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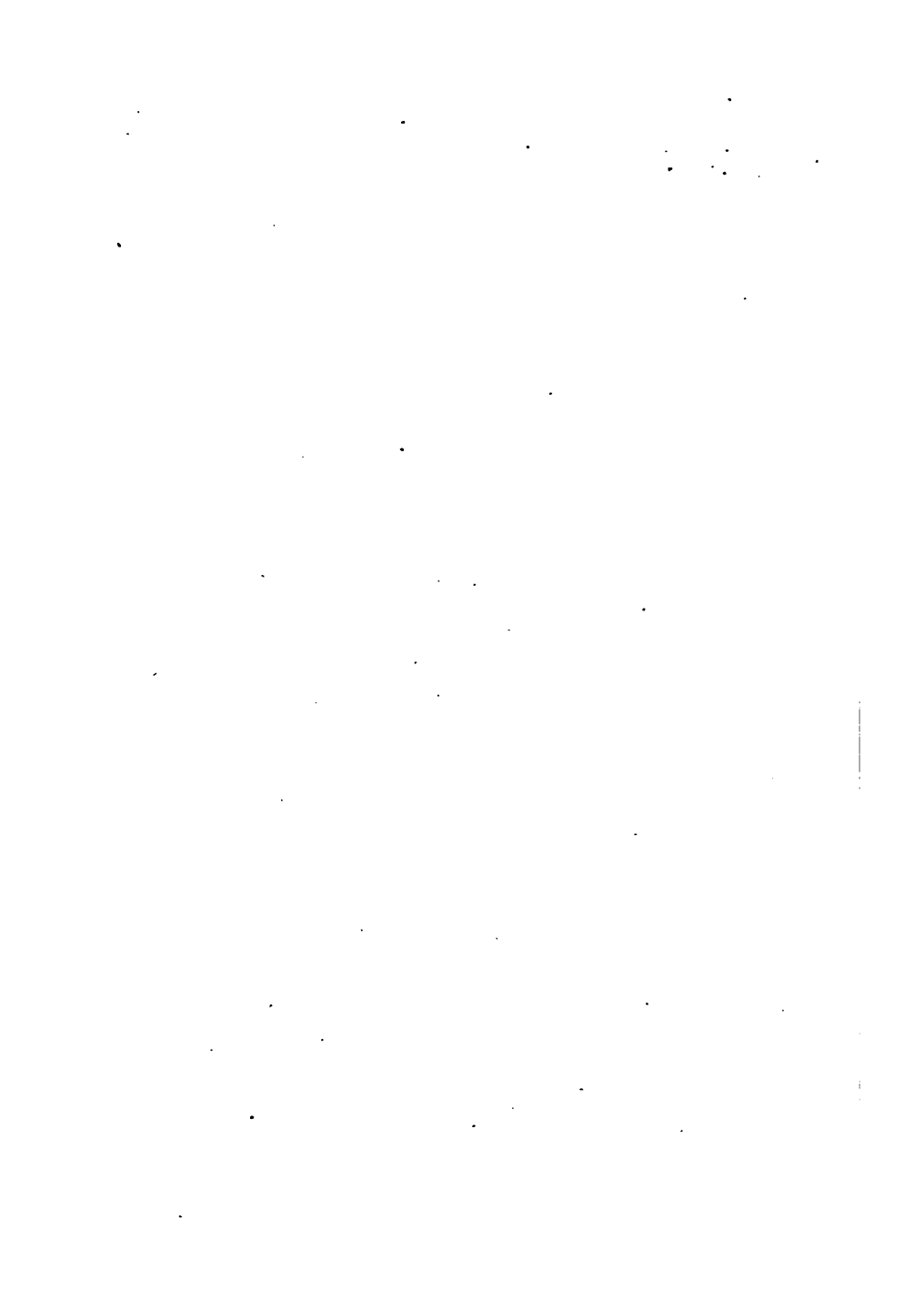
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LONDON GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES

GEOGRAPHICAL READERS
—
BOOK IV
COUNTRIES OF EUROPE





THE LONDON GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL READERS

FOR

MIDDLE CLASS AND ELEMENTARY
SCHOOLS.

BY

CHARLOTTE M. MASON,

AUTHORESS OF "THE FORTY SHIRES, THEIR HISTORY, SCENERY, ARTS,
AND LEGENDS."

BOOK IV. FOR STANDARD V.

THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE,

THEIR SCENERY AND PEOPLES;

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MOTIONS OF THE EARTH, &c.

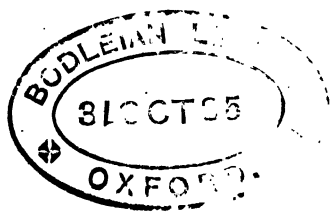
With Maps and Illustrations.

LONDON:

EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

1883.

2017. f. 56



PREFACE.

"GEOGRAPHY AND ELEMENTARY SCIENCE. The best reading books for higher standards are those which are descriptive and explanatory, . . . and contain a sufficient amount and variety of interesting matter." *

It is told of Dr. Arnold that, when a place new to him was mentioned in his hearing, he was uneasy until he had gathered facts enough to present a picture of the spot to his mind's eye. The writer has tried, in the following lessons, to excite and to gratify this kind of curiosity; to give such panoramic views of the natural divisions of each of the countries of Europe that the learner should be able to construct, roughly, the landscape of any tract pointed out on a blank map; a kind of exercise, by the way, which teachers would find extremely interesting and useful to their classes.

The choice of material has proved a serious difficulty in treating of a subject where so much offers itself while so little can be made use of; and it is a source of regret that much matter has been cut out, as interesting and important as that which appears. The prin-

* *Instructions to Her Majesty's Inspectors, Circular 212, 1882.*

ciple the writer has worked on is to treat fully of those matters which the traveller and the general reader seek to be instructed upon, and to eschew the "dry bones" which commonly represent "Geography" to the learner. At the same time, pains have been taken to present a faithful and fairly complete picture of the physical aspect and the social condition of each of the European States.

A framework of dry bones must be provided, however; for the learner cannot follow a description of the aspect of a country with any intelligence until he knows the relative situations and the names of mountain range and river, province and sea-port; but these are facts which should be learnt from the map, and not from the text-book.

"The situation of the several parts of the earth is better learned by one day's conversing with a *map* than by merely reading the description of their situation a hundred times over in books of geography." *

Therefore it is earnestly recommended that teachers should cause their classes to answer the questions which accompany each map *before* reading the corresponding lessons. By this means the learners will work out for themselves a capital outline of the geography of each country; and nothing could be better as a preparation for examinations, seeing that three-fourths of the questions usually set by examiners are only to be answered from *map-knowledge*.

These map-exercises make very good home work, or

* Dr. Watts *On the Improvement of the Mind*.

silent class work. The questions should be answered in writing from the accompanying map ; then, *vivâ voce*, from memory ; and again, after the lessons upon a country have been read, the class should be required to answer the map-questions on paper, filling in the outline with the facts learned from the text—a valuable exercise in composition.

While endeavouring to make clear statements, and to use simple language, the writer has not been careful to give the sort of “cut-and-dried” explanation of every allusion, which leads children to suppose that there is nothing more to be learnt. Grown-up people find hints of matters of which they know nothing great incentives to further reading: it is hoped that these Readers may help to form in the children a taste and desire for such profitable reading as of books of travel and general history ; and, “That is something for you to read about by-and-by,” is a suggestion from the teacher which should bear fruit in the after lives of his pupils.

Though prepared primarily for elementary schools, this little work will probably be found useful in those of a higher grade, as furnishing an intelligent groundwork for junior pupils, who are afterwards to be prepared for the Universities’ Local, or other public examinations.

Many authorities have been laid under contribution, and the writer begs to offer her grateful acknowledgments to the authors whose works she has ventured to draw upon for an educational object ; as well as to the friends who have favoured her with original letters.

In those cases where a single work has been followed, or cited more than once in the course of a lesson, the title of the work is given in a foot-note ; but the writer regrets that it is not possible to acknowledge individually the very numerous sources from which she has drawn her facts.

For the lessons on the *Seasons*, &c., required by the present Code, the writer has extended and amplified matter prepared for an earlier Reader, seeing that it is not possible to treat these difficult subjects in too simple language for children who approach them for the first time.

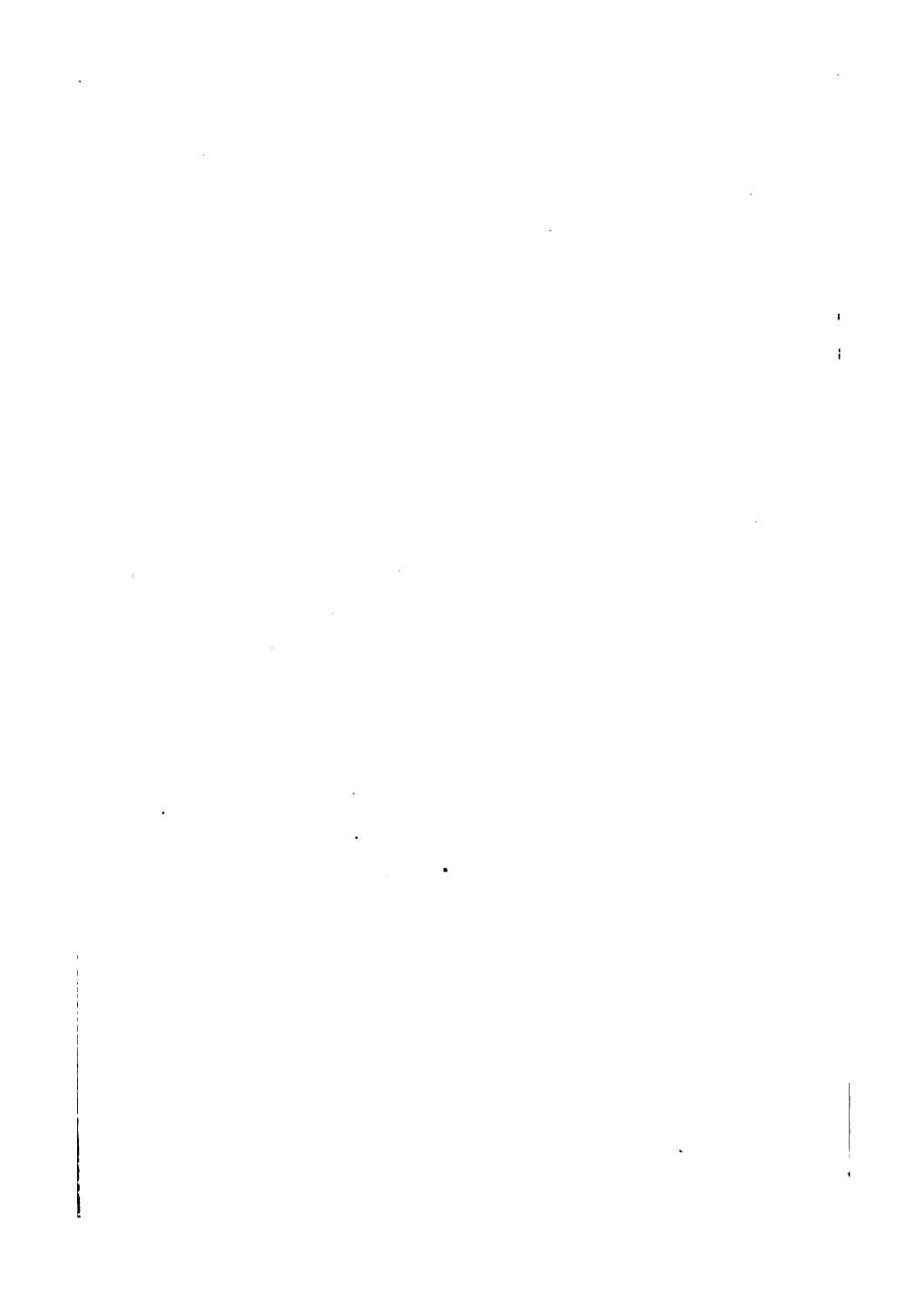
As the *examinable matter* bears but a small proportion to the bulk of the volume, which is largely filled with narrative and description, it is suggested that teachers should cause their classes to *mark* the passages containing geographical facts on their first reading, so that these may be the more readily, afterwards, prepared for examination.

C. M. M.

Manningham, 1883.

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Standard Geog. Estab.

BOOK IV.

ON THE CONTINENT:

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

GENERAL SURVEY.

THE SEAS AND SHORES OF EUROPE.*

THE seas which bound Europe are branches of the Atlantic, excepting on the north, where the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean wash the coasts. The Atlantic is a much smaller ocean than the Pacific, but it is much more used by the ships which carry on the commerce of the world. It lies between the west coasts of Europe and Africa, and the east coast of America.

A curious fact about the Atlantic is the movement through its northern basin of a mighty river of warm sea-water. This river is larger than all the fresh-water rivers of the world together; and, instead of having banks of solid earth, it is walled in on either side by the ocean.

It consists of ocean-water which has been heated under the burning sun of the tropics: why this heated water should flow off as a stream from the regions of the equator will be explained further on: here we need only say that it keeps distinct—not mingling at all with the ocean through which it flows, because warm

* Some parts of these introductory lessons have appeared in an earlier number of the series.

water does not mix readily with cold. This stream flows towards the west, into the Gulf of Mexico, where it is shut in for a while under a hot tropical sun, and, when it comes out through the Strait of Florida, it is the broad river of very warm water we have spoken of. Because it has come out through a gulf, it is called the *Gulf Stream*.

Having swept out of the Strait of Florida, the Gulf Stream flows nearly as far north as Newfoundland; then it crosses the ocean, and one branch of the stream coasts Great Britain and Norway. The water loses much of its heat as it flows towards the cold north, but it is still warm enough when it reaches England to keep our harbours from being frozen, and to warm the westerly winds which blow from off the sea over our own country and the other maritime countries of Western Europe.

Not only this warm stream, but all the waters which wash its shores help to make the climate of Europe pleasant. Water does not become so hot as dry land in summer, nor so cold in winter. Hence the winds that blow over seas and become filled with watery vapour are cool and pleasant in the summer, and mild and moist in the winter. It is plain, then, that if the winds which reach a country have come across wide waters, that land must have a more pleasant, *temperate* climate than another land which has no sea-breeze to cool it during summer heat, or warm it during winter cold.

Look, now, at a map of Europe; you will find that the land is broken into by the ocean in a remarkable way; much more so than in any other continent. The Atlantic is an ocean of *inland seas* that enter into the very heart of the land, and most of these are in Europe.

To the south, there is the large, blue, beautiful Mediterranean, with the Black Sea and the two small seas connected with it—the Sea of Marmora and the Sea of Azof—the Archipelago, so full of islands that its name is given to any sea which contains many islands, and the Adriatic. These form a chain of seas, some of which are connected by straits. The burning winds which blow from the African Desert cross the Mediterranean and become somewhat cool and moist before they reach the pleasant lands of Southern Europe. The name of this sea means middle of the earth; it was so called because the ancients, to whom a great deal of the world was unknown, thought that the Great Sea round which lay all the famous countries of the Old World was indeed the middle of the earth.

Now, look at the west; see how the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel, the Irish Sea and the North Sea, and the Baltic, with the various straits and “belts” which connect them, break into the very middle of the continent. Notice how, here, as in the south, these inland seas form many peninsulas. In the Mediterranean there are the Spanish peninsula, Italy, and Turkey; and, in the north, the Scandinavian peninsula, and the little northward pointing peninsula of Denmark.

Even the cold Arctic Ocean serves a kindly purpose; the bitter winds which blow from the icy regions round the pole are a little less keen than if they had come overland. But what is to be said for Eastern Europe? The whole broad continent of Asia stretches between it and the eastern ocean. The consequence is what you might expect: the air is bitterly cold and dry in the winter, and hot and dry in the summer; and never moist and pleasant as are the winds which blow towards Europe across the Atlantic.

The Atlantic with its inland seas benefits Europe in another way. This continent has, for its size, more land bordering on the sea than any other. This long *coast-line* is a great advantage, because countries which have a *seaboard*, or coast-line, can trade far and near with their ships; and as almost every country in Europe has some seaboard, this continent, placed nearly in the middle of the land hemisphere, is able to carry on a wide *commerce* with the other continents, east and west. The indented seaboard of Europe measures fully 60,000 miles.

The countries of Europe have not all an equal share in this wide commerce; those that have much coast-line, like Britain, can most readily become great sea-faring nations. But, for this purpose, the coast must be broken with inlets which make snug harbours for the ships; an unbroken coast, like that of much of Africa, is of little use.

Examine the map of Europe to see which countries have the longest and most *indented* coast-lines, and you will find that these were at one time, or are now, great *maritime*, or sea-going nations.

By looking at the map you will see that the Atlantic is a highway which carries ships westwards to America, or, southwards, to Africa. By rounding the southern point of Africa, vessels may make for the south and east of Asia. But this, you will see, is a long and roundabout way; if it were not for the little neck of land which separates the Mediterranean from the Red Sea, how easy it would be to sail through these two seas, and out into the Arabian Sea, and so across to India! To make this short passage possible, a wonderful piece of work was finished in 1869,—a sea-canal, 100 miles long, and 26 feet in depth, projected by the

famous French engineer, M. de Lesseps. This channel is called the Suez Canal, because it cuts through the isthmus of Suez; and vessels for India or China or for any part of the south or east of Asia now take the short and easy route opened by means of this most useful canal.

COUNTRIES AND PEOPLES OF EUROPE.

A GLANCE at the map shows that the countries of Europe are very unequal in size. The eastern half of the continent is occupied by one huge country which reaches from the Arctic on the north to the Black Sea on the south, and as far west as the Baltic. Our own land extends through only five degrees of latitude, but Russia stretches through thirty degrees from north to south. For this reason, various climates prevail in the different parts of Russia: in the north there are wide frozen plains upon which the sun never rises for weeks during the long Arctic night; while in the south there are warm sunny regions where the vine grows freely. This large country is an empire.

To the north-west of Russia are the two countries of Norway and Sweden, which form a peninsula pointing south, and are washed by the sea everywhere except where they join Russia. These two countries form a single kingdom. The west of Norway is exposed to the strong Atlantic waves; the ocean reaches into the land by many narrow inlets, called *fiords*, and countless islands fringe the coast. These countries, like Russia, stretch beyond the Arctic circle into the frigid zone, and have, therefore, long winter nights.

To the south of Scandinavia is a small peninsula, the only one in Europe which points towards the north.

With the islands off its eastern coast, it forms the kingdom of Denmark.

The tiny island of HELIGOLAND, which lies off the south-west coast of the peninsula, belongs to Britain.

Further to the south-west, upon the North Sea, are two small, but busy countries. Holland, the most northerly of these, lies so low that the people build strong embankments to keep the sea from bursting in upon their neat, well-kept towns and carefully tended fields.

Belgium, the small country to the south, is so busy, so full of towns and people, that the whole country looks like one huge city.

These two countries are kingdoms.

The next country to the south-west is a republic. It is the gay and pleasant land of France, with which England had, in old days, many long wars; but English people now go there in crowds to see the country, and Paris, its beautiful capital.

The pleasant CHANNEL ISLANDS, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, belong to England, though they all lie off the north coast of France.

Crossing the English Channel, we come to England, which, with Scotland to the north, and Ireland to the west, forms the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. London, the capital of this kingdom, is the largest and richest city in the world; it does not look so bright and gay as Paris, however, because the smoke from an enormous number of coal fires makes the buildings dingy.

Forming the south-west corner of Europe is a large peninsula, which points southward, and contains the countries of Spain and Portugal. The people of these countries were at one time a sea-faring race, who

explored and conquered many lands. Spain and Portugal are kingdoms. A little bit of this large peninsula belongs to England—the rocky fortress of GIBRALTAR, which stands exactly at the opening into the Mediterranean.

The next southern country of Europe is also a peninsula, of a curious shape, something like a boot with a large island off the toe. This is a beautiful land, where grapes and oranges ripen freely, and where you might live nearly always in the open air. Rome, its capital, was once the greatest city in the world, and had vast armies of brave and obedient soldiers, who conquered nearly every country known in their day, including our own. All this glory has long since passed away, but, as a newly-made kingdom, there is much hope for the future of Italy.

To the south of Sicily are three small islands which belong to Britain—MALTA, GOZO, and COMINO. Malta is the largest and most important of these; it has a delicious climate, and grapes and oranges and other southern fruits are grown here, as in Italy. British soldiers are stationed here to protect the British merchant ships which trade in the Mediterranean.

The beautiful little country of Switzerland lies, all among the mountains, to the north of this peninsula; it is a republic, inhabited by a brave people. Switzerland is sometimes called the playground of Europe because crowds of people from other countries go every year to keep holiday among its mountains and lakes.

Separated from Italy by the Adriatic Sea is another peninsula pointing south, containing several countries. Turkey, one of these, is the only European nation which is not Christian. Constantinople, its capital, stands on a lovely spot upon the Bosphorus.

The little country of Greece, to the south, was, like Italy, at one time the greatest country in the world. It is pleasant to know that Saint Paul travelled here and taught the people, and wrote to the churches in some of the towns letters, which we may still read in the Bible. Greece is now a kingdom.

The rather large island of CYPRUS, which lies in what is called the Levant—that is, the eastern part of the Mediterranean—has fallen quite lately into the occupation of Great Britain. It is a pleasant island, containing many mountains, and large forests of oak and walnut trees. Delicious fruits and various kinds of corn grow on the open plains.

The centre of Europe is occupied by two large empires: to the north-west is Germany, where the people of the various provinces and principalities speak one language, and have, on the whole, a friendly feeling towards each other; and to the south-east is Austria, an empire composed of various countries, between the inhabitants of which little friendly feeling exists, as they speak different languages, and do not belong to one race.

Part II.

“Different languages,” “one race.” These phrases make one stop to think. We know that, as a fact, the peoples of the various countries of Europe have various fashions of speech; that, cross the channel which divides us from France, and you find your English tongue of little use; while the very dogs and horses appear to understand the “French” which is so hopelessly puzzling to you. Journey across France and into Germany, and

again you are amongst a people who speak an unknown tongue, though now and then you catch a word which sounds very like English. Follow the Danube out of Germany and through Hungary and Roumania, and then go south as far as Constantinople, and you pass through the midst of nations speaking three or four different tongues, each more entirely foreign and meaningless to an English ear than either French or German. Nor is this difference in speech the only invisible barrier which divides the nations; the members of each nation are, broadly speaking, alike in appearance, habits, manners, disposition; while the "foreigner" not only speaks another tongue, but has other ways and other thoughts: that is, there is a sort of family relationship between the members of each nation, while the neighbouring nations are, after all, only a more distant kinsfolk; some are as first cousins, others as first cousins once removed, and so on through all the degrees of even Scotch kinship. These facts give rise to two or three questions. How comes it that the nations should be thus "split into diversity of tongues"? Again, how is it that the peoples of certain countries, as England and Germany on the one hand, France and Italy on the other, should be closely allied; and that all the nations of Europe should have a good deal in common both in character, type of features, and language?

To answer these questions we must go back to times, ages ago, of which history gives no account. In those remote days there dwelt, in the central highlands of Asia, north of the Himalaya mountains, a people who called themselves Aryans. Their very name gives us some insight into their way of life; for the root *Ar* means to plough (as we still have it in *arable*), and the *Aryans* were people who ploughed

the land and raised crops; unlike the Turanians who surrounded them, and who were a wandering shepherd people; their name, *Tura*, denoting the swiftness of a horseman.

Comparing themselves with these neighbours of theirs, the Aryans saw some reason for pride; for presently we find *Aryan* used as a title of honour, in the sense of noble, or of good family. And no doubt they had reason to think well of themselves: they held land and ploughed it, built houses, made roads, built ships, knew how to weave and to sew; kept cows, horses, sheep, and dogs; knew how to procure iron and how to forge it, and went about their woods armed with iron hatchets. They had wives, and relations by blood and by marriage; they had kings and leaders, laws and customs; and they worshipped a Divine Being. Thus they were a civilised people while they still dwelt in their mountain home. How can we know so much about people and times of which not even a tradition remains? In a marvellous way—not unlike the putting together of the pieces of a puzzle—which we shall try to explain by-and-by; in the meantime, to go on with the story of these Aryans:

Perhaps they were cramped for room in the old country; perhaps they were enterprising, and thought they could do great things in a new land; at any rate, whole tribes of these ancient people migrated, or emigrated, from time to time, very much as shiploads of Britons do every year to this day—carrying with them their cattle and household stuff, their wives and their children.

Two great tribes, the old Hindoos and the Persians, crossed the Himâlaya mountains, and formed new homes on the banks of the Ganges and Indus, from

whence they soon spread over Hindostan, Persia, &c.; but with these we have no concern just now.

The rest of the Aryan tribes travelled westward, into Europe; some making their way to the north of the Caspian Sea, others crossing the Caucasus mountains.

Probably they found the great central plain thinly peopled already by a short, yellow-skinned race, with high cheek-bones, and little black eyes set far apart, like the Chinese—a Mongol race, which at some far date had worked their way hither from the east of Asia. These the Aryans seem to have thrust somehow out of their way, to the cold Arctic coasts, for instance, where their descendants still dwell, and are known as Lapps.

Do not suppose, however, that all the Aryan tribes descended upon Europe at once. First came the *Kelts*, who made their way to the west, and spread themselves over a good deal of Germany, Italy, Spain, Gaul (France), and the British Isles. How many centuries elapsed between their coming and that of the next tribes we have no means of knowing; but, in the meantime, the Aryan tribes at home appear to have been increasing in valour, discipline, and obedience, while the Kelts in their western settlements became more and more self-willed and undisciplined.

We know nothing of the coming of the *Italic* tribes, who arrived next, but they drove the Kelts out of their settlements in Italy; and we know how, in course of time, the Roman armies subdued Western Europe, conquering the Kelts even in Britain, their last stronghold. To this day the languages of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and some scattered provinces, are all derived from the Latin speech of those Roman soldiers, and are therefore called *Romance* languages.

About the same time another Aryan people, equally warlike, settled in the peninsula of Greece; these were the *Grecian* tribes.

But the best of the Aryan stock was yet to appear in the Teutons, or Germanic tribes, who, in their turn, spread themselves over Central Europe, taking up their abode chiefly in Germany and Scandinavia, and going forth from thence, conquering and to conquer, until the very name of these "hardy Norsemen" became a terror to the feeble Italic tribes, who at the same time pretended to look upon them as "northern barbarians." We know how as Saxons, Danes, and Normans, they took possession of Britain, driving the Kelts into the wild west—into Wales and Cornwall, into Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, and Brittany in the north-west corner of France. At the present time, languages belonging to the German family are spoken in Britain, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Holland, the greater part of Belgium, Germany, and much of Austria.

It would seem, however, as if the old stock were wearing out; the last Aryan settlers were the Slavonians, who spread themselves over Russia, Bohemia, part of the Balkan Peninsula, &c.: and these were so much a feebler race than their predecessors, that their very name, *slaves*, came to be applied to bond-servants. You see now how it is that there is a certain bond of race between nearly all the peoples of Europe, seeing that they are descended from a common Aryan stock; while between the various nations which are of Teutonic, Slavonic, or Keltic descent, there is a far closer bond, shown by much similarity both in language and character.

All that we have said about the condition of the Aryan people and their successive migrations has been

found out in a most curious way. The languages of Germany, Italy, Russia, India, and Persia, different as they are, have a few words in common—the names of near relatives, words belonging to a house, a cow, a ship, a plough, &c. These words have been collected and carefully compared, and it is quite plain that they were spoken in the original home of all these peoples; it is plain, too, that where there were names for a house, a ship, a plough, the use of these things must have been understood; and so, as we have said, the Aryans must have been in a civilised state before their tribes began to emigrate.

Long after the last of the Aryan settlements had taken place, another race arrived in Europe: the Turks, tribes of the ancient Turanians, came upon swift horses and settled themselves in the Balkan Peninsula, and in one or two other provinces of Europe.

The peoples of Europe are Christian, with the exception of the heathen Samoiedes and Lapps on the Arctic coasts, and of nearly five and a half millions of Jews, and four millions of Mahommedans. The Christians belong to the Roman Catholic church in the Italic countries whose speech is a form of the Latin tongue, as France, Spain, Italy. The Greek Church is the church of the Slavonic peoples: while the Teutonic or Germanic peoples are usually members of the Protestant Church. Education is most general amongst the Teutonic peoples, and least so among the Slavs of Russia, where only about twelve in every hundred can read or write.

In point of rank, Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, and Russia stand first as the "five great powers;" Italy, Spain, and Sweden rank second; in the third rank are Turkey, Belgium, Holland, Denmark,

and Portugal. With the exception of France, the republics of Europe are the states of least importance; they are Switzerland, and the little states of San Marino in Italy, and Andorra in the Pyrenees.

PLAINS AND MOUNTAINS OF EUROPE.

By looking at the map of Europe we may learn a good deal about the appearance of the countries in it. We see which are mountainous, and therefore likely to be beautiful, and whether there are lakes among the mountains to add to their beauty. We see which are the dull, level lands or plains, and if there are lakes in these flat plains. We learn in what part of Europe the mountains lie, and in what directions the various chains run.

The direction of the mountain chains is one of the first things that persons who understand geography notice when they examine a map, because the climate of a country may be a good deal affected by the position of its mountains. These may stand like a huge sheltering wall, to shield the land from the icy north wind, the bitter east, or the burning south; or, while they rise as a barrier against all pleasant, moisture-laden winds, may leave the land exposed to the biting blasts off frozen plains. Then, again, the mountains rear their heads so high among the clouds that they cause the watery vapour of which these are composed to drop in frequent showers; so that a mountainous country has generally a good deal of rain, excepting in dry, hot lands, where clouds seldom gather.

We must consider one more fact about mountains. Trace the river lines upon a map to the spot where

they begin, and you will find that rivers generally have their sources in mountains. Also, you will notice that several rivers rise in the same range of mountains, and flow in the same general direction until they reach the sea. Look again, and you may see that other rivers rise in these same mountains, and flow in quite an opposite direction, perhaps to empty their waters into another sea. The reason of this is easy to understand. Rivers flow *downwards*. Try to imagine a river rising in land as flat as a table and flowing towards a distant sea, always over quite flat land. You cannot. The water would cease to flow, and would spread into stagnant ponds. A river can only flow so long as it finds some little slope in the land down which it can run. If the slope be great, the river rushes along with a headlong course, like a hoop trundled down a hill; the more level the land is, the slower is the current of the rivers, and very sluggish are the streams which creep over wide plains. Knowing that every river must run down a slope, a glance at the map will show in what direction the land slopes—to the west here, to the north there; in whatever direction a river runs from its source to the sea, the general slope of the land must be in that direction.

Notice, in the second place, that it is not upon one side only of a mountain that rain falls and springs rise. If some streams have their sources on the southern slope, we may generally be sure that others will rise on the northern slope. Now as the streams which rise on the north side cannot possibly flow up the mountains to unite with those which rise on the south side, they must flow down and make for themselves courses in the opposite direction, perhaps towards a far-distant sea. Thus the mountain's ridge divides the streams

which rise upon one slope from those which rise upon the other; and, in this way, mountains often form a water-parting: that is, a division or parting between streams which flow in contrary directions. As the direction in which the rivers flow depends thus upon the position of the mountains and the direction of the slope, and as vessels trade upon the rivers, and towns grow up upon their banks, we have here a second reason why the direction of its mountain chains is an important fact in the geography of a continent.

Part II.

Turning now to the map of Europe, we notice that the three southern peninsulas are well covered with mountains, while they are marked thickest in Switzerland, the beautiful little country lying to the north of Italy. In fact, the Swiss mountains seem to be the centre of those in the south-west of Europe, and several ranges branch from them into France, Germany, and Austria, as well as into the three peninsulas.

Hungary, a country which forms part of Austria, has a chain of mountains, the Carpathians, curving round its eastern side.

There is also a range, quite away from the rest, stretching from the north to the south of Scandinavia. These are the Scandinavian Mountains.

All the rest of Europe is very flat, and forms a great plain which takes in the whole of Russia, as well as the countries to the south of the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean. Nearly half of Russia is covered with immense forests, some of them much larger than all the British Isles put together.

Holland, where the sea is kept out by embankments, is one of the lowest parts of the great plain. The other very low part is at the south-east end, round the Caspian Sea; here, a high wind drives the sea-waters over the land; and not only the waters, but the vessels upon them are at times driven upon shore.

In the north of this plain, in Russia, are *Ladoga* and *Onega*, the two largest lakes in Europe. Lakes are common in mountain valleys, but sometimes, as here, they fill up the lowest parts of a plain.

The long range of Scandinavian Mountains runs close to the Atlantic coast; the sea rushes in between these mountains and fills the narrow valleys, which are then called *fjords*. The summits of this range are, in the north, covered with perpetual snow and ice, but the sides are clothed with great forests of pine; indeed, these pine forests cover more than three-quarters of the peninsula. There are several large lakes in Sweden, Wener and Wetter being the largest.

The Alps, the highest and grandest of all the mountain ranges of Europe, nearly fill up the little country of Switzerland; whichever way you look, their snowy summits rise, range behind range, further than the eye can follow. We can only get into Italy from Switzerland by crossing a chain of these high Alps, and several passes lead from the one country to the other, as the Splügen Pass, the Simplon Pass, and others. Mont Blanc, the highest point in the Alps, is also the highest mountain in Europe; it falls within the boundary line of France, and is 15,781 feet in height. Many lovely lakes fill up the Alpine valleys; of these Geneva is the largest.

Beginning at the Col di Tenda, behind Nice, the Alps proper run northward on the whole to Mont

Blanc, whence they turn eastward, the ranges becoming more numerous, though not so high ; the most northerly range, called the Noric Alps, reaches almost to Vienna ; the Julian Alps reach to the Adriatic ; while the Dinaric Alps extend into the Balkan peninsula. The highest summits are in the range known as the Pennine Alps—Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and Mont Cervin, or, as it is called in German, the Matterhorn. This last mountain, which it was long held impossible to climb, was ascended for the first time in 1864, with the loss of four lives out of the party of seven who attempted it. The top of Mont Blanc (White Mountain) is a ridge sloping slightly on both sides like the roof of a house. Many deep defiles or passes lead across the Alps, of which four are now furnished with railways.

The Apennine chain, which is a spur of the Alps, runs through Central Italy from north to south, reaching into the heel of the boot, and down into the toe, and under the water, and out again into Sicily. Cleared of its natural wood, and scorched by the southern sun, this ridge is dreary and barren, like a long wall, broken by but few great peaks.

This range contains two volcanoes, Vesuvius in Italy, and Etna in Sicily. These mountains do not always emit fire, but at times strange rumblings are heard from within them, and smoke and flame may be seen rising from an opening at the top called the *crater*. Then streams of lava pour down the sides of the mountain, and showers of ashes are shot up into the air and fall upon the plain below. Eighteen centuries ago, the two towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which stood at the foot of Vesuvius, were buried, the one under ashes, and the other under lava.

The Alpine lakes, visited for their scenery, lie far

below the summits even of the passes. The chief lakes on the north side are Geneva, in the course of the Rhone; Constance, in that of the Rhine; Neufchâtel, Lucerne, and Zurich, in the courses of tributaries to the Rhine; the famous lakes on the south side are all on tributaries to the Po; the principal are Garda, Maggiore, and Como. The average height of the snow line on the Alps is about 8000 feet. Of their glaciers and avalanches we shall speak elsewhere.

A mass of lesser highlands and plateaus extends northwards from the Alps over central Europe. The first of these outliers is the long limestone range of the *Jura*, with its great pine forests. Beyond these, bordering the Rhone Valley, are the *Schwarzwald*, or Black Forest, and, farthest north of the Central European heights, the *Harz* Mountains: turning eastward, we come to the forest-clad and metal-bearing mountains of Germany—the *Erz Gebirge*, *Fichtel Gebirge*, *Riesen Gebirge*, &c., while the whole of South Germany is high plateau land, enclosed by these heights. West of the Rhone Valley are the mountains of France; the long range of the *Cevennes*, the *Vosges*, the *Ardennes*, an undulating plateau covered with forests of beech and oak, and the volcanic cones of *Auvergne*.

The Balkan Peninsula is full of mountains, the valleys between which are often only deep dark gorges. The *Balkan* range, which runs through the middle of the country from west to east, is sometimes called the back-bone of Turkey. The mountains which give shape to Greece are known as the *Pindus* range.

Spain is another mountainous peninsula. The Pyrenees Mountains separate it from France on the north, and several ranges cross the country from east

to west. All the centre of Spain, that is, nearly half the peninsula, is a high table-land, where all green things are parched up in summer for want of rain.

Both the Carpathians and the various mountain ranges of Germany are rich in mineral treasures, and many men are employed in the mines. Gold and silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, and iron are found in these rich mountains.

RIVERS OF EUROPE.

THE map of Europe shows many river lines, for the whole continent is *well watered*.

The frozen plains of Northern Russia have, plainly, a northward slope, because the river Dwina flows in that direction into the White Sea. During the short, hot summer of these regions, Archangel, which stands at the mouth of the Dwina, is the great seaport of the north; but for more than half the year no ships can sail in those frost-bound seas.

Look, now, at the Scandinavian peninsula. The mountains which form the *waterparting* of the country run from north to south, so the land has an eastern and a western slope, down each of which the rivers flow. As the mountains run close to the sea on the western side, the rivers have very short courses, and are, for the most part, mountain torrents hurrying to the ocean. The Swedish rivers have a rather longer slope to run down, but as they only cross the country from the mountains to the Baltic Sea, where they empty themselves, none of these are large or important rivers.

The central plain of Europe, which lies along the southern coasts of the Baltic and North Seas, has a

northward slope, for four or five large rivers empty themselves into these seas after a northward course. The Vistula and the Oder flow into the Baltic, which, with its rivers, is closed to traffic by ice for from three to five months every winter; the Elbe, one of the most important water-ways of Central Europe, flows into the North Sea; and further west, the Rhine, coming out of Holland, enters this same sea. The Rhine is a wide, and, in its earlier course, a rapid river, which has its sources in the high Alps. It is more beautiful than any other river in Europe. Most of its course is in Germany, and the Germans love it well. The Rhine gives uninterrupted water-way from its delta, in Holland, to the borders of Switzerland.

The Seine, which is spanned by beautiful bridges and has the fair city of Paris on its banks, is another northward flowing river which empties itself into the English Channel.

Our own Thames, upon which London stands, flows down a slight eastward slope from the Cotswold Hills to the North Sea. Though much smaller than many of the rivers of the Continent, it is as famous as any for its great city, and for all the ships upon its waters. It has a wide mouth, into which the tide wave of the sea rushes. This kind of river mouth is called an *estuary*. "While the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Caspian may be called tideless seas, and the rivers which drain to them have therefore no estuary, those which lead directly to the open Atlantic have not only an estuary, but an upward flow of their waters at the river mouth twice in the day, which will bear the approaching vessels with it into the land. For this reason it is that upon the river mouths of Western Europe have been formed some of the greatest com-

mercial cities in the world, as London, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Liverpool, Bordeaux, Nantes, Oporto, and Lisbon."

Now we come to the westward slope of the Continent, which we can easily discern, as half a dozen rivers in France and Spain flow in a westerly direction.

Flowing into the Bay of Biscay is the Loire, a large French river which often overflows its banks, to the great distress of the people whose houses and crops are thus destroyed.

Further south, the Gironde also opens into the Bay of Biscay. This is an estuary into which two French rivers, the Garonne and the Dordogne, flow. The Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne are the great rivers of France, the channels of its commerce and the centres of its industries.

The chief rivers of Spain, the Douro, Tagus, Guadiana, and Guadalquivir, flow down a westward slope towards the Atlantic, into which they empty themselves. Each of these rivers has its course between two of the mountain chains which cross the country. The Spanish rivers are of little value to commerce except at their mouths.

The Ebro, the narrowest and shallowest of all Spanish rivers, enters the Mediterranean after a course down an eastward slope.

When we reach the southern shores of Europe, we expect the land to slope and the rivers to flow southward, as the land usually slopes towards the sea. This is the case with the Rhone, which rises among the snows of the great St. Gothard, flows through "Geneva's blue waters," makes a few turns upon entering France, and then flows southward with a wonderfully straight and

rapid course to the Mediterranean, where it empties itself. Rising at so great a height, this river has a very rapid current: it tears up the ground in its hasty course, and brings with it much earth and stones, which it lays down at its mouth. The Rhone is the most rapid and wild of European rivers, subject to devastating floods, and of little value for navigation above its delta.

The direction of the mountains which fill the two peninsulas of Italy and the Balkan prevents the rivers from having a southern course, wherefore we find that the Po and the Danube both flow down eastward slopes.

The Po, rising, like the Rhone, in the Alps, is also a very rapid river which flows across Northern Italy and into the Adriatic, and affords natural highways to the fertile plain of Lombardy. As both the Po and its tributaries rise in high mountains, they tear along so fast that they bring much earth with them; so this river, also, has made a delta which stretches more than ten miles into the sea.

The wide and beautiful "blue Danube" flows into the Black Sea. You will see on the map that at one part of its course, near where it first forms the boundary between Roumania and Bulgaria, the mountains on either side of the river nearly meet. The narrowest part of this ravine is called the Iron Gate, where the river flows through a deep and narrow gorge more than a mile in length. The Danube is the second of European rivers, and forms, with its navigable tributaries, the great highway between Central Europe and the East. So important is the navigation of the Danube, that it was placed, in 1856, under the control of a Commission appointed by the European powers.

The Sulina mouth of the delta is kept navigable by means of two long dams, and even the rapids of the "Iron Gate" have been rendered passable for large vessels. Several thousands of vessels navigate the Danube, carrying out immense quantities of grain from the lands drained by its branches. It is closed by ice in severe winters.

No mountains divert the courses of the slow rivers which flow through the flat steppes of Southern Russia; therefore these, the Dniester, the Dnieper, and the Don, creep down a slight southern slope to the Black Sea. So also does the Volga, which is the largest of all the rivers of Europe, and flows into the Caspian Sea, of which it is the great feeder. It is a slow, full river, which has never been near a mountain in all its course, and which never reaches the real sea; for the Caspian, though called a sea, is only a salt-water lake, as it does not open into the ocean. The long tributaries of the Volga reach out through the corn-lands of Russia, to the mines of the Ural, and the salt-yielding plains round the Caspian, and it forms the great natural highway of commerce of the vast Russian lowland: canals from it are carried to meet the White, the Baltic, and the Black Seas.

Questions on the Map of Europe.

1. What ocean washes the northern coasts of Europe? What sea breaks into the land? Name any islands in this ocean. Any capes upon it.
2. Name the five arms of the Atlantic which wash western Europe. What straits connect the North Sea with the English Channel, and with the Baltic Sea?
3. What islands are included in the "British Isles"? Name any other large European islands in the Atlantic.

4. Name two peninsulas of northern Europe. In what direction does each point?
5. Name the countries of Europe,—northern, central, southern.
6. Name the three large peninsulas of southern Europe. Which has a large island off its point? Which has a smaller peninsula attached to it at the south?
7. Name five large islands in the Mediterranean. Name any groups of islands in this sea. How is the Mediterranean entered? What lands form its southern and eastern shores?
8. What three seas form a chain, connected by straits with each other and with the Mediterranean? Name any of these straits. What small peninsula is within the Black Sea? Name any other sea or gulfs which are arms of the Mediterranean.
9. What six countries of Europe have coasts on the Mediterranean?
10. What countries are washed by the Bay of Biscay? By the North Sea? By the Baltic? By the Arctic Ocean?
11. Name the countries of Europe which are the most broken into by the sea, and which have, for their size, the longest sea-board.
12. Which are the mountainous countries of Europe?
13. Into which five countries do the chains of the Alps extend? Mountain ranges more or less connected with the Alps, partly surround Hungary, cross the Balkan peninsula from west to east, run down the length of Italy, and enter France and Germany: give the names of any of these ranges.
14. What mountains divide France from Spain?
15. Where are the Scandinavian mountains?
16. What mountains divide Europe from Asia on the east? On the south?
17. Name three rivers that flow into the Baltic.
18. Three that enter the North Sea.
19. The river on which Paris stands.
20. Two rivers which flow into the Bay of Biscay.
21. The two largest rivers which flow through Spain and Portugal. Two rivers of Spain, not in Portugal.
22. A French river which flows into the Mediterranean.
23. An Italian river which flows into the Adriatic.
24. A large river which enters the Black Sea from Turkey.
25. Two large rivers which flow into the Caspian.

26. Through what countries does the Danube flow? The Rhine? The Rhone?

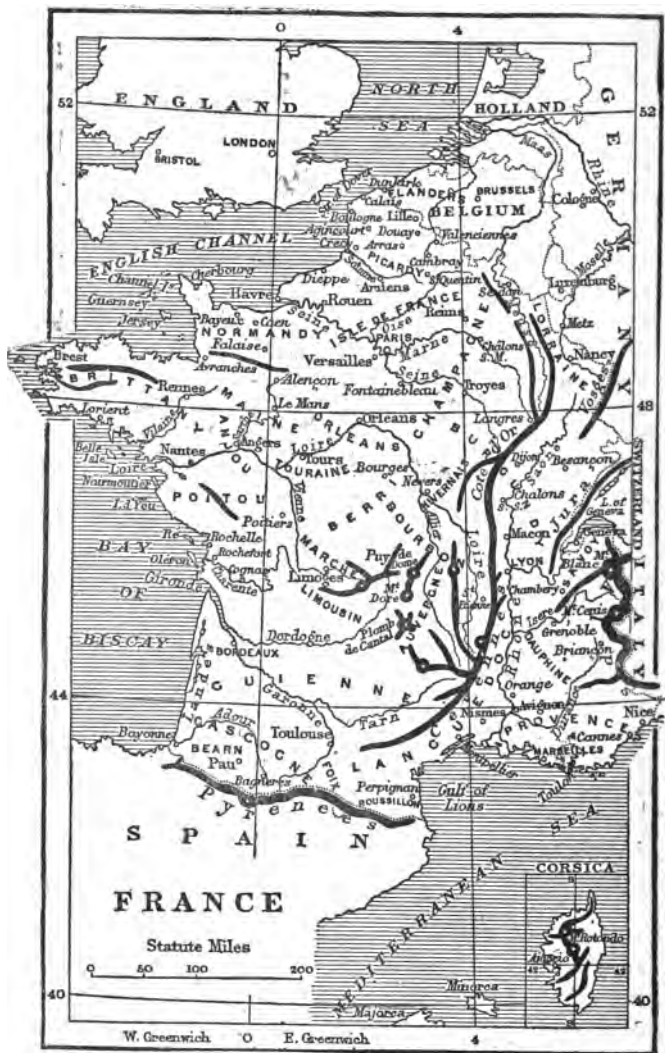
27. In what countries are the Po, the Thames, the Elbe, the Volga, the Seine, the Dwina, the Don, the Loire?

28. How does Europe lie with regard to the other continents? Between what parallels does it extend? What other continents lie partly within the same parallels?

FRANCE.

La belle France is often viewed with some disappointment and even disgust by the English tourist. He expects to meet with scenery at least as varied as, and on a grander scale than, that he has left behind. His first experience of foreign travel is, commonly, the journey to Paris. If he go by Calais or Boulogne through Picardy and Ile de France, the landscape offers little to break the weariness of the journey. He is carried through never-ending dreary fields, or rather cultivated patches, for there are no hedges to divide the country into fields; here is none of the pleasant dip and swell to which we are accustomed in English landscape; no noble groups of trees repose the eye; only stiff lines of poplars cast their scanty shadow upon the parched earth, glaring under a hot sun. He crosses the country by Troyes to Basle; the landscape is as monotonous as before. There is cultivation everywhere, but beauty of scenery—or even the pleasing variety afforded by hedgerows, and villages clustering among clumps of trees—he looks for in vain. He journeys southwards by Lyons; here is variety indeed, but it is that of ever increasing drought and glare.

“*La belle France!* It is well they think so,” says the Englishman, with a pleasant recollection of picturesque spots at home. But the fact is, the Frenchman does not care a great deal about mere beauty of landscape. A land is beautiful to him in proportion as it is fertile



and well cultivated; and France is well watered, has but few considerable wastes for its size, has a fertile soil, and a glowing sun to ripen her corn and her grapes; and has also a most diligent and careful peasantry to whom the land is parcelled out in plots which are largely cultivated by hand husbandry. The yield of the land is astonishing; and so pleasantly varied is the climate throughout the length of the country from north to south, that, while apples and cherries and the hardier fruits of England thrive in the north, the fig, mulberry, and olive ripen in the sunny south. So favourable is the climate, that what would be tracts of poor, barren, waste land in England, are here laid out in vineyards, and are the most valuable spots in the country.

Then, France has a wide sea-board, opening upon three several seas, to favour her foreign commerce. She is crossed by noble rivers, which bear her produce to the seas; and the flat character of the country between one river valley and another has been favourable to the construction of many canals whereby the rivers are connected. She has, also, valuable minerals—coal, iron, lead, silver, copper. The coal is not of a very good quality, and many of the forty-six coal-fields of France are small, and hardly worth the expense of working: but there are still many extensive forests in the country, the haunts of the wolf and the roebuck, and wood is largely used for fuel.

So much for the Frenchman's view of *la belle France*—a beautiful, because a rich and fertile country. But picturesque beauty is not wanting: the banks of its noble rivers are very pleasing, especially those of the Seine, the finest river of France; the Rhone, too, is

much admired, and by some persons is preferred even to the Rhine, because it offers more extended prospects; while the Loire, below Tours, affords some delightful river scenery. The wild and rugged coasts of western Brittany are not unlike the opposite coasts of Cornwall; indeed, the whole of Brittany is mountainous and interesting.

The long line of the Cevennes and Côte d'Or mountains, which form the western limit of the Rhone basin, breaks the monotony of the central plain. The average height of the Cevennes is between two and three thousand feet: they yield much iron.

To the west of these are the volcanic mountains of Auvergne, which cover a strange and desolate region forty or fifty miles in length, and about half that breadth, upon which there are some three hundred cones of extinct volcanoes. Wide fields covered with waving streams of hardened lava, desolate tracts of ashes, naked cones, and dome-shaped mountains destitute of vegetation, and rising several thousand feet above the plain, are some of the evidences of now extinct volcanic fire which are spread over the mountain region of Auvergne. The summits of the mountains have often deep, yawning craters, and their sides are broken by frightful channels and deep gorges. Amongst the highest points are Mont Dore and Puy de Dôme.

To the north-east, are the wooded heights of Ardennes, and the vine-covered slopes of the Vosges mountains, which form part of the beautiful scenery on the left bank of the Rhine valley. The Vosges yield iron, some silver, lead, antimony, and copper. The long range of the smooth and rounded Jura mountains forms

the boundary between France and Switzerland. Further south, in Dauphiné, we come upon real mountain scenery, with all the wild magnificence of snow-capped peak and glacier, for here we are among the Alps, and Mont Blanc itself is in French territory. The ranges which divide France from Italy are the Maritime and Cottian Alps. Perhaps, however, the most beautiful spots in France are to be found in the provinces which border on the Pyrenees.

Thus it will be seen, that while France is, on the whole, a flat or slightly undulating country, the provinces which border on its mountain boundaries have as lovely or as grand scenery as any in Europe. The most remarkable wastes in the country are the *Landes*, wide, desolate plains and hills of sand, with heaths and marshes, and salt lagoons, which skirt the western coast from the mouth of the Garonne to the Pyrenees. These sandy wastes are gradually creeping further and further in upon the land, though here and there meadows, and even cultivated fields, have been reclaimed. Pine forests skirt the coast.

Many flat and dreary districts are made interesting by the presence of fine old churches, or other remains of antiquity. France abounds in most beautiful Gothic churches, the cathedrals of Chartres, Bourges, Rheims, Troyes, Amiens, Beauvais, Abbeville, and Rouen being especially famous. The cathedrals of France are generally far larger than those of England, and are much higher in proportion to their width; but, curiously, nearly all of them are unfinished. One wants a nave, another its towers, a third its front, and so on. Their windows, of rich old painted glass, are exceedingly beautiful, especially the great rose or wheel windows, which are more numerous and larger than in

England, and add greatly to the beauty of these French churches.

After Paris, the finest cities are Lyons, Rouen, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Nantes, all manufacturing and commercial towns, with fine buildings.

The smaller towns have all certain features in common. There is the formal walk, planted with stunted trees, gay on Sundays and fête days with the townfolk in their holiday dresses, for this public promenade is the only walk they frequent. Every town is surrounded by walls or barriers. The streets of the country towns are often narrow, with no pavement at the sides, and an open gutter in the middle. Everywhere there are barracks, and you are struck by the number of soldiers you meet in the streets. There is always in the middle of the town an open space, or square, on one side of which you see a huge white-washed building, containing the various government offices, with a sentinel stationed before it. In all the larger towns there are museums of natural history and of pictures, and free public libraries.

NORMANDY AND NORTHERN FRANCE.

Decidedly the pleasantest way to enter France is by Havre or Dieppe and up the lovely valley of the Seine, a route lying for the most part in Normandy, which includes the whole of the peninsula of Cotentin and stretches eastward far beyond the right bank of the Seine.

The aspect of the country is familiar to the Englishman who will compare it with the western counties in the Severn Valley, or with Kent. Here, too, is a broad

river with lesser streams, whose valleys are filled with glowing orchards of the familiar apple and cherry, pear and plum. Here are gentle hills clothed with waving corn to the very top, and hedgerows, and cornfields with so many fruit-trees dotted about in them that they look like orchards, and broad pastures where the cattle feed, from whose milk is made the Normandy butter so largely exported to England. There are pleasant villages nestling among fruit-trees; and there are castles or ancient churches crowning the hill-tops, not confined to the towns, but scattered over the country, so that every other village has some such monument of early days to be proud of. Even the white chalk cliffs of Albion are not wanting to complete the resemblance; and everywhere there is quite an English aspect of greenness, and fertility, and careful cultivation.

In this pleasant land we recognise the home of the doughty warriors who came with William to conquer England on the field of Senlac, after which battle, it followed that a line of Norman kings ruled in England who portioned out much of the country amongst their knights; and as these held castles and lands in Normandy also, there was frequent coming and going between the two countries. Normandy was held as a fief of the English crown for nearly a century and a half (1066 to 1204), and the English history of that period takes us constantly into Normandy, to some one of the now ruined feudal castles or abbeys in which Normandy abounds, or to the streets of the quaint, picturesque, dignified old towns which painters delight in. Here is the castle of Falaise, a seat of the Dukes of Normandy, and the birth-place of William the Conqueror; it stands on a rise at the extremity of the

rather dull town of Falaise, and from its ruined keep you look down on the valley of a small stream, still crowded with *tanneries* and windmills, as it probably was when Arlette, the daughter of a tanner, became mother to the first of a line of kings.

In the bright, ancient city of Caen are the ruins of a castle built by the Conqueror and his son Henry, and here is the church which he built to be his own last resting-place; we know how the funeral rites over the forsaken king were stopped by a man who declared that the spot chosen for the grave was the site of his father's house which William had seized but had never paid for. The quarries of Caen stone, so abundantly used in England during the middle ages, and of which the cathedrals of Canterbury and Winchester, Henry VII.'s Chapel, the White Tower, and many of our country churches, are built, are about a mile and a half from the town. Bayeux is another ancient town, famous for the tapestry—said to have been wrought by Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror—representing the conquest of England and the events which led to it. It is a strip of coarse linen cloth, about seventy yards in length, and half a yard wide, rudely worked with figures in worsted.

No northern town is so rich in historical associations as the delightful old city of Rouen. It is a busy place: from Mont St. Catherine, a chalk hill outside the town, you may see the whole of Rouen spread out as a panorama. Not only noble spires, but many factory chimneys rise from among the houses, and along the banks of the sparkling Seine, and by the stream courses; and every valley is filled with villages, the homes of the weavers, while the bleach-fields are covered with white webs. For Rouen is a manufac-

turing town: the "Manchester of France," it is sometimes called; being the centre of the cotton manufacture, an industry which employs several northern towns—Lille, Cambray, St. Quentin, Abbeville, and Amiens. In Rouen itself, spinning and weaving mills, dye-works, printing and bleaching works, are plentifully scattered; and not only in the town, but over the neighbouring country for many miles. Woollen goods, also, are largely manufactured here. But Rouen is not like Manchester; its importance as a manufacturing centre is not the fact with which the visitor is most impressed; he may even forget to remark the shipping in the river, and the lading and unlading which is constantly taking place along the handsome quays. In Rouen, the interest of the past overshadows, for a visitor at least, that of the present:—here is the house where John of Bedford lived, and the cathedral where he was buried, where, too, is still the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, laid here for the love he bore to Normandy; in the Museum of Antiquities may be seen a charter signed with the mark of William the Conqueror, which is merely a cross, for he could not write; and here is the old Abbey whither he dragged his sorely wounded body from Mantes, and where he was forsaken of courtiers and servants and left to die alone; and here, besides, are many other monuments of the past, full of interest and delight. Nor is it difficult to conceive of events and persons, long gone by, amidst the narrow streets, and lofty, gabled mansions with timber fronts and overhanging storeys, which still fill the interior of the town, in spite of modern improvements and many handsome new buildings. The cathedral, which fronts the fruit and flower market, would be the glory of most towns for its rich and beautiful architecture, but

Rouen has two churches as fine, and one of these, that of St. Ouen, is perhaps the most beautiful Gothic church in the world.

But to English people the saddest and most interesting spot in Rouen must always be the square where Joan of Arc, the heroine of France, was burned alive (1431). A very poor statue of her now marks the place of this most unjust execution.

Part II.

Elbœuf, on the opposite bank of the Seine, is entirely a manufacturing town, which, if Rouen is the Manchester, may be called the Leeds of France, as being one of the chief seats of the manufacture of cloth. From hence came many of the industrious citizens, driven from their homes by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who settled in Norwich and Leicester, to the great advantage of those towns.

Woollen goods, as well as cotton, are made in the busy towns of the north; Rouen, Abbeville, and Amiens manufacture both materials. The finest kinds of cloth are made at Sedan and Louviers.

It was said by Napoleon that Paris, Rouen, and Havre formed only one city, of which the Seine was the highway,—a fact which accounts for the prosperity of Havre. It is the place of import for all the foreign articles needed by the metropolis; it is the Liverpool of France, the chief cotton port which supplies the manufacturers of Rouen, Lille, and St. Quentin, and receives their manufactured goods for export; and it is the point of communication between Europe and

America. The quays bordering the docks are choked up with cotton bales, sugar casks, &c., and are noisy with the cries of parrot and macaw. Immediately above Havre is Harfleur, and, opposite to it, on the other side of the river, Honfleur, both small fishing and trading ports. Before the rise of Havre, Harfleur was the chief port of the mouth of the Seine: it resisted for forty days the besieging army of Henry V. of England (1415); as soon as it had yielded, he walked barefoot to church, and gave thanks for his victory; then he collected the inhabitants, 8000 in number, turned them out of their houses, banished them with only the clothes on their backs, and filled their places with English settlers. Twenty years later, however, a band of peasants expelled the English, and restored some of the former inhabitants.

Below Rouen, the river is thickly set with islands bearing long rows of tall poplars and willows: the chalk hills on either side are often curiously burrowed with little dwellings excavated in the rock. The Seine makes endless loops in its lower course, and almost every loop encloses a forest. Its broad estuary is shallow and difficult to navigate.

Cherbourg, one of the principal naval ports and dock-yards of France, is situated at the northern point of the peninsula of the Cotentin; the rock of the coast has been blasted for its docks, and no pains have been spared to strengthen this naval port against possible invasion on the part of England.

The Cotentin is famous for its hedge-bordered pastures on which large herds are fed. It abounds in old ruined castles and ancient churches, and is especially interesting to Englishmen as being the original home of some of the oldest and most noble

English families. Here are villages bearing the names of Beaumont, Greville, Bruce, Neville, and a hundred others, the founders of great families who left their native country in the train of William the Conqueror.

At the foot of the Cotentin, near the beautifully placed town of Avranches, rises the peaked rock of Mont St. Michel, about a mile from the shore. It is a solitary cone of granite, rising alone from a wide, level expanse of sand, or, at high water, from the sea. On approaching, it is found to be girt round its base by feudal walls and towers; above these, the quaint houses of the little town are perched upon the rock; and above all are the buildings of a convent, which marks the spot where St. Michael is said to have fought the dragon. Here, the English king, Henry II., kept court (in 1166), to receive the homage of the turbulent Bretons. St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, which is very like this, though on a smaller scale, was one of the foreign dependencies of this abbey of St. Michel. Before quitting Normandy, we should see the Château Gaillard, the "Saucy Castle" of King Richard Cœur de Lion, which he built in defiance of his rival, Philip Augustus. It stands in a loop of the Seine, above Rouen, and is one of the most interesting and picturesque ruins in the whole course of the river.

Of the remaining towns of northern France, Valenciennes, Douay, St. Quentin, Cambray, Lille, Rouen, and many other places are largely employed in the manufacture of linen, as well as of coarse hempen goods. Strips of flax form a considerable part of the curious patchwork of the fields—where a hundred various crops appear in the space occupied by a single cornfield in England—and the spinning of flax still

forms part of the day's work of the women in most farm-houses. Fine cambrics and lawns are made chiefly at St. Quentin and Cambray, from which place cambric takes its name; and the famous Valenciennes lace is made at Valenciennes, Dieppe, Alençon, and some other places.

Many of the towns on the north-eastern frontier are strongly fortified. Lille, the most populous and busy of the manufacturing towns of the north, is also a fortress of the first rank. St. Omer, where there is a famous seminary for Roman Catholic priests, is fortified, besides being surrounded by the natural defence of an extensive marsh. Arras and Valenciennes, also, have strong fortresses, and all of these are towns of historical interest. The memories most interesting to an Englishman are, however, those connected with the villages of Crecy and Agincourt.

The village of Crecy lies about twelve miles from Abbeville, and here, on August 24th, 1346, was fought the battle in which the Black Prince gained his spurs, and the famous Feathers, the badge of the princes of Wales to this day.

Agincourt, a village of dirty farms and poor cottages, is only interesting for its battle-field. The hottest of the fight raged on the borders of a wood which still exists, and in which Henry V. posted his archers, who did much to secure a victory, brilliant as that of Crecy, and gained at a spot only twenty miles distant.

Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe derive much of their importance from the fact that they are the nearest ports to England. Calais is an unattractive town in a poor and marshy district, but it is full of historical interest which we have no space to touch upon. Every one knows that it was the last French town held

by the English, and was lost in the reign of Queen Mary. Dunkirk, which was captured by Cromwell, was but a short time in the possession of England. It is a favourite bathing-place. Boulogne has proved so attractive to the English, that it has become a half-English town; and '*The Times*,' '*The Daily Telegraph*,' and fifty other notices in our mother-tongue, meet the eye on all sides. These, and the English faces in the streets and on the sands, do but add, however, to the indescribable "foreign" air of this lively watering-place. The wild-looking fisher-folk, the neatly dressed French women in very white caps with immense flying borders, the gaily attired bathers, and the tall houses which look, in the middle of the day, as if their eyes were shut, for every window is closed with venetian shutters—these, with the bright sunshine and the busy quays, all add to the charming novelty which Boulogne offers to the English visitor.

PARIS.

The thing which strikes a stranger on a first visit to this great capital, the second city of Europe, is the holiday aspect it wears. There is little to indicate the fact that the industries which support nearly two million people are carried on here. The gay and gracious Parisians drive or walk or lounge upon the tree-lined streets, or while away the time in their charming pleasure-grounds. No taint of smoke sullies the fairness of the noble buildings; and the carriages move noiselessly as over a carpet of felt, so well are the roads made.

Everywhere there is a fine prospect, for the streets

are straight and wide, with lofty buildings on either side, and with broad side-walks bordered with trees; and in the distance, for these noble streets are often very long, some beautiful object attracts the eye,—a column, as the July column, which commemorates the fall of the Bastille; or a triumphal arch. Sometimes many streets run from one centre, from which the eye may range down one magnificent street after another. This is new Paris, which owes much of its splendour to Napoleon III., who kept his uneasy Parisians employed in making their city beautiful: for he did not trust them; he knew them for a restless people, with many wrongs to remember, who were ready at any moment to break into insurrection; wherefore he had the new streets made very straight and wide, that they could be raked by his cannon if need should arise. The people of Paris have justified this opinion. The year 1871 saw the city in a state of siege, which lasted 102 days; and then Paris fell into the hands of the Prussians, after suffering some damage during the bombardment. But this was as nothing compared with the frightful mischief which the beautiful town sustained at the hands of its own children. A few months later the Parisians themselves raised their hands against the richest treasures and glories of their own capital, destroying in their madness the palaces, the libraries, the museums, and even the granaries of Paris.

This was the work of the Commune, which consisted of men taken from the lowest of the people, who, from the 16th of March to the 28th of May, 1871, assumed the direction of affairs.

Paris recovered itself, however, with wonderful rapidity, and once again strangers crowd its shops to

collect the costly trifles for which Paris is famous—trinkets, laces, bonnets, gloves, artificial flowers, delicious sweetmeats, and the beautiful china of Sèvres (a town on the banks of the Seine, a little below Paris). Once again lovers of art delight themselves in the Louvre, a vast palace used as a museum, whose walls are hung with noble pictures, many of them the works of the great Italian and Flemish masters. In a line with the Louvre is another royal palace, the two forming a magnificent group of buildings.

The Seine, over which are twenty-six fine bridges, divides Paris much in the same way as the Thames divides London. In the river are two islands, called Ile St. Louis and Ile de la Cité, on the last of which are situated the most interesting buildings of the capital—the cathedral, the “Holy Chapel,” the Palace of Justice, where, in the first great Revolution, the gentle king and queen of France were tried before self-chosen judges, and the Prison in which they awaited their doom. The form of Paris is almost circular. It is entirely surrounded by a fortified wall, with numerous gates.

Paris alone rivals London in its claim to be the capital of the civilised world: while the latter has more wealth, a more extensive commerce, and a far greater population, Paris is unrivalled in the number of its splendid public buildings, its literary and scientific institutions, museums, galleries of art, and libraries. The National Library is the largest in the world. Moreover, Paris is the literary centre not only of France, but of Europe, so highly valued are the pleasing style and clearness of statement which belong to French writers: the tastes and manners of its upper classes give their tone to those of every

other capital in Europe; and Paris is justly considered a centre of fashion and refinement.

Beyond the walls is a flat, open country; the population of Paris is contained within the walls, and does not spread abroad endlessly into suburb beyond suburb, as is the case with London. The royal palaces of St. Germain and magnificent Versailles are within a few miles of the capital, as are also St. Denis, where most of the French kings are buried, and Vincennes, with its strong castle. The small town of Fontainebleau, with its ancient palace, and the Forest, once the famous hunting-ground of the French kings, is about thirty miles from Paris.

BRITTANY AND THE LOIRE BASIN.

Brittany might be a wilder continuation of Cornwall, with such another rugged coast washed by a tempestuous sea, with an atmosphere often charged with mist, rain, and spray, which breaks upon the land in whirling gusts; and with a granite crust overlaid by a thin soil, which offers little encouragement to the farmer. A ridge of granite hills, the Arrée hills, crosses the peninsula; and here are mosses and wild boulder-strewn moors where only heath and ferns will grow, and one other plant which is wont to illumine desolate places—the glorious golden broom, from which our Plantagenet kings took their crest and name. Deep lanes run between banked-in fields, and on the tops of the high banks are trees, so that the traveller sees little beyond the green wall on either side of him. Not only the aspect of the country, but the names of village and town remind the traveller of Cornwall, for here

are the familiar *tre, pol*, and *pen*, which should distinguish the Cornish men. Here is one other point of resemblance: in Cornwall, and yet more upon Salisbury Plain, are strange Druidical remains, monstrous unhewn stones, arranged with curious care, whose meaning and purpose is a mystery yet unsolved; but in Brittany the number of these is enormous, almost every wild heath possessing one or more. They are most numerous, however, on the rugged promontories and innumerable islands of the western coast, especially in the Morbihan, where are the stony army of Carnac and certain huge *menhirs*, or granite obelisks, some of which are forty and even sixty feet in height.

The stones of Carnac are less lofty than these, but they are very numerous; it is supposed that about a thousand are still standing, arranged in eleven broken lines. The people of the Morbihan have a legend which tells how St. Cornely (Cornelius) was escaping to the sea-shore from a pagan army in hot pursuit. The shore gained, there was no boat at hand and his pursuers were close upon him; so the saint turned round, and converted his foes into an army of stone. The naval port of Brest is the principal town in Brittany.

Rennes and Nantes are the two largest and handsomest towns of north-western France: Brest and L'Orient are important naval stations. Nantes, at the mouth of the Loire, is a busy trading place with much foreign commerce; here was issued the famous Edict of Nantes, which gave security to the French Protestants in the sixteenth century.

The basin of the Loire contains some of the richest and most fertile provinces of the empire; amongst them, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitou, all of which fell under the dominion of our early Plantagenet kings.

Here the noble Loire winds its way through broad meadows, vineyards, cornfields, forests, and gardens; and much corn and fruit is exported. Of the towns of this district, Tours is a large and flourishing place where silk is manufactured. Orleans, which once ranked almost as the second capital of France, is still a large and busy town, interesting to visitors for the sake of the heroic Maid who raised the famous Siege of Orleans when the city was on the point of falling into the hands of the English. A statue of Joan of Arc adorns the principal square. Blois is a town of historic interest, with a fine old castle.

The province of Poitou, on the south bank of the Loire, is in part wild and rugged country, with a large forest called the Bocage. Its western portion, now known as the department of Vendée, is famous as the scene of the Vendéan war, one of the noblest struggles recorded in history, the high-minded peasants daring to take up arms for their king in the terrible early years of the French Revolution. The old historic town of Poitiers is chiefly interesting to English people for the battle in which the Black Prince with 14,000 men defeated John, of France, with 60,000 men. Rochelle, "fair city of the waters," is famous for having made a gallant defence during more than one siege in the Protestant cause. Rochelle and Rochefort are important naval stations.

THE VINE-GROWING PROVINCES.

France is a land of vineyards, and nearly all over the country the vine is cultivated in favoured spots; but the provinces within the basin of the Garonne, and

stretching thence to the Mediterranean—Guienne, Gascony, and Languedoc—yield the finest grapes, and are most largely laid out in vineyards. The “fair duchy” of Guienne, long a possession of the English crown, produces the well-known wines exported from Bordeaux under the name of claret. Bordeaux, the great city of south-western France, consists of an old town with narrow, ill-paved streets and overhanging houses, a hundred spots of historical interest, and a magnificent Gothic cathedral; and a new town, splendid, after the fashion of Paris, with broad streets, squares, and avenues, handsome shops, and fine buildings.

Below Bordeaux, on the left bank of the Gironde—that is, the broad estuary which the Garonne and Dordogne unite to form—is the famous wine-producing district of Medoc. “Look at the map, and you will observe a long tract of country, called the Landes, dotted with very few towns or villages, and stretching along the sea-coast, from the Pyrenees to the mouth of the Gironde. At one place the Landes are almost sixty miles broad, but to the north they fine gradually away.” Now these Landes are, for the most part, a weary wilderness of pine-wood, morasses, sand deserts, and barren shingle. The inhabitants, the few peasants of the Landes, are wild and rugged as their abode, gloomy as their black pine forests. Their dwellings are miserable huts, miles apart, with sometimes a poor little field of oats or barley; the people are all shepherds, and most uncouth figures they are, for from sunrise to sunset, the peasant of the Landes rarely touches the ground; upon stilts he shuffles along after his flock at the rate of five or six miles an hour, and when he rests—as he does sometimes for hours together, knitting all the time with wonderful quickness—it is still upon stilts, only that

he uses then a third wooden support with a curve at the top for his back.

Forming the extreme line of coast, there runs for near two hundred miles, from the Adour to the Garonne, a range of vast hills of white sand, as fine as though it had been sifted for an hour-glass. Every gale changes the shape of these rolling mountains, and whirling sand-blasts are ever rising from these shifting *dunes*. Within this chain of sand-hills is a long line of lakes and water-courses running parallel with the ocean; indeed, the country here is a mere waste of salt shallow pools—*lagoons*—of which, however, some use is made, as they yield vast quantities of salt: desolate, truly, is the aspect of the Landes, but some efforts are being made to improve them by means of drainage and cultivation. These wastes occupy a considerable part of the otherwise fertile province of Gascony, as well as of Guienne.

But we must return to the famous wine district of Medoc; it occupies a long strip of country from two to five miles broad, which lies between the Landes and the very fertile strip bordering the Garonne. A most unpromising stretch of country it looks—the soil being little but sand and gravel, with no shelter from a scorching sun. But there is something in the way the sun's rays strike the earth here which favours the grape and produces a flavour not to be rivalled in the world.

The north-eastern provinces of Champagne and Burgundy are equally well-known as wine-growing districts, producing the famous wines which bear their names. Mâcon, Auxerre, and Rheims are centres of the wine trade: the last is an ancient town with a glorious cathedral, where the kings of France were formerly crowned. Sedan, upon the Meuse, is a town famous

for its fine woollen cloths; and interesting because here was fought a battle in the Franco-Prussian war (1870 and 1871), after which Napoleon III. gave himself up to his conquerors, though supported by an army of 100,000 men. Dijon and Troyes are old towns within this district.

The season of vintage is one of great joy and festivity in these vine-growing provinces. "The goaded ox bears home the high-pressed grape-tub, and the feet of the treader become red in the purple juice. The songs of the vintagers, echoing from one part of the field to another, ring out blithely into the bright summer air, pealing out above the rough jokes and hearty laughter shouted hither and thither. All the green jungle is alive with the moving figures of men and women stooping among the vines, or bearing pails or basket-fuls of grapes to the rough vintage-carts which creak beneath the weight of purple tubs heaped high with tumbling masses of the delicious fruit."

THE RHONE VALLEY AND THE BORDER-LANDS.

The warm and fertile Rhone valley belongs in climate to the southern region, where, although the vine is grown, large plantations of olive and mulberry occupy much of the land. We are apt to think of the south of France as the "sunny south," the "laughing south," the "sweet south," but, says a writer whom we have already quoted,* "it is austere, grim, sombre. It never smiles; it is scathed and parched. It does not seem the country, but a vast yard—shadeless, glaring,

* 'Claret and Olives,' by A. B. Beach.

drear, and dry. Let us glance from our elevated perch over the district we are travelling through. A vast rolling wilderness of clodded earth, browned and baked by the sun; here and there masses of red rock heaving themselves above the soil, and a vast coating of drowthy dust lying like snow upon the ground. To the left, a long ridge of iron-like mountains—on all sides rolling hills, stern and kneaded, looking as though frozen. On the slope and in the plains, endless rows of scrubby, ugly trees, powdered with the universal dust, and looking exactly like mops; sprawling and straggling over the soil beneath them, jungles of burnt-up, leafless bushes. The trees are olives and mulberries—the bushes vines.”

But the mulberry feeds the silk-worm, and so furnishes material for the great manufacture of France. Lyons, the second city of France, is the seat of the silk manufacture, including those of velvets and satins. It is seated upon a tongue of land at the confluence of the rapid Rhone and the sluggish Saone, and along the banks of both rivers are fine quays. Lyons, an ancient city, has some fine public buildings; but, otherwise, it is like other manufacturing towns with a crowded population, and narrow, dirty streets. Its manufactures are not confined to silk stuffs; cotton and woollen goods and jewelry are also made here.

St. Etienne, seated to the south of Lyons, on a wide coal-field, is the Birmingham of France, the seat of the hardware manufacture. Toulouse, on the upper Garonne, is a busy manufacturing town. Montpellier, a handsome town on the borders of the Mediterranean, is a great winter resort for invalids on account of its mild climate. Nismes, further north, is an ancient city with very fine Roman remains; it is, at the same time,

one of the largest and busiest cities in the south of France, and is engaged in the silk manufacture.

Provence, which extends eastward between the Rhone and the Alps, is full of historical interest, and of fine old towns: amongst these are, Avignon, which for a time shared with Rome the honour of being the residence of the Popes, and still contains many remains of its former greatness; Marseilles, the great Mediterranean port of France, the seat of much commerce, an ancient town situated in a lovely country; and Toulon, the great naval station of France upon the Mediterranean.

The two Alpine districts of Savoy, and the territory of Nice, were acquired from Italy after the Franco-Austrian and Sardinian war of 1859; and certainly the boundary line of the Alps marks Savoy as a French, and not an Italian province. But, unlike the rest of France, Savoy is a mountain country, high and rugged, full of snow-covered mountains and Alpine valleys. Mont Blanc, the giant of the Alps, lies upon its eastern border, and rises above the romantic valley of Chamouni, from which the ascent is usually made; the valley is crowded with tourists during the summer; the small town of Chambéry is the principal place in Savoy. The Little St. Bernard and Cenis are also upon the borders of this province.

The territory of Nice lies along the Mediterranean, and forms the extreme south-east corner of France. The town of Nice lies at the foot of a spur of the Maritime Alps, an amphitheatre of hills covered with orange and lemon groves. Nice was long famous as a winter resort for invalids, but of late it has somewhat lost its reputation, as the bitterly cold winds from the mountains do away with the effect of the warm sun.

Cannes, Monaco, and Mentone are more sheltered, and therefore more popular than Nice, but they are by no means such large or handsome towns.

The second mountainous district skirts the foot of the Pyrenees: here every glen has its torrent, its poor, scattered villages, its forest patches, haunted still by the bear; while above and beyond rise mountains, with snowy peaks, stretching away into the distance. Cottages and villages are perched at fearsome heights, and every now and then "a white patch in the far-up hill-side marks a marble quarry, and you see the dark dots of carts rolling up to it by winding ways." Several places in the Pyrenean provinces are sought by invalids for the sake of the warm mineral springs they possess—as Pau, and Bagnères, a town lying in a beautiful valley. Bayonne is one of the prettiest and most strongly fortified of French towns, and here the bayonet was invented.

The large island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean, the birth-place of Napoleon Bonaparte, forms one of the departments of France. Here orange and pomegranate, vine, olive, and mulberry, citron, and other southern fruits, flourish; here are marble quarries, and vast forests which yield fine timber; and here is a fertile but neglected soil upon which there is not corn enough grown to feed the peasantry. Fully half of this beautiful island is allowed to lie waste. Fine red coral is found off the coast.

The population of France is about equal to that of the United Kingdom. The people are of Celtic origin for the most part; but France having been conquered by the Romans, some nineteen centuries ago, the French language is based upon the Latin. For the last century, since the Revolution of 1789, the government of France

has been in a most unsettled state, Monarchy, Republic, and Empire succeeding one another. At present France is a republic: the religion of the country has been little more settled than the government.

Questions on the Map of France.

1. Along what three arms of the Atlantic do the coasts of France stretch? What is the nearest land "over the water" in each case?

2. What five European states adjoin France?

3. Upon which coast are there two large peninsulas? What islands lie between them? What rivers flow into the English Channel? Name half-a-dozen towns on the north-west coast.

4. What rivers flow into the Bay of Biscay? What two rivers unite to form the estuary of the Gironde? Name any islands off the west coast. Name five towns upon or near this coast.

5. What large river flows into the Mediterranean? Name half-a-dozen towns on this sea-board.

6. By what mountain chains is France separated from Spain, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy? Name any famous mountains in the French Alps.

7. What long mountain chain bounds the Rhone basin on the west? What river joins the Rhone at Lyon? Name any tributaries of the Rhone. In what direction does it flow? Name the towns in its basin which are marked on your map.

8. Name any mountain range in central France.

9. Name the towns marked to the north-east of the river Somme.

10. Where does the Seine rise? Describe its course. Name any of its tributaries. Name the towns marked in its basin.

11. Say what you can learn from the map of the source, course, and tributaries of the Loire. Name the towns marked in its basin.

12. Name the towns marked within the basins of the Dordogne and Garonne.

13. Between what parallels does France lie? Name any cities of the world in about the same latitudes as Marseilles, Bordeaux, Lyon, and Paris.

14. What seas are open to the foreign commerce of France?

NOTE.—The “Map Questions” may be varied with advantage by an exercise like the following:—

Write, from the map, a description of ———, under the following heads:—

I. Boundaries.

II. Coast. Indented, or otherwise. Extensive, or otherwise. Openings—bays, gulfs, and river-mouths. Sea-board towns upon these. Capes. Islands off coast. Nearest land opposite to each coast. Facilities for foreign commerce.

III. Mountains. Names, position, and direction of ranges, and names of any summits or passes.

IV. Rivers. The source and direction of the principal rivers; the seas they fall into; the other countries, if any, through which they run before they enter, or after they leave ———. Their tributaries. Towns on their banks. Towns in their basins.

BELGIUM.

BELGIUM is a small state lying between France and Holland. It is the most densely peopled country in Europe, with a population of 494 to the square mile; and, of its nine provinces, the most thickly peopled are West Flanders, Hainault, Brabant, and East Flanders.

Belgium is on the whole a level low-lying country; the northern and eastern provinces being, in fact, a continuation of Holland—just as flat, just as fertile, and just as full of dykes and canals. This part of Belgium teems with people; the traveller no sooner reaches the outskirts of one village or town than he is within another, so that the whole country is like one vast continuous village.

Every foot of land in these level provinces is turned to the best account; all kinds of grain—wheat, barley, rye, oats—peas and beans, hemp and flax, tobacco, chicory, hops, and beet for sugar, are largely grown, as well as every sort of garden vegetable. Indeed, cultivation in Belgium is more like gardening than farming, for the fertile soil is for the most part turned over with the spade.

This kind of spade-husbandry employs many labourers; but there are other occupations for the swarming population of northern Belgium. In the ancient city of Bruges, the flax produced in the fields is converted into delicate lawn and damask; and here, as well as in Brussels, Malines, and Louvain, is made the exquisite and costly Brussels lace, which sometimes sells for as much as £40 a yard.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

Statute Miles: 0 50 100

Longitude 4 East of Greenwich

The map displays the following geographical features and locations:

- Regions and Provinces:** NORTH HOLLAND, SOUTH HOLLAND, FRIESLAND, DRENTHE, GELDERLAND, NORTH BRABANT, ANTWERP, FLANDERS, BRABANT, LUXEMBURG, NAMUR, and LIÈGE.
- Cities and Towns:** Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Utrecht, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Liège, Namur, and Luxembourg.
- Water Bodies:** North Sea, English Channel, Scheldt, Rhine, Meuse, and Moselle.
- Islands:** Texel, Vlieland, and Heligoland (British).
- Coastal Features:** Zuyder Zee, IJsselmeer, and various estuaries.
- Infrastructure:** North Sea Canal, and various rivers and canals.

Stanford's Geog¹ Estab⁶

Courtrai and Ghent, Antwerp and Tournay, as well as the above-mentioned towns, are great seats of the linen manufacture; while in these places, and in Mons, the wooden sabots of the Flemings come clattering out of just such cotton mills as we have in Lancashire.

The woollen manufacture is largely carried on at Bruges and Mons; also at Liege, Verviers, and Limbourg. Brussels is, as everybody knows, famous for its carpets, which are made at Tournay also; the kind commonly known in England as Brussels carpet is, however, really English made—Wilton carpet—though it is manufactured in much the same way as that of Brussels.

The southern provinces are very unlike the flat plains of the north. In the south-east is a rugged district of mountains covered with dense forests which still harbour the wolf and the bear; these are a branch of the Ardennes highlands, which, though seldom more than 2000 feet in height, abound in picturesque scenery, ruins of feudal castles crowning many of the hills. This mountain district is but thinly peopled, important as are its productions. The Ardennes yield much timber, which is floated down the Meuse, while the forests abound in game; good pasturage is found on the slopes and in the valleys of the hilly districts; and it is to the mines of this hill-country that Belgium owes its prosperity as a nation.

The four mining provinces are Hainault, Namur, Liege, and Luxembourg, wherein lead, copper, zinc, alum, marble, and slate abound, as well as excellent iron and coal. As a coal-producing country, Belgium ranks next to England, its rich coal-fields extending from Hainault to Liege. The metal manufactures of this mining district are very important, the principal

seats being Liege, Charleroi, Namur, Mons, Verviers, and their neighbourhoods; and the whole district is a "black country" with many smelting furnaces and foundries: certain of the Liege manufacturers of fire-arms and machinery are famous all over the world.

The inhabitants of the southern provinces, a rough and hardy race, are of French descent, and their language, called Walloon, is a dialect allied to the Old French of the thirteenth century. The Flemings of the northern plain are a Teutonic people whose language is allied to German.

CITIES OF BELGIUM.

A few hours' sail up the Scheldt brings you to the quay of Antwerp—a stately, drowsy old city, with towers, battlements, and tall houses, and with narrow streets wherein you may hear the low music of the *carillons* (chimes) far overhead. In the famous Cathedral, the finest in Belgium, are Rubens' great pictures—the "Descent from the Cross" and the "Elevation of the Cross"—indeed, it is only in Belgium that we can fully study the works of this great painter. In Antwerp, too, as throughout the whole of Belgium, is to be seen the finest wood-carving in the world. Antwerp is a strongly fortified port, with a very extensive trade, and it is provided with fine docks and quays and immense warehouses for the accommodation of its merchants.

A flat country, marked only by farm houses, stretches of mangel-wurzel, turnip-crops, potato-fields,

and orchards, lies between Antwerp and Malines. It is the same everywhere, not a hill is to be seen; nothing but dusty hedge-rows, endless avenues of Lombardy poplars, and highly cultivated farms, all alike flat and green. At last we are among vast buildings which rise on all sides; hundreds of railway carriages are collected in open yards; several lines of rails intersect each other, and branch off to the sea, to Holland, France, and the Rhine. Malines is the centre of the railroad system in Belgium, and the stillness of antique, lace-making "Mechlin" is at an end: the lace itself, a coarser kind of Brussels, is now made in only some half-dozen houses, and the place is given up to tall chimneys, huge warehouses, and officers on duty parading the ground in their uniforms.

Glancing off from Malines, you may run to any point you choose in a few hours—Ghent, Liege, Louvain, Tirlemont, Brussels, Bruges. Nowhere else are there so many fine old cities gathered together within easy distances, all of them rich in pictures and churches and monuments of the past; and Belgium is covered with lines of railroad which enable you to traverse the entire country in a few days.

Let us peep into the drowsy streets of Bruges. What fantastic buildings shut you in on all sides, what grotesque house-fronts, what odd gables and house-tops covered with ornaments, what figures—surely, they have walked out of some old picture!—stand chatting in the market-place, and in the open doorways, making lace with flying fingers.

Like Antwerp, Bruges was one of the great merchant cities of the Middle Ages: in the fourteenth century it was the *Staple*, or appointed market, for English wools; and it was from Bruges that Edward III.

invited cunning weavers to settle in England that they might teach his subjects the art of weaving the fine kinds of cloth.

Charles V.'s pun upon Ghent is a standing joke in Belgium. In his time it was one of the wealthiest cities of Europe, and so large and populous that it delighted him to say he could put all Paris into his glove (*gant*). The Ghent of those days was indeed a mighty city, with 80,000 fighting men among its citizens—a turbulent and haughty race. The weavers alone numbered 40,000; and a great bell was rung at morning, noon, and evening to summon them to their work and their meals; as a signal, too, that other people had better keep in doors while the noisy workers poured through the streets. Now, cotton is its principal manufacture, and Ghent is the “Manchester” of the Netherlands.

Brussels is the capital of the kingdom, and the seat of government. There is an old and a new town; the latter, fashionable and healthy, and built on a height, is Paris in little, with its coffee-houses, broad streets, and palace gardens, and the French manners and habits of the people. The lower, old, town abounds in fine picturesque buildings: the splendid town hall, the finest in the world, is in this quarter. No other European country boasts such magnificent town halls as does Belgium—those of Bruges, Ghent, Oudenarde, Ypres, Brussels, and Louvain being especially famous, all perfect examples of the Gothic style of architecture.

In that of Brussels,—

“There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry:”

For, in the grand hall of the Hôtel de Ville the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball which was attended by Wellington and many of his officers, almost on the eve of Waterloo.

This famous battle-field lies about two miles from the dirty, straggling village of Waterloo. The best spot from which to get a view of the field is the Mound of the Belgic Lion—a vast mound, 200 feet high, covering the bones of the slain of both armies, upon whose summit is a huge bronze lion, cast from cannon taken from the enemy.

HOLLAND.

“I STRIVE AND KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER.”

THE arms of one of the provinces of Holland is a lion, swimming, with the above motto—a device which might fitly be applied to the whole country, a large portion of which is a delta, formed by the mud deposited by the Rhine, the Maas, and the Scheldt; and of sand driven inwards by the sea.

Holland is the most extraordinary country under the sun. Here houses are built upon the sand, and *do* stand, and not only houses, but cities. Amsterdam and Rotterdam have no other foundation: the coast, for many miles, is held together by wisps of straw: the sea and the rivers are higher than the land: not a pebble or a stone is to be found in the whole country; there are no hills, save such as are raised by the wind, and the wind itself is compelled to do duty by turning an enormous host of windmills—monstrous things, with sails over a hundred feet long.

Holland is crowded with busy people, has large sea-ports, and a wide commerce. Much of the country consists of meadow land, and many cows are kept. The Dutch have some manufactures; they make the kind of linen we call "holland," manufacture a certain kind of spirit, "hollands," and build ships for their own use and for sale. They grow bulbs, as tulips and hyacinths, largely for exportation. These things, and many more, they do, but none of these is the principal business of the Dutch: this is simply "to keep their heads above water"; above real water, that would drown them and their cities and all belonging to them, and make of Holland a South Sea, to match the North Sea which washes it.

They have not always been successful. Look at the map, and you will see a wide opening called the Zuyder Zee (South Sea), that was dry land until the thirteenth century. The Gulf of Dollart, in the province of Groningen, was the result of the inundation of 1277, which swallowed up four-and-forty busy, prosperous villages; and several times since have floods desolated this unhappy province. Still worse has been the case of the province of Friesland, over thirty inundations of which are on record, three sometimes occurring in one year, and as many as 100,000 persons having been carried off by a single flood.

The fact is, Holland is the lowest part of the great plain of middle Europe. So low is it, that, as we have said, the very rivers flow far above the level of the land, and have to be kept in their beds by means of huge earthen embankments, called dykes. If a dyke give way, the waters of the river must rush out and flood the land. The bed of the Rhine, for instance, is in some parts several feet above the surrounding

country, and the river flows on the top of a sort of natural embankment formed by the deposits brought down by itself in the course of ages. The most disastrous floods are caused by the blocking up of the rivers by ice—huge ice-bergs, a mile or two in length—when the annual thaw sets in, for all the ice of the Rhine and Meuse must escape by the Dutch rivers.

Nor are the rivers the only source of peril; being so low, much of Holland was at one time under water, and the people made room for themselves by getting rid of the water: they drained the land, built canals, and made pumps, worked by windmills, to raise the low-lying water into these canals; and now, where there were once wide lakes, there are innumerable fields of very green grass, walled in by dykes, which hold the waste water; but if *these* dykes were to burst, the green meadows would be flooded once more. Holland is so intersected with these canals, that, to a person looking down from a balloon, they would look like a net-work stretching over the whole country; many are huge water-ways, sixty feet across, and raised high above the adjoining land. The canals serve various purposes; they drain the country, as we have seen; they form water-ways in the summer, whereby the peasants row themselves from village to market-town in their little boats: in the winter, all water-ways are frozen hard, and as every Dutch man, woman, and child delights in skating, they glide by this means from village to village in pursuit of business or pleasure. Again, the canals serve as walls or hedges; every field, garden, almost every house, is enclosed by a sort of moat.

More frightful source of danger than all the rest, much of Holland lies below the high-water level of

the sea! Along part of the coast there is a bulwark—the only natural defence which Holland enjoys—the *dunes*, or sandbanks, which extend along the coast from Dunkirk to the Helder. These vary in breadth from one to three miles, and rise sometimes to a height of forty or fifty feet, and they are formed entirely by the action of the wind blowing up the sand of the sea-shore. These dunes are sowed, year after year, with a kind of reed grass, whose roots spread and hold fast the shifting sands. But, elsewhere, it has been necessary to raise tremendous granite walls and dykes; for the west wind drives the sea against Holland, and it is hard for any works of man to stand against it. Think of it; think of standing inside such a sea-wall and hearing the sea roar without, high above your head, with nothing but the strength of the sea-wall between you and death!

The extremity of the tongue of land which forms North Holland being more exposed to the fury of the ocean tempests than any other part, is defended on all sides by an enormous dyke, within which lie the town and fortress of the Helder. This great dyke is five miles in length, and forty feet broad at the summit, and is built entirely of blocks of granite brought from Norway.

The yearly expense of keeping these dykes in repair is enormous: special corps of engineers, many of them men of science, are employed entirely in watching the state of the waters. Winter is the season when accidents are most common; and, in times of danger, watchmen are posted day and night to give warning of any signs of weakness in the ramparts. When a flood is anticipated, an alarm-bell is rung, and all persons, high and low, are required to hasten to the point of danger, and labour at the pumps.

HOW "THE DUTCH HAVE TAKEN HOLLAND."

A hardly kept conquest, as dykes, canals, and windmills testify, how was this oozy territory rescued, in the first place? The greater part, both of Holland and Belgium, consisted originally of morasses, or, indeed, of inland seas. To drain one of these morasses, the first operation is to wall it in with an embankment or dyke, strong and high enough to keep any more water from flowing in; thus we get a walled-in lake, but how is the water to be got rid of so that the lake shall become dry land? A girdle of windmills is raised all round it, and every windmill has its water-wheel; a single row of wheels will only raise the water some three or four feet, so it is often necessary to have three or four rows, one above another, on separate dykes, each higher than the other, with canals between them to hold the water which is thus raised; then a canal is opened on the other side of the dykes, which carries the waste water to a river or to the sea.

It is easy to see that the land thus rescued should be extremely fertile, formed originally of rich mud, drained of the water which would be injurious to it, and with a regular supply of water at hand for use as it is wanted.

Pieces of land rescued in this way are called *polders*, and it is upon the rich grass of these polders that the sleek black-and-white cattle are fed which yield the immense quantities of butter and cheese yearly exported by Holland.

The appearance of a polder is very remarkable. When the draining is finished, the polder is portioned out into quite equal parts; every farm has a square

house placed at the head of it, exactly like its neighbours; twenty trees, planted in quite straight lines, surround the house, straight roads are made, and everything looks stiff, formal, and unnatural. The best of the polders produce capital corn, but they are mostly used to grow fodder for the cattle.

Holland has other enemies besides the sea, hostile neighbours, who would again and again have swallowed up the hardly-won little territory; and she defends herself by means of—her polders! Is a foe advancing into the heart of the country—she opens her sluices, cuts her dykes, and the meadows are impassable; the water lies everywhere, too deep for men to wade through, and too shallow for boats. This is indeed a ruinous measure, but by thus drowning the land to save it, the Dutch purchased their freedom from the yoke of Spain. Again, Holland preserved herself from French tyranny by opening her sluices against Louis XIV.; and again and again, in the course of her history, has she made the same heroic sacrifice.

ROTTERDAM, THE HAGUE, LEYDEN.

The Maas is the large estuary through which the combined waters of the Rhine and Meuse find an outlet to the sea. Passing Schiedam, which is always wrapped in smoke from the tall chimneys of its 200 whiskey distilleries, Rotterdam comes suddenly into view. It is the second city in Holland, and has as many canals as streets; the communication between different parts of the town is kept up by means of countless drawbridges, which are perpetually being raised

or swung aside in some ingenious way to allow of the passage of vessels. An enormous dyke or dam, at the junction of a small stream called the Rotte with the Maas, passes through the centre of the town; and the High Street stands upon this dam. The canals serve as docks, being deep enough to allow of large vessels drawing up to the very doors of their owners, so that the bustle of loading and unloading goes on all over the city.

The great interest of Rotterdam lies in these busy docks, and in the crowds of queer, gaily-painted, heavy-looking Dutch sloops, by means of which Holland has become a rich commercial nation, in spite of all the natural disadvantages under which she labours.

On the way from Rotterdam to the Hague we pass Delft, a dull, silent old town, "the parent of pottery," which is no longer made here, save of a very coarse kind.

The Hague is an important place only because here the government of the States is carried on; it is not a busy manufacturing or commercial town.

Between the Hague and Leyden the road passes many chateaux of the nobility, country houses, and gardens with winding walks, formal clipped hedges, flower-beds cut in fanciful patterns. Leyden stands on that branch of the Rhine which keeps its old name as far as the sea; and which here looks like a broad canal. Like other Dutch towns, Leyden is surrounded by windmills, in one of which the painter Rembrandt was born: it has a university, museums, and a picturesque old town hall with some remarkable pictures. That which makes the town famous in the history of the world is the siege it endured at the hands of the Spaniards under Valdez in 1573-4.

On the sea-shore, near Leyden, is Katwyk, where the expiring Rhine is helped to discharge itself into the sea by means of a wide artificial channel, provided with no less than thirteen pairs of enormous flood-gates; these are shut, to keep out the sea, when the tide is coming in, and opened to let the streams pass out during ebb-tide. Notwithstanding these great works, the once glorious Rhine makes but an ignoble exit. The delta of this river may be said to include the whole breadth of Holland. Shortly after entering the country, the Rhine splits into two branches; the left-hand branch is called the Waal, and is the largest of the four branches into which the Rhine ultimately divides. Nymegen, a fortified town, is on the Waal: and on the arm called the Yssel, which flows into the Zuider Zee, stands Zutphen, the town near which our Sir Philip Sidney received his death wound while fighting the Spaniards in the cause of the Dutch. The river divides for the last time at Utrecht, which is distinguished from other Dutch towns by standing on somewhat rising ground: it has a cathedral and an university which is attended by the Dutch aristocracy.

Further south, the Scheldt makes its way to the sea in the same sluggish and difficult fashion; its various branches divide the land into nine islands, which together form the province of Zeeland—*sea-land*, a name which tells the whole story—land saved from sea and river floods only by high embankments, or by dams; polders, rescued from the water by means of windmills, dykes, canals; yet it is a most fertile and productive province, with rich meadows and cornfields, and many towns and villages, which lie so low that only spires and tall chimneys can be seen by persons sailing up the Scheldt. Walcheren is the largest

island; a fertile, but not pleasant spot, where even the natives suffer greatly from ague and marsh fever—the scourges of all low-lying districts. Flushing, a fortified town and a packet station, and Middelburg, the capital of Zealand, are the two most important towns.

NORTH HOLLAND.

The town of Haarlem in North Holland is famous for its hyacinths, tulips, and other bulbs, which grow freely in a sandy soil well suited to them: indeed, most of the flower gardens of Europe are supplied from the nursery grounds of Haarlem. The most remarkable thing in the town is the organ of the great church of St. Bavon, long esteemed the largest and finest in the world, though rivalled now by the organs of York and Birmingham. It has nearly five thousand pipes, and is quite an edifice in itself, filling the whole of one end of the church.

Haarlem, like Leyden, has its story of a long siege, and of heroic resistance against the Spaniards.

Amsterdam, the principal city of Holland, is situated at the confluence of the river Amstel with the arm of the Zuider Zee called the Y (pronounced Ey). Its walls are surrounded by a semi-circular canal, and within the city are four other great canals, all running in curves, parallel with the outer one: these are bordered by handsome houses and public buildings. The various small canals which intersect the town in all directions are said to divide it into ninety-five islands, connected by nearly three hundred bridges.

Many of the manufactures of Amsterdam are almost

peculiar to itself; for example, the refining of borax, and the distilling of a great variety of scents and perfumed oils; gold lace, vermilion, rouge, and white lead, are among the objects of commerce. The art of cutting diamonds was for a long time confined to the Jews of Amsterdam and Antwerp; the diamond mills of Amsterdam are still numerous, and are all in the hands of Jews.

The inhabitants of North Holland, having little intercourse with strangers, retain more of the customs and the dress of their forefathers than do the South Hollanders. North Holland is a low peninsula, consisting of sand and bog, protected from the sea by enormous dykes, the most remarkable being that of the Helder, of which we have spoken. The cattle fed upon this tongue of land are famed for their beauty, and for the quantity of rich milk and cheese they afford; the sheep, too, are notable for the fineness of their fleeces and the excellence of their mutton. And the women of North Holland, with their clear complexions and neat and pretty dress, are distinguished for their beauty. Their costume is almost peculiar to the district, though on market days it is to be seen in the streets of the large towns—Rotterdam or Amsterdam. The back of the head is encircled by a broad fillet of pure gold, shaped like a horse-shoe, which confines the hair, and terminates on each side of the temple in two large rosettes, also of pure gold, suspended somewhat like blinkers before the eyes of a horse. Over this is worn a cap or veil of the finest and richest lace, with lappets hanging down the neck; a pair of enormous gold ear-rings completes this graceful head-dress. These ornaments are very generally, even among the poorer people, of real gold: great sacrifices are made

to purchase them, and they are regarded as heir-loom in a family.

The shores of the Zuider Zee are wild and dreary—a sandy waste, the haunt of the screaming gulls. The island of the Texel, also, is inhabited by myriads of sea-birds, and by a primitive race of shepherds, the fine wool of whose sheep is highly prized.

The Great Ship Canal of North Holland, through which almost the whole commerce of Amsterdam now passes, cuts through the entire length of the peninsula.

Questions on the Maps of Holland and Belgium.

1. Describe carefully the situation of Holland and Belgium,—between what parallels they lie; in what part of Europe; surrounded by what lands and what seas.

2. Holland is much broken into by the sea,—name the openings. Name the largest of the chain of islands which hems in the Zuider Zee.

3. North Holland forms a peninsula,—what is its northern point? What opening nearly cuts it off from the mainland? Name two towns upon this opening. How is the Y connected with the North Sea?

4. Holland is the delta of the Rhine,—into how many branches does this river divide in its course through Holland? Name any of these. In company with what other two rivers does the Rhine discharge its waters? From what country does each of these three rivers enter Holland?

5. What province is formed by the islands of the delta? Name half-a-dozen towns in the south of Holland.

6. Name the two rivers which drain Belgium. Through what three countries does the Meuse take its course? Name any of its feeders in Belgium. Name five large towns in its basin.

7. What part of Belgium does the Scheldt drain? Name any of its feeders. Name ten famous places in its basin. What port stands at the head of its estuary?

8. On what sea does the coast of Belgium lie? Name a packet-station on this coast.

9. Upon what three countries do the frontiers of Belgium lie?

SPAIN.

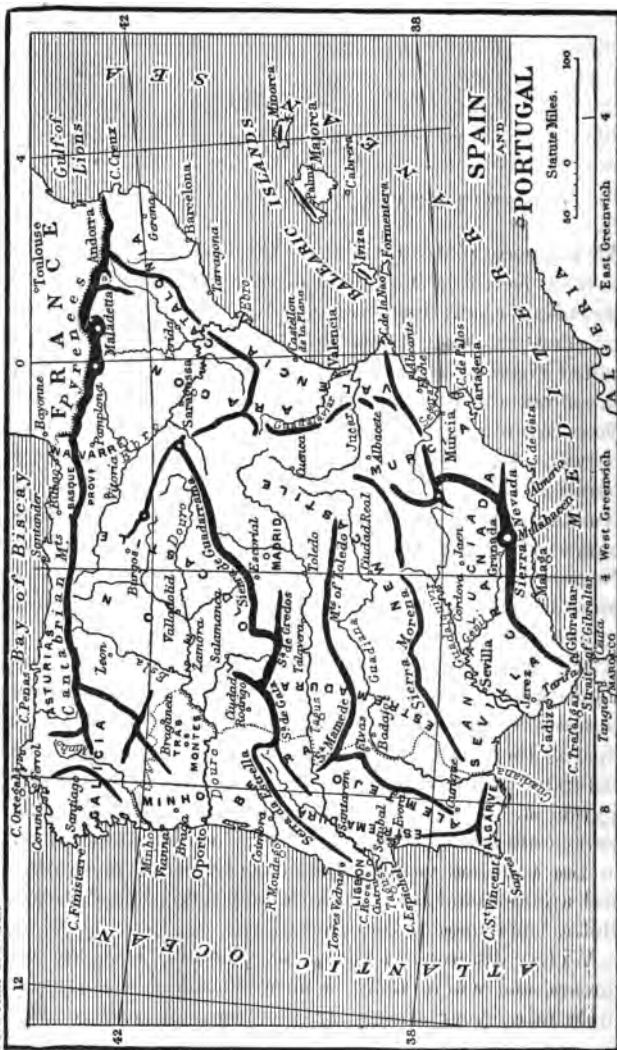
GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.

AN immense plateau, rising to the height of from 2000 to 3000 feet, fills the centre of the Spanish peninsula, including about half the country. It is partly surrounded by mountains, and several granite ridges called Sierras rise out of it, such as the Sierra Morena, the mountains of Toledo, the Sierra Guadarrama—all of them running in a general east and west direction: between these run, in the same direction, the nearly parallel valleys of the great rivers, the Douro, Tagus, Guadiana, and the sunny Guadalquivir. The last-named river separates the central plateau from the Nevada range—the loftiest mountains in Spain, and containing, next after the Alps, some of the highest summits in Europe.

The whole of northern Spain is mountainous; the Cantabrian mountains and the Pyrenees run across the country from east to west. Here, in north-western Spain, there are long winters, rainy springs, and autumns with cold winds from the snow-capped Pyrenees. This is a district of hill and dale, and every dale has its streams, fed by the abundant rains; in the sunniest valleys there are cornfields, vineyards, and apple-orchards; and, here and there, large forests clothe the slopes of the mountains.

Widely different is the great plateau: here are no forests, and where there is no wood, there is apt to be little rain; year after year the peasants wait for the

Scale of France



Scale of France

rain, and no rain comes, and many in despair make their way into Northern Africa. The rivers, as rivers do where there is little rain to wear down their banks, have cut themselves deep gorges, at the bottom of which they flow, as mountain torrents after the melting of the snows, while in the parched summers, when they are most wanted, they are dry. Hence so many of the river names contain the word "gnad," a corruption of the Arabic "*wady*"; for, like the *wadies* of Arabia, they are apt to run dry in the hot season.

The surface of this table-land consists for the most part of limestone rock covered with a thin soil, and large crops are grown on it; the whole country is favourable for corn crops, and the vine thrives in many parts; this is, indeed, a very fertile region when the rains are not too irregular. Only in spring and autumn, however, is it pleasant. Throughout the chilly winter, the treeless table-lands are overswept by violent tempests, while in summer they are burned up by the sun.

Between the southern wall of the plateau and the shores of the Mediterranean lie the sunny plains of Andalusia, a region of tropical heat and fertility, where the date-palm flourishes, and cotton, sugar, and rice grow freely; where there are groves of orange and lemon, pomegranate and fig, and other heat-loving plants. Here uncertain rains bring no distress, for the soil is artificially watered; the winter is mild; the spring and autumn are delightful beyond description; but there is no protection from the hot wind, called the "*solano*," which in summer blows across from Africa, and renders this season intolerable to northern Europeans.

The plateau descends upon the east to such another

broad strip of low and fertile plain, but here the inhabitants are not provided against the long droughts, and their sufferings are sometimes extreme.

Spain, which was in the fifteenth century the most opulent kingdom of Europe, had, in the eighteenth, become one of the poorest and most degraded. Things have been slowly improving, however, since the beginning of the present century: the population is increasing, and has increased by seven millions within the last hundred years. Her manufactures, for which Spain has to import coal and iron, are improving, especially that of cotton; railways are being made everywhere; the land is much better cultivated, and yields much corn, as well as grapes for an enormous quantity of wine, which is exported. Fruits, dried and green; olive oil, nuts and almonds, cork, fine wool from the Morena sheep—which, by the way, are said to have been introduced from England in the first place—salt, lead, quicksilver, and copper,—these are among the products of Spain which are most largely exported.

ROUND ABOUT SPAIN.

THE PLAIN OF THE EASTERN COAST.

Crossing the Pyrenees from the French side, the road we have chosen winds up rocky valleys full of strips of verdure and magnificent cork-trees.

Soon we are in Catalonia, where the activity and industry of the people are very striking; all the fields are carefully cultivated, a great deal being done by spade labour, and everybody seems busy in the little villages we pass; the women knitting or sewing, or,

more generally, making lace. The climate is fine, wages are good, and provisions are cheap. As we near Barcelona, we pass through a crowded, busy, populous district, full of good stone houses, and of well-dressed, well-to-do people; not a beggar is to be seen.

Perhaps no commercial city in the world has experienced so many changes, sustained so many sieges, and so frequently raised the standard of revolt, as Barcelona; and the Barcelonese have still their old taste for wars and revolutions; but they have excellent qualities besides, and at the present time their town is the most prosperous port of Spain.

We quit Barcelona, and make our way to Valencia, which has experienced the fate of her neighbours, Romans, Goths, Moors, and Spaniards having in succession possessed this beautiful city. To her Arab conquerors, the wise Moorish kings of Cordova, Valencia owed her greatest prosperity; and her useful aqueducts, her walls and towers, and the oriental customs which still prevail in the city, testify to their influence.

The Moors, mild and merciful conquerors, here as elsewhere in Spain, held Valencia until, in 1236, they were subdued in their turn by the valiant Christian king of Arragon, Don Jaime. Thirty victories did he gain over the Moors, and then they "left that beautiful city in five days, and passed the Jucar, not considering themselves safe among the Christians; and thus ended the empire of the Moors in Valencia." And when they went, Valencia declined; nor did its former state revive, even under Ferdinand and Isabella—the famous monarchs who delivered Spain from the Moors, and made it once again a Christian kingdom.

The magnificent plain which surrounds the city is bounded, except towards the sea, by picturesque ranges

of mountains, and studded with villages, with their churches and towers; here are so many farms and thatched cottages, white and glittering in the sun, that the whole plain seems one vast village, planted with carob trees, poplars, mulberries, prickly pears, olives, and some few palm-trees; and the cottages, myriads of little white specks in a field of verdure, look as countless as the stars in these cloudless skies.

The silk manufactures of Valencia are extensive; and in the cigar manufacture, a Government establishment, three thousand women are employed. Large quantities of silk and raisins are exported in the autumn.

Leaving the city of Valencia, we journey on through the rich plain where the irrigation is very remarkable, the fields being watered by means of a perfect net-work of little channels, the work of the Moors. Approaching Alicante, we enter on a very arid region, marked by beds of rivers without a drop of water, plains as destitute of vegetation as the hills, and bright yellow, burnt-up fields. The town itself is pretty, with white, clean houses.

In the midst of this parched desert, the palm groves of Elche burst upon us. "There is only one Elche in Europe," and well may the Valencians be proud of it, for thousands and tens of thousands of palms surround the oriental-looking city. Beyond these palm groves, the desert continues; abandoned farm-houses, and dreary fields, which only require rain to make them the most fertile in the world, continue to meet us until we enter the rich plain of Murcia, which appears a delicious garden after southern Valencia, viewed in a season of drought.

"Rain or no rain, Murcia has always her crops of

grain;" so says the Spanish proverb; and such splendid crops they are as are not to be seen elsewhere, art producing here by means of countless water-channels a perpetual vegetation.

The city of Murcia is one mass of houses, so narrow are the streets; but, here and there, there are little squares, filled with beauteous palms, orange and lemon trees, and cypresses.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Now we enter Granada, the famous kingdom of the Moors. We are within sight of the whole range of the magnificent Sierra Nevada, a third of whose height, apparently, is covered with snow; and its loftiest points are nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level. Yonder is beauteous Granada—the city which has no equal—with its imposing cathedral, red Alhambra, trees among the houses, and, behind all, the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada.

The kingdom of Granada was the last to be founded, and the last to be lost, of all the Moorish kingdoms in Spain: when Granada was subdued, the Moors were driven from the land in which for eight centuries the Cross had been subject to the Crescent—an emblem dear to the follower of Mahomet as the cross is to the Christian.

The battle of Jerez, in 711, gave the Moors the mastery of nearly the whole of Spain; and the Christians whom they displaced took refuge in the northern highlands, where they were able to maintain their independence. Was it not sad, you ask, for Christian Spain to be thus subdued by the armies of the unbe-

lievers? Not altogether; this time of Mahometan conquest is known as the "dark ages" in the history of Europe: crimes and bloodshed abounded; religion had become for the most part mere superstition; all learning was neglected. Broadly speaking, the Mahometans may be said to have been the teachers of Europe from the ninth to the thirteenth century; and men arose amongst them eminent in every branch of human knowledge. Europe was indebted to Arab teaching for philosophy, medicine, natural history, geography, history, grammar, poetry, arithmetic—in a word, for whatever art or science, knowledge or skill was possessed in that age.

Amongst the monuments of the Moorish dominion in Spain, none is more interesting than the Alhambra of Granada, of part of which there is an interesting copy in the Crystal Palace. "There is no place in the world like the Alhambra, so graceful, so perfect, so sad. The gardens of this palace of the Moorish kings are bordered with violets and myrtle, and shadowy with orange and lemon trees;" and the marble floors, the dried fountains, the slender columns, the Court of the Lions, the baths, the Hall of Ambassadors, the Hall of the Two Sisters—still fill the traveller with wonder and delight.

On the northern border of Granada is Andalusia, "Beautiful Andalusia! so quaintly called by a lover of it 'the sweetest morsel of the Peninsula.' Who can forget or over-praise its southern sky, its rich brown plains, its glistening white villages peeping amid groves of the cistus, the ilex, and the cork-tree, its green slopes, crowned with Moorish towers and palaces, its delicious climate, its trickling streams, its sweet-smelling flowers? There are golden plumes of palm-

trees waving against a deep blue sky; orange and lemon groves at the foot of blue hills; hedges of aloe and wild cactus by the roadside, flowers and sunshine and sweetness everywhere."

Malaga, the port of Andalusia, is a large, white, dusty town with a quiet blue sea at its feet: it is a disagreeable place, where the streets always smell of fish, and the common people are dirty. Malaga possesses superb vineyards; indeed the very name suggests raisins and sweet wine; and after the vintage, wherever you go, you come in contact with mules heavily laden with boxes of raisins: it is said that a million boxes are exported every year.

From Malaga, we go on to Gibraltar, and stand on English ground. The approach on this side is very fine; the perpendicular grey limestone rock rises before us, and the town lies at the foot of the hill, the streets rising, terrace like, one above the other. At a distance Gibraltar looks peaceful and prosperous, and there is little sign of the mighty guns which, with the natural fortifications, render the rock impregnable. The rock is connected with the mainland by a narrow, flat strip of land called the neutral ground. The excavated galleries are certainly wonderful. Those near the base of the rock, intended for troops to retire into, existed before our conquest of Gibraltar; the galleries which the English have made contain guns with their mouths in holes too small to be distinguished by an enemy at a distance. Besides the galleries, which are remarkable as tunnels, and for the way they are lighted, there are two large rooms excavated, the Cornwallis and the St. George's Hall. Seen from a distance, the rock of Gibraltar appears quite barren, but all the crevices are filled with aromatic shrubs and wild flowers, and with

the palmitos, the favourite food of the monkeys which tenant the rocks.

Tarik, the one-eyed Moslem general, took this stronghold, which was defended by only a handful of brave men, on the 30th of April, 711. To commemorate his victory, he changed the name of the promontory, and called it Gibel Tarik, or the rock of Tarik, which in process of time became converted into Gibraltar. In 1704, during the war of the Spanish Succession, Sir George Rooke attacked and seized Gibraltar, taking the garrison by surprise. Since then England has retained this key to the Straits, though immense efforts were made by both Spain and France to recover it, during a terrible siege of four years, which ended, on the 13th of September, 1783, in the destruction of the floating batteries of the enemy.

Very pleasant it is to see English red-coats and English faces in this foreign station, but it must be confessed that the English shops and houses do not make the town the more attractive.

Going from Gibraltar to Cadiz, we pass Trafalgar—sacred to Englishmen as the spot where Nelson fell—and find ourselves again in Spanish territory.

Cadiz strikes you on entering as perfectly beautiful, with its handsome houses and clean streets: it is almost surrounded by water, only a small, narrow strip connecting the city with the continent. The roofs of the houses are flat and ornamented frequently with flowers, and many have small square towers, from which the inhabitants enjoy the view and the fresh air. Entering a *bodega*, or wine store, we shall see an immense array of enormous butts of wine—sherries and muscatel—ready for exportation: about forty thousand butts are said to be exported yearly, three-fourths of

which are sent to England, and almost all the rest to America.

The entrance to the capital of Andalusia is so striking that it is no wonder the Arabs thought Seville the handsomest city in the world. The tobacco manufactory is one of the sights of the town; the building is immense, and curious it is to see the long room where three thousand women are employed in rolling the dirty-looking fragments of tobacco in large, clean leaves. The streets are all white and clean, and pretty from the general effect of the balconies covered with flowers; but many of them are too narrow to allow a carriage to pass through.

For the sake of the past, we must follow up the valley of the Guadalquivir until we come to Cordova, though it is a miserable-looking town, a poverty-stricken place, now very far fallen from its glorious estate as the great Moorish capital, when it contained a million inhabitants, while twelve thousand villages were scattered over the plain watered by the Guadalquivir.

THE INTERIOR.

We have now bid adieu to the beautiful villages and towns of the south of Spain; henceforth we find no more exquisitely white houses, freshly painted balconies, Moorish lattices; all is now changed for dirty-looking huts and undisguised poverty.

Past Ciudad Real, beyond the arid mountains of Toledo, and we are in New Castile. Still the country wears the same tawny tint, and the peasants are as brown as the mud huts and burnt-up pastures and sierras.

From these arid hills the Tagus may be traced by the vegetation on its banks; and yonder is Toledo, built upon seven hills, with its glorious cathedral and the Moorish Alcazar rising above the rest of the city. The streets of Toledo are thoroughly Moorish, winding, narrow, steep, and ill-paved; full of dark alleys, built for coolness and security. The great workshops are worth a visit, if only for the sake of the fame in which the swords of Toledo were anciently held; the blades now manufactured here appear to be of good quality, made of excellent elastic steel, and with gold well laid in.

We go forward through undulating plains of grey sand, treeless, tawny, never ending; indeed, anything more dreary than these Spanish steppes cannot well be conceived. At last we reach the capital. It is a mistake to think of Madrid as a dreary town: the streets are light and airy, the sky is generally without a cloud, and the inhabitants appear to live a gay open-air life; yet Madrid, build on a plateau 2412 feet above the sea, exposed to an African sun and a Siberian winter, is one of the unhealthiest places in the world. But the gay out-of-door life goes on notwithstanding; the weather is always fine, and the Prado is always crowded.

"There is nothing livelier in Europe than the Prado (parade), with its crowd of pretty ladies, picturesque cavaliers, dear little carriages for babies, drawn by spotlessly white lambs; nurses from Estramadura in short, brown petticoats, embroidered with gold; water-sellers in sombrero and leathern gaiters; and an infinity of equipages, costumes, and cries to distract the eye and the ear of the foreigner."

The great object of attraction is the Museum, with

its two thousand paintings. With the exception of Italy, perhaps no other country of Europe has produced painters of so high an order of merit as those of Spain; and amongst these great masters, Velasquez and Murillo hold the first rank.

The royal palace of the Escorial stands amid pretty, park-like country; but, by royal command, the building was designed to represent the gridiron upon which St. Lawrence suffered slow martyrdom, and is, in consequence, more like a huge factory than a royal palace. It includes a palace, a church, and a convent, all in one.

Throughout Old Castile and southern Leon the country has the same dreary character; always flat, sometimes consisting of large fields of poor corn, or poorer pasture, more often barren, not a fence to be seen, and utterly treeless; the villages are entirely of mud, and even the churches are generally of the same tint as the burnt-up soil.

In the spring large flocks of Merino sheep, generally half-starved looking things, are to be seen on their way to the mountains, each flock attended by about a dozen shepherds, and as many fine dogs. They are on their way from their winter quarters on the warm plains of Estramadura, which are burnt up in the hot summer, to the cool heights of Leon: this migratory system is called the *Mesta*.

Vittoria is a flourishing town, whose chief interest for English people is connected with the Peninsular War. Here was fought the last decisive battle on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, after which Wellington crossed the little Bidassoa in pursuit of the retiring French army, which he scattered finally in the battle of Toulouse. Up and down the Peninsula this tedious

war raged, and many a name excites the patriotic pride of Englishmen who remember that all through the war, though often fighting under tremendous disadvantages, the British soldiers were never known to turn their backs on the enemy. Glorious victories of the Iron Duke mark Talavera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, and as we have said, Vittoria.

Corunna, too, was the scene of a brave deed and of a hero's death, during this same war. Napoleon and his forces were in Madrid; and thither was marching Sir John Moore—with a ragged and half-famished army, worn out with a long campaign, and looking for refreshment in the capital of their Spanish allies—when he heard this disastrous news. His troops were utterly unfit to meet the enemy, so the general turned his forces north, and made for the port of Corunna, hoping to find ships there to carry them to England: they arrived after a wretched march in mid-winter through a land of famine, to find no ships, and a pursuing French army making rapidly upon them. Being Britons, they did not throw down their arms and capitulate: all unfit as they were, they turned and faced the enemy, fought with desperate courage, and gained a glorious victory—a victory saddened by the death of Sir John Moore.

“They buried him darkly at dead of night,”

for the French armies held the land, and they feared to give their hero the last honours of war, lest the enemy should come upon them unawares, so,

“Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corse o'er the ramparts they hurried.”

Before quitting Spain, we must say a word about the

Basque Provinces—a mountainous strip of northern Spain. The soil, even in the valleys, is rather poor, but the people are a very hard-working race, and their little farms, cultivated with no better tools than a spade or pitch-fork, yield good crops of barley, maize, flax, hemp, and, in the sunniest valleys, wheat; but sheep and cattle rearing occupy the people for the most part, as there is plenty of pasture land on the hills. These are usually covered with wood to the very summit, the oak and chestnut being the principal trees; and chestnuts, roasted, or stewed, or made into soups, form the peasant's ordinary dinner.

The hills are rich in other ways; here are broad veins of good iron, as well as of copper and tin, and many of the men are miners: marble, porphyry, and jasper are also obtained. Fishing villages are dotted over the coast, and the Basques are said to have the glory of being the first Europeans who went to the whale-fishing. A brave, simple, and independent people they are, ready to undergo any hardships rather than surrender their mountain freedom: so while the rest of Spain has been conquered again and again, they have never been subdued. Who these Basques are is a matter of much discussion: they belong to a race and speak a language quite distinct from that of the rest of Spain, and are by some authorities supposed to be of Tartar origin: others, again, think they are the last remnant of the original inhabitants of Spain before it was subdued by the Goths. They are fond of music, and keep Sunday as a lively holiday. The three provinces they hold are those which, together, formed the ancient Cantabria. The ancient division of Spain into fourteen kingdoms or states has been replaced by a division into forty-nine provinces: the old divisions

are, however, the more familiar and historically interesting.

Another remarkable spot in Spain is the little state of Andorra, the smallest republic in the world, which lies in a valley in the eastern Pyrenees, north of Catalonia. This is not a brand new state by any means: it was declared free by Charlemagne in reward for services rendered to him by its inhabitants when he was marching against the Moors. The whole territory contains only 198 square miles, and is divided into six parishes: Andorra, the capital, has a population of 2000 people. Dense forests supply abundance of timber; there is excellent pasture; vines and fruit-trees flourish on the lower grounds, and the mountains contain much iron. The Andorrans are very simple in their ways, and are more attached to France than to Spain.

SPANISH FAMILY LIFE.*

Spanish middle-class houses have usually some ten or twelve rooms, all of which are paved with stone, or large tiles, for in this country of dust and burning heat—the thermometer varies from 87° to 95° through the summer—no carpets seem to be used. The stable is at the back of the house, and horses, carriages, and mules all pass through the hall just as do the inmates of the house. Every morning the Spanish maid-servant takes her watering-pot, and carefully lays the dust and cools the rooms with an abundant sprinkling of water.

At early morn the master rises, and his little cup of

* From 'Macmillan's Magazine.'

chocolate, an egg, and a slice of melon await him in the sala, or large sitting-room—to English eyes a most comfortless place, very large, stone-flagged, with a few massive chairs, walls painted in the rudest way, and one large table in the midst. The rooms, owing to the heat, are always kept darkened by closed shutters throughout the day. The señora has her chocolate in her bedroom, at the open window, enjoying the fresh morning breeze.

All the Spaniards rise as a rule at five or six in the summer to enjoy the only enjoyable time of the summer day; at one o'clock they have dinner and after that the two hours' siesta in a darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious night-breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups for the evening walk.

Besides the promenade in the cool of the day, the pleasures which brighten the life of the Spaniard are, shooting in the "sierra"; a pic-nic in the "campo"; the annual fairs, and, most charming of all, the river bath.

"It was a piping hot evening in July, and we were all exhausted with the long unbroken drought and heat, when my friend said, 'Let us join the ladies to-morrow and get a bath in the river.' So it was arranged that we should ride down to the Guadalquivir at sunrise, four o'clock, the following morning, the señoras going in a springless covered cart before us.

"The ride across the open country was over far-stretching wastes upon wastes, treeless but not barren, for corn, and peas, and oats had been reaped therefrom in our months of May and June. The roads are mere tracks which the fierce rains of winter obliterate: enormously high thistles, often twelve or fourteen feet

in height, covered what were until now corn-fields; and a cloud of white vultures from the Sierra Morena alighted to breakfast on the carcass of an ox which had dropped dead.

"At last the beautiful, silver Guadalquivir, here not far from its source, came in sight, and a few miles in front, stretching farther than the eye can reach, lay the serrated edges of the Sierra Morena. In the river bed all was fertile and green; and all along its peaceful banks, and overhanging its waters, were the beautiful rose-pink oleanders, the 'lilies of the valley' of well-loved story.

"An old mill-house with its clumsy wheel and a couple of pomegranates shaded one corner of this part of the river, and under their shade, sitting up to their shoulders in the water, on the huge round boulders at the bottom of the river, were groups of Spanish ladies! Truly it was a pretty sight. They sat, as though on chairs, clothed to the neck in bathing gowns of red, grey, yellow, or blue; and, holding in one hand their umbrellas, they fanned themselves with the other. We too tumbled in, and sat down upon the boulders, and let the fast-flowing yellow stream soothe our skin and nerves, and give us strength and coolness. As if it were not enough for ladies and gentlemen to bathe promiscuously, presently a crowd of muleteers and mules came down the rocky incline for *their* morning's bath; and in a moment, mules and men were struggling about in the yellow water. They, like ourselves, sat in the cool current for one hour, then slowly left the rio, and crawled up the bank."

THE SPANISH PEASANT.

Except for the graceful black lace "mantilla" still worn to some extent by the ladies in lieu of "bonnet and shawl," and the large cloaks in which the gentlemen envelope themselves, the dress of the Spanish gentfolk is much the same as that worn in England and elsewhere; but the dress of the lower classes is very varied and picturesque. The women wear a short skirt of some gaudy colour, especially gaudy on holidays; and a red, yellow, or snowy white handkerchief over the head, which forms their only protection (save their magnificently thick tresses of bound-up hair) against the burning, almost tropical sun.

- The dress of the men consists of a coloured shirt, a short jacket, and a pair of coarse woollen trousers. They do not wear boots, as a rule, but sandals bound with string round the ankle: many go barefoot.

There are, however, two articles of dress without which no man's toilet is complete—the "manta," or rug, used at home to sleep in, and as a covering from rain, or a bed, when on a journey; and the "faja," or waistband of red cloth. The "faja" serves as the belt for the revolver and knife which are carried by every Spaniard: these knives are clasp-knives, sometimes a foot long, and are used both for stabbing and eating: for duels, not "stabs in the dark," but hand-to-hand fights, are frightfully common among these passionate people.

The fare of the lower classes is the very simplest. Bread and fruit, and fruit and bread, with now and then, for the men, a "copa" (wineglass) of the rough red wine of the country), is the staple of their suste-

nance. The only thing about which the Spaniards, high and low, are really particular, is their water.

In a country where the women drink nothing but water from year's end to year's end, and the men little else, it is quite necessary to have that good ; and good it is. Go into the poorest hut, only tenanted by a few wood-cutters or itinerant miners, and ask for a cup of water, and the little "jarro," or porous four-mouthed water-jar, will be unhooked from the peg where it hangs in the sun, and you will have a drink of the purest, coldest water, from the choicest spring—water perhaps brought from a distance of three miles by the water-carrier. Only be sure you hold the jarro up above your head with both hands, and pour the water down your throat in a refreshing stream, for your manners are voted simply indecent if you touch the brim with your lips.

As regards education, the lower classes have absolutely none. Seventy per cent. can neither read nor write ; wherefore the people are, of course, grossly superstitious ; fortune-tellers abound. There is, however, a vast deal of natural courtesy, natural wit, natural intelligence among them, and the Spanish poor man has the manners of a thorough gentleman.

Religion has lost its power over the people : Spain, so long the stronghold of Roman Catholicism, is now infidel or indifferent for the most part, as regards the men ; though the women still cling to the faith they have grown up in.

PORTUGAL.

As regards its physical features, Portugal is a continuation of Spain. The *Sierras* or mountain ranges which cross Spain end in Portugal; four of the great rivers between these ranges flow through Portugal to gain the sea; only one considerable river, the Mondego, belonging entirely to the western kingdom. But, whereas central Spain is an enormous shelterless table-land, Portugal consists almost entirely of rugged barren mountains, and beautiful, sheltered, and most fertile mountain valleys: besides these, wide river valleys spread on either side of the great rivers, the Douro, Tagus, and Guadiana. There is one other long strip of low-lying land, a flat sandy district, which stretches along the whole length of the coast save for a single break; hence Portugal has few rocky headlands, and few places of safe anchorage for ships, excepting the mouths of the large rivers. About Cintra, a little to the north of Lisbon, the coast is exceedingly rocky and picturesque, because the Sierra de Estrella, the highest mountains in Portugal, reach the sea-board, where they break off in sharp declivities, rendering this neighbourhood one of the most lovely spots in the whole world. The other important chains lie some way inland.

The mountains of Portugal are rich in minerals; gold and silver, quicksilver, lead, iron, coal, slate, marble, and salt are to be had for the working: but the Portuguese do not work their mines. They are too indolent, or too poor, or they are not sufficiently enterprising; and though they possess so much mineral wealth, salt is the only substance they raise in sufficient quantities to export. Portuguese rock-salt is

largely sent to Britain; it is considered the best kind for the salting of meat for ships. There are also salt marshes along the coast, especially near Setubal, from which a great deal of salt is obtained by evaporation.

The Portuguese are a singular people; living in a country so fertile in its lowlands that every man might dwell in plenty under his own fig-tree, it often happens that corn enough is not grown to support the people. The peasants are miserably poor; a mess of pottage, made of Indian corn, bread, water, and a spoonful of olive oil, is the labourer's supper, the chief meal of the day. Bread made of Indian corn is the only sort known to the poorer classes; and every peasant has his own olive-tree from which he gets the oil which serves him in the place of butter and meat. He might sell some of this oil, export it to other lands, and get some comforts for himself with the purchase-money; but, alas, he chooses to prepare his oil as did his fathers before him, and the method is a bad one. The oil becomes a little rancid, and nobody is willing to buy it. Beans and chestnuts made into bread, or stewed, give a little variety to the peasant's meagre fare. Their dwellings are mere hovels; their clothing, poor and scanty; dirt and disease are but too common amongst them; and yet the Portuguese peasants are contented and good-humoured, an effect due, perhaps, to the bright sunshine they enjoy in their beautiful land. One national trait, common alike to rich and poor, causes a good deal of amusement to foreigners. They are great talkers, and speak of the most simple matters in grand and flowery language; then, too, they are excessively polite, and their civility is apt to carry them beyond the bounds of truth.

But it is hardly fair to judge of the Portuguese character as it appears now. About the sixteenth century Portugal was one of the greatest nations in Europe, with rich possessions in America, and a commerce with many lands, carried on by a brave and enterprising people, who discovered and took possession of new lands, east and west.

The Portuguese discovered and colonised Brazil; and it was a Portuguese, Bartholomeo Diaz, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, thus opening the eastern seas and shores to the ships of Europe. But, from causes difficult to explain, Portugal has fallen from her high estate; like a decayed gentlewoman, she appears to live on the memory of her former greatness, while she makes very little effort to raise herself in the world again. No manufacture is carried on with any spirit. There are only two considerable towns in the country, Lisbon and Oporto. There is one university, at Coimbra: but the peasantry cannot read or write, and even the grandees are ignorant. As for agriculture, it is carried on in a clumsy way, without any of the implements a good farmer thinks necessary: maize, wheat, barley, are grown, it is true; and so are the vine, olive, orange, and various delicious fruits; but if the peasants had any encouragement to labour, these and other good things would be produced in far greater quantities. But there are no roads in Portugal by which a loaded wagon could be driven from the interior to a market town; so the peasants feel that it is useless to produce that which they have no means of selling.

One industry, however, Portugal still has. She produces the *Port* wine of commerce, so-called from Oporto, that is, *the Port*. The famous wine-growing

district from which this wine is derived is on the banks of the Alto-Douro, or Upper Douro. It stretches for forty miles along both banks of the river, with a breadth of about ten or twelve miles. This is an unhealthy district, and few people live in it. By whom then, you will say, are the vines cultivated? Not by Portuguese at all, but by *Gallegos*, that is, labourers from the province of Galicia, in Spain, some eight thousand of whom come trooping into the Douro valley in the season, very much as the hop-pickers swarm into Kent. These turn the soil round the vines three times a year; they carry the baskets of ripe fruit, and they tread the grapes; the women and children of the neighbouring districts cutting off the great purple bunches.

After the grapes are cut, they are carried in large open baskets on the backs of Gallegos to a shed where they are thrown into wide stone troughs. The Gallegos are divided into gangs, usually of ten men each, under an over-looker. The baskets being filled, each man, at the word of command, shoulders his load, falls into line, and then all march in order through the rugged mountain paths leading to the shed, where the grapes are thrown into a large open stone trough.

"When the trough is filled with grapes, 'a gang' of men jump in, and, forming a close line with their arms on each other's shoulders, advance and retire with measured step, treading the fruit to the sound of the bagpipe, drum, and fife. When these men are tired, they feed and rest, and another gang takes their place. This operation is continued for about thirty-six hours, when the grapes are fully crushed, and fermentation commences.

"The busy and gay appearance of the girls and

women in the vineyard, and the numerous strings of the grape-carriers spread over the heights, the luxuriant display of the most delicious of fruits, and the rich colouring of the landscape generally, afford a spectacle full of animation and interest."

We have said that Portugal possesses but two important towns. Of these, Oporto is a busy port, much occupied in sending port wine to England: there are immense vaults on one bank of the river where the wine is kept until it is exported. Lisbon and Oporto are the two manufacturing towns of the kingdom; linen, silk, cotton, porcelain, and earthenware are made in both.

For a description of Lisbon, we will quote Mr. Borrow, a well-known traveller in the Peninