoted their country to ruin, that it might be freed from its invaders.

But the prize obtained was worth all this sacrifice of treasure and of blood. In fighting for independence of Spain, Holland was fighting the battle of all Protestant Europe. And when that contest was ended, she had again to stand in the breach against the armies of Louis XIV. The Prince of Orange, was the centre and soul of the coalition against that overwhelming power of France, which threatened every free state in Europe. Thus it was that in the great struggles of past centuries, Holland, as well as England, was fighting the battle of our liberties. Indeed, Holland was in advance of England in the principles of liberty. It afforded an asylum to the persecuted Puritans, who sought here that freedom to worship God which was denied them at home, and from Holland the Pilgrim Fathers sailed to found a glorious commonwealth on the shores of the new world.

While at Rotterdam we sought to find the place from which the Pilgrims embarked. The spot is not very dis-

tinctly defined. Delft lies between Rotterdam and the Hague, but on the other side of Rotterdam is a small village, which still bears the name of Delft's Havre, and this, it seemed probable, was the Delft Haven from which they sailed. Here we found a small inlet, which leads out into the broad river that rolls on to the sea, and though no column marks the hallowed strand, we thought we had found the very spot from which, two hundred years ago, took place that embarkation, an event that seemed so little then, but which appears so mighty now. Our thoughts went back to that hour. We saw the Mayflower lying at the quay, her company all gathered on the deck, while their pastor, Robinson, knelt down and prayed that God might bear them safely on their way. Precious was the freight of that little bark. Slowly it moved from the shore, and as it dropped down the stream, and its sails began to flutter in the wind, it turned its prow to the setting sun, bearing over the sea the seeds of a mighty empire.

We are glad to find that Holland, which went with Germany and England in the Reformation, still remains firmly attached to the Protestant faith, and that religion has strong hold of the national heart. As we came up the Maas, we passed the old city of Dort, where the famous Synod was held, which framed the Confession of Faith. And, curiously enough, I learned that a Dutch Synod was at that moment in session in the town. The Dutch give proof of their practical Christianity, both by

their religious institutions and their manifold charities. This city has long been distinguished for the number of its benevolent institutions, so much so that when Louis XIV. was about to bring a great army against it, and some one predicted to Charles II. its inevitable fall, that monarch, who had spent here part of his exile, replied in a more serious strain than was usual with him: "I am of opinion that Providence will preserve Amsterdam, if it were only for the great charity they have for their poor." This character it retains to the present day. The clergy of Holland, too, I believe, will compare well with those of the other Protestant States of Europe. At Rotterdam, we had hoped to see Dr. Osterzee, who is celebrated for his eloquence in the pulpit. We called at his house, and were most kindly received by his amiable and intelligent lady, but unfortunately he was himself absent from the city.

Where Protestantism is the national religion, one is pretty sure to find popular liberty. This is eminently true of Holland. We see at once that we are among a free people. We mark many tokens of the indomitable Dutch spirit, which will not brook tyranny in any form. It was quite a relief in coming from France, where the strong arm of power is ever displayed in the streets and before the eyes of the people, and the police watch every step, and overhear every word, to emerge into a country where a man can think and speak his honest thoughts without restraint or fear. The government is one of the

freest in Europe. To be sure, the king as a man is not much to boast of. He is a *mauvais sujet*, more fond of pretty French actresses, than of his own true-hearted wife. At the Hague we rode out to the queen's palace in "the wood," a stately beechen grove, two miles long —a retreat in which it would seem that royalty might find rest. As we rode under these arched forest aisles, I could not but think with pity and admiration of the noble woman who is here made unhappy by a profligate husband. But we won't speak of this man, for he is of small account. In a constitutional monarchy, a king is rather the figure-head of the ship of state, than a vital part of the machinery. True, a handsome figure-head is a very pretty ornament, but it is the mighty wind, or the steam, that makes the ship go. Some think the sturdy vessel would buffet the seas quite as well without this rather expensive decoration—in fact, when kings are like the king of Holland, perhaps a little better. But it is the glory of a free government, that it is not dependent on the personal character of the ruler. In an absolute monarchy such a sovereign might debauch a whole court, and tyrannize over a whole country. But the Dutch are not the people to play such tricks upon. They are free born, and call no man master. In visiting the Hall of the States General at the Hague, I reflected with pride that this was the seat of the deliberations of an assembly which was a true representative of the national will.

Thus Holland is as free a country as England. And it

has what England has not, not only liberty, but *equality*. The wide distinction of ranks, which in England forces itself upon the notice of a stranger, is here unknown. There is, indeed, a Dutch nobility, at least in name. But it has no exclusive privileges, and is not surrounded with that

"Divinity which doth hedge a king."

We were amused by a stout burgher of Amsterdam, whom we met in the cars, and who gave us much information about his country. "Nobles!" said he, with an air of disdain, "What are they? The only difference between them and us, is that our blood is red, while theirs is *black!*" And, indeed, it is true in many countries besides Spain, that the race has so degenerated, that often those who are highest in rank are lowest in intellect and character. They may be very great lords, but they are very small men.

But I am getting into a sober and almost sombre vein with all this talk of politics and besieged cities, and battles upon land and sea. There is a more familiar and more pleasant side to these stout-hearted Dutchmen. They have their stern face which they show in resolute labor, and in the front of battle, but they have also a smile of humor and good nature. You are quite mistaken if you think the Dutch a dull, phlegmatic race that never relax from a grim solemnity. They are as hearty in their pleasures as in their industry. They are hard

workers and terrible fighters, but they know equally how to enjoy repose after labor. It is a cure for the blues to see a Dutchman's round and sober face relax into a smile. When he laughs, it is enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.

Before we bid these hearty people good bye, it is but just to note these lighter features of manner and of character. Having seen the Hollander upon his dikes and on the stormy main, let us see him under his own roof-tree and smoking his peaceful pipe.

Nothing at once amuses and instructs me more than these homely views of common life. I like to see a people, not only as they appear on the grand theatre of history, but as they move about in their daily walks. I find endless matter of observation in strolling through some great thoroughfare like the Hoogstraat, or High street of Rotterdam, or the Kalverstraat of Amsterdam, and noting the people in the streets, in their shops and houses; to see how they look and how they live.

The first thing which strikes you in a genuine Hollander is his somewhat remarkable person, which is as worthy of observation as that of John Bull himself. Here I find a great resemblance between the country and the people. The land is flat, and the Dutch are squat—that is, broad, large, and round, rather than perpendicular. The original idea of a Dutchman is fatness. Dutch babies are born fat. Dutch belles are plump and solid. Indeed fatness seems to be the type of beauty, and the end of all good living is to develop this corpo-

real tendency. A lean, lank Dutchman would be a monster in nature. If such a creature were to show his head anywhere, he would deserve to be scouted as an impostor. Whenever a Dutch artist would place on canvas the imposing figure of a magistrate, or other high personage, he is sure to give a substantial basis to his dignity. Rembrandt never paints a Dutch burgher but in broad and ample proportions. This national type goes with the Dutch the world over. The same portly figure is drawn with inimitable grace by our Washington Irving in his sketches of the early Dutch settlers on the banks of the Hudson. This outward resemblance remains through generations. The same rotund figures which you see in all the pictures of the old Dutch masters, you may recognize to-day on the Exchange at Amsterdam.

Yet think not that these heavy Hollanders are therefore gross in their persons or habits. Indeed, we are more inclined to pronounce them at once the cleanest and politest of men. Cleanliness is a national mania. In proof of this one has but to venture into the streets of Amsterdam, on a Saturday, which is a field day among the Dutch housewives. It is the day of universal scouring and scrubbing—the triumph of women, and the terror of the other sex—when valiant maids flourish with mop and broom, and men fly before them—nay, when even those who are stout of heart, grow faint and cowardly, and sneak along the middle of the streets for fear of a ducking.

And then as to politeness, even the French must yield

to the Dutch in studied courtesy and formal deference to the fairer sex. A Dutchman never meets a lady of his acquaintance without taking off his hat. He does not merely touch it with his finger in the curt English way, but takes it clear off, even though it exposes a poor bald head to the winter's cold. So incessant is this motion that in walking through a crowded street, or in a public garden, the hat is off about half the time.

If you would see how the Dutch enjoy themselves, visit one of the public gardens which are found in the suburbs of every city, and see the crowds that gather in the evening for society and amusement. As we have been here in the full bloom of summer, we have seen these favorite resorts in all their glory.

At Rotterdam, after a day spent in seeing the sights of the city, towards evening we fell into a crowd which was streaming out of the town, all wending their way to the same point of attraction. We found a large open ground, like an English park, which had been moulded with great care, gentle slopes sinking away into softly wooded dells, with shady nooks and winding walks and glistening basins of water. Here on a broad lawn, inclosed from the crowd, was a space set apart for the fashionable public. We came, expecting to pay for admission, as is the custom in most of the public gardens in France and Germany. But we were stopped at the gate, and informed that this part of the grounds was private, being reserved for the gentility of Rotterdam. It was

especially exclusive on this occasion, when a fête was given by the officers of the garrison to the more distinguished families of the place. We bowed, and were about to retire, when the officer in command, seeing our perplexity, came to the rescue, explaining, in very good French, the nature of this fête champêtre, but then with great politeness welcoming us as strangers to their hospitality. We accordingly entered the enchanted ground as honored guests. We took our seats under the trees, and were pleased in observing the different parties as they entered the grounds; to note their cordial greetings as they passed along, the hat bobbing up at every group in which they recognized friends. Soon hundreds of these groups were gathered under the trees—sometimes a family forming a party by itself, and sometimes a circle of friends joining together. There was no attempt at fashionable display. The dresses were simple, and the ladies brought their work and sat sewing or knitting in the most quiet domestic manner at little round tables, from which they sipped their ice cream, or the men drank their beer, or contented themselves with a cheerful cup of tea. We were amused in watching the different groups, scattered about under the trees. Here an honest matron was busily engaged in making the tea, her eyes of course intently fixed upon her task (Heaven bless her motherly heart), while a little innocent flirtation was going on between a young cavalier and a pair of black eyes, at the other end of the table. But all, old and young

alike, seemed happy. Not a frown marred the gaiety and gladness of the hour. Thus they chatted and laughed merrily, while the sunset gilded the heavens, and the fine military band poured forth stirring strains upon the evening air. Seldom have I looked upon a scene of more simple, honest, heartfelt happiness.

These Dutch girls are true daughters of Eve, as full of archness and coquetry as their sisters of sunnier climes. Indeed they have one cunning contrivance which I have not yet seen elsewhere, and which seems to be designed as an aid to all distressed lovers—an art of flirtation made easy. It is a little double faced mirror hung out of the window at such an angle as to reflect every figure passing in the street. Here the little witch may sit hidden, and while appearing very industrious in sewing, or absorbed in a book, can keep watch of every handsome face that passes by her enchanted castle. And if—*if*, you know—a gay gallant, walking on the pavement, in a fit of abstraction, should stop a moment and kiss his hand, nobody can box the little minx's ears, because she looks up from her book just in time to see it.

Womanly vanity and fashion exist all over the world. But they sometimes show themselves in strange ways. We for example should not think a pretty face improved by two gold spoons branching out from behind the ears, and covering the temples like blinders. Yet such is the fashion with Dutch country lasses, who wish to set off their charms. No doubt a rosy Dutch face, round as a dump-

ling, and thus embossed with gold, does look all the prettier in the fond lover's eyes.

Take all these things together—the friendly manners, the solid comfort, the freedom and independence—and it must be confessed that Holland combines, in a high degree, all the elements of prosperity and happiness. Relatively, its power is not so great as it was two hundred years ago, for England has advanced with such gigantic strides as to have far outstripped her ancient rival. But the country is still rich in the natural elements of wealth, and the people are industrious and happy. And what charms a stranger is the air of universal contentment and the kind and friendly feeling which seems to pervade all classes. The very houses seem to be on good terms with each other, and as they lean their heads together across the street, they seem to be talking in a friendly manner with their neighbors over the way. Even the storks seem to be on the best terms with the people, as they walk about on the roofs of the houses, with none to molest them, and occasionally put their long necks down the chimneys, as if to whisper confidentially to the family below. Thus the Dutch have learned the good rule to "live and let live." They know how to enjoy life without envying or troubling their neighbors. For all these things I like the Dutch. I like their queer, quaint old towns. I like their simple manners, and their honest, friendly ways. They are not as proud as the English, nor as ambitious of glory

as the French, but they are a people less corrupted than either—simple, virtuous, and brave, that dwell contented in their own land, that love their homes, their wives and children, their country, and their God. And perhaps this small kingdom contains as little poverty and ignorance, and comprises as much material comfort, as much intelligence, as much virtue, and as much real happiness, as can be found in any equal space on the surface of the globe.

CHAPTER IX.

LEAVING HOLLAND—HANOVER AND THE GEORGES—HAMBURG—BEAUTY OF THE CITY—ITS COMMERCE.

HAMBURG, *July 20th*, 1858.

It was a long stretch from Amsterdam to Hamburg, but as we were bound for the north of Europe, we must needs pass this way. The most direct route is by sea, and steamers make the voyage every week. But there is also a way of getting here by railroad, which indeed compels a detour through Germany, but in this case, as in many others, "the longest way round is the shortest way home." So we decided to keep to the land. Mine host of the inn at Amsterdam, who was a round and rosy cheeked man, the very image of good cheer and of Dutch hospitality, shook us warmly by the hand, and wished us all manner of blessings on our journey; and the carriage soon took us beyond the city gates, and the cars whirled us away from the land of dikes and canals.

When Voltaire bade good bye to Holland, he left as usual a stinging sarcasm behind him: "Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!" The old sinner! I hate him, thus to speak of his betters. But we were quite sad to part

from Holland so soon, for though we had been in it but a few days, yet we had come to feel at home among these good natured and honest Dutchmen. Byron says that

> "Even in leaving the most unpleasant places and people,
> One cannot help turning back and looking at the steeple."

Might we not then linger in a country where we had experienced only kindness, and look up to every windmill as a friend, and imagine as we flew past them on the road, that their long arms were waving us a benevolent adieu? Thus, pleased with what we had seen and experienced, and bearing away happy memories of the country and its people, we went skimming over the plains of Holland, past Utrecht, where, in 1713, after the war of the Spanish Succession, the great powers of Europe at last solemnly agreed to be at peace; and past Arnheim, till we entered the valley of the Rhine, and at length crossed the frontier of Prussia. At Oberhausen we struck upon the great central line of railway which runs through the heart of Germany from Cologne to Berlin, and which brought us at midnight to the old town of Hanover. It was Saturday night, and we welcomed the quiet of this inland town as promising us a calm and tranquil day of rest. But even here we could not find an American Sabbath. Our hotel was on a public square near the railway station, and the next day we were compelled to hear the noise of trains which went thundering

past at almost every hour. Germany has yet to learn the sacred beauty, and the priceless blessing of a day of perfect rest and solemn worship.

Hanover is a place of some historical interest from its connection with England, which it so long furnished with sovereigns. From this little German capital came the hopeful race of the Georges. The house of Hanover is still represented in the person of Victoria. We visited the old palace of Herrenhausen, which Mr. Thackeray has made so familiar in his Lectures on the Four Georges, in which he describes very minutely the private life of those who lived here, before they migrated to London—a life not at all brilliant, and sometimes not over respectable. The palace is a long, low building, with no pretensions to magnificence or even to taste in its architecture, surrounded by gardens laid out in the stiff French style. Yet George I., when seated on the throne of England, often pined for its shaded walks and its more quiet and simple life, and perhaps he would have been happier if left in the position for which nature designed him—that of a petty German prince—instead of being raised out of his place, to fill a greater throne.

The present king of Hanover is also a George, being the fifth of the name. He is the cousin of the Queen of England, and is entitled to sit in the House of Lords as the Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, although Hanover has now no political connection with Great Britain,

but is an independent kingdom, ranking among the second class of German States, along with Saxony and Bavaria. Though it is not a very mighty dominion, the king tries to make the most of it. He keeps up all the emblems of sovereignty. He has half a dozen palaces, and as if that were not enough, the queen is having another built for her especial gratification. But little joy can all this afford to the king, who though still a young man, is blind! having lost his sight by an accident, some years ago. Thus does that Providence, which holds with an equal hand the scales of human life, often turn to barrenness all the splendor of human glory by one single privation.

When we were at Herrenhausen, we were told that the king had left a day or two before for a pleasure excursion. We find it pretty often the case when we visit the residences of royal personages, that the masters are not at home, and we begin to think that they are not so contented and happy in their own houses as more humble individuals. Perhaps they may find their royal life after all pretty dull, since they seem glad of any excuse to escape from the routine of a court, and to lead a less constrained, a more free, natural, and happy existence. These German princes, especially, must have a pretty dull time of it. They have great titles, and the taste for a royal style of living, and yet they are shut up in a little capital, with a petty court and a very small revenue. No wonder they try to escape the ennui of their

existence by spending a part of the year in some greater capital. In London there is always a swarm of them, who are sixth or tenth cousins to Prince Albert, hanging round the court, so that the queen must be very good natured not to get sometimes a little tired of her German relations.

How pleasant was it to turn from the race of royal nonentities to one who was a monarch in the realms of thought, and who needs no title but his own great name. Hanover was the home of Leibnitz. Here lived the great philosopher, the Isaac Newton of Germany, and his plain dwelling, which is still pointed out in one of the streets of the town, is far more interesting than all the palaces of the Georges.

At Hanover we diverged from the great high road to Berlin, and took the railway to Hamburg, thus traversing almost the whole kingdom of Hanover. The country is everywhere the same, a vast plain, flat as Flanders itself, though less highly cultivated. But thanks to railroads, a dull region is quickly passed, and five hours brought us to the banks of the Elbe, which here flows out in a broad, full stream to the North Sea, and a steamboat soon took us across and landed us on the quays of Hamburg.

Why has no traveller celebrated the beauty of this city? I have read books of travel almost by the bushel, but do not remember ever to have seen Hamburg named except as one of the free towns of Germany, and as a

very important commercial city. Yet we find it one of the most beautiful cities we have seen in Europe. The first impression of a stranger is directly the opposite of this. We landed in the lower town, which is built along the river, and directly found ourselves in a maze of narrow streets, overhung by old, dilapidated houses, that looked as if they had been standing since the flood, and as if now their last hour had come. Surely, we thought, this is a city of desolation. Ruined, rotten, rickety, worm-eaten, plague-smitten—such were the complimentary epithets which we were prepared to bestow upon the miserable place, when, after riding half an hour, we began to ascend to the upper town, and presently emerged, upon what seemed to us glorious as a mount of vision, shining bright and resplendent over the darkness of the lower regions. Here we found all that can make a city beautiful—broad streets and squares lined with splendid buildings, and, in the centre of all, as the gem in the crown, the clear and sparkling eye of the picture—a crystal lake of water.

Hamburg, indeed, owes its great prosperity to commerce, and is to be considered, first of all, as a commercial city. It is a free town, having an independent political existence, and managing its own affairs. It has no king, and gets along quite as well without one as its neighbor Hanover with its royal race—to judge from the appearance of the two cities, I should say, much better. Hamburg is a free city in another sense. It en-

joys almost entire free trade. The duties levied upon imports are very light, compared with those of most States. Thus, few restrictions are placed upon commerce, and it is left free to expand according to the natural laws of trade. The city is admirably situated for commerce with all parts of the world. Standing near the mouth of the Elbe, it is easily accessible from the sea, while its position makes it the natural place of import and export for the north of Germany. Its prosperity will be greatly advanced by the railroads which radiate from it into the interior, and steamships which connect it with foreign countries. A line has recently been established between Hamburg and New York, which I hear spoken of in high terms. We saw one of the ships, the Saxonia, lying at her wharf, as we crossed the Elbe, and a magnificent vessel she is, built of iron. I hope the line will be well sustained, and will thus become a permanent one. It ought to be, at least, as successful as that to Bremen, since Hamburg is a much more important city. Such a line would be a benefit to us, as it would furnish another direct communication with the north of Europe. It will also be a very desirable route for travellers, who may wish to come direct to the continent without stopping in England. I commend it to students who are coming to the German universities, and to clergymen who wish to study economy in a European tour. After seeing Hamburg, I feel doubly desirous that New York should have a direct and fre-

quent communication with a city so large, prosperous, and beautiful.

The peculiar beauty of Hamburg it owes to the small river Alster, which flows through the town to empty itself into the Elbe. By placing a dam across this stream, the waters have been inclosed in a large basin, which is walled in by quays of stone, and is overlooked by a long range of stately edifices, so that the Alster-damm designates the most beautiful part of Hamburg. Beyond the basin thus inclosed, the waters flow back into a broad sheet or lake extending several miles, and on its borders are the country seats of the merchant princes of Hamburg. We have just returned from a ride along the shore. It was the hour when men of business were returned from the city, and at every house we passed, the family were sitting on the green lawn before their door taking their tea in the open air, enjoying the long twilight and the delicious coolness which came from the water, and which tempered the heat of the warm summer's day. After ascending the lake for several miles, we crossed it in a boat, to come back to the city on the other bank. The sun was setting, and the golden clouds were reflected in the polished mirror beneath. As we approached the shore, we heard the sound of music from a garden where happy groups were sitting under the trees. We have come back to the Crown Prince hotel, which is situated on the Alster-damm, and from our windows we look down on a

scene of enchantment. Below us the water reflects a thousand stars, and boats filled with gay parties are shooting across it in every direction. I hear the dip of their oars mingling with shouts of laughter and music. At such an hour as this all the world seems happy. Care and grief are banished far away. Sad is it that upon such fair visions the morn must break; the cold, grey light of reality must rest on scenes of sorrow and of death; and human passions will wake again to mar the face of the earth which the Creator has made so divine.

CHAPTER X.

DENMARK—EXCURSION IN HOLSTEIN AND SCHLESWIG—LIFE IN A DANISH PARSONAGE.

COPENHAGEN, *May* 27, 1858.

IT was a bright summer's morning on which we left the fair city of Hamburg, and drove across the line to the old Danish town of Altona. This is the gateway to the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, which have figured so much in European politics for the last few years. As we entered these provinces, so lately the scene of bitter strife, our first impression was that they were hardly worth fighting for. The railroad runs along a high and sterile ridge which extends through the whole Peninsula. As seen from the route the country is a vast plain, and that not rich and cultivated, like Holland, but a bleak and barren moor, such as in Scotland would be thought fit only for the grazing of sheep. At present its chief value seems to be, like the bogs in Ireland, to furnish the inhabitants with fuel. All along the road, the turf is cut up, like clay for the limekiln, generally in square pieces, like brick, and piled up in rows, to dry in the sun; and this is the protection of the people against the

rigors of their northern winters. But how desolate was the scene presented to the eye! Coming out of a busy city, it seemed as if we had entered at once into the solitude and silence of the desert. One could not feel more lonely even in the Campagna around Rome, where the only living object that meets the eye is the shepherd and his flock, and the only sound the barking of the watch-dog.

Yet, like the Campagna, these desolate moors have once been populous with men. Over these silent plains have passed savage hordes, which shook the earth with their tread. In the north of the Peninsula lies the Province of Jutland, which was the home of the terrible Cimbri, who, with other Baltic tribes, once ravaged France and Spain, and carried terror to the gates of Rome. In the Museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, may be seen the implements of war of this savage race. Here, too, were celebrated the rites of Odin, centuries before Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. And here, at a later day, came another conqueror from the south. Yonder town on the right was founded by Charlemagne.

Nor is this country now so uninhabited as it seems. Off from the line of the railroad, if you turn to either side, the country is of surpassing fertility and richness. Nearer to the coast, are many towns of ancient date, and some of a present commercial importance. Kiel is one of the principal ports in the Baltic. It was the rendez-

vous of the English fleet in the late war, before it proceeded to Cronstadt.

The population throughout Holstein and the southern part of Schleswig is largely German, and it was the conflict of the German and Danish elements, which, after the revolutions of 1848, broke out into such fierce hostility, that this peaceful country was plunged into all the horrors of civil war. The German party was supported by the sympathy and secret aid of Prussia, and this prolonged the contest for three years; nor was it terminated until several pitched battles had been fought, in the last of which were brought into the field, counting both armies, fifty thousand men, and nearly five thousand were killed and wounded! This ended the war, and reëstablished the authority of Denmark over its rebellious provinces. The fortified town of Rendsburg, through which we passed, was the chief point of the Holsteiners. It changed hands several times, and was not finally secured to Denmark until the last decisive battle. As we traversed the country, we heard many tales of the war. Though the fighting is ended, the difficulty seems not yet settled. Prussia still supports the cause of Holstein, and the question remains a subject of controversy between Denmark and Germany. It is evident that the fires of discontent, though subdued, are still smouldering, and in the event of another general revolution in Europe, would at once break out anew.

From Altona a railroad runs direct to Kiel, and a

steamer crosses in a few hours to Korsöer, from which another train takes you on to Copenhagen. But we had a friend to visit in the interior of Schleswig, so that, instead of turning off to the coast, we kept on directly up the Peninsula. At length the country began to change, the plains rising at first into gentle slopes, and then into wooded hills. We came to the end of the railroad, and then pursued our way by diligence over hills and valleys, skirting along the shores of rocky fiords, till we brought up in the little town of Haderslev. This is a place of some importance in the province, but so shut out from the world, lying in a little valley, surrounded by hills, and having a look so quaint and quiet that we could not have felt more like strangers if we had been landed in Iceland. Yet this remote and secluded spot was the birthplace of the Danish monarchy. Here four hundred years ago (in 1448), Count Christian of Oldenburg, the first of the now reigning dynasty, was elected king. For more than two hundred years (till 1660), the crown continued to be elective. Yet his descendants were always chosen as his successors, and the same family has continued to this day in uninterrupted possession of the throne.

Here we slept in a little country inn. The people, like good honest folk, went to bed at an early hour, and all was still in the street, save the tramp of a solitary watchman, whose clogs were heard at regular intervals under our windows, and who in a deep and measured

tone, repeated, "Eleven o'clock has struck," or "Twelve o'clock has struck." How strangely sounded that voice, calling the midnight hour! We had not heard that watchman's cry since three years before in Halifax, Nova Scotia; and now it seemed as if the voice that had died away on the shore of another continent, had found an echo in the heart of ancient Scandinavia.

We had come into this retired region to pay a visit to a Danish pastor, with whom we became acquainted through his brother, whom we had known in New York. Four miles from Haderslev, nestled among the hills, is descried the white tower of the church of Kronsbeck, and close by it is the parsonage of the pastor Möller. We took one of the carriages of the country, a kind of huge basket of wicker work, and drove to his manse. It is inclosed by a range of low buildings, which looked like the surroundings of a farmyard. We drove under an arched way into the large court, and thought at first that we had mistaken the place, and had invaded the premises of one of the rich farmers of the country. But a cottage at the further end of the buildings seemed to mark the residence of a man of taste and cultivation, and as we approached inquiringly, the pastor himself and his wife, who were walking in their garden, advanced to meet us, and gave us the most cordial welcome.

We entered the parsonage, and here it was evident by many signs, that we were in the home of a scholar. The

books on the table and the pictures on the walls, showed the fondness for reading and study, and the presence of taste; while a large telescope, standing in the middle of the room, indicated the man of science. In the number of his wife's books we found carefully treasured several works of American writers, among them the "Wide, Wide World," of our excellent friend Miss Warner. The pastor, knowing by instinct the point of attraction for a brother minister, took me first to his library. After a long and wistful look at its treasures we returned to the ladies, and all strolled away into the garden, where a summer-house on the brow of a hill overlooks the country for miles around. The view extends along the coast, and across the waters of the Little Belt to the island of Fione. The coast region here resembles that of Norway (though on a scale less grand), being indented with numerous inlets, or fiords, so that almost every deep valley stoops down to the water's edge. One of these inlets flowed at the bottom of the hill on which we stood, and stretching along the bank for half a mile is a noble wood, which is a part of the property of the manse. One does not find in Denmark the dark forests of pine which stand on Norwegian hills. The beech is the tree of the country. This grove was composed chiefly of beeches, with here and there an ancient oak, or a white birch showing its shining bark. Nothing could exceed the charm of this wood, which seemed to unite all the elements of beauty—tall and

stately trees, with here and there an open glade to let a stream of light into the darker depths of the forest, and long shady avenues, which seemed made for the retired walks of the scholar. Long did we linger here, walking under the trees, or sitting on the mossy bank of the stream, and talk of the Old World and the New, of Denmark and of America.

On the edge of the wood, near the Parsonage, stands the church. The pastor took us to see it. It is a small edifice, of stone, but with walls as thick as if built for a fortress. There it has stood for six hundred years! Generation after generation has come over these hills here to worship God, and their bodies now rest under its shadow. The churchyard is thickly strewn with graves, which are not marked by slabs of stone, but *covered with beds of flowers*, emblems of hope and of the resurrection.

The pastor gave us much information in regard to the religious condition of Denmark, its churches and its schools. The religion of the State is Lutheran, and the people are generally attached to the Protestant worship. Education also is provided for by the State. The whole country is dotted with village schools. Every parish has one or more of them, to which the parents are required by law to send their children. And it is rare to find a peasant who does not know how to read and write. The State also takes care to provide a competent body of teachers. There are five seminaries expressly for the education of country school-masters. Thus is formed a

large and highly respectable body of men. The State also adds to their dignity and independence by setting apart for them glebe lands and granting them certain privileges. Besides these common schools, all the larger towns have burgher schools, and Latin schools, besides their charity schools. At the same time the universities of Copenhagen and Kiel provide for the higher education.

Thus the stream of talk flowed on till the day was spent, and the sun setting over the hills and the fading twilight, warned us to return to Haderslev to prepare to resume our journey the next morning. But the kind pastor would hardly let us go. "We ought to stay at least a week!" And when at last we were forced to part, it was more like friends who had known each other from childhood, than as those who never saw each other's faces till that morning. The ladies embraced like sisters, and after we were seated in the carriage, the little ones were brought out to be handed up to receive their kiss, and we rode away with delightful remembrances of a day in a Danish parsonage.

This glimpse of the interior of a manse in Denmark, has given me the most favorable impression of the pastors and churches of this country. Here is a man of education and refinement, who lives afar from the great world, yet who is perfectly contented and happy, free from envy and pride, and with no ambition but to do good to the simple people who live among these hills,

and who look up to him as a father. Such is the moral beauty and dignity of a true Christian pastor. Long shall we remember this day's visit, and the names of Pastor Möller and his wife will be warmly cherished by their friends in America.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ISLAND OF FIONE—COPENHAGEN—BEAUTY OF THE CITY AND ITS ENVIRONS—DECLINE OF DENMARK AS AN EUROPEAN POWER—ATTACK OF NELSON IN 1801—BOMBARDMENT IN 1807—LOSS OF NORWAY—THE COUNTRY STILL RICH IN THE ELEMENTS OF PROSPERITY—POINTS OF SYMPATHY WITH AMERICA—SETTLEMENT OF THE SOUND DUES QUESTION—THE KING—HOPES OF SCANDINAVIAN UNITY—THORWALDSEN.

COPENHAGEN, *July* 28, 1858.

THE next morning after our visit to the Danish pastor, we left the quiet town of Haderslev, sleeping in its valley, and rode over the hills to the shore of the Little Belt, where a steamer was waiting to convey passengers across to the island of Fione. This island is forty miles broad, and is one of the richest parts of the kingdom. As we rode over it on a warm summer's day, the whole land seemed smiling with plenty. On every side were seen rich farms and peaceful villages. "The valleys are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing." We saw no princely estates, nothing like the palaces and parks of England, but there was an appearance of general comfort, of an abundance of the necessaries of life. We saw no great wealth on the one hand, and no squalid poverty on the other. Everywhere was industry, com-

fort, and content. It seemed a stout, hale, and happy country, tenanted by a manly and self-respecting race. We passed through several towns, the largest of which was Odensee, whose ancient date is signified in the very name it bears—which is derived from Odin, the old Scandinavian deity. Indeed, this mythological personage is said to have lived in this place, and his tumulus is still shown outside the town. No doubt he did live here as much as anywhere. A fact somewhat more authentic, and quite as interesting to us, was that here was born Hans Christian Andersen, the celebrated Danish writer, and from these streets he sallied forth, a poor boy, and made his way to Copenhagen, where, after years of labor and discouragement, he at length rose to fame.

The island of Fione is belted on both sides—having the Little Belt on one side and the Great Belt on the other. These waters are famous as the only entrance to the Baltic, except by the Sound, past the guns of Cronenburg, near Elsinore. The English fleet designed to attack Cronstadt in the last war, came down the Great Belt. These Belts have generally been a protection to Denmark, like the Channel to England. But not always. Just two hundred years ago, in 1657–8, the winter was so severe that the Little Belt and the Great Belt were frozen over, and Charles X., of Sweden, crossed them both upon the ice, with his whole army, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, on his way to attack Copenhagen. The steamer which took us over, crossed in two hours,

from Nyborg to Korsöer, from which there is a railway across Zealand to Copenhagen. We reached the capital the same evening.

We had looked forward with much interest to our visit to Copenhagen. Nor is that interest diminished now that we walk its streets. We find indeed a city not very imposing in its external appearance. It has suffered too much by siege and bombardment to retain many marks of grandeur. The houses, being built only of brick, stuccoed, have a plain and comfortable look, but are by no means magnificent. Yet Copenhagen is, next to St. Petersburg, the greatest of the northern capitals. It has a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by fortifications five miles in extent. It has a few stately public edifices. From our room in the Hôtel Royal we look across to the king's palace, which is one of the most extensive royal residences in Europe. Here is a large gallery of paintings. By the side of the palace are the principal public buildings of the capital—those occupied by the Departments of Government, the Exchange, and what is of more interest than all, the Museum of Thorwaldsen.

But the chief beauty of Copenhagen, it owes to its situation and its charming environs. Standing on the shores of the Baltic, its tall spires may be seen from a ship's deck twenty miles distant. Hardly any city that we have visited commands more beautiful views. The palace of Fredericksberg, on a hill two miles from the

town, overlooks a wide and beautiful prospect of land and water. I know not where to point out a more enchanting drive than along the Sound from Copenhagen to Elsinore. For the whole distance the shores of Sweden are in sight. Midway between the two kingdoms is a little island on which Tycho Brahe erected his observatory, and from which he watched the constellations in the cold northern heavens. One afternoon we devoted to an excursion along the Danish shore. A great number of ships were passing up and down the Sound. We whiled away an hour at a watering-place which is a summer resort of the fashionable public, and next drove under the windows of a country box of the king, just as a military band were playing to soothe the royal ear, and returned through the Deer Park, a magnificent forest of beech, which is a hunting-ground for the Court, and where every year, in June or July, the people of city and country pitch their tents for a grand national fair.

Just at present, Copenhagen itself is dull. As it is midsummer, the Court is absent, and the hotels of the foreign ministers, and the town-houses of the Danish nobility are closed, and all are spending the hot months at their seats in the country, so that we see nothing of the fashion of Denmark. The only gaiety manifest is that of the people at the suburban gardens of Tivoli and the Alhambra. But in winter, when the court is in town and the National Diet in session, and the nobility flock to the capital, the streets present a more animated spec-

tacle, and the saloons are more brilliant. The Danes are generally intelligent, and the educated classes remarkably well informed. The university, with its twelve hundred students, of course draws around it a number of learned professors and literary men, and these, with the wealthier citizens, and the noble families, and officers of the government, and artists and authors, form altogether a very charming society.

During the week we have spent in Copenhagen we have been accustomed to take our evening walk along the bastions, which girdle the city on the side of land and sea. Here we have strolled at sunset, musing like Hamlet the Dane upon the walls of Elsinore. As we looked off upon the Baltic, of which this city was queen, as Venice was queen of the Adriatic, and surveyed the heavy ramparts, and marked the long lines of cannon, now grim and silent, and watched the sentinel pacing his round, we could not but fall into reflections on the former greatness and present decline of this once mighty northern power.

Denmark is no longer the giant that she once was, when northern vikings were the terror of the sea, and Danes were the conquerors of England. For centuries she continued one of the great kingdoms of the North. But within the last hundred years she has been cast into the shade by monarchies of a later date, but of far greater power. Since the time of Frederick the Great, Prussia has risen to the first rank of European States;

and since the reign of Peter the Great, Russia has loomed up in vast proportions, and these two empires have overshadowed all other powers in the north of Europe. Still Denmark would have remained a very respectable kingdom, but for two disasters, which resulted from the wars of Napoleon—the loss of her navy, and the loss of Norway.

It is sad to think that the heaviest blows at the prosperity of this Protestant nation should have been struck by Protestant England. Twice in this century have hostile armaments appeared in these waters. In 1801, the object was to break the famous league of the powers of the Baltic, known as "the Armed Neutrality," in which Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden combined to protect their commerce against the pretensions and vexations of British ships, and to maintain their own rights as neutrals in the great war then raging in Europe. This was regarded by England as an attack upon her maritime supremacy, and to sustain her prestige and power on the seas, she felt it necessary to strike a sudden blow at this northern confederacy, and Nelson, whose fame had begun to fill the world since he won the battle of the Nile, led an expedition against Copenhagen. The shores of Sweden and Denmark never saw such a sight as on the day when that mighty armament came down the waters of the Sound. The action which followed was one of the most fearful engagements on record, and the hardly-earned victory is

counted among the greatest naval achievements of Great Britain. You remember the stirring ode of Campbell on the battle of the Baltic:

> "Of Nelson and the North,
> Sing the glorious day's renown,
> When to battle fierce came forth,
> All the might of Denmark's crown."

Well may they boast of their victory, for never were they matched against a braver enemy, or met with valor more equal to their own. For four hours the battle raged. So terrible was the Danish fire that Sir Hyde Parker, the chief in command, signalled to the English fleet to withdraw, and nothing but the obstinacy of Nelson, who refused to be beaten, and fought on against orders, finally carried the day. Nelson himself felt the highest admiration for the valor of his enemy. He declared that he had never seen anything like it before. He afterwards told the Crown Prince that he had been in over a hundred engagements, but in none to be compared to this. Even the battle of the Nile was less awful. He said, "The French fought bravely, but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four."

I find that the Danes themselves do not regard this by any means as an unworthy defeat, but as a battle in which the glory was equally divided. Certainly, if Denmark lost her ships and men, she lost no honor on that day.

It was with no feeling of English pride that here on the spot, we recalled that dreadful scene, but with equal admiration for the brave men of both nations, and with sorrow for the unnatural strife which arrayed them against each other. From the island of Amak, we looked along the line of the Danish batteries, and out upon the roadstead where lay the English fleet, and then turned away sadly to the Naval Cemetery, where a plain obelisk, hewn out of a single block of Norwegian marble, marks the place of the dead. It bears this simple inscription:

"They fell for their country, April 2, 1801."

Beneath which is written:

"The gratitude of their fellow-citizens erected this monument."

It is surrounded by oaks and pines, which wave mournfully in the northern wind.

Campbell bade us remember the fallen heroes:

"Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep."

And we did think with honor of the brave men whose forms decay, side by side, beneath the waters of the Baltic—brothers in death, who should have been brothers in life.

But the victory of Nelson was not the greatest blow dealt by England to the power of Denmark. Six years later it was repeated, with still more tremendous effect.

Again the British cabinet was haunted with the fear of a northern confederacy. Napoleon had become more formidable than ever. Master of southern and central Europe, he was now ruler of the north by the victorious termination of the war with Russia. A treaty had been concluded at Tilsit, upon which there sprang up a sudden intimacy, and almost romantic attachment between Napoleon and Alexander. This foreboded new dangers for England. If she had not been secure when she had Russia for an ally, what was her position now that Russia had gone over to the side of her enemy? The general terms of the treaty of Tilsit soon became known throughout Europe, but it was supposed that there were other secret articles, by which the two emperors bound themselves to support each other, both in the east and the west—Alexander in his designs upon Finland and Turkey, and Napoleon in his war in Spain, and against England. Thus they would virtually divide the empire of the continent. With all Europe at their feet, it was designed to unite the naval forces of the continent in a combined attack upon England. France could furnish sixty ships of the line, Spain forty, Portugal ten, Russia twenty-five, and Sweden, Holland and Denmark each fifteen, thus making, in all, one hundred and eighty line-of-battle ships—a force against which the whole English navy could not stand. Had this gigantic scheme been carried out, the appearance of such an Armada off the English coast would have threatened Britain with a

danger greater than any since that of Spain was seen bearing down the Channel.

Such was the famous northern confederacy which rose as a thunder-cloud from the waters of the Baltic, and threatened to burst on the English shores. Not a moment was to be lost in breaking this formidable alliance. Again another armament, greater than before—including twenty-seven ships of the line, with twenty thousand land troops on board—set sail for the Baltic. As yet war had not been declared, and the expedition came with a demand which was designed to avoid conflict. It was that the whole Danish fleet should be surrendered to England! not as the prize of war, but as a pledge of peace—a security that it should not be employed against her—in which case England engaged, that at the conclusion of a general peace, it should be returned safely and with all its appointments complete. A proposal so humiliating to the pride of Denmark, called forth an universal burst of indignation, and all classes, from the Crown Prince to the humblest subject, prepared for resistance. They had no allies to look to for support. A French army had advanced into Holstein, but the British cruisers in the Great Belt effectually prevented any troops crossing to Zealand, and the Danes were left to fight their battles alone. But the spirit of the nation rose with the danger. They acted as a brave and high-spirited people, scorning to yield when the enemy was at their gates.

Immediately the British army landed and began to invest the city. The chief command was in Lord Cathcart, but he had an efficient aid in that military genius which was soon to become the idol of the British army. As in the former attack upon Copenhagen, Nelson, the pride of the English navy, added to his fame, so in this, Wellington, who had already fought in India, was first to gain an European reputation. The batteries were mounted with the most formidable cannon, and then followed all the horrors of a bombardment. For three days and nights a storm of fire poured upon the devoted city. The historian Alison thus portrays the fearful scene :

"The inhabitants sustained with heroic resolution the flaming tempest, and all classes were indefatigable in their endeavors to carry water to the quarters where the city had taken fire; but in spite of all their efforts, the conflagration spread with frightful rapidity, and at length, a great magazine of wood, and the lofty steeple of the Church of Our Lady took fire, and the flames, curling to a prodigious height up its wooden pinnacles, illuminated the whole heavens, and threw a lurid light over all the fleet and army of the besiegers. With speechless anxiety the trembling citizens watched the path of the burning projectiles through the air, while the British soldiers and sailors from afar beheld the heavens tracked by innumerable stars, which seemed to realize more than the fabled splendors of Oriental

fireworks. At length the obvious danger of the total destruction of the city, by the progress of the flames, overcame the firmness of General Peymann, to whom the prince-royal had delegated the command, and a flag of truce appeared at the British outposts to treat for a capitulation."

The battle was over, and the British troops entered the city as victors, but it was over a scene of desolation. One-eighth part of Copenhagen was laid in ashes. In a few weeks the army evacuated the city, and the fleet returned to England, taking with it the splendid prize of the whole Danish navy—eighteen ships of the line, and fifteen frigates, besides other vessels of war. That was a dark day for Copenhagen. It was with bitter, manly tears, that the high-spirited Danes lined the quays and saw that magnificent fleet sail out of the harbor, and bear away through the Sound never to return.

This expedition produced a great sensation all over Europe. It was denounced as a flagrant violation of the rights of nations. Certainly it was an extreme measure, which nothing could justify but an absolute necessity—a necessity of self-preservation, which could only be obtained by this terrible sacrifice. But whatever the reasons of state which excused this daring step, it was a great disaster to the power of Denmark, and one from which she has never recovered.

A few years later, and yet another blow was struck at the power and rank of this ancient kingdom. But now

it was not dealt by the arm of Britain, but by the combined force of all the allied powers. To punish Denmark for her fidelity to Napoleon, she was forced in 1814 to cede the whole of Norway to her rival, Sweden. It might, indeed, seem more natural that Norway should be united to a country which lies by her side throughout the whole length of the Scandinavian Peninsula. But the Norwegians are more closely related to the Danes than to the Swedes, by race and language, and historical traditions. The Danish and modern Norwegian language are the same. Thus the people are one people, and the countries ought to be parts of one kingdom. With the loss of Norway, the humiliation of Denmark was complete. Her colonial possessions are now reduced to the frozen shores of Iceland and Greenland, to the Faroe Islands, and to the small islands of St. Thomas, Santa Cruz and St. John, in the West Indies. Her population numbers altogether but two millions and a half. Of course she can no longer aspire to rank with the first class of European powers, but must take her place in the second grade of States, along with Hanover, Saxony, and Bavaria.

Still, though so greatly crippled, the power of Denmark is not wholly broken. Whoever goes through the arsenal at Copenhagen, and surveys the large park of artillery, and the glittering array of swords and bayonets, enough for one of the great standing armies of Europe, will see that with such means of defence in the

hands of a brave people, Denmark can still present a formidable front. In the late war in Holstein—even though divided against herself, with a populous province in open rebellion, backed by the secret aid of Germany, she kept a large army in the field, and at last came off victorious. Her navy, too, though greatly reduced, is still by no means despicable. The Danes are natural seamen. With a country surrounded by the waves, they early learn to venture on the deep. Their fisheries still nurture a hardy race. A large number of the sailors in the English navy, and in our own, are Danes. These bold mariners, though now scattered over all the oceans of the world, form a maritime force in reserve, that in case of need might rally for the defence of their island home.

But if this be not a great nation, it may still be a very happy one. And such I believe it is. We have been equally gratified with the appearance of the country and of the people, and that after a very good opportunity of seeing all parts of the kingdom. The country itself is rich. The land is highly cultivated. The opening of railroads gives a new spring to industry in all parts of the kingdom, and ships still fill the ports, and Danish sails whiten the Baltic and the neighboring seas. The elements of public happiness are very widely diffused, and we reflect with satisfaction that, if the period of glory is past, it has been succeeded by an age of peace and by general prosperity, and by a glory of a different kind, by distinction in arts and in literature.

Denmark attracts the sympathy of an American by many points of resemblance to his own country. Its schools and its country churches remind him of New England. He finds himself among people of the same Protestant faith, who are kindred with him by many ties, and in fact who claim—not without reason—to be the original discoverers of his country. We are still related to the Danes by blood. The light hair and fair blue eyes, which many daughters of America have derived from Saxon parentage, may be traced back to the shores of the Baltic.

I am happy to find the relations between Denmark and my own country now harmonious and pleasant, especially as at one time they threatened to be broken. The vexed Sound Dues question, which has been a subject of so much discussion between the two governments, is at last settled amicably, and to the satisfaction of both parties—settled in the only just and equitable way, by a compromise, the United States having paid down four hundred thousand dollars as an equivalent for all dues on American vessels hereafter trading to the Baltic. This sum sounds large in the gross, but it was a very excellent bargain for us. For the same release from future tolls on British vessels, England paid six millions of dollars, and the other European States in proportion to their commercial interest in it. No doubt our country was right in wishing an end to be put to a system of dues, which looked like a tribute to a foreign power. But as

an American, I can but wish that the demand had been made a little more graciously, and in a way not to offend the pride of an old ally—one which had settled a former claim of ours in the most generous and honorable spirit. It is a curious fact, not generally known in our country, that a few years ago, a claim was brought against Denmark for losses incurred during the wars in Europe—a claim which by many was considered a very doubtful one according to the law of nations—yet, through the good offices of our minister, Mr. Wheaton, who resided many years at Copenhagen, and did much to secure for us the respect of both the government and the nation—it was allowed by Denmark, which thereon actually paid to the United States over seven hundred thousand dollars! This was an instance of honorable dealing, which certainly merited a like return. But courtesy is spoiled by politicians, who hope to make capital out of their patriotic bluster, and who thus make our country appear abroad in a very unamiable light. But let that pass. The question, at last, is settled, owing, I think, very much to the excellent tact and good sense both of the late and the present Danish ministers. And now that this only bone of contention is out of the way, let us hope that the old friendly feelings between the two nations will be restored, and become stronger than ever.

Another point of sympathy between Denmark and America, is common liberal institutions. Denmark is one of the few free countries of Europe, standing in this be-

side Holland and England. Like them, it has a king, but in no way is the liberty of the subject restricted. Men think, write, and speak, as freely as in England or in our own Republic.

The king, Frederic VII., is rather an eccentric monarch. He has had two wives, and divorced them both. He is now married for the third time, and certainly this was not a marriage for reasons of state, but for love, since he chose, not a princess, but a milliner. The marriage however was duly solemnized by the bishop. He gave her a title, that of Countess of Danner, and they now live together. She is said to be a very clever woman, and to exert a good influence in steadying the somewhat fickle mind of the king.

This is not a very safe example for a king to set to his people. But we must give every one his due. This rather free and easy monarch, though he cannot be considered a good family man, and is not a pattern of the domestic virtues, *politically* has some noble qualities. His principles are rather liberal for a king. When he was but a prince, he declared his intention, if he succeeded to the crown, to give his people a constitution. He ascended the throne in January, 1848, just before the revolutions broke out in Europe, and his first act was to carry his noble purpose into execution. This fidelity to his engagement appears the more honorable, when contrasted with the conduct of many of the sovereigns of Europe, who have made

great professions in a moment of peril, and as soon as they felt themselves secure, have broken every promise, and even violated their sacred oaths. It was perhaps owing to this wise and timely concession that the storm of revolution, which burst over Europe in 1848, and which swept Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, did not reach to Copenhagen. Since the failure of those revolutions there has been a reaction throughout Europe towards more rigid absolutism, and kings have broken their solemn pledges made to their people in the hour of calamity, without hesitation or scruple. But the king of Denmark, to his honor be it said, *has never broken his oath.* I am told that the troubles in Holstein, which were secretly fomented by Prussia, and whose cause was baptized with the high-sounding name of German nationality, would have been allayed at once if Frederic VII. had yielded to the reaction, and followed the perfidious example of the German courts. Such fidelity, against all the temptations of royal power, is a noble trait in the Danish monarch, and may cover a multitude of sins. It quite explains the strong attachment, which, in spite of all his faults, this people feel for their true-hearted sovereign.

The king is now fifty years old—or will be on the 6th of October—and he has no children. Hence, of course, much interest is felt in the succession to the throne. There is a party among the Danes, which hopes for a union of Denmark with Norway and Sweden, in which

case it is probable that Carl, the Crown Prince of Sweden, would succeed to the throne of the united realms.

Since 1848, all Europe has been stirred with questions about unity and nationality. Everywhere there is a longing for all of the same race, and who speak the same language, to be united under the same government. Thus we hear of German unity and Italian unity. So the political dreamers of the North form great hopes of a Scandinavian unity. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, united, would make a powerful monarchy, which could once more take a place among the great sovereignties of Europe.

Meanwhile, awaiting this political confederacy, the writers of the North have sought to revive the spirit and life of the people by creating a worthy Scandinavian literature. Danish scholars have explored the antiquities of the North, and brought to light traces of a race so remote, as would almost prove that Scandinavia was the cradle of Europe. I hardly know a more interesting collection than that in the Museum of Northern Antiquities. We were shown through it by Professor Thomsen himself, who explained to us the character of the remains, which are arranged in the order of periods. First, is a whole cabinet filled with knives, and axes, and hammers, and arrow-heads, all of stone, which point to a period when even the use of iron was unknown. Then we trace century by century, the introduction of the successive metals, iron, copper, gold and silver, till we approach the

confines of modern civilization. How full of interest are these traces of the arts of peace, or weapons of war, mingled with the sepulchral urns which contained the ashes of mighty chiefs, dead thousands of years ago, buried with the simple domestic utensils which they were to bear with them to the Halls of Valhalla.

Besides these antiquarian researches, Danish and Swedish writers have sought to make known to Europe, the present life of the people. In this they have been successful, and many whose names are well known in England and America, have given a new interest to their pine forests and their rocky shores.

Here in Copenhagen, especially, one feels the power of a single name, great in letters or in art, to give glory to a country. To-day, when the foreigner turns to Denmark, of what does he first think? Not of its army or navy—but of one man, THORWALDSEN. Here the great sculptor was born, and here, though he spent a large part of his life in Rome, he came back to die. Here are gathered all the trophies of his genius, a vast monument to his memory.

The Museum of Thorwaldsen is one of the shrines of art in Europe, not as extensive, but in the department of sculpture, as well worth seeing as the galleries of the Louvre, or the Vatican. No sculptor that ever lived has comprised a greater range and variety of subjects, from the humblest to the highest. Even in the molding of beasts and birds, he shows a marvellous vigor as well as

truth to nature. What spirit in his eagle fed by Ganymede; what majesty in his sleeping lions! At the same time, no one ever conceived more grandly of the human form divine. His types of manly beauty are almost equal to the Apollo. He has even bodied forth a nobler manhood in his group of the Twelve Apostles, in the midst of whom walks a majestic form like unto the Son of God.

No one ever caught better the old Greek spirit, or rendered with more force and feeling the fables of the classic mythology. I do not think he is so happy in his grand historical compositions, like the triumph of Alexander. Not that he ever fails, but here he seems less at home. He succeeds best in rendering simple nature. No one ever felt more intensely the poetry of life, or has presented more beautiful ideals of man and woman—of childhood and youth, and old age. So of his emblems of the seasons of the year, of spring and summer, and autumn and winter, and of the successions of day and night. His Night and Morning are known all over the world. You cannot imagine the number and variety of the bas reliefs which cover these walls. As I walk through these long corridors filled with his creations, I am amazed at the richness and fertility of his genius. What troops of airy fancies have flown out of that capacious brain, like doves from their windows—aërial forms of grace and beauty, that henceforth live in the world's love and admiration like the eternal types of nature.

In one department alone he seems less at home, in depicting the passions of fear and hate. No writhing Laocoöns, or wailing Niobes, or dying gladiators, here bend in mortal agony. His heart, strong and gentle, delights rather in emblems of innocence and love, and youth and hope. Nay, even when depicting death, as in his designs for sepulchral monuments, his fancy seizes at once some emblem of the resurrection—of life beyond the grave.

What holy beauty does he give to life's daily wonder of Sleep, and to the last solemn mystery of Death. The marble has hardly ceased to breathe, and the spectator, awe-struck before the mute countenance, almost bows weeping on the cold and stony lips. Wandering among these silent forms, we murmur our thoughts in the opening lines of "Queen Mab," which might have been written after seeing these sculptures:

> "How wonderful is Death—
> Death and his brother Sleep!
> One pale as yonder waning moon,
> With lips of lurid blue;
> The other, rosy as the morn,
> When throned on ocean's wave,
> It blushes o'er the world;
> Yet both so passing wonderful!"

Such was Thorwaldsen—the son of a poor ship-carpenter from Iceland—a man, who, even when courted by princes, never lost the grand simplicity of his character, and—as one told me, who knew him well—who

"always wondered that people made so much of him, and thought they were very kind."

It was fitting that he who made death thus beautiful should be laid to rest amid his own ever fresh images of life. The museum erected by the nation to receive the works of Thorwaldsen is the noblest monument to his fame, and there, in the central court, is the old man's grave. No one who has seen the Danes gather round that sacred spot, or marked how affectionately they speak of him, so lately gone, can but feel that that great name is itself a centre of unity, and supplies to them in some degree the place of political power or military glory.. Here then, if we have not great armies and navies to restore the ancient power of this state of Denmark, we have a far purer glory to gild its decline. If the sun does not rise over the Baltic, and cast its full blaze upon the towers and spires of Copenhagen, still this northern capital has a splendor of its own, in the Auroras which stream up so brilliantly in these cold heavens, and shed a starry light upon her pinnacles.

Here ends our journey to the North. We had intended to visit Norway, Sweden, and Russia, before our return. But time fails. The summer is flying, and in Norway the facilities for travelling are so meagre, that one's progress must be very slow. Six weeks at least would be necessary to see Norway and Sweden, and a month more for Russia. This time we have not to spare, as we have

yet to traverse the whole of Germany. It is tantalizing to sail along the shores of Sweden, and not set foot upon it, or to be within three days of St. Petersburg, and not visit it. But as we must make a choice of countries, for the present we prefer to see Germany, and therefore shall leave to-morrow to cross the Baltic, on our way to Berlin.

CHAPTER XII.

Crossing the Baltic—Germany—Berlin, a dull City except for Scholars—Manners of the People—Frederick the Great—The Prussian Army—Political Discontent—Signs of Revolution.

Berlin, *August* 2, 1858.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon on which we bade adieu to Denmark. For several days the Baltic had been lashed by a storm. But at length the gale had spent its force, and the troubled waves sunk to rest. For hours after we left the quay, we sat on deck watching the spires of Copenhagen till they disappeared below the horizon. On the other side of the Sound the shores of Sweden were full in sight, overshadowed by warlike memories of Charles XII., and the great Gustavus Adolphus, and the still greater Gustavus Vasa, and attracting a fonder regard from thoughts of the brave, simple people that dwell by their lakes and their rocky fiords, and in their pine forests.

It was with a feeling of reverence, almost of awe, that we approached the shores of Germany—that vast territory occupied by the mighty race that speak the German tongue—spreading over the whole of central Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and from

Poland to the Rhine. As we drew near the coast, we passed the isle of Rugen, whose white chalk cliffs, like those of Albion, reflected the morning sun; and which, from its beautiful and somewhat English scenery, and from being a favorite summer resort of the fashionable world, is sometimes called the German Isle of Wight. This island, with the neighboring coast of Pomerania, was the cradle of those terrible barbarians, who, issuing out of their forests, swept over Europe and finally planted their victorious ensigns on the seven hills of Rome.

Early in the morning we found ourselves in a broad river, with low marshy banks on either side. This was the Oder, one of the great outlets for the commerce of Germany. Here, on an island, more than two hundred years ago, landed Gustavus Adolphus with the vanguard of that Swedish army that was to carry the banner of Protestantism through so many hard-fought battles in the Thirty Years' War. Like a Christian warrior, no sooner had he touched the soil than he knelt upon the ground, and implored the protection and favor of the Almighty. A few hours more brought us to Stettin—a town of little interest except as a port for the Baltic trade—though honored (if it be an honor) as the birthplace of the Russian empress Catherine. The same afternoon we reached the Prussian capital.

Berlin offers fewer objects to interest a stranger than almost any of the capitals of Europe. It is the newest

of them all, only dating as a royal city, from the time of Frederick the Great. It has not a single advantage of position to render it imposing. It stands in the centre of a vast sandy plain, looking from a distance as solitary and desolate as Tadmor in the wilderness. It is said that the city took its present proportions from an arbitrary command of Frederick, who, wishing to have a great capital, inclosed an immense space with a wall and commanded it to be filled with houses. Of course the only way to obey the royal decree was to scatter the houses as widely as possible, and as they were but few, leaving them also far between. Hence the streets are the widest, and longest, and flattest that we have seen in any city in Europe. The houses, too, are generally not more than two stories high, and being built of brick and stuccoed, present a very dull and monotonous appearance.

There are not more than about a dozen stately edifices in all Berlin, and these are within a stone's throw of each other. From our windows in the Hôtel de Russie, we can see almost every one of them. But a step across the bridge is the Royal Palace—a vast pile, but grand only from its size, built, not of eternal granite or polished marble, but of brick, stuccoed, which, owing to the damp climate, is constantly peeling off, thus leaving the palace, as royalty itself sometimes is left, in a state of sorry nakedness. On the other side of the square is the New Museum—perhaps the finest edifice in Berlin, and near at hand, on the Unter den Linden, are the

Arsenal, the Opera, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Royal Library and the University.

But if Berlin is not a very splendid capital, it has other attractions, especially for scholars and literary men. It is the intellectual centre of Germany. Here reside Humboldt and Ritter, and hundreds of men of science. Of course the assemblage of such a number of learned savans gives to the city a scholarly character, which offers great advantages to students from all parts of Europe and from America.

Socially, I am much pleased with the Germans as I was with their cousins, the Dutch. There is a heartiness in their broad "Yah, yah," and "Nein, nein," which does me good to hear. There is only one thing in German manners which I cannot get along with, and that is the universal habit of smoking. The whole German race seems to live in an atmosphere of smoke and beer. Germany is the land of pipes and mugs. All classes of people, from the highest to the lowest, smoke and drink, and drink and smoke. They smoke at all times and in all places, in the house and by the way, in public gardens, and in railway carriages, when they lie down and when they rise up. They smoke before breakfast, and smoke after dinner. Morning, noon and night, smoke, smoke, smoke. Indeed I believe a German's idea of heaven is as a place where every man is provided with a huge meerschaum, with which extended before him, he sits in repose, his spirit absorbed in dreams, while perpetual wreaths float

around his head, the symbol of eternal beatitude. If it be so that this is the German's heaven, I desire to enter some other apartment in the celestial mansions, marked like the ladies' railway carriages, *Für Nichtraucher.*

The great number of soldiers in Berlin gives a military air to the streets. Prussia maintains a standing army of nearly half a million of men, and perhaps no army in Europe is more highly disciplined. Every soldier is practised in all manly exercises. The aim of his military education is to develop first of all his bodily activity, and then to combine the personal strength of these hundreds and thousands of athletic and stalwart men in one irresistible armed force. The thoroughness with which this military drill is carried out, produces the highest degree of effectiveness in the whole body. Several times a year a grand review of the troops takes place in the Thiergarten outside of the city walls, and no one who has seen these solid battalions marching across the plain, shaking the earth with their tread, or watched their swift evolutions, the rapid movement of the ponderous artillery, the wheeling and charging of the squadrons of cavalry, can doubt that the military force of Prussia will be a tremendous weight to be thrown into the scale, in the case of a general European war.

As Prussia is one of the later European monarchies, the historical interest of its capital is less than that of most others. Yet here the stranger is awed by the con-

stant presence of one imperial name. I am not one of Carlyle's hero worshippers, yet I cannot but share in large degree in his admiration for the great Frederick. Here, in the heart of the kingdom which he created, in the capital which he founded, one cannot refuse homage to his vast civil as well as military genius. It is not with blind admiration for a successful warrior, but with the far higher respect due to the founder of an empire, that I look up to the colossal equestrian statue, which stands under the trees of the Unter den Linden; or that I visited at Potsdam the room in which he died, and saw the very chair on which he bowed his kingly head, and the clock on the mantel which stood still at the very hour when that lion heart ceased to beat.

You will wish to learn something of the political state of Germany. I am not going to plunge into the troubled sea of German politics. A traveller passing rapidly through a country, spending but a few days in its principal cities, of course cannot see much below the surface of things. I shall speak, therefore, only of what is very obvious. On the outside the appearance of things is more favorable than we looked for. We came into Germany expecting to find the people greatly oppressed, and looking soured and gloomy, and we find, on the contrary, that they are very gay and cheerful, and seem to enjoy a high degree of prosperity. To be sure, they have on now their best look. The whole continent is at peace, and while the earth is not ravaged by war, the industry

of man cannot fail to secure general comfort. In Prussia there is also a greater degree of liberty than in Austria, and to the eye of the stranger, the nation seems to be powerful and prosperous.

Yet even here there are signs, no bigger than a man's hand, that a future day may bring clouds and storms. The revolutions of 1848, though apparently checked and put down, have yet done their work in the hearts of the people. Throughout Germany, and especially here in Prussia, there is a strong desire for liberal institutions. We are told that the king does not reside much at his palace in the capital, but prefers the retirement of Potsdam; that he does not like the people of Berlin, probably from remembrance of the rough lesson they gave him in 1848. He cannot forget the humiliations of that day when he was called out on the balcony of his palace and made to take off his hat to the mob. As he had to abase himself before the populace then, since he recovered his grasp of power, he has felt the bitterest animosity towards all who may have contributed to his humiliation. The reaction here has taken a character of personal rancor which pursues its enemies even in the grave. The insurgents who fell in the street conflicts of '48, are buried without the walls in a desolate spot, which is surrounded by a thick hedge, on purpose to hide their dishonored graves from popular notice and the tribute of public sympathy. Such is the temper of the king Frederick William towards his people. Nor

is there much love lost on their side. I am assured by persons who have the best means of information, that affairs, though calm on the surface, are far from being settled, and that a revolution in Paris would instantly be followed by one in Berlin. The change may not come this year or next, but France will not always submit to an absolute despotism, and when the explosion comes there, then must we look for a universal conflagration.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dresden—Position on the Elbe—Beauty of the City and its Environs—Attractions to Strangers—Picture Gallery—The King—The Battle of Dresden.

Of all the German capitals, none unites so many charms to invite the traveller, and especially to attract and detain foreign residents, as Dresden, the capital of Saxony. It is not the centre of an empire like Prussia or Austria, where the heart of a great monarchy beats, but it is a more beautiful city than Berlin, and breathes a freer air than Vienna. On a smaller scale it is a capital. It has its own kingdom and court, its palaces and royal gardens, while its picture gallery, the best in all the north of Europe, has obtained for it the name of the German Florence. It is celebrated also for its music, which is displayed for public admiration alike in churches and operas. It is not a great commercial city, crowded with bustle and trade. It has rather a quiet, dignified air, as if it were the home only of gentlemen and scholars. Its citizens do not rush through the streets, like bilious-looking Yankees, in chase of money. They walk along with a sedate and reverend air. The garden-like

squares of the city, surrounded by elegant private residences, seem to mark the abodes, not of ambitious tradesmen, but of men of wealth and taste, who have retired from active life, to devote themselves to pursuits of learning and of art. On these accounts Dresden is a favorite resort for artists and literary men, both of Germany and other countries. Many of the English come here to reside. They find a milder climate, and living less expensive than in their own country, while they have all advantages of education for their children, with the enjoyment of a refined and cultivated society for themselves. If besides they seek for bold scenery, for rocks and mountains, these they can find within a day's reach by making excursions into the Saxon Switzerland. For a man of elegant tastes, what more could be desired than this quiet enjoyment of learning and leisure, surrounded at once by the beauties of nature and immortal works of art?

Dresden derives its chief beauty from its position, on the banks of a broad and noble river, the Elbe. Rising in the mountains of Bohemia, this lordly river flows darkly between the frowning fortresses of Konigstein and Lillienstein, and then bursts joyously away through the sunny plains of Saxony, flowing on a hundred leagues till it passes beneath the heights of Hamburg, and its warm life is chilled in the cold waters of the northern sea. At Dresden it is spanned by a bridge of many arches, which leads across to the foot of the Royal Palace, and as the

traveller approaches from the opposite bank, he sees a line of terraces and lofty piles reflected in the waters.

The chief attraction of Dresden is its picture gallery, which is, beyond comparison, the finest in Germany, and is surpassed only by the great collections of Paris and of Italy. The Dresden gallery has long been the pride of the Saxon court, and successive sovereigns have added to its treasures. For a wonder it has escaped in all the sieges and bombardments to which Dresden has been exposed. Russell, in his Tour in Germany, mentions the somewhat curious and honorable fact that "it has had the rare fortune to be treated with reverence by every hostile hand. Frederick the Great bombarded Dresden, battered down its churches, laid its streets in ruins, but ordered his cannon and mortars to keep clear of the picture gallery. He entered as a conqueror, levied the taxes, administered the government, and with an affectation of humility, asked permission of the captive Electress to visit the gallery as a stranger!" Napoleon, too, who plundered all the galleries of Italy to enrich the Louvre, respected that of Dresden, since the King of Saxony was his best friend among the German princes, and indeed the only one who proved his devotion by being faithful to the last.

Of course, I am not going to attempt to describe this Wilderness of Art, for I have found, in reading books of travel, nothing so wearisome and unsatisfactory as descriptions of paintings. It is enough to say that the

collection is one of the largest in Europe, and embraces contributions from all the most distinguished schools—not only Italian, but German and Flemish, French and Spanish. These are arranged in such order that the stranger, in passing from hall to hall, passes from country to country and age to age. Now he finds himself in a room with Guido and Correggio, and now with Titian and the Venetian masters; and now he is transferred to the Low Countries, studying the minute Dutch pictures of Teniers, or the brawny figures of Rubens, and the dark backgrounds and sombre foreheads of Rembrandt. But the glory of the Dresden gallery is the Madonna di San Sisto of Raffaelle. This is certainly one of the most majestic figures ever painted on canvas. I am no connoisseur, nor do I think it any mark of sense for travellers to go into raptures before paintings which they cannot comprehend. Many of the paintings by the Old Masters, which are very celebrated, I confess I see no beauty in. No doubt the beauty is there, but I can't see it. But a man must be a stock who can stand unmoved before this divine form, soaring to heaven with the infant Saviour in her arms. We recognize here at once the same genius which glows in the Transfiguration at Rome.

Dresden has other treasures for those curious in such things, in a collection of crown jewels and of ancient armor far superior to that in the Tower of London. The kings of Saxony are among the richest sovereigns of

Europe, and the display of rare gems in the Green Vault of the palace, is dazzling to the eye, and reminds one of the fabulous riches of the East.

The environs of Dresden are even more beautiful than the city itself. The hills along the Elbe are sprinkled with princely villas, which look down on the valley and the river. Wide fields and gentle slopes invite to excursions in every direction. Each afternoon we took a long drive. One of these was to the Grosse Garten, an extensive park beyond the walls, in which the king has a summer palace. We had been riding, it seemed to us, for miles through the avenues, when we stopped at a cottage, under the trees, to take ice cream. While the waiter was bringing it out to the carriage, our coachman cried "The king! the king!" We looked up and saw a coach and four, with outriders, wheeling rapidly toward us. We stood up to get a full view of the face of majesty. As the train swept by, I lifted my chapeau with all due reverence, to which the old king, baring his white locks, bowed his head, and the queen, who sat beside him, bent very low her royal face. After such a mark of distinction, we resumed our seats and sipped our ice cream with a new sense of dignity.

Leaving the Park, we bade our driver take us out into the open country, that we might make the whole circuit of the city. Look! on the top of yonder hill stands a clump of trees, shading a granite monument. That is the spot where fell the brave Moreau, the hero of Hohen-

linden. "Drive us there!" Our coachman was a good, honest fellow, full of zeal to show us all the sights of Dresden, and with a natural Saxon pride in the great battle which had been fought around the walls of his city, he started off at a rapid rate, and though the distance was pretty long, and the ascent steep, he soon brought us to the place. We got out and walked to the trees, and there stood for a long time, leaning on the monument and looking down upon the field of battle. This was the very spot. All along these heights stretched the Russian and Austrian armies, two hundred thousand strong, while below fluttered the ensigns of France. Where we stood, the Emperor Alexander, with Moreau at his side, had taken his post of observation, to watch the events of that dreadful day. The quick eye of Napoleon, from the walls of the city, spied this party reconnoitering the field. He called an officer, and bade him throw a cannon-shot into the group. The fatal ball struck Moreau, and carried off both his legs. Yet even at this moment he did not lose his courage. Carried to the rear, he stretched out his bleeding limbs, and coolly smoked a cigar, while the surgeon performed the dreadful task of amputation. He died a few days after, in the same unshaken temper, an irreparable loss to the allied army.

Looking down from these heights, how distinctly did I recall the descriptions of the battle of Dresden which I had read years ago. Hardly any scene in the career of the Great Captain was more vividly imprinted on my

memory, for none seemed more dramatic in its incidents. It was Napoleon's last campaign in Germany. The expedition to Russia the year before had ended in utter ruin. Hoping by superhuman exertions to retrieve these disasters, and still to remain master of Germany, he had at length succeeded, by draining France almost of its last man, in bringing into the heart of Germany another army of more than a quarter of a million. This was arrayed along the line of the Elbe, from Dresden to Hamburg, and backed by six strong fortresses. Dresden was the centre and pivot of the whole. Such a host, under such a chief, would seem invincible. But half a million of soldiers had perished the year before in Russia, and the host of the invader might perish again. All Europe was in arms. His enemies were countless as the leaves of the forest. They came from the North and the South, and from the farthest East—for with the Russian army were wild horsemen from the interior of Asia, almost from the borders of China. Napoleon had anticipated victory by repeating the tactics of his Italian campaigns—attacking his enemies separately and beating them in detail. But his enemies had at last learned wisdom from bitter experience. Besides, they had now with them two of Napoleon's oldest and best officers, Bernadotte, the king of Sweden, and Moreau, who had been living in retirement in America, but had now returned by invitation of the Emperor of Russia to take part in the great events of this decisive year. By their advice, the allies agreed upon a

plan of operations which was eminently prudent and was destined to be successful. It was on no account to hazard a battle. Whatever division was attacked was to retreat, and thus, if possible, draw Napoleon into the interior of the country. The Emperor, it seems, did not give his enemies credit for so much good judgment and such unity of operations, and in pursuance of his own plan, marched against Blucher. The old Prussian field marshal, who was a perfect bull-dog and loved nothing so much as a battle, still obeyed his orders, and began to retreat, but slowly, and turning often to renew an engagement, thus provoking Napoleon into a long pursuit and a series of attacks, which resulted in nothing, since he could never get close enough to the enemy to make the blow decisive. Thus Blucher drew him on a hundred miles into the heart of Silesia, when the object of the enemy became apparent. To his surprise and consternation, Napoleon learned that the allies, taking advantage of his absence, had suddenly poured through all the passes of the Bohemian mountains, and rushed down upon Dresden, resolved to take it at a blow. Instantly he turned upon his track, ordering the Imperial Guard to return by forced marches. The allies had surrounded the city on the 25th of August, and if they had attacked at once, as Moreau advised, Dresden must have fallen. But they waited for another corps to come up, and that delay proved fatal. The next day they began one of the most terrible assaults ever heard of in war. Six divisions, each preceded by fifty

cannon, advanced to the walls of the city and commenced the most murderous cannonade. St. Cyr had but twenty thousand men with which to hold the city against ten times that number. Courier after courier was dispatched to Napoleon to tell of his desperate extremity. It seemed, indeed, that all was lost, when suddenly from the other side of the Elbe came a tumultuous roar as of advancing legions, and swiftly rushed into view the columns of the Imperial Guard, with Napoleon at their head. A German writer, who was a witness of the scene, says: "It was then that for the first time I beheld his face. He came on with the eye of a tyrant and the voice of a lion, urging his breathless and eager soldiers." Sweeping over the magnificent bridges, they poured into the streets and squares of the city. Weary with their long and rapid march, they still demanded with loud cries to be led into immediate battle. Their wish was soon gratified. The gates were thrown open, and two columns advanced to the charge and soon changed the face of the battle. Surprised and dismayed at this sudden resistance, the allied commanders could only explain it by saying that "the Emperor must be in the city."

Night closed the battle, but not the suffering. It had been a hot summer's day, and now the clouds gathered thick, and the rain poured down in torrents. All night the floods swept the streets and the fields where the two great armies were encamped. The morning broke in the midst of the storm. The rain still fell in torrents, and

the wind moaned over the field of death. But not even this war of the elements could check the fury of human passions. All day long the battle raged. The incessant explosions of a thousand cannon shook the air, and charging squadrons rode down the bloody plain. The contest was long and obstinate. But the genius of Napoleon at length triumphed at every point, and the allied army were in full retreat.

It was but forty-five years ago that Dresden saw that fearful carnage. And now I was standing upon that hilltop, and looking down upon that battle plain. All was calm and still. The sun was sinking peacefully in the west, and the trees above us waved gently in the evening wind, as if murmuring a soft requiem for the brave. We returned into the city, and again walked to the central arch of the bridge, and looked down into the stream. How peacefully the waters ran, washing away from buttress and battlement the stains of human blood. Welcome, all-healing Nature, that doth cleanse from the fair face of the earth the marks of human guilt. Let the winds blow and the waters flow, and sweep away every trace of violence and crime!

CHAPTER XIV.

Sail on the Elbe—Prague—Situation and Architecture—The Old Bridge—The Jews' Quarter—Synagogue and Cemetery—The Cathedral—Palace of the Bohemian Kings.

Could there be a grander pass from one kingdom to another, than the broad bosom of a river flowing through a gateway of mountains? It was thus that we entered from Saxony into Bohemia. We left Dresden for Prague by a steamer on the Elbe, and in a few hours were in the heart of the Saxon Switzerland. How bracing was this air of the mountains after the long and dreary wastes which we had traversed. Northern Germany has little to boast in the way of natural scenery. What Holland is, that is the whole of the North of Europe—a boundless plain, sometimes rising into gently undulating hills and valleys, but unbroken by mountain ridges till you get as far as Silesia or Saxony.

But if we found little to admire in the North and West, we were abundantly compensated as we approached the East and South. For the traveller in search of fine scenery, the Elbe is quite as well worthy of a visit as the Rhine. In most respects it equals, in

some it surpasses, the glories of "the exulting and abounding river." Like that, its course is among the hills, but as it winds more frequently, the landscapes change more rapidly. From its very brink rise the steep ascents which sometimes tower to a tremendous height above the stream—now presenting a bold head of rock, and now covered with dark, funereal pines. Nor is it nature alone which lends such a charm to these solitudes. These summits are crowned with many a rock and ruin, with old castles, out of whose gates issued armed knights centuries ago, but which are now deserted and silent. As Coleridge says in his melancholy chime:

> "The knights are dust,
> Their armor rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Here and there a cliff is capped with a fortress, still held by armed men, and huge batteries frown over the narrow pass. Thus Konigstein is to the Elbe what Ehrenbreitstein is to the Rhine. It is one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, and indeed almost the only one that has never been taken. But look! the mountains are passed and the river is left behind, and we are now rolling on to another valley, and a capital famed and hoary.

No city in Germany combines so much to interest a traveller as the ancient capital of Bohemia. Its situation is bold and striking. Like Edinburgh, it hangs on two

hillsides, facing each other, while "the rushing Moldau" flows between. Its architecture is half Oriental, blossoming in a hundred domes and spires, brought from the gorgeous East. And its history is marked for centuries by the struggle of the Christian with the Turk, and of the Catholic with the Protestant. No country in Europe acted a more conspicuous part in all the religious wars than Bohemia. The story of its greatness, is it not written in the chronicles of those troublous times? Had I not read of Bohemian patriots and Bohemian martyrs? Of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague? And of the lion-hearted Ziska, who, even when struck with blindness, still marshalled his army and led it to victorious battle—nay, whose unconquered spirit fought even when he was dead, since he bade his soldiers take his skin for a drum-head, and told them that its beat should carry terror into the hearts of his enemies!

All this was running in my brain as we came up the valley of the Elbe, and through the passes of the Bohemian mountains. The sun was setting, as we approached the capital from the west, and its fiery glow was reflected back from the tower of the Cathedral and the ancient palace of the Bohemian kings. You remember Longfellow's beautiful poem of the "Beleaguered City," founded on an old tradition of an army of the dead, that once encamped around the walls of Prague. The vision seemed to be realized to us as we entered the city.

A thousand shadowy forms rose up from the valley of the Moldau, and the hillsides were covered with snowy tents and gleaming banners. And when I stood upon the old bridge which has played such a part in the many sieges and stormings of Prague, I found myself repeating the lines of Campbell, which picture one of these murderous scenes:

> "On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
> Its blood-dyed waters murmuring far below."

This bridge is perhaps the best point from which to take a view of the city, as it joins the two sides of the town, and one standing on its central arch, surveys the whole. The bridge itself is worthy of notice, as one of the oldest and grandest monuments of Prague. It is the longest bridge in Germany, longer even than that which spans the Elbe at Dresden. Five hundred years ago—in 1358—were its solid abutments laid in their watery bed. Since that time it has witnessed many scenes which have given it at once a historical and religious interest. Here old John of Nepomuk, the patron saint of Prague, obtained the honors of martyrdom. For in times long ago it was his misfortune to be father confessor to a queen who confided to him some secrets of her life, which the king, in great wrath, demanded to know. But the good man held his peace. Wherefore the king brought him to this bridge, and pitched him over the parapet into the river. His body sunk, but for

three days miraculous flames burned over the spot. This of course was enough to make him a saint, and he is now regarded by the people with religious veneration. His shrine in the cathedral is one of the richest in the world, and every year, on the anniversary of his death, pilgrims flock to the sacred spot, sometimes to the number of eighty thousand, and for several days the bridge is so blocked up with the kneeling crowds that it is impossible to pass.

The morning after we reached the city, we took a carriage and a guide for the day, and began our explorations. Our first visit was to the ancient Jewish synagogue and cemetery. Prague contains the oldest colony of Jews in Europe. Indeed, they claim that it was founded here before the destruction of Jerusalem. For centuries they were subjected to the greatest oppression and cruelty. But here they have remained, clinging to the spot with a tenacity which no persecutions could destroy, and here they have preserved more strictly than in other cities the peculiar customs of their people. It was therefore with strange curiosity that we drove first to the Jewish quarter of the town, to visit the old synagogue and cemetery.

But whatever of romantic or sacred interest may be connected with this people, is apt to receive a pretty rude shock in entering the Jews' Quarter of one of the continental cities. The sons of Israel are not a clean people. They are born to dirt as the sparks fly upward.

The Jews' Quarter always looks like a rag-fair. Old clothes flout in the faces of the passer-by, as if they were the very flags and ensigns of the chosen people. The children of the prophets delight in narrow streets, which are choked up with braying donkeys, bawling men, and screeching women.

We drew up at the door of the synagogue, which is said to be eight or nine hundred years old. It looks as if it might date from the time of Abraham. It stands in the centre of the Jews' Quarter, surrounded by a maze of narrow streets, so choked up with the dust of centuries that they are raised several feet above the level of the synagogue, so that to enter it is like going down into a vault. The interior is dark and dingy. In some of their festivals the Jews burn lamps and torches without ceasing, day and night, so that the walls become blackened with smoke. Yet their idea of sacredness will not allow the place to be cleaned. Whoso should lift up his hand upon it would pollute it. So it remains from generation to generation, venerable with age and dirt, faintly illumined with that "dim, religious light" which sentimental worshippers so much delight in. To worship here is indeed to sit down in sackcloth and ashes. After this description our lady readers will perhaps not count it a great privation that they are not permitted to enter this sacred place, but are obliged to hear the reading of the law through low arches, which open into a corridor outside.

Yet this dilapidated old crypt has its treasures—in its sacred vessels and its tapestry of cloth of gold to cover the holy shrine. These are the gifts of wealthy Israelites of other lands.

Here in Prague, for a long time, the Jews were not permitted to live outside of a certain quarter. But now that rule has been relaxed in favor of the wealthy Jews, who have their fine town houses and country seats. Yet though the laws against them are repealed or are a dead letter, and though they may attain a high commercial position, strange to say, the antipathy of race and religion which exists towards them, is almost as strong as ever. They are still a proscribed caste. Surely, was there ever a people so smitten of God as this wandering and outcast race?

There is something inexpressibly mournful in this mixture of glory and degradation. Who can behold without pity and grief a people once so great and now so abject? To me there is something sad in their very look. They have a wildness in their gaze which they seem to have brought with them out of the desert, a startled and inquiring look, as if for ages their eyes had been peering into the future, looking for the Messiah which was to come. And how they cling to the memories of the glory of ancient Israel! We passed by a hospital provided for their aged and infirm, and saw through the window a group of poor, old creatures, sitting on benches, swaying their bodies to and fro like so many

howling Dervishes, muttering their Hebrew prayers, and singing in a wild chant the same victorious psalms which their fathers sung on the shores of the Red Sea when the Lord brought them out of the house of bondage.

Hard by the synagogue is the Jewish burying-ground —another place of pilgrimage for the people of the Lord. Here, under humble stones, covered with moss, lies the dust of men famed in all the world for learning and for saintly virtues, old Rabbis and Masters in Israel, who, after waiting in vain for the coming of the Messiah, fell asleep in darkness. Many of the tombs are marked by the symbols of their tribes. Hither come pilgrims from all parts of Europe, treading their way with weary feet, that they may kneel, and weep, and pray at the tomb of the fathers of their people. They leave behind little pebbles, placed upon the tombs by respectful hands, the poor tokens of their love and veneration.

From these memorials of ruin and decay we turn at once to princely halls and imperial grandeur. Across the Moldau, on the brow of a hill which rears its head erect and lofty as the castled crag of Edinburgh, stands the vast pile of the Hradschin, the palace of the ancient Bohemian kings. Our horses had a hard pull up the steep ascent. At length we wheeled around upon the summit, which commands a view of the whole city beneath, and of the valley for miles. Here stands the cathedral—a structure that was intended to be very

magnificent, but that never reached its full proportions, and whose actual grandeur has been shattered by the storm of war. Over its head flew the bombs of Frederic the Great, and its sacred roof did not escape. In fact, the great captain found the high tower an excellent target for his guns, and told his artillerists to point their cannon against it. The very first shot struck it, and during the siege two hundred and fifteen balls passed through the roof, and in the end the church received more than fifteen hundred! One of these balls still hangs in the church, as a memorial of the fiery ordeal through which it passed.

But the cathedral is especially interesting for its treasures. Here is the rich shrine of St. John Nepomuk, the tomb and its ornaments containing nearly two tons of silver! But even this is less precious than the bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, which are here kept for the wonder of the faithful, and the pocket handkerchief of the Virgin Mary!

The palace is interesting rather from its historical associations than from its architectural grandeur. It is a vast range of buildings—being larger than the palace at Vienna. It was the residence of the Bohemian kings, and when their country passed under the power of Austria, here were devised plots against Bohemian liberty. In the front of the palace is a hall of council where met the advisers of Ferdinand II., and where they were startled one day by the appearance of a body of depu-

ties, who burst into the room, demanding that they should cease from their plots against the nation; and who, finding no redress, seized two of the boldest and pitched them out of the window, a distance of eighty feet. Their lives were saved, somewhat ingloriously, by falling on a dunghill. This act of popular violence was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. In the same room we were shown the table on which, at the close of that war, was signed the Treaty of Westphalia.

Of late this old palace seems to be devoted to defunct royalties. Here, Charles X., after being driven from France, passed the poor remnant of his days, and here now resides that old granny, the late Emperor Ferdinand. I would not speak evil of dignities, but everybody knows that the late sovereign of Austria is half an idiot, who hardly knows enough to go in the house when it rains, and as in 1848, the year of revolutions, it rained very hard, there was nothing for him to do but to make a rapid retreat. Here he spends his days chiefly in mumbling prayers to the Virgin. His queen finds it pretty dull business, and so she goes off to Vienna or to Italy, to enjoy herself as well as she can.

At present the ancient Bohemian liberties are pretty effectually extinguished. The young Emperor of Austria, I believe, has not taken the trouble to be crowned King of Bohemia, nor King of Hungary. Both kingdoms are absorbed in the one great Empire. Yet here are elements which do not readily coalesce. The Bohe-

mians are not Germans. Of the hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Prague, more than half are native Bohemians, who cherish a lively remembrance of their grand national history. Nor can they easily submit to the rule of the foreigner. As I wander about these streets, and listen to the music of the military bands, which is celebrated throughout Europe for its plaintive character, it seems as if the voice of the nation found utterance in these wild airs; as if they were mourning for the glorious days of Huss and of Ziska.

CHAPTER XV.

PROTESTANTISM IN BOHEMIA—EARLY REFORMATION—JOHN HUSS—THE UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE—HUSS BURNT AT CONSTANCE—THE WARS WHICH FOLLOWED—BLIND ZISKA—THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR—WALLENSTEIN—PRESENT STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN BOHEMIA.

THE saddest thing which I behold in the streets of Prague, is—not the Austrian soldiers, nor the downcast Jews—but the decline and almost utter extinction of Protestantism. No country in Europe acted a more conspicuous part in the early Reformation than Bohemia. Nearly five hundred years ago, the first dawn of that day which was to spread over half of Europe, touched almost at the same time the mountains of Bohemia and the white cliffs of England. These two countries were then closely connected by marriage of royal houses, and by the ties of learning and a common faith. In England, Wickliffe had begun to teach the pure faith of the Gospel, and among those who read his writings, and caught his spirit, was the future apostle and martyr of Bohemia, John Huss. A hundred years before Luther stirred the heart of Germany, a voice like that of John the Baptist—the voice of one crying in the wilderness—was heard on the banks of the Moldau, preaching repentance for

the remission of sins. Before the monk of Wittenberg gave to the millions who speak the German tongue, his translation of the Bible, the Bohemians had *seven* translations of their own! Here then, in the far East of Europe, the Reformation had its first dawn, and alas! its earliest night.

The Reformed doctrines, taking root in Bohemia, found their stronghold in the University of Prague. This was the first institution of the kind established in Germany. It was founded five hundred years ago, after the model of the University of Paris, and attained a rapid growth, attracting students not only from the East and North of Europe, but from the farthest West. Young men came here from England to obtain those advantages of learning which they could not find in their own country. When Oxford was yet an obscure college, Prague was in its glory. At one time it is said to have contained 40,000 students! When it was in its zenith, Huss was Rector of the University, and at the head of such an army, he wielded immense power.

But the great Reformer was sometimes a little violent. He endeavored to give certain exclusive rights to the Bohemians, to the prejudice of other nations. And this measure, it is said, caused 25,000 students to secede in a single week! This great secession, however, was not a total loss to the cause of learning, for as they scattered themselves in other countries, they carried with them the germ of other institutions, and from the seed thus sown

sprang the Universities of Leipsic, Heidelberg, and Cracow.

While Huss lived, though the spirit of controversy ran high, it did not break out into open war. But his life was terminated by treachery. By a promise of a safe conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, he was lured to the Council of Constance, and there, on that fatal summer's day, July 6, 1415, this Bohemian Apostle and Reformer was burnt at the stake. The news soon flew to Prague, and excited the wildest grief and indignation. From that moment it was impossible to restrain the rage of his followers. They met in frequent conclave, brooding over the foul act of treachery and murder, and vowing vengeance against their persecutors. They mustered their strength, and appeared in the streets in armed array. They had a leader, who made them doubly formidable, in their blind Samson, Ziska. And as they assembled in the square in front of the Town Hall, their ranks glittering with pikes, they presented a fierce and threatening aspect. In truth they had been goaded into a savage temper, which waited only an opportunity to break out into acts of violence. The occasion was not long wanting. In 1419, they were marching through the city, and passed under the windows of the Town Hall, when some rash hand threw a stone at them. This was the spark that produced the explosion. Enraged at the insult, they burst into the council chamber, and seizing thirteen German councillors, they hurled them out of the window.

They fell upon the pikes of the crowd beneath, and were instantly put to death. Thus the murder of Huss was answered by blood for blood, and this sudden massacre was but the prelude to a more terrible retribution.

The next year the war broke out in earnest. The storm-bell on the Town Hall tolled its alarm, and the Hussites, gathering by thousands, filled the square with a black, surging, excited multitude. The time had come for action. Involved in rebellion, the whole force of the empire would soon be upon them. But it would not do to await the attack in the city. Half a mile outside the walls rises a hill which overlooks the town. Here was the position for defence. To this eminence Ziska led out his pikemen, and here he was followed by crowds, not only of men, but of women and children, who all worked together upon the intrenchments. Soon the Hussite chief had a fortified camp, and an organized army, with which he bade defiance to the emperor, who came against him with one hundred and fifty thousand men; and at length, descending from his heights, he defeated him in a pitched battle.

How freshly did these memories of Prague revive, as I stood at the window of the palace of the Hradschin, and looked across the valley of the Moldau to the hill which still bears the name of the blind hero—the Ziskaberg! Though the cause which he fought for was at last borne down in the tide of war, still they keep his memory here, as one of the giants of their race. In the

museum they keep with religious care a letter traced by that iron hand—which is the most precious relic they have, next to an autograph of Huss himself—and an old portrait preserves the stern features which glowed so fiercely in the front of battle.

After we had explored Prague pretty thoroughly, and had enough of churches and palaces, I asked our guide to take me to the place where John Huss lived. The house is no longer standing, but tradition preserves the spot in the Bethlehem Platz—a humble place which no pilgrims seek except those from foreign countries, yet which was more sacred to me than the silver shrine of John of Nepomuk.

Since coming to Prague, I have felt more than ever the want of a good history of the Bohemian Reformation. I have inquired for such a work, but cannot find that there is one in existence, at least in the English language. Nor do I learn of any in French or German, that is quite what is wanted. Yet, after all, if one were produced, I am half in doubt if there is sufficient historical interest, at least in our country, to sustain its publication. A friend in America, who is a thorough scholar and an unwearied student of history, spent five years in going over this very period, and prepared a work which would have done honor to him and to our country, but when he applied to a publisher, he was told that it was too long (it made two duodecimo volumes), and that if he would cut out half of it, it perhaps might do! A

glorious reward and encouragement to historical investigation! And yet it would be difficult to find a period of history of deeper interest, more crowded with great characters and stirring events.

The struggle of the Reformed faith with the old Church in Bohemia lasted for two stormy centuries. A hundred years *after* Luther, the battle was not yet ended. Then begins another great drama, with all Europe for its stage, and many nations for actors—the Thirty Years' War—a period full of exciting events, of battles and sieges; in which at times the whole sky of Germany seems to redden with the blaze of desolated fields and burning cities. The interest of this period gathers chiefly around the two great characters of the age—Gustavus Adolphus, the Christian hero of the north, and the haughty and implacable Wallenstein, whom Schiller has chosen as a subject most fit both for history and for tragedy, and whose stern figure he has made to stand out conspicuous on the dark background of that bloody time. Wallenstein lived in Prague, and his palace is one of the sights shown to all travellers. That sombre figure seemed to rise again as we trod those halls where he held his court with more than imperial splendor, and thought of his greatness and his fall, of his deep-laid conspiracies, masked by outward calmness, of his high-soaring ambition, and of his bloody end.

But the fate of Protestantism was decided long before

the death of Wallenstein. In fact, its downfall dates almost from the beginning of the war. That broke out in 1618. Two years after, the hostile armies were brought face to face three miles from the walls of Prague. That day was fought the battle of the White Hill, and when the sun went down, Protestantism in Bohemia was overthrown. The Elector Frederick, who had been chosen king, was driven from his throne, and the ancient kingdom of Bohemia passed forever under the dominion of the emperors of Austria. That fatal victory was followed by terrible scenes. A year after, when confidence was in some degree restored, and many had returned to their homes, suddenly the Protestant leaders were seized and brought before a military tribunal. Twenty-seven of the noblest and best, eight great officers and nobles, fourteen councillors, and a host of inferior persons, were brought to the scaffold. The heads and hands of those of noble birth were cut off and stuck up on the gate tower of the bridge. Thus the Reformation in Bohemia was drowned in blood.

But there was yet a vial of judgments to be poured out upon the kingdom of the oppressor. "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; the dregs thereof, the wicked shall wring them out and drink them." Though Protestantism never recovered from this fatal blow, yet the cup which the tyrant gave to others to drink, was again and again pressed to his own lips. The war was not ended with the success of a

single battle. For more than a quarter of a century it raged in every part of Europe, and desolated his own dominions. Once Prague was captured by the Elector of Saxony. And again, at the very close of the war, in 1648, it was besieged and bombarded by the Swedes for fourteen weeks.

Nor was it merely Protestant blood which flowed on that public square in front of the City Hall. Here Wallenstein returned like a hunted lion, after the battle of Lutzen; in which, though his great rival and enemy, Gustavus Adolphus, was stretched upon a bloody bier, yet even in dying he had struck terror into the hearts of his foes, and the Imperial battalions had shrunk in dismay before his last charge. Enraged at his defeat, the iron-hearted Wallenstein caused the strictest inquiry to be made into the conduct of his officers, and eleven of noble birth, besides many of inferior rank, who had shown cowardice, were executed without mercy. Does it not seem like a retribution of God that this inexorable leader at last perished by the hand of the assassin!

At present, Protestantism in Bohemia may be almost said to be exterminated. In the city of John Huss there are now but *two* Protestant churches, while there are 55 Catholic churches and chapels, 11 monasteries, 4 nunneries, and 10 synagogues!

Yet behold the compensations of Providence! God holds the scales with an even hand, and the loss or the disaster incurred in one part of his great kingdom, is

sometimes repaired by a gain at the ends of the earth. Do not think me a vain American because my thoughts, even at this distance, return so frequently to my own country. But there I find compensation for all our losses in Europe. The battle of the White Hill was fought in 1620—the very year in which the Pilgrims sailed for New England! It was fought on the 8th of November. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, December 22d. Thus, at the very time that the pure faith was driven from its ancient seats in the Old World, God was preparing for it a broader empire on the shores of the New.

CHAPTER XVI.

VIENNA—CONTRAST WITH BERLIN—THE IMPERIAL CITY—HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS—TOMBS OF THE EMPERORS—MARIA THERESA—THE SON OF NAPOLEON—THE PRESENT ROYAL FAMILY—THE GOVERNMENT—FAILURE OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1848—RESULT OF THE WAR IN HUNGARY—SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

THERE could not be a greater contrast between two cities, than that between the two chief capitals of Germany. The one is broad and flat and rectangular, with streets as interminable and dreary as German metaphysics; the other stands thick with tall houses interlocked like lovers' arms, and narrow streets that go winding round and round like a troupe of Viennese waltzers, whirling in the mazes of the dance. Beyond the walls of Vienna, instead of the barren plain, which surrounds Berlin, the eye rests with delight on a rich valley sloping upwards to wooded hills, and in the midst of the landscape, in place of the small and stagnant Spree, trailing its slow course through the sand, is seen the dark-rolling Danube, pouring its majestic flood of waters to the Black Sea.

The associations, too, are all different. Berlin is raw

and new, Vienna old and venerable. With a lofty disdain, the tower of St. Stephen's looks down on the low, plastered houses of the Prussian capital. Vienna is the Imperial city, the royal house of Austria claiming to be the successors of the Roman Emperors, while the Prussian monarchy itself is but an upstart among the dynasties of Europe—only possessing a royal title from the beginning of the last century, when a vain elector of Brandenburg at last obtained what had been the great object of his ambition all his life—the empty title of a king, and was rewarded for his pains, like other upstarts, who step out of their place, by being obliged to endure innumerable mortifications, and by being snubbed by all his royal brethren. Indeed, it was not until the great Frederick became at once the wonder and terror of Europe, that the nations acknowledged that there was a king in the Prussian Israel, and monarchs grew civil to one who asked no consent of theirs to confirm his title to a regal crown.

From that time, Prussia became a great military monarchy, yet Berlin has no stirring memories of battles and sieges, which make it historic ground. Several times, indeed, it has been in possession of an enemy, in the Seven Years' War, and after the battle of Jena, when the Imperial guards of Napoleon poured through the broad streets of the conquered capital. But no great battle by which the fate of nations is decided, has ever been fought around its walls. But Vienna for hundreds of years has

been one of the great military centres of Europe. Standing on the confines of the great Moslem power, it has been a bulwark of Christendom against the Turk. More than once the sentinels keeping watch in the tower of St. Stephen's have descried the white tents of the Turkish hosts gleaming miles away along the plains of the Danube. Here the wave of Moslem fanaticism rolling upward from the Bosphorus, was checked by this strong barrier. Against these walls the torrent broke, and thus was Europe delivered forever from fear of being overrun by the Tartar hordes who had conquered Byzantium.

From the same watch-tower, Austrian sentinels have beheld other invaders. There, but fifty years ago, brave but trembling hearts watched with unutterable anguish the carnage of Essling, of Aspern, and of Wagram, and saw the bombs of Napoleon flying like a shower of stars over the Imperial capital.

Vienna is a city within a city—the inner portion being girdled by a circle of bastions which were blown up by Napoleon, and have since been laid out in a succession of terraces, which are the favorite promenade of the gay population. We have our lodgings in the Hotel Munsch, which is in the heart of the old town, and close to all the most interesting monuments. But a few rods distant is the palace of the emperor. From our windows we look down upon a plain old church, which would hardly arrest the eye were it not that it is the burial-place of

the royal house of Austria. Let us cross the square, and enter that crypt, filled with the tombs of a long line of emperors. It is the Church of the Capuchins, and a brother of the Order leads the way with a lighted torch, down into that Royal House of Death. In all Europe, there is hardly a spot more suggestive of solemn thought, unless it be the burial-place of the Popes, under Saint Peter's, at Rome. Hush! let us walk softly from monument to monument. We steal along the vault, startled at our own muffled footfall in that dim and gloomy place, and as the torch of the old monk throws its glare on one and another sarcophagus of bronze or silver, he whispers the names of monarchs whose deeds have filled the world.

Before one proud mausoleum we pause, for it contains the ashes of Maria Theresa, that lion-hearted queen, whose title to the throne, secured by the famous Pragmatic Sanction, and acknowledged by all Europe, was rudely disputed by Frederick the Great, but who in that hour of trial showed herself a true daughter of the Cæsars —the bravest of her race. Who could stand beside this silent tomb, without recalling that thrilling moment when the young empress-queen fled to Hungary, and appeared in the Diet, clad in deep mourning for her father, and implored that brave people to support her cause; and when the whole assembly sprang to their feet, and grasped their swords, and vowed to stand by her with their lives? "Till then," says Macaulay, "her

firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye, but at that shout she sank down upon her throne and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight, when, a few days later, she came before the estates of her realm, and held up before them the little Archduke in her arms. Then it was that the enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth in that war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe: 'Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa!'"

It is much to add, that this heroic queen was also a pure and noble woman—a faithful wife and mother. Here on this mausoleum lies, in bronze, another form. It is Francis of Lorraine, her beloved husband. He preceded her to the grave, and for thirteen long years, on every Friday, this pious queen descended into this vault, here to weep and pray at his tomb. At last her hour came, and they laid her beside the one she so much loved. They were faithful to each other in life, and in death they were not divided.

Still look around. There sleeps the Emperor Francis, who reigned over Austria in those troubled days when the whole of Europe was shaken by the French Revolution, and the Imperial armies were so often defeated and destroyed. This is the man who stood beside Alexander of Russia, upon a hill-top of Moravia, and saw the awful carnage of Austerlitz; and who afterwards gave his own daughter to the conqueror that had humbled his proud monarchy to the dust. And where is she, the Iphigenia sacrificed to propitiate the destroyer? Joined to her

father in death, lies the body of Maria Louisa, and near to that mother's side is a slender coffin which contains a youthful form. This is the son of Napoleon—that son who was the hope of his father, and the object of so many ambitious schemes. What strange extremes does it suggest! I thought of the day when an anxious group of ministers of state and foreign ambassadors, met at the Tuileries, in expectation of the birth of an heir to the throne of France; when for a time the life of the Empress trembled in the balance, but at last a child was born, that was supposed to be dead, but soon awoke to utter a feeble cry—a sound at which the Great Napoleon, the conqueror of the world, went up and down the apartment weeping for joy, and saying, "It is a King of Rome!" and the cannon of the Invalides thundered forth the tidings to Paris, that hailed it with acclamations. Then I thought of another day, when in the palace at Schonbrunn, in the very apartment occupied by his father, that mother was kneeling by a bed of death, and that son, the object of so much hope, was breathing out his soul to God. Does it not seem like a just retribution of Heaven on the man who sacrificed one true-hearted wife for a royal alliance, that in his last years, when lonely and captive, he should be robbed of both wife and child, and now that a foreign land should keep their dust?

The present Imperial Family is popular, at least here in the capital; and, if one can trust the common reports of their private life, deservedly so. I had heard Kossuth

speak of Francis Joseph as a "young Nero," and, of course, had formed but a low opinion of one who had so early stained his hands with the blood of Italian and Hungarian patriots. Nor do I refer now to his political course. No doubt he preserves all the traditions of his race, the proud house of Hapsburg, and clings to power, and would combat revolution as fiercely as any despot. But personally, so far as I can learn, though of a temper somewhat quick and violent, his character is worthy of respect. He is married to a princess of Bavaria, and in his devotion to his wife is a pattern to his people. It was not a cold-blooded state alliance, but a pure love match; and the royal couple seem to be as fond of each other as any less exalted lovers. They are both domestic in their tastes, and prefer each other's society to all the gaieties of the court. Though compelled to assume some degree of state, yet, for royal personages, nothing could be more unostentatious than their style of life. In visiting the palace, we were surprised at the simplicity of the Imperial apartments, in such marked contrast to the magnificence of Versailles, or even to the show which surrounds the parvenu monarchy of Prussia. The court is now spending the summer at Laxenburg, a few miles from Vienna. It is a pretty country place, with pleasant walks, and trees, and fountains, but not to be compared to the princely seats of many English noblemen. So, in their way of living they are very simple. Though compelled by their position to take the lead of the court, to

receive the foreign ambassadors and ministers of the government, and distinguished foreigners, yet, strange as it may seem, the Emperor and Empress are not fond of society, but prefer a quiet, domestic life. No one can hear the stories which are told of their family circle, without feeling a deep interest in this young couple, so exalted in their station, yet so simple in their tastes and so happy in their love.

The first fruit of this marriage died. When visiting the burial-place of the Emperors, under the Church of the Capuchins, we observed among the stately tombs a little coffin, wreathed with flowers, which incloses the last scion of the House of Austria, and the monk told us that the Empress comes often to look upon the resting-place of her first-born child. When we were at Laxenburg, the court were in hourly expectation of the birth of another royal child, and preparations were made for an illumination; and though nothing could well be more indifferent to us, yet after hearing so much of this youthful queen, we could not but feel a wish that the yearnings of her mother's heart might be gratified, and while we cared nothing for its political consequences, it was with a degree of pleasure that, a week later, we heard the cannon at Venice announce the birth of a little prince and heir to the Imperial throne.

This simplicity of manners is a feature of the Austrian court, and does much to soften the rigor of the Imperial rule. Though the government is an absolute monarchy,

the distance between the sovereign and the subject is not so great as in England. The Kaiser mingles more freely and familiarly with his people. The old Archduke John, the uncle of the Emperor, walks about the Prater, talking to the people, and patting children on their heads. This familiarity does not diminish respect, but awakens attachment. All love the simple, good old man. Royal condescension gives to the sovereign of the country something of a paternal character in the eyes of his people, and leads them to look up to him with an awe mingled with affection.

But you will probably be less curious about these domestic details than about the general political state of the country. Are there any signs of progress in the proud Austrian empire? I think there has been some advance toward better institutions, yet progress in that direction is slow, and far behind what was anticipated in the jubilee of 1848. As I go from one European capital to another, everywhere I am met with the same evidence of the total failure of that year of revolutions, and I am forced to ascribe it, not alone to the perfidy of courts, but chiefly to the utter incapacity of those who were suddenly intrusted with power. Ten years ago, the Revolution was absolute master of Vienna. The government was prostrate; the Emperor had fled. In that hour of triumph, had the people been wise and moderate in their demands, they might have gained everything. But they were intoxicated with sudden power. The students of the

University and the workmen of the capital assumed the mastery of affairs, not only without being called to that high post by the voice of the nation, but to the offence of the provinces, and the disgust of the better class of citizens of the capital. Hurried from one rash act to another, they murdered the Minister of War, and inaugurated a reign of terror in the streets; and finally brought around the walls of Vienna an army of a hundred thousand men, and subjected their capital to the horrors of a siege and bombardment. So fell the hope of a constitutional monarchy in Austria—not mourned and lamented, but loathed and execrated, by those who had come to regard liberty as synonymous with anarchy, and who welcomed anything which could restore order. To this day, the burghers of Vienna recall with fear those scenes of blood, and shudder at the very thought of revolution. So fell the hopes of a nation—by popular ignorance, and violence, and incapacity. God grant that this bitter lesson may not be forgotten when next the people have to combat for liberty!

The revolution in Hungary I regard with a different feeling, for that fell not by internal weakness, but by foreign arms. That heroic struggle will always command the respect of the world, for the splendid manifestations which it gave of the valor of the people, and of the great civil and military talents of their leaders. Yet even here, I have a half conviction that the chief ends sought by war might have been obtained, if the Hungarians had

trusted more to wisdom in council than to valor in the field. I question much whether they would not have done better to content themselves with such reforms as they might have wrung from the terror-stricken court of Vienna, than to declare at once for independence, and thus plunge the empire into a bloody civil war. Kossuth says there was a time when "he held the fate of the house of Hapsburg in the hollow of his hand;" and his language is hardly too strong. At that moment he might have obtained for his country—a separate administration, separate ministers, a legislature of their own elected by the people, and even a separate army —in a word, everything except total independence. Only a single tie would have remained between the two kingdoms, in the union of the two crowns. The Emperor of Austria would still be the King of Hungary. But his relation could not be much different from that of the old German Emperors to the separate kingdoms united in one great confederation. Hungary would have been as much a power as Saxony or Bavaria. All this was thrown away to pursue the phantom of independence. Probably Kossuth would say that he could put no faith in the promises of the treacherous House of Hapsburg. Perhaps the Hungarians might have found themselves betrayed. Though if once they could have organized a separate government peacefully, and consolidated their national institutions, it is difficult to believe that they could have been reconquered.

But vain now are these speculations and regrets. Useless is the wisdom that comes after the event. God alone sees the end from the beginning. The patriots of Hungary, doubtless, acted as they thought for the good of their country, and now we can but look back with admiration at their heroic struggle, and with pity for its end.

Incidentally, the revolutions of 1848 have been a benefit to the empire. They have broken the sleep of ages, and forced upon this most conservative of governments the necessity of some reform. There is now a relaxation of the old rigor of despotism; some changes have been introduced for the better, and more will follow. So far as we can judge from the external look of things, we have been pleasantly disappointed. Austria we expected to find the worst-governed state on the continent. We had been warned that we should be annoyed by the regulations of the police, and by a perpetual espionage kept on the movements of travellers. But we have seen nothing of the kind. The custom-house officers have proved much more civil than their fellows in most countries. Our passport has not been called for since we entered the Austrian dominions, except at the frontier, and we are told that it will not need another *visa* till we are prepared to leave Milan to enter Sardinia. A gentleman with whom we have become very well acquainted here, and who has lived in Vienna for eight years, laughs at our apprehensions that every public place is infested

with spies. He tells us also that Austria is the only government in Europe where the people themselves can travel without any passports at all!

All this is very well. And I can readily believe, what he assures us is the case, that the government is making honest and earnest efforts to better the condition of the people. In this respect he admits that the revolutions of 1848 have been of great service; that they have given the old Austrian conservatism a terrible shaking, and forced the government, in spite of itself, to enter upon the road of progress. Every effort is now made to conciliate its diverse populations. But I fear the evil is beyond all cure. There is an inherent weakness in the Austrian empire. It is composed of different races that cannot coalesce into one nation. At Prague we were told that great jealousy existed between the Germans and the Bohemians. The government tries to maintain itself by playing off the jealousies of one people against another. Thus we found in the streets of Prague a regiment of Hungarians, while the cities of Hungary are occupied by Croats or Tyrolese.

We are glad to hear all that is good, and to believe as much as is possible of the improved state of things in Austria. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to certain obvious facts. An immense standing army holds the sword over the country. In every city we find palaces and barracks guarded by troops, with cannon pointed at the open squares, as if to sweep down any advance of the

people. This looks like a military occupation of the country. It is a standing menace to liberty.

Nor can we forget other parts of the empire, which may suffer more and enjoy less from Imperial rule than the favored capital. Vienna is, next to Paris, the gayest city on the Continent. But while the people around us laugh and dance, we cannot but think of Hungary and of Italy, and of the martyrs of liberty whom this paternal government has sent to prison or the scaffold. As we came from Prague, we passed by Brunn, and saw on a hill at our right the Castle of Spielberg, where Silvio Pellico was confined. Soon after, we caught a view of the Carpathians. We had just passed within a few miles of the field of Austerlitz, and were approaching the field of Wagram, when, as if nature were in unison with the scene, a thunder-storm passed over the heavens. It swept by, and the setting sun broke out from the clouds and lighted up the mountains of Hungary. We hailed it as an omen of a bright future for that unhappy country. May it prove indeed an emblem of its coming freedom and glory!

CHAPTER XVII.

From the Baltic to the Adriatic—The Semmering Pass over the Julian Alps—The Grotto of Adelsberg—Venice—Approach from the Sea—Canals and Gondolas—The Square of St. Mark—Palace of the Doges, and the Bridge of Sighs—Visit to the Islands in the Harbor—Moonlight and Music.

Venice, *August* 23, 1858.

The whole mode of travelling on the Continent of Europe has been changed within the last few years, by the introduction of railroads, so that distances which once seemed almost immeasurable, are now accomplished with the greatest rapidity and ease. It is hardly three weeks since I wrote you from Copenhagen, and now I am writing from Venice. We were then listening to a wild storm which was raging on the Baltic, and shuddering at the thought of crossing it the next day ; the wind shook our windows, and the rain fell in torrents in the streets. We are now melting under an Italian sun ; our windows look down upon the Grand Canal, and the bridge of the Rialto ; and the gondolier glides along the watery streets. In that time we have passed over a continent ; we have traversed three kingdoms, Prussia, Saxony, and Austria ; and have crossed two seas, the

Baltic and the Adriatic. And yet we have not rushed ahead in the American style, seeing nothing, but eager only to reach the journey's end. Had it been our object to accomplish the distance in the least possible time, we might have made it, not in three weeks, but in *three days*—thus, one day from Copenhagen to Berlin, another to Vienna, and a third to Venice. But we have sauntered along in the most leisurely way—spending four days in Berlin, one in Leipsic, three in Dresden, one in Prague, five in Vienna, one in Gratz, and one in Trieste.

In coming from Vienna to the Adriatic, we crossed the range of the Julian Alps, by the Semmering Pass, and this afforded us the grandest mountain scenery that we have yet gazed upon. Of all the heights scaled by fire-drawn cars, this is the loftiest and the dizziest which I have seen, either in Europe or America. What would Hannibal, what would Napoleon say, to a railroad over the Alps? It was one of the greatest achievements of the Emperor to have built a macadamized highway over the Simplon. But a modern engineer has shown that the same dizzy heights are not inaccessible by the iron road, and the steam car goes flying along the edge of precipices, over yawning abysses, through tunnels bored under mountains, at a height of three thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest railway in the world. The grandeur of the ride surpasses all description. When once the road becomes involved in the mountains, it turns and twists in all directions, as if

seeking some means of escape; now creeping along the bed of a mountain torrent, now winding far around the sides of a mountain to seek a higher level, then leaping over frightful chasms, and rushing on to the summit where the clouds sit—to the very home of the thunder. In these perpetual windings, a new landscape is presented at every moment. A thousand scenes pass before the eye, at once impossible to describe or to forget. It should be added, that the road itself is built in a manner to last for ages. It is the proudest monument which a powerful government could erect. No doubt it was built with a military as well as commercial object. It not only connects Vienna with Trieste, the only port in the empire, but is a grand highway by which the Austrian troops can be poured into Italy. Yet so was the Simplon constructed by Napoleon for a military purpose. Yet that does not prevent posterity from admiring the work or receiving the benefit.

The distance from Vienna to Trieste is three hundred and fifty miles. The journey may be made in seventeen hours—leaving Vienna at six in the morning, and arriving at Trieste at eleven at night; and by taking the steamer which leaves at midnight, one is in Venice the next morning. But this makes the journey a very fatiguing business. We chose a slower, but more pleasant mode of travel. We left Vienna on Saturday, and came that afternoon as far as Gratz, the capital of Styria, where we passed the Sabbath. a quiet day of rest, ever welcome to

the weary and jaded traveller. On Monday we came on to Trieste.

By thus travelling slowly, we found time to explore another wonder of this Alpine region, which travellers rarely stop to see, but which, as a natural curiosity, is certainly one of the most remarkable which Europe contains. This is the Grotto of Adelsberg, fifty miles from Trieste. It is, beyond comparison, the grandest cavern in Europe. I have not yet seen the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and cannot compare the two. Perhaps the New World exceeds the Old in subterranean wonders as much as in its rivers, lakes, and cataracts. But hitherto my eyes have beheld no such scene. It is a temple, not made with hands, but formed by the Creator himself in the eternal rock, in the very heart of the mountain. Three guides accompanied us; and by the aid of many hundreds of lighted candles, displayed the arches and spires and domes of this wondrous temple of nature. Millions of stalactites hung from the vaulted roof. We penetrated for about two miles, but the guides had been as far again, and beyond where mortal foot has trod, the cavern may stretch unknown leagues into the heart of the earth. In all this region of darkness and silence was no sight or sound of living thing. Often we stopped to listen—but naught, save the dropping of water, broke the awful stillness of the place. The impression of such deep silence, of a solitude so profound, was almost painful, and it was with a feeling of relief that we at last

emerged from these subterranean regions to the light of day.

We had planned our summer's tour so as to end with a fortnight in the north of Italy. Other parts of Italy we had seen before. Rome, Florence, and Naples were familiar ground. But one city, full of historical and poetical associations, was yet to be seen. Ten years ago, when I passed through Bologna and Milan, war was raging in Lombardy between Charles Albert and the Austrians, and Venice was difficult of approach. It had, therefore, remained unvisited. This had been a lasting regret. So we resolved to see it this time, though we should have to travel hundreds of miles to reach it, and we reserved it to the last, as the culminating point of our journey.

We thought it an advantage to enter it from the sea. Travellers who come from the west commonly take the railway from Milan, and cross the Lagune on a long bridge of arches. But it seems very prosaic to enter Venice by a railroad! Our approach was more befitting the Queen of the Adriatic, as it was across the waters of the Adriatic itself. The hour also added to the effect upon the imagination. It was *midnight* when we embarked on board the steamer at Trieste. The city lay sleeping in the shadow of the mountains which surround it. The clock struck twelve, as we glided out of the port, past the guns of the Austrian frigate which keeps watch and ward over the city. The sea was calm as an

inland lake; the sky was brilliant with stars. As the boat was crowded, we were glad to escape the confined air of the cabin, and to seek the purer atmosphere above. It had been a fiery summer's day, and we felt refreshed by drinking from "the cool cisterns of the midnight air." So heavenly was the scene in the sky and the waters, that we actually remained on deck all night long. We watched the constellations come and go. At length we saw the sun rise out of the waves, and there before us was a city in the sea—there were the towers, and domes, and minarets of Venice.

We entered the Lagune and sailed up the Grand Canal, and anchored off the Square of St. Mark. We needed no guide to tell us the spot. There was the lion of St. Mark—there was the Palace of the Doges, and the Bridge of Sighs, leading into the frowning prison behind. The lines of Byron at once came into mind:

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand."

The steamer was soon surrounded by a fleet of gondolas. These famous boats are not very inviting in their appearance. They are long and slender, and are always painted black, and covered with a kind of funeral pall, so that they look like floating hearses, bearing all the beauty and glory of Venice to the grave. Into one of these novel boats we were dropped with our baggage, and floated away to another quarter of the city, near the bridge of

the Rialto. Our hotel was an old palace, whose halls still retained traces of princely splendor. We asked for a room overlooking the Grand Canal, and thus we are able from our windows to watch the light barks which are always gliding to and fro, softly as the shadows of clouds flitting over a motionless and moonlit sea.

We have now been here nearly a week, and all this time we have been walking in a dream, or rather floating in one, for no man in Venice puts his feet to the ground. We live and move upon the water. Every morning, as we come down to the steps of our hotel, we find a dozen gondolas waiting. We step lightly into one and glide away. These boats, which look so dark and solemn, yet for a pleasant sail are the most delightful in the world. We recline upon a cushioned seat, with a canopy over us if the day be warm, or removed if it be shaded and cool. The gondolier stands behind us, and guides his bark with a single oar, and yet with marvellous swiftness and skill. We commonly take a gondola for the day, making all our excursions in it, to see galleries, and palaces, and churches, and even to the islands in the harbor. When tired of seeing sights, we let the gondolier guide us as he may. We tell him only to keep the boat in motion, and let it float at its own sweet will. So he takes us round and round the watery streets, under the arches of a hundred bridges, and by the steps of old palaces.

To see in order the monuments of this city, one must begin, of course, with the Square of St. Mark, the centre

and heart of Venice. Here in one group are the principal objects of interest. Let us first ascend the Campanile, to a height of three hundred feet, from which we can take a survey of the whole of Venice, including the windings of the Grand Canal, the broader Lagune, and the islands in the harbor. But a few steps from the Campanile is the Duomo, or Church of St. Mark—a structure of very ancient date, and of most curious architecture. Its domes and pointed spires mark a style brought from the gorgeous East. It looks more like a Mohammedan mosque than a Christian place of worship. It is not grand and imposing, like the Cathedral of Milan. Yet it is rich in its marbles and mosaics, and derives a singular interest from the many centuries which it has stood, and the strange vicissitudes which it has witnessed. Here came the Venetian conquerors, bearing the banners of many a nation, and chanted *Te Deums* in honor of their victories by land and sea. Here in this vestibule a fugitive Pope, driven from Rome, at last put his foot upon the neck of his enemy and persecutor, Frederick Barbarossa, saying in bitter and scornful triumph, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder." The very pavement over which we walk bears marks of time. It is sunken and uneven, like the pavement of a street, having been worn away by the footsteps of many generations.

From the Cathedral a side-door opens into the court of the Palace of the Doges. For its historical associations, there is scarcely a more marked or memorable spot

in Europe. This was the centre of Venetian power in those glorious days,

> "When many a subject land
> Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
> Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles."

We ascend the Staircase of the Giants, and enter the majestic halls. This lofty apartment was the place of meeting of the Senate; and near by, in a chamber, smaller and darker, as became the mysterious tribunal, sat the terrible Council of Ten. A fissure in the wall is still shown, as the famous Lion's Mouth, which opened to receive many a secret accusation, and here, with closed doors and veiled faces, the dread conclave sat to judge and to condemn. From their sentence there was no appeal, and instant execution awaited the doomed victim in the dungeons below.

In the same building is the Grand Hall, where all the nobles of Venice met to discuss the affairs of the Republic. The walls are richly covered with paintings of the old Venetian masters. Around the ceiling are portraits of all the Doges. One panel alone is vacant, the face being covered with black, to mark the terrible fate of its possessor, Marino Faliero. We were next shown the private apartments of the Doge—which, like the great halls of the palace, are in a style of imperial magnificence.

From these memories of glory and splendor we turned to another side of the picture—to the Bridge of Sighs and

the prison beneath. The old cicerone who led us down the steps into the dungeons, lamp in hand, seemed to take it to heart that strangers thought it such a dreadful place. He showed us that the cells were not below the level of the water, and that a feeble ray of light might glimmer in these dark abodes. He assured us the horrors had been exaggerated, and seemed to think that one might find these quarters quite comfortable!

Next in interest to these historical places are the private palaces, which rise by hundreds along the Grand Canal, presenting the most imposing evidence of the wealth of Venice in the days of her commercial greatness; and the churches, rich in marble and gold, with many costly shrines, and more precious works of art; with monuments of her Doges, and of all her great painters and sculptors, from Titian to Canova. I cannot pretend to tell how many of these we have visited, or to describe the dazzling pictures which they presented.

Thus we spend our days, wandering from one object of interest to another. But when the evening draws on, we find nothing so beautiful as the waters which flow between these palaces. We have chanced to be in Venice at the time of the full moon, and the beauty of the days has been exceeded by the splendor of the nights. Then we take to our gondola, and push off from the shore, that we may drink in the full glory of the scene—the pale moonlight streaming on tower, and dome, and palace, and covering with silver the silent sea.

One afternoon, we made an excursion to the island of San Lazzaro, on which is an Armenian convent. A priest received us at the gate, and conducted us over the building, and explained the design of the Seminary, which is to educate Armenian youth. It has now about fifty students, chiefly from Constantinople. Here Lord Byron came, when he lived in Venice, to study Armenian with the monks. The good fathers seem very proud of their illustrious pupil, and they show his table, and many souvenirs of his residence with them. This visit was one of much interest to us; and long after we had left the island, we sat in our gondola, listening to the sound of their convent bells.

From San Lazzaro we were rowed to the Lido, another island, which is a favorite resort of the Venetians. Here Lord Byron was accustomed to take his rides along the shore. We went down to the beach, and strayed about a long time, gathering shells, and gazing off upon the Adriatic, until the approach of evening warned us to return to the city.

"Now, gondolier, for Venice! But not there," I said, pointing to the Square of St. Mark, "but away round, round by the Lagune, that we may encompass the whole of the city." True to the word, our boatman took his oar and steered away, though by the watch it kept him rowing two hours. But the beauty of that evening sail defies all description. A sea of glass, a heaven of blue, the setting sun, and the rising moon, furnished the lights

and shadows of the scene, and there, suspended between the firmament above and that below, sat two voyagers from the West, silent and thoughtful, floating on and on into the distance.

At last we entered the Grand Canal, and in due time were gliding under the arches of the Rialto, and to the steps of our hotel.

"Are you not exhausted with fatigue?" we asked our brave gondolier.

"Non, non, Signore!"

"Then we will rest a few minutes, and after that go on to the Square of St. Mark." We stopped to give him breath, and to get our cloaks, and then he took his oar again, and soon swept us through the smaller canals, to the steps of the garden of the Imperial Palace. We came just in time. The whole square was in a blaze of light, the Austrian bands were playing, and crowds of people were sitting under the arcades, or walking up and down the paved court. True, some sad thoughts were stirred within me by the presence of these foreign troops. But I will not speak of that now. I am giving you the poetry of Venice. Hereafter I may speak of its rugged and bitter prose. But at present I will not mar with painful reflections the transcendent loveliness of this scene.

It was late before we could tear ourselves away. When we entered our boat the bands had ceased. But hark! what sound now comes over the water? A party of Italians are singing under the windows of yonder

palace. We bid the gondolier rest his oar, and he stands still, like a statue in the moonlight, fixed and listening. Who could resist the spell of such an hour, when the earth seemed overflowed with moonlight and music.

> "My soul was an enchanted boat,
> Which like a sleeping swan did float
> Upon the waves of that sweet singing."

In such "a deep dream of peace" we closed the day.

But the purest pleasures must come to an end. The day of our departure has arrived. I hear the landlord calling: "Signore! the trunks are descended, and the gondola is waiting at the door." We step on board, and as we glide along the Grand Canal to the railway station, we breathe a silent, sad farewell to the City in the Sea.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Another View of Venice—The Austrian Rule—Celebration of the Emperor's Birthday—Illumination for the Young Prince—Hatred of the People to the Officers—The Bombardment and Political Executions.

Venice, *August* 23, 1858.

A pleasant dream has often a sad awaking. The eye opens from visions of beauty and happiness to stern and harsh realities. The last week, we have been enjoying Venice as seen by the light of poetry and history. We have felt a mournful admiration for a city once so powerful, and still beautiful in its decay. We have admired its architecture and its paintings, and looked back with awe to its mighty dead, as we lingered in the Palace of the Doges, and beneath the winged lion of St. Mark. But even amid these reveries a harsh discord has occasionally jarred upon the ear, and startled us from our dream. Amid all the recollections of former glory, we have been forced to look upon some painful sights, which we could not regard without deep emotion. I refer, of course, to the political subjection of Venice, marked by so many signs of humiliation and slavery. Venice is in the dust, and the foot of the tyrant is on her neck.

We have chanced to be here on the occasion of two

political fêtes, which brought out in strong contrast the feeling of the Venetians and of their foreign masters—the conscious power and triumph of the one, the sullen silence and deep bitterness and hatred of the other. The very day that we arrived, we perceived the signs of an unusual stir. The troops were under arms, and were marching over the bridges and out of the city. Soon after, we heard the firing of cannon, which announced some unusual event. It was the birthday of the emperor, and his loyal army thus testified their rejoicing. At noon we went to the cathedral, and found it crowded with Austrian officers, listening to a solemn Te Deum, performed in honor of the day. The scene was highly imposing as they stood along the nave, their ranks glittering with gold. But sad memories clouded the scene. We could not think, without bitterness, of the old Church of St. Mark, where the ancient Venetians rendered public thanks to the Almighty for their wide dominion, now resounding with anthems in honor of a ruler of another race and language. We remembered the despair of the last of the Doges who, when forced to do homage to the Austrian emperor, fell senseless on the pavement. And we thought how often the same bitter feeling must have wrung the hearts of the true and brave. At this celebration we were struck with the absence of the people. The Italians are fond of public fêtes, and throng eagerly to such displays. Yet, except a few curious idlers, the church was filled only with foreigners.

We waited till the close of the ceremony, and saw the brilliant cortége issue from the church, with Prince Lichtenstein at its head. The crowd in the square of St. Mark looked on in silence. Not a voice was heard from the multitude. In vain the drums beat, and the banners waved. Not a shout, not a cheer could be wrung from the soul of a crushed and indignant people. The conquerors were left to enjoy their triumph alone.

Yesterday, the city burst out again into a new display, more brilliant than before. The emperor had born to him a son, who would be the heir to the throne of Austria. The city was illuminated. Thousands of lights shone in the windows of palaces, and were reflected on the waters. Yet, as we sailed along the Grand Canal, we marked long ranges of palaces where not a taper shone. The bands of all the regiments, numbering several hundred performers, were mustered on the square of St. Mark, and tried to charm the sad and silent Italians. But all in vain. The square was thronged. All Venice was there. But the people kept walking up and down the pavement, but said not a word. Not a response was given to those wild Tyrolean airs which seemed enough to send a thrill through every vein.

This mutual dislike and hatred are so manifest to every observer as to be most painful. Of course it cannot break out into open collision. There are no plots nor insurrections. But the feeling of the people shows itself in a hundred little ways. If the Austrian officers frequent

a particular café, the Venetians keep aloof. A secret disdain is marked in their silence and reserve, and in their quiet, dignified repulse of all advances. A trifling incident will show how this feeling betrays itself. The other evening we were sitting on the Piazza of St. Mark, listening to the music. As it was in the open square, the crowd was a mixed one. At our side were a couple of officers sipping their coffee. In moving his chair, one of them overturned the little stand and precipitated his cup upon the dress of a lady who sat behind him. Instantly he sprang to his feet, with a humble apology for the unfortunate accident. The lady made no reply. She answered not a word. She did not even deign him a glance of her eye, nor bend her haughty neck. The officer blushed to his eyes. He was embarrassed and confused. But what could he do? It was impossible to pick a quarrel with a lady, or to resent her quiet scorn. There was nothing for him but to bear it as he might, and try to hide his mortification and shame.

Some of my readers may say, It was good enough for him, and rejoice to hear of his mortified pride. I should feel so, had I not seen lately so much of the Austrian officers, and marked how painful is their position, and how keenly they feel it. My observation for the last month has led me to form a very high opinion of the personnel of the Austrian army. Its order and discipline are admirable. In all the Austrian dominions I do not remember to have seen a single drunken soldier, nor one

who was rude in his behavior. The officers whom we have met in Prague, Vienna, Trieste, and Venice, have been without exception polite and gentlemanly. In Italy it is evident that they feel the awkwardness of their position, as being quartered over a subject nation, and they seem to try to do everything to conciliate the good will of the people. But the wound cannot be healed by mere politeness and amiability. The trouble lies deeper. It is not in the want of kind dispositions on their part, but they are the instruments of an iron political system, which they can neither check nor control. It is the old plea of political necessity, the love of power and dominion, which forces Austria to keep her gripe upon Italy, and which sooner or later will lead to a deadly conflict. Painful as it is to see this mutual hatred of two peoples, both brave and worthy of respect, yet it cannot be otherwise. How can a native of Venice forget what his city has suffered from Austria? The conflict is too recent to be forgotten. It is only nine years since Venice was bombarded. Often in visiting palaces we see round places in the pavement, where the balls fell crashing through the marble floor. These things are too fresh to be forgotten. This people cannot blot from their memories the horrors of war, nor the severities which followed.

In visiting the Champ de Mars—an open square a little without the city—our guide informed us that this was long a favorite resort of the Venetians, until after it

was made the scene of political executions. One of the last victims was a lawyer of Venice, who had been discovered in some treasonable correspondence with Mazzini. After his condemnation, he was, according to an old barbarous rule, exposed for two days in a cell which was open to the public, where the people could crowd to see him, and stare at him behind his grate like a lion in a cage. After this diabolical torture, he was taken out and executed on the Champ de Mars. Since that day the Venetians have shunned the place with horror.

The time must come when all this long-smothered hatred will burst forth. Some will anticipate such a struggle, not only without regret, but with eager expectation and a fierce joy. I confess I feel far otherwise. For the woes of war do not fall on those who have been guilty of the great political crime. These officers are not to blame for the oppression of Italy. Much less are these poor soldiers—brave mountaineers from the Tyrol, or simple peasants from Hungary and Bohemia. Yet, in the event of another revolution, these soldiers and the people of Venice would be found butchering each other. Such a struggle I cannot contemplate without a shudder. I turn away my eyes from it. And yet looking calmly at the present condition of this unhappy state, I see not how it is to be averted, except by the interposition of Him with whom all things are possible, and who may yet restore Venice and Italy to freedom without this terrible baptism of blood.

CHAPTER XIX.

VERONA—ITS AMPHITHEATRE—CONGRESS OF VERONA—THE CITY STRONGLY FORTIFIED—CAMPAIGN OF 1848—PROBABLE TACTICS IN CASE OF ANOTHER WAR—MILAN AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

LAKE COMO, *August* 26, 1858.

WE entered Venice by water and left it by land. A long, low bridge of arches spans the broad Lagune, over which the train rolls out into the plains of Lombardy. Seated by the window, we kept looking back at the receding domes and towers of the city. At length, we touched the solid ground, and sped away over the boundless plain. It was early morning. The sun had just waked the dew from the grass, and filled the air with the perfume of flowers and the song of birds. Again the heavens smiled upon us. We looked up into a soft, blue sky. On our right were the glorious mountains, which stand like a mighty wall along the north of Italy, to guard the enchanted ground. Thus, with every sense intoxicated, we swept on over plains which had been trodden by Roman armies, and past cities famed in Roman and Venetian story.

As our time was limited, we could only give a distant and regretful look to Padua and Vicenza. But we could not thus pass by the Amphitheatre of Verona. Here we

were set down at eleven o'clock, and at once shouted for a carriage to take us around the town. Of course you think you see us straightway riding under the arches of the mighty arena, and there musing like two romantic travellers. Not a bit of it. The first sight we wished to see was a good hotel, for, as we had left Venice early in the morning, we were like famished wolves. Hunger is a dreadful killer of romance, and just then we were in no mood for enjoying either poetry or history. "Coachman, quick! gallop straight to the inn." We were soon there, and a bountiful table restored us to a better frame of mind, and prepared us for the proper business of a tourist. As dear old Christopher North used to say, "With a day's work before one, there is nothing like the deep, broad basis of breakfast." This first duty of man was very heartily and satisfactorily performed, and then we felt sufficiently revived for historical researches and sentimental emotions. Now we began, with fond and tender interest, to haunt old tombs, and churches, and palaces. Verona has a double charm, from its great natural beauty, and its rich historical associations. It is very picturesquely situated, being surrounded by hills, and in full view of the snowy Alps. It is divided into two cities, cleft in twain by the foaming Adige, which comes down from the mountains and rushes through it, swift as the "arrowy Rhone." It is an old Roman city, and still retains many traces of the imperial people. Several of the streets are spanned by

arches of ponderous stone, the work of their giant hands. But the greatest monument which they have left is the Amphitheatre, which, though not so large, is much more perfectly preserved than the Coliseum at Rome. Here the gladiators fought. We entered the dens in which the wild beasts were kept, gloomy vaults which once shook with the roar of African lions, and out of which tigers bounded into the arena. Here, where we stand, was the tribune of the emperor, from which he could look down on the horrid sight. Around him were thirty thousand spectators; and murmurs of applause, and shouts of triumph ran along these stony seats at the spectacle of some dying gladiator

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

The middle ages, too, have left their traces here. The Piazza dei Signori is surrounded with old palaces that belonged to ancient families that were once powerful in the north of Italy. Here are buried the Scaligers—once the princes of Verona. Bold knights were they,

"Braver ne'er to battle rode."

But now their glory and their pride are gone. Their bones are dust, and all that remains of them is but a melancholy tomb!

But Verona has more cheerful sights, and more pleasant memories. I have not seen a gayer spectacle than the Piazza del Erbe, or flower market, when filled with

pretty maids from all the country round, selling fruits and flowers, so that the whole square blossoms like a huge bouquet of roses.

In these streets, too, Shakspeare has made to walk his "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Our coachman, faithful to the duty of hunting up every spot named in tradition, drove us past the palace of the Capulets—the very one in which lived the gentle Juliet! So he assured us. And who would doubt the word of an Italian cicerone? I for one would not be guilty of such unbelief. So I looked up to the old walls with all due reverence, and fancied I almost saw the form of Juliet stealing out upon the balcony, in the moonlight, and heard her musical voice whispering to her faithful Romeo.

Verona has several quaint old churches, which are worthy to be sought out by the curious traveller. The most remarkable of these is dedicated to a black man, St. Zeno! His statue still adorns the edifice, and its flat nose and thick lips show him to have been a full-blooded African. It is a good proof that the primitive church paid no respect to race, when the honors of saintship were thus conferred on "a gentleman of color."

These churches are remarkable, also, for a style of architecture which is peculiar, and some would think grotesque. The walls are built of alternate layers of white stone and red brick, which gives them a striped appearance. To complete the strange effect, the columns

in front rest their solid feet upon the backs of lions! so that it requires but little imagination to animate the whole structure; to imagine it a huge zebra or a cameleopard, couchant, but, if startled, ready to spring up and run away. Yet, strange to say, the effect of such a building *here*, with all its Italian surroundings, is not unpleasing. It is a style which I have met nowhere but in Italy, and here in but a few towns. Ten years ago, I saw several such churches in Parma. There is one example of this in America—the church of Dr. Bellows, in New York. But whether such an architecture will bear to cross the sea, is a question. There are edifices which harmonize only with a peculiar climate and people, and with their historical or religious associations. Thus, pyramids belong to Egypt, and pagodas to China and Japan; and it would be as difficult to transport either to the New World, as to make palm trees flourish in the Central Park, as well as in their native deserts.

The political condition of Verona, as of all Lombardy, is sad enough. The city has been honored by the presence of many powerful princes, but all together seem to have done little for its liberties. Here was held the famous Congress of Verona. We saw the palace in which the allied sovereigns assembled in 1822 to carry out the political interference in the affairs of other nations, which had been adopted as the settled policy of the Holy Alliance. The subjects here discussed were principally the affairs

of Greece, and Spain, and Portugal. The result of these deliberations was the invasion of Spain by a French army the following year, to put down the constitution.

Seldom has there been an assembly on whose fiat more depended. Yet this Council of Kings was composed, in great part, at least, of very common and very dull men. The most remarkable personages were not the sovereigns, but the ministers who attended them, or who represented absent monarchs, as the Duke of Wellington appeared for the majesty of England. One who was a looker on in Verona at the time, says:

"Whilst looking at the cluster of crowned heads, it was impossible not to remark that the absolute lords of so many millions of men had not only nothing to distinguish them from the common race of mankind, but were, in appearance, inferior to what might be expected from the same number of gentlemen taken at hazard from any society in Europe. Nor was there to be seen a trait expressive of any great or attractive quality in all those who were to be the sources of so much happiness or misery to so large a portion of the civilized world. Yet some of these were notoriously good men in their private capacity, and scarcely one of them has been distinguished for vices eminently pernicious to society, or any other than the venial failings of humanity; or, as a writer of no democratic tendency says of them, 'all excellent persons in private life, all scourges of the countries submitted to their sway!'

"Of the Sovereigns at Verona, the Emperor Alexander took the most pains to ingratiate himself with the Veronese, by rambling about in pretended incognito, and seizing the hands of the ladies whom he happened to encounter in the streets, or giving sequins to the boys at play. He one day amused himself with carrying up the coffee to his brother of Austria, and it was some time before Francis discovered that he was waited upon by an emperor in disguise.

"To prepare for the Congress two hundred policemen were dispatched from Venice to Verona, and two hundred from Milan. The number of troops in the city and round it amounted to 10,000. The principal employment of the police was to watch the proceedings of those to whom it was not desirable the Italians should have promiscuous access. The Emperor Alexander and the Duke of Wellington, were the especial objects of their care. The latter peculiarly so; for he had been much cheered in St. Mark's Square at Venice, and had become, unwittingly no doubt, very popular by appearing in the pit at the opera-house there in plain clothes." *

Verona is strongly fortified, and is one of the central positions of the Austrian army. Just outside the walls, the sanguinary battle of St. Lucia, was fought with the Sardinians, in May, 1848. But those great days of revolution and of hope are over, and the black eagle now floats over fortress and field.

* Lord Broughton's Italy.

These political reflections cast a shadow over the whole of Lombardy. They rest like a cloud on the brow of the Alps, and sink drooping to the plains below. The more beautiful grows the landscape, the darker seems the shadow which rests over the land. Soon after we left Verona, we came in sight of the Lago di Garda, which lies so calmly at the foot of the Alps, seeming to rest its head upon their breast, and reflecting in its broad mirror, at once, the mountain and the sky. Yet even this tranquil scene is darkened by the frowning fortress of Peschiera, where the drum-beat summons to arms, not Italians, but the conquerors of Italy. It was sad to mark these signs of Austrian power reëstablished here on these shores, which have witnessed so many of their signal defeats, which have echoed the thunder of Rivoli and of Castiglione.

In our railway carriage was a young Italian, whose blood boiled at these signs of the oppression of his country. He spoke bitterly, as he pointed out the fortress of Brescia, where the butcher Haynau perpetrated a cowardly massacre of the people, in 1849. The Italians, he said, could never be reconciled to the Austrian yoke. For the present they were silent, for they had no power to help themselves. But the hatred of the people to their foreign masters remained the same. "The Austrians know it well," he said. "They know that between them and us there is eternal war; and that the day that we get the power, they will be driven from the

land. It may be long to wait; but the day will come, and then will be witnessed a terrible retribution!"

We had been riding over the theatre of the campaign of 1848, and had talked much of the triumphs and reverses of that eventful summer. With sad thoughts we recalled those days when the prize of Italian liberty, the dream of poets and patriots, was in the hands of the victorious people, and was lost through the incapacity of their leaders, and their own unhappy divisions.

Ten years ago it seemed as if the set time of God to favor the nations had come. The spring of that memorable year was hailed as the dawn of universal liberty. The revolution in Paris was the morning gun that startled Europe, but even that hardly caused such astonishment as when an echo came back from Vienna. Then the people of Milan rose upon the Austrian troops. They fought from house to house, and from street to street, and even on the roof of the Cathedral, till the popular fury prevailed over a disciplined soldiery, and Radetzky, with his whole army, defiled out of the city gates by night, and retreated across the plains of Lombardy. Then, indeed, it seemed that the great battle was won. ITALY WAS FREE, and the joy of the people knew no bounds. With exultant hearts they thronged to the Cathedral to give solemn thanks to God for their victory.

To swell the general triumph, hardly had Radetzky fled from Milan, before Charles Albert crossed the

frontier with a Sardinian army in hot pursuit. At every step numbers were added to the invading host. The revolutionary enthusiasm had spread throughout the Peninsula. The watch-fires were blazing along the Apennines, and Tuscans, and Romans, and Neapolitans marched to join the glorious army of liberty. At the same time the Italian regiments in the Austrian army deserted their flag. Thus weakened in numbers and dispirited by defeat, Radetzky withdrew his shattered troops within the walls of Mantua, while the King of Sardinia mustered an array of nearly a hundred thousand men, in all the confidence of victory. Little did he think that, in a few weeks, that magnificent army would be scattered like the autumn leaves!

At that moment it seemed to human eye as if the power of Austria in Italy was broken forever. Indeed, the Cabinet of Vienna itself felt that the battle was lost, and sought, in terms almost abject and humiliating, to make peace with the victorious people. A commissioner from the emperor appeared with a formal proposition to Charles Albert to give up the whole of Lombardy, if she would but assume her portion of the public debt. Austria offered to divide the territory of Northern Italy by the line of the Adige, surrendering Lombardy to Sardinia, while she retained only the Venetian territory. The king, who knew the hazards of battle, was strongly inclined to accept these terms, but the fiery Italians denounced the proposal as a betrayal of Venice. They

would have all of Italy or none. And so, finally, they had none.

All this while the veteran Radetzky kept behind the walls of Mantua and Verona, biding his time. Charles Albert, distracted by these negotiations, and not knowing very well how to conduct a vigorous campaign, sat down before the walls of Mantua. Now a siege of Mantua is about as hopeless an undertaking as would be a siege of Gibraltar. It is surrounded by a network of streams, and can only be approached over bridges. Here the Austrian chief, secure behind his bastions, calmly awaited the arrival of reinforcements. In a few weeks the Austrian bugles were heard in the passes of the Tyrol, and their long columns came winding down into the plains of Italy. The arrival of these fresh battalions put the Austrians in condition to take the field, and Radetzky, though an old man, well stricken in years, did not lose a moment. Issuing from his stronghold, he completely outgeneralled Charles Albert, turned his flank, and attacked him in the rear. In a fortnight he fought half-a-dozen battles, and was victorious in every one, driving the Piedmontese army before him from Mantua to Milan, and across the frontier into Sardinia. Thus in a few short days, the glorious prize of Italian liberty was lost, and that beautiful territory again consigned to years of foreign dominion.

These are bitter memories. Never had a people such an opportunity to be free. The juncture was one which

might not recur again in a century. Yet all was lost through the divisions of the people and the weakness and irresolution of their leader. Charles Albert was neither a traitor nor a coward. He was personally brave, as he showed in every battle, and afterward on the fatal field of Novara, but he lacked the promptness and energy, the quickness of perception and rapidity of execution, which are decisive in war. Had he possessed the skill—not of Napoleon, but of a good French general, like Changarnier or Lamoricière, probably the Austrians would have lost Italy forever.

Reflecting on these great disasters, and surveying the field of battle, where the fate of Italy has been decided once, and may be decided again, it has seemed to me that what Italy needs to fight successfully a war of liberty, is *a great military genius* to organize and direct her wild enthusiasm and her wasted strength.

But the blame of that disastrous campaign does not belong to Charles Albert alone, but to the people by whom he was feebly supported. In the first flush of revolution the people fought with astonishing bravery, but that first success spoiled them. They felt that the battle was gained, and began to dispute about the spoils of war before they had made sure of the victory. I was in Milan ten years ago, when the revolution was triumphant. Not an Austrian was to be seen. The shop windows were filled with caricatures of Radetzky. But what were the people about? Oh, they were sitting

in the cafés, or walking in the public gardens, discussing whether they should unite Lombardy to Sardinia, or should have a Republic! "But," I said to the eager patriots, "you are not yet sure to have a country to dispose of. While you are disputing, the Austrians may be upon you." Ha, ha, ha! They laughed at the very idea. Here was the ruin of the Italian cause. They were talking when they ought to have been fighting. It was time enough to decide upon the form of government when the battle of liberty was gained. But the mercurial Italians gabbled politics till the Austrian cannon were thundering at their gates. Heaven grant that they may learn wisdom from this bitter experience!

The issue of the campaign of 1848 shows that it will never be an easy matter to drive the Austrians out of Italy. Even if the people were to rise again in every city, and were again victorious; if the Sardinians again should march to the Holy War; nay, *if the French were to cross the Alps* and pour down in countless numbers on the plains of Lombardy, still victory would be by no means certain. At first these combined forces might carry all before them. But then it is probable the Austrians would repeat the tactics of Radetzky in 1848. If forced to abandon Milan, they would fall back upon Mantua and Verona. And then would come the tug of war. If you look on the map, you will see that there the Austrians occupy one of the strongest military positions in all Europe, resting on four strong fortresses,

which are so situated as to support each other. Verona and Mantua, with Legnago and Peschiera, stand at the angles of a square, or rhomboid. Their ramparts, bristling with cannon, appear like a vast battalion thrown into a hollow square to repel a charge of cavalry. This strong position cannot be attacked with much prospect of success—or at least of immediate success. It cost the great Napoleon nine months to take Mantua, and so well did he know its importance, that when once he got it, he never gave it up until he lost his throne.

This almost impregnable military position is in direct communication with Austria by the passes of the Tyrol. Here, then, an Austrian army would wait in all security, as Radetzky waited, endeavoring only to maintain itself until it wearied out the enemy, or until some unguarded movement enabled it to strike a decisive blow.

But not only is this a very strong position for defence, it is one of great danger to an enemy. An invading army, attempting to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy, must advance into this network of fortresses, where any false step exposes it to destruction. Napoleon once got caught here and extricated himself only by a succession of battles and victories. All obstacles were overcome by his extraordinary military genius. But Napoleon is dead, and he has left no successor.

In default of such marvellous skill, there is no resource but in an overwhelming strength. The invading army must be so superior in numbers that it can afford to

divide, and leave one great division to beleaguer Mantua and Verona, while another, aided by a fleet in the Adriatic, marches upon Venice, or even upon Vienna. Otherwise, if the forces are but equal, as the advantages of position are all on the side of Austria, nothing but the most extraordinary military combinations, or some unaccountable fortune of war, can make the balance incline to the other side.

It was night when we reached Milan, and were whirled along the Corso to the Hotel de la Ville. I will not linger long to describe the Lombard capital. It is a large and prosperous city, but as it lies on a plain, its general appearance is in no wise grand or imposing. Of its sights, what need that I speak—of the Arch of Napoleon, built to commemorate the completion of the Simplon road over the Alps--of the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci—and the ancient church of St. Ambrose, where that heroic father debarred the Emperor Theodosius from entering the house of God till he had repented of his crimes; and where, among other holy relics, they keep the brazen serpent which Moses set up in the wilderness, and which will open its fiery lips and hiss at the judgment day!

These are objects of interest, and yet for me Milan contains but one great sight, beside which all else sinks into insignificance. It is the Cathedral,

> "The vast and wondrous dome,
> Compared to which Diana's temple was a cell."

The Basilica of Milan is one of the few great temples which it is worth crossing the Atlantic to see. It covers nearly three acres in extent, and has been hundreds of years in building. Go where you will, within many miles, you cannot lose sight of it. Riding around the ramparts, from every point this mighty form is seen rising up in the heart of the city, almost as abrupt and lofty as the castle of Edinburgh. Approach it, and it loses none of its majesty. Enter the open door, and you are awed at the sight. The long-drawn aisle, the rows of massive columns on either hand, the lofty ceiling, the whole interior so vast and dim, give an impression of majesty such as I have received from no other temple reared by human hands, or have found in St. Peter's alone.

But to get the full impression of this vast pile, one should see it at night, and by the light of the full moon. It is built of white marble, and covered with thousands of pointed spires, on which are clustered statues of all the saints of Christendom. And at night, when the pale moonlight falls quivering on every shaft and pinnacle, the whole glorious form seems transfigured. As I walked beneath it at such an hour, it seemed a fair vision of some brighter world than ours, such a one as John saw, when he described the New Jerusalem, let down from God out of heaven!

But even this temple is invaded by soldiers, and flashes with arms and waving banners. Yesterday we were present at a brilliant spectacle in the Cathedral, when a

sacred Te Deum was performed for the birth of a son to the Emperor of Austria. Of course the army was out in full array. Hundreds of officers stood along the nave in scarlet and gold. The Viceroy came in state, and was received by the Archbishop. The organ blew its blast, and the cannon roared, but from the people not a voice was heard—not a shout, nor a viva! There was no cheering, no enthusiasm. We thought it, on the whole, a very spiritless affair, and were quite willing to leave Milan without waiting to see the illumination in the evening.

The Austrian government is fully aware of the hatred of the people. After having once narrowly escaped the loss of Italy, it now endeavors to conciliate its subject population. The new Viceroy is the Archduke Maximilian, a brother to the Emperor, a young man of marked ability, and of principles exceedingly liberal for one of a royal family. He has entered upon his office with a resolute determination to introduce many needed reforms, and to give to Lombardy a government of which its people cannot complain.

All this is well meant, and no doubt will make him personally popular. But that does not remove the difficulty. Amiable qualities, and kind dispositions, are of little avail when thwarted by the stern necessities of an inflexible political system. Already the young Viceroy finds himself hampered by restrictions at Vienna. He finds too, that it is not so easy to make Italians

contented with a foreign yoke, and he sometimes feels like abandoning the attempt in despair. "Whatever I may do for this people," he says, "to the Italians I am still a German." Here he touches the vital point. The question is not whether Austria governs well or ill, but what right she has to govern at all. "Italy for the Italians," is the cry of every patriot from Venice to Naples, and this appeal for liberty and independence will not be satisfied while Austrians guard the square of St. Mark and the citadel of Milan.

My soul is sick of all this array of force to oppress a brave and noble people. We have left the city to seek more peaceful thoughts in the presence of Nature. Here, on Lake Como, we are on the borders of Switzerland, and we feel a new life as we breathe the free air of the hills. Lake Como is surrounded with mountains, whose sides are sprinkled over with cottages, while many a princely villa dots its rocky shores. This, indeed, is a place of rest. Here many have sought a retreat from the world, to pass the rest of their days in tranquillity and peace. Gliding over its waters, many a restless spirit has felt, like Byron,

> "This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
> To bear me from destruction."

And here, for a few hours among these hills, we will cease to think of all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and try to forget the long tale of misery and crime.

CHAPTER XX.

LAKES COMO AND MAGGIORE—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF NOVARA—ABDICATION OF CHARLES ALBERT—HIS VOLUNTARY EXILE AND DEATH—TURIN—THE KING AND THE PEOPLE—HATRED OF THE AUSTRIANS—PART IN THE RUSSIAN WAR—CROSSING MONT CENIS.

CHAMBERY, *Sept.* 1, 1858.

THE lakes Como and Maggiore derive their peculiar charm from the union of Swiss and Italian scenery. Their heads lie bosomed in the snowy Alps, while, as they stretch away to the south, Nature seems to relent from her sternness, the mountains sink down into hills, and thence decline into those soft, sunny slopes which mark the land of the olive and the vine. We sailed up the whole length of Lake Como, to the very entrance of the Splugen pass, and returned down the lake the next morning. Thus we saw it twice, at different hours, and by different lights, at sunrise and at sunset, and by the round, full moon. Perhaps the most impressive moment was just "twixt light and dark," when the gathering gloom of evening began to lift, as the mountains, like clouds,

> "Turned their silver linings to the night."

We had been sitting for hours upon deck, watching the

giant forms, as they appeared by the light of the dying day. We marked the sunset as it climbed their rugged sides, and lingered on their cold peaks. At length the last ray disappeared. "It was gone, and all was grey." Then the mountains grew large and black, and the shadows fell heavy on the waters. But soon a faint silver ray shot upward from behind, and gleamed along the tall feathery pines, that fringed the summits. Higher and higher rose the queen of night, till she touched the mountain's head, and soared into the sky, casting down her full-orbed radiance upon the lake below, which quivered beneath such a flood of glory, as if she felt a thrill of awe within her chilly breast.

When the sun arose, we were again upon the lake, returning to the town of Como, which lies at its foot, from which a diligence brought us over the hills to Lake Maggiore. It is an upland region, from which we caught many a view of the far-off mountains, and the waters that lie between. Lake Maggiore, as its name imports, is larger than her sister Como, yet not more beautiful, except for those two green islets, Isola Madre, and Isola Bella, which, with their terraced gardens, form an object so striking and picturesque in the midst of the waters.

Lake Maggiore belongs to three countries. Switzerland looks down upon it from her Alpine home. Austria, as master of Lombardy, guards it on the east, and Sardinia on the west. We were glad to get out of that

wide empire, whose name is synonymous with despotism, and to find ourselves once more in a free country. From Arona, at the foot of Lake Maggiore, a railway brought us on to Novara—the scene of the last battle between the Austrians and Sardinians in 1849. As we traversed the field, now silent and peaceful, we could not but recall the scenes of that fatal day, on which the King of Sardinia lost his throne, and the last hope of Italy perished.

When, after the disastrous campaign of 1848, Charles Albert was driven out of Lombardy, he entered into an armistice with Marshal Radetzky, which, of course, both expected would be the prelude to a definite and permanent peace. But when the king got back to Turin, he found that he had raised a storm which he could not quell. Stung by their defeat, and conscious that it was not owing to any want of valor on their part, the brave Piedmontese burned for another chance to wipe out the national disgrace. This ardor was kept up by the excitement in other parts of Italy. The whole peninsula was still agitated, and young patriots were burning to renew the war of liberty. The popular enthusiasm was too strong to be resisted. If violently repressed, it threatened to break out into Republicanism. The Sardinian parliament came together on the first of February, and the king addressed the chambers in a speech full of Italian fire, in which he pointed distinctly to the necessity of again resorting to arms.

By the terms of the armistice it had been agreed that

if either party should decide to resume hostilities, it should give the other eight days' notice. Charles Albert determined to open the campaign on the 20th of March, and accordingly on the 12th a courier was sent off with all speed from Turin to Milan to bear the formal declaration.

Marshal Radetzky had been expecting this issue, and it did not take him by surprise. The old-war horse snuffed the battle from afar. Never was tidings more eagerly welcomed than this by the garrison of Milan, who hailed it as a new call to victory and glory. Though Radetzky had grown grey in arms (he was now eighty-three years old), and might claim exemption from the fatigues of a new campaign, he acted with a promptitude and energy which his enemies might admire, but certainly did not imitate. Orders were at once sent off to the Austrian detachments to leave small garrisons in the towns, and march with their whole force to join him. This course, indeed, involved the danger of insurrections in his rear. He well knew that if he experienced any check, the whole country would break out in another revolution. In fact, the people did rise in Brescia, and overpowered the garrison, and were for several days masters of the place, until Haynau marched upon them from Venice, and put down the revolt by a horrid massacre. But Radetzky chose to run the risk for the sake of the main chance. He knew that if he could defeat the Sardinians in one pitched battle, all these isolated insurrections could be easily suppressed, and with that

decision, which shows him to have been a thorough master of war, he determined to concentrate his whole force and march straight against the enemy. Of the troops in Milan, he left but a small garrison in the citadel, and marched out with all the rest of his army. Yet he did not take the direct road to Turin, but left by the Roman gate, which led some who had seen him thus depart a year before, to jump to the conclusion that he was going to retreat. But they little understood him. He kept his counsel, and allowed none to penetrate his designs. He marched south, as he had ordered the several divisions of his army to concentrate at Pavia, a city close to the Piedmontese frontier. His orders had been promptly obeyed. Exact at the hour, every division entered the appointed place of rendezvous. On the night of the 19th, the whole army was concentrated around Pavia, nearly 70,000 men, with over 200 cannon. At twelve o'clock the next day the armistice expired, and instantly the order was given to march, and before night the whole Austrian army was on the soil of Sardinia.

This easy entrance into the enemy's country was a great advantage gained. As they had to cross a river, their passage might have been disputed, and a division of the Piedmontese army had been appointed to hold them in check. But it was not at its post. This unaccountable negligence, it was supposed, was owing to treachery, and General Ramorino, who commanded this division, was afterward tried by a court martial and shot. But

to leave such a post in treacherous or incapable hands, showed the wretched management which seemed to preside over this whole campaign.

While the Austrians were thus moving in admirable concert, every battalion in line, in the Sardinian camp all was confusion. If the government had shown half the energy and wisdom in preparing for war, that it had shown of rashness in rushing into it, the result might have been different. But its councils seemed infatuated. Carried away by a popular tumult, it had declared war when totally unprepared. It had, indeed, a large army, and braver soldiers never followed their chiefs to battle, but all the fruit of courage was lost by want of organization. They had not even a leader in whom they had confidence. They had applied for the services of Marshal Bugeaud, the French general who had been so distinguished in Africa, but he would not accept, unless he could have supreme and absolute command, and this was thought to derogate from the Royal dignity; and finally they took up with a Polish general, who had gained some distinction in the Revolution of 1831, and who undoubtedly possessed considerable knowledge of the art of war, but who was wholly ignorant of the country in which he was to fight, and the materials which he was to command. He could not even speak the language, and had to give his orders through interpreters. Of a small, unimposing figure, there was nothing about him to inspire confidence in an

army to which he was a stranger. The consequence was, that, while every Austrian soldier had unbounded confidence in his chief, which was itself a pledge of victory, the brave Piedmontese marched blindly into battle, with nothing to rely upon but their own unfailing courage. So unskillful were the combinations, that the several divisions were left far apart, unsupported by each other, by which they were surprised in detail; and even on the field of Novara, it is said that a large part of the troops were not brought into battle at all, but stood, waiting for orders, while the rest of the army was being destroyed! I find that the people here do not like to speak of these events. They can not recall them without shame and bitterness. The only redeeming thing on that fatal day was the gallantry of the soldiers, and of their unhappy king. To this no one bore higher testimony than Radetzky himself. In his official report he says: "The Piedmontese and Savoyards fought like lions; and the unfortunate Charles Albert threw himself into the thickest of the danger upon every possible opportunity. His two sons also fought with brilliant courage."

History presents few sadder spectacles than that of Charles Albert on this day, when he lost his kingdom and crown. When he saw that the battle was going against him, he sought to die upon the field. All day long he remained within musket-shot of the most exposed position, one which was three times taken and retaken,

and when General Durando took him by the arm, and tried to draw him away, he replied : "It is useless ; it is my last day ; let me die !" But in vain he sought this release, though he galloped madly here and there, turning wherever the battle raged. In Turin they still keep, in the hall of armor, the body of the war-horse which he rode, and it was with no common respect that I looked upon the faithful steed which bore his master through the carnage of that dreadful day. But death, which seeks the happy, flies from the unfortunate. Though four thousand of his brave soldiers lay dead and dying around him, the unhappy king could not die. To his sorrow and despair, he left the scene of battle alive, but only to experience a slow, lingering death. That night, when all was lost, the king sent for his two sons and his generals, and when all were gathered around him, he arose with mournful dignity, and said, "Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hopes ; our army is dissolved ; it would be impossible to prolong the struggle ; my task is accomplished, and I think I shall render an important service by giving a last proof of devotedness in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace which she would refuse if treating with me." At these words all burst into tears. The king alone was calm. His son, who found royalty thrust upon him, implored his father to reconsider his decision ; but he was inflexible. He embraced his sons, and

thanked all around him for their devotion and fidelity, saying to them, "I am no longer your king. Be faithful and devoted to my son as you have been to me." He then withdrew to write a letter of farewell to the queen, which he charged his son to deliver into her own hand. A little after midnight he left the palace, wrapped in a cloak, with only a single attendant, and entered a carriage which was in waiting for him, and in a few hours this man, so late at the head of an army and a kingdom, had bid a final adieu to Italy!

The next morning the young king had an interview with Marshal Radetzky, and an armistice was agreed upon, to be followed by immediate negotiations for a permanent peace, the basis of which was a return to the state of things before the war, renunciation by Sardinia of all pretensions to Lombardy or Venice, and reimbursement to Austria of all the expenses of the war! Such was the issue of this memorable campaign, begun and ended in five days! The armistice was signed March 24th, just one year from the time that Charles Albert invaded Lombardy. Such, then, was the final result of all the dreams and hopes of Italian patriots—of the expenditure of so much treasure and so much blood!

Charles Albert retired to Portugal, where a few months after he died of a broken heart. The last scene was inexpressibly affecting. Far from his country and his home, with not a member of his family beside him,

attended only by one or two of his old officers, who were faithful to the last, he breathed out his heroic soul to God. But when he was gone, they brought his body back to bury it with solemn pomp. As we came on to Turin that afternoon, we saw at a distance, on a lofty height overlooking the valley, the church of Superga, the burial-place of the Sardinian kings, where his body now rests in peace after his stormy and troubled life.

History will do justice to this unhappy prince. Since the disasters of 1848 and '49, there have not been wanting many to reproach him as having betrayed the cause of Italian liberty. But it is well known that from early years, from the time that he had been a member of the society of the Carbonari, the regeneration of Italy had been the dream of his life. But it was not till 1848 that he saw a hope of its being realized. In endeavoring to create the kingdom of Upper Italy, no doubt he was led partly by ambition for the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy, which he expected to see placed upon the throne. Still it is but just to believe that with this personal ambition there was mingled a patriotic devotion to his country.

His great error was to have attempted a work beyond his powers. The crisis was one which called for the very highest civil and military talents combined, and those extraordinary endowments he did not possess. Honest, true and brave, he had not those qualities which awe and dazzle, and control an excitable people. Sad

destiny of a king, thus in the very crisis of a nation's fate, to be intrusted with power which he knows not how to use; to reach forth to seize the sceptre of Italy, and to grasp it with an incapable hand! Well might this sovereign mourn the destiny which placed him in a position so exalted and difficult, saying with Hamlet:

> "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

But if it were his misfortune not to be endowed with those transcendent gifts which are always so rare among mankind, let us at least do justice to his pure and patriotic character. Afterward, in his exile, he said with a proud confidence in the purity of his motives, "My country may have had better princes than I, but none that loved her more. To render her free, independent and great, I have joyfully made every sacrifice, except those which could not be made with honor. When I saw that moment arrive, I envied the lot of Perrone and Passalacqua, [generals killed at Novara]. I sought death, but I could not find it. Providence has not permitted the regeneration of Italy to be accomplished to-day; I hope that it is only deferred, and that a passing adversity will but warn the Italian people another time to be more united, in order to be invincible." *

Turin is a very regular city, "lying four square," with

* See the character of Charles Albert, very fully vindicated in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June and July, 1854.

its streets crossing each other at right angles, and has almost as much of a Quaker look as Philadelphia. It has not the architectural magnificence of the old cities of Italy, of Genoa, and Florence, and Venice, and Rome. Still it boasts many imposing edifices. From our window in the Hotel de l'Europe, we looked down upon the court of the Royal Palace, which is a vast pile, flanked by a gallery of paintings and a hall of ancient armor.

But that which is better than great palaces or churches, is the general appearance of prosperity, and that erect and manly look which belongs only to a free people. It is refreshing to find ourselves once more in a free country. Here we begin to breathe again. The capital stands in the valley of the Po, and in full view of the Alps, and its people seem to drink in freedom with the air of the mountains, and from the wild torrents of their rapid rushing rivers. Here is no jealous restriction of the press—no exclusion of foreign journals, nor muzzling of those at home. Men read, and write, and speak, as they please. There is no restraint upon thought, or upon honest, manly tongues.

Sardinia is the foremost State of Italy, not only in its civil constitution, but in its religious liberty. Though nominally and perhaps sincerely Roman Catholic in its faith, the government has shown great jealousy of Papal dictation, and will not submit to edicts from Rome. The relation of the two courts, if not one of open war, is at best but an armed neutrality. The king, though

of course he calls himself a Catholic (and is ready, like the young candidate at Oxford, to subscribe, not only the Thirty-nine Articles, *but forty if they wished*), does not trouble himself much about any religion. His principal articles of faith are, to hate the Austrians, the Jesuits, and the Pope; to love liberty and to dream of Italian independence. From all I hear, he is a true liberal, not merely from policy, but in his heart. He is more democratic in his manners than his predecessors, and has abolished much of the foolish etiquette of the Court. He is a thorough soldier, inheriting the military spirit which has always distinguished the House of Savoy. In the campaign of 1848 he fought gallantly at his father's side, and gained great honor at the siege of Peschiera, and the battle of Goito. Such is the man who is now the hope of Italy. Even in Lombardy, the ardent republicans of 1848 admit that the only hope of Italian independence is VICTOR EMMANUEL. It would be madness for the patriots to attempt a revolution against Austria, unless led on by some well-organized power, like that of Sardinia. Though this is not a great nation, the lack of a wider dominion is partly compensated by the vigor and spirit of the people. Sardinia has a population of but four and a half millions, yet she can bring into the field an army of a hundred thousand men, and as her small and compact territory requires but few garrisons, the greater part of this whole force could be moved forward to the place of battle.

The spirit of the king is strongly backed by his Court and people. Count Cavour, who is at the head of the Cabinet, is a man of remarkable liberality in his political opinions. He appreciates clearly the present condition of Europe, and the part which his country may be called to act, and he has at once the capacity and the courage to hold her firmly in her place as the vanguard of the free nations of the continent. The people themselves feel that they are predestined to drive the Austrians out of Italy, and they are impatient for the day to come.

The Piedmontese are fine soldiers. Like the Swiss, they are at home among the mountains, where they acquire great agility and strength. Their very step is light and springing, as if they had learned it in chasing the chamois of the rocks. Dr. Schauffler, of Constantinople, told me that he never saw such fellows as the Sardinian contingent that came out in the Crimean war. They went through the streets with a bound—not with the stately tread of the English grenadiers. In this they are more like the Zouaves, who go into battle like so many wild catamounts. Many of those whom we saw in Turin had served in the Crimea, and wore the Napoleon or Victoria medal on their breasts.

Many times while in Sardinia, I have asked intelligent gentlemen, "Why did your country meddle in the Russian war?" They answer, "She was invited to take part in it by France and England." "Yes, but is the fact that she is invited to do a foolish thing a reason

why she should do it? So was Austria invited to join the Allies. So was Prussia. But did either of those powers choose to sacrifice its own interests, best secured by peace, for the doubtful glory of war? This over-generous zeal has cost your country three or four thousand of her brave sons, and fifty millions of francs!" However, this alliance may have borne some political fruit. It undoubtedly raised the prestige of the Sardinian army, which behaved with great gallantry, and gave the country a new prominence among the powers of Europe. It was in consequence of the part that she bore in this war, that Sardinia was admitted to the Congress of Paris in 1856, and that she has been brought into such close alliance with France, a power on which she relies to support her in her next war in Italy. That it has not broken her relations with Russia, is evident from the fact that she has just granted that power the port of Villafranca, near Nice, which enables Russia to keep a fleet in the Mediterranean. Thus fortifying herself with allies, she awaits the next great struggle. These soldiers have probably a great destiny before them. They bide their time. But when there comes in Europe the War for Liberty, their bayonets will gleam in the thickest of the battle.

We stayed three days in Turin, and left early on Monday morning to cross the Alps on our way to France. A couple of hours brought us to Susa, the present terminus of the railroad, which cannot be extended farther

until the great gallery under Mont Cenis is completed. This is one of the most gigantic works yet undertaken by the engineering skill of Europe. It is necessary to bore right through the heart of the mountain—a distance of eight miles! This will be the longest tunnel in the world. But it must be many years before any traveller can shorten his journey by passing through it. What might be done in half an hour by railroad, took us a whole day by diligence. The pass of Mont Cenis, like that of the Simplon, is traversed by a macadamized road. Both were built by the same imperial hand, and were designed for the same object—to open a free passage for Napoleon's troops from France into Italy. This is one of the grandest highways in Europe, built in the face of tremendous obstacles, yet smooth as a floor, climbing along the mountain's breast, yet keeping its even grade among rocks and precipices. But with all this smoothing of difficulties it is a pretty formidable operation to scale the Mont Cenis. To our diligence were harnessed two horses and ten mules, yet with all this cavalcade it took five hours of steady pulling to bring us to the top.

But for this delay of time we were amply compensated by the views of mountain scenery which we enjoyed. Resolved to lose nothing, we had climbed by the help of a ladder to the top of the diligence, and thus perched aloft, we began the ascent. Up, up we went—above the villages, above the church spires, above the tops of the trees, till we came at last to a region of barren rock,

where not even a stunted pine could live, where only moss and lichens clung quivering in the wind. As we mounted higher and higher, the views down the valley behind us became more extended and magnificent. They pass all description. They remain imprinted on our memory among those eternal things of nature which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Nor were other associations wanting which harmonized with these awful forms, and added to their effect upon the imagination. As we reached the summit, and turned to take a last view of Italy, we thought of the armies that had passed over these cold heights. Here once stood the elephants of Hannibal, while the haughty African cast his eye down the pass that was to lead him to the gates of Rome. Here came the soldiers of Napoleon. I could almost see their columns filing along the pass, and hear the echoes of their bugle horns. These warriors have passed and left not a trace behind. Yet still the mountain solitudes stand silently armed for war.

As the pass of Mont Cenis is the gateway of Italy, it is strongly fortified by the Sardinian government. We found a garrison on the very summit. Thus excited at once by nature and history, we came to the mountain's verge, where we let go our ten donkeys, and with horses at full gallop, we came rushing down into the valleys of Savoy.

Here at the foot of the Alps, I end my traveller's tale. We reached Paris on the second of September, and left on the twentieth for America. I add a single chapter, not of travel, but of vindication of the much-abused French people.

CHAPTER XXI.

Domestic Life in France.

"Dreadful people, these French! They have no domestic life. The very word *Home* is not to be found in their language. They live in the street, in the public gardens, in the cafés, in the theatres, anywhere but under their own roof." Such is the opinion which you will hear expressed by nine out of ten of all the Americans who go to Paris. Even those who are old residents confess with a sigh that this harsh judgment is but too true. To be sure, the fluent censor is a little embarrassed, if you ask abruptly, "Pray, sir, how many French *families* do you happen to know?" But he quickly recovers assurance, and answers glibly, "Know? why have I been so many years in Paris, and do I not know people?" He knows everybody—that is, everybody that is to be seen in public. Perhaps he has received his education in Paris. He has been a student in the Latin quarter. He is an habitué of all the cafés on the Boulevards. He frequents all the theatres, and can tell (at least through his opera-glass) the box of every distinguished family. Nay, more, has he not been admitted into society? Can he not report the talk of

French salons? Has he not had the entrée at Alexander Dumas'? Possibly at Lamartine's and Guizot's? Nay, more, swelling with Republican pride, has he not been invited to the balls at the Hôtel de Ville, and even at the Tuileries?

After such a string of triumphant inquiries, a modest stranger is pretty well "shut up," and remains silent, as his informant follows up the victory; "No, no. I tell you, there is no domestic life in France. A Frenchman lives only in public. The fireside, the *foyer* is hateful to him." It hardly occurs to this confident talker that a man may visit a country, and even live in it, and yet, after all, not know much about it; that he may see thousands in the streets, in the gardens, or the shops, in business, or at court, and yet see none in the interior of their own dwellings; that, in fine, it is one thing to see people, and another to see and know family life.

A stranger coming into Paris, sees only the outside of the French. The life he sees is the life of hotels. In the shops he meets only tradespeople and grisettes. At court he meets a class higher in position, but often no better in morals. But neither of these classes is the best representative of the finer qualities of the French character. The class most worthy of respect is the upper middle class—the *haute bourgeoisie*—composed of the wealthier merchants and bankers, distinguished advocates, learned professors, and literary men. This is the class which it is most important to know to judge

the French fairly, and yet into which it is most difficult to penetrate.

To what, then, amounts this boasted knowledge of French society? Travellers see the outside of Paris—the tinsel and gilded exterior of the French capital. But of its interior life they are almost wholly ignorant. Hence the opinions which they give, are about as intelligent as those of a Southerner who comes North in the summer to spend his money, and goes to Saratoga, and Newport, and Niagara. In New York, he stops at the St. Nicholas Hotel, or the Metropolitan, and perhaps finds himself surrounded by flash men and fast women. He goes back, swearing that New York is the most dissolute, depraved, corrupt city on earth, when the poor fool has not been admitted to the intimacy of a single respectable family.

The exclusion of such men from society is far more rigid in France than in America, for here the interior of a family is guarded with more sacred care than with us. French parents are quite shocked at the freedom with which American papas and mammas allow strangers to visit in their families. They are wary of those whom they admit to their households. They are suspicious of foreigners more than of their own countrymen. And with reason. For of the one or two hundred thousand strangers always in Paris, a large part have come for nothing but to enjoy a life of pleasure. And, I am sorry to add, that of all the *mauvais sujets* who infest

the French capital, young Americans are about the worst. Hence it is not strange that our countrymen find it not so easy to circulate where they will, and even old residents complain that it is very hard to get into French society!

Ten years ago I spent six months in Paris. I saw the monuments of the city, I saw also a revolution, and many thrilling events. But of the domestic life of the French I saw nothing. Nor were others better off. At that time I had a friend there, a former member of Congress, who had spent a large part of his life abroad, who was in Paris when it was occupied by the Allies, and remembered distinctly the morning that Marshal Ney was shot. We lodged in the same house, and every day walked and dined together. This summer, when we went to Paris, I turned into the old street to see if, perchance, any trace of him lingered about the place. Lo, there he was still—in the same hotel, in the same room, dining every day at the same restaurant in the Palais Royal, and spending the evening at Galignani's. Here he has been off and on for forty years, and yet, from what I know of his habits, I will venture to say that he does not know, with any intimacy, a single French family. And yet, if you were to ask him, he would deliver a lecture an hour long on the immorality of the French capital, and would be astounded if you were to intimate that there were portions of French society which he had not seen.

But the second time that I visited Paris, it was with one who had been born in that city, and there passed all her early life. To come back to Paris now was like coming home. And so, no sooner were we within the walls, than we began to haunt the old familiar streets. What endless walks we took along the Boulevards, looking up to the fronts of the houses, half expecting to see the windows open, and some dear, familiar form step out upon the balcony. So strong was the impression of these scenes revisited, that it was several days before we could muster courage to ask if those we knew were living or dead! Many a time we drove to a street of which we knew every stone in the pavement, and rang with a trembling hand, and asked if the loved ones were there still. Generally, if they had not died, they were living in the same house. The French do not change their abodes—and many, many we found in the same spot where we had parted years ago—merchants in the same counting-houses, lawyers giving counsel in the same chambers, artists in the same studios. How strange were the memories which came back, as we turned into the old courts and passages, and heard our own footfall on the accustomed stair. Our friends included some of all professions—lawyers and physicians and pastors, artists and architects and professors. Time had made changes in their positions, if not in their habitations. One was a prosperous merchant, another a distinguished painter; one had served as an officer in the Crimean

war, another had become a member of the French Academy.

But in all we found the same cordial manner, the same warm, true heart. It was worth crossing the sea to witness the first look of surprise, then the joyful recognition, and the cordial greeting. Of course we cannot lift the veil from scenes so sacred. I will give you but a glimpse of one or two home-circles, which may show you how strong are the affections which bind together a French family. Among others whom we visited, was an old teacher of drawing. We found him and his wife still living in the same spot. I allude to them, not to repeat how affectionate they were to us, but to note the love which existed among themselves. They had one son, who was a competitor for the National prize of engraving. These prizes are offered by the Government, and the successful candidate is sent to Rome, for five years, at the public expense. But the tests to which they are subjected are the most rigid and severe. The competitors are shut up in the Louvre for three months, unable to go out or to see their friends. This young man was not permitted even to see his mother. When we were first in Paris, in June, he was undergoing this honorable imprisonment. And when we returned in September, he had not yet been released. While this trial was going on, it was even painful to see the anxiety of the parents. This boy was their darling and their pride. His mother could hardly speak of him without tears—a

touching rebuke, it seemed to us, to those mockers who say that there is no family affection in France. It was a relief to us when we saw, a few days after, that the concours was at last concluded. Partly owing to his age, for he was the youngest of all the competitors, the first prize had been awarded to another, but his name received honorable mention. He will enter the lists another year, and no doubt will be successful.

But a few days before we left Paris, we went to seek a very old friend of Mrs. F., even from her school-days, a wealthy merchant in whose kind home she had passed many a happy day in her girlhood, when she had a vacation from her boarding-school. We could not leave without seeing him. But was he still living? We had not heard from him for years. It was, therefore, with a mixture of hope and fear that we drove to the street, and stopped before the gate of the court. True enough, the name was still there. But this is often retained, even when the head of the house is gone. I ascended to the counting-room, and asked for Mr. T——. Instantly a gentleman, with a kind, open countenance, came forward to meet me. I asked if he knew Madame F., of New York. His face brightened at the name, as if he were about to hear tidings of his own daughter, and when I added that she was in Paris, and in the carriage at his door, he rushed down to meet her, with arms wide open, as if to embrace a long absent child. "Now come right into my office, and tell me all about

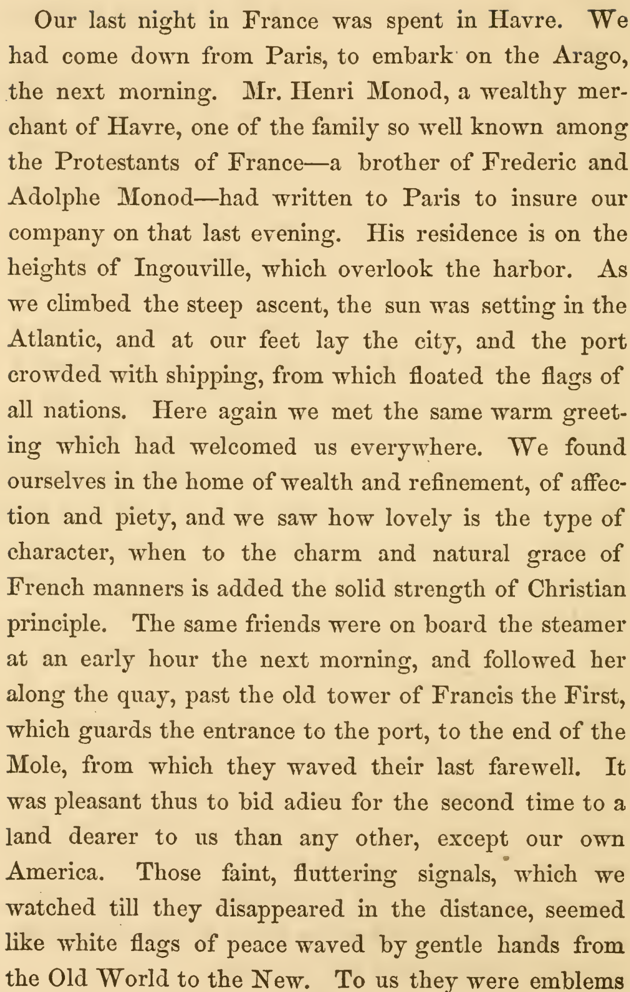
you." Swiftly we went over the years that had passed. At length we rose to go. "Now," said he, "Tuesday you come to dine with us. We are spending the summer in the country, near St. Cloud. I shall write at once to your old friend, Mademoiselle ——, telling her that a very dear friend of hers has just arrived from America, and wishes to meet her." The appointment was at once concluded, and the day found us at the place. It was a charming country box—just like an English cottage, surrounded with trees, with a lawn in front. The family were sitting on the piazza, and our entrance was a signal for a general salutation. An hour later, the father, with his son, his partner in business, returned from the city, and the circle was complete. The mother of the family was absent, having gone to the Pyrenees for the health of a daughter. But beside the father was a maiden sister—the kind aunt who, in so many French families, performs the part of a second mother, and the former teacher and beloved friend, and the son with his newly-married bride, so simply and modestly dressed that it quite made me ashamed when I thought how American brides are flounced and feathered. We sat down to dinner in the merriest mood. What charming gaiety was there, what cordial manners, what hearty kindness, what true domestic affection and happiness! Those were golden hours. Here, then, I exclaimed, is the proof that there is no domestic life in France! All I can ask for my countrymen is, that their

hills and valleys may be dotted all over with spots as bright and green.

This is not an isolated case. It is but a fair specimen of what may be found everywhere in France, in this upper middle class. The same tender affection, the same devotedness to each other, the same constancy and truth, are the light of ten thousand happy homes.

It is rather hard that the French should be accused of want of heart, for the very reason that they have so much politeness of manner. Because they *show* more than others, they are thought to *feel* less. As if a churlish exterior were the only proof of sturdy integrity. Or as if a man could not be gentle in word and true in heart.

I observed here—what I have remarked in many other cases—that in a French family there is a much closer sympathy of parents with children than with us. They give up more of their time to amuse and instruct them. In America a man of business works so hard, and comes home so jaded, that he has no spirit for anything but to read his paper, smoke his cigar, and roll into bed. A French father makes a better economy of life. He works hard, too, during the day, but not to the point of utter exhaustion. He keeps a little strength for his home. And when he enters that enchanted circle, and shuts the door, he shuts the world behind him. Then, begone, dull care! Then the children have full liberty to romp and climb upon the father's knee, and gaiety and cheerful enjoyment rule the hour.



Our last night in France was spent in Havre. We had come down from Paris, to embark on the Arago, the next morning. Mr. Henri Monod, a wealthy merchant of Havre, one of the family so well known among the Protestants of France—a brother of Frederic and Adolphe Monod—had written to Paris to insure our company on that last evening. His residence is on the heights of Ingouville, which overlook the harbor. As we climbed the steep ascent, the sun was setting in the Atlantic, and at our feet lay the city, and the port crowded with shipping, from which floated the flags of all nations. Here again we met the same warm greeting which had welcomed us everywhere. We found ourselves in the home of wealth and refinement, of affection and piety, and we saw how lovely is the type of character, when to the charm and natural grace of French manners is added the solid strength of Christian principle. The same friends were on board the steamer at an early hour the next morning, and followed her along the quay, past the old tower of Francis the First, which guards the entrance to the port, to the end of the Mole, from which they waved their last farewell. It was pleasant thus to bid adieu for the second time to a land dearer to us than any other, except our own America. Those faint, fluttering signals, which we watched till they disappeared in the distance, seemed like white flags of peace waved by gentle hands from the Old World to the New. To us they were emblems

of that sincerity and true affection which we had experienced for the past few months—tokens of a love which had not changed by distance of space or lapse of time—and which we are sure will greet us again, if we are ever permitted to return to those beloved and happy shores.

THE END.

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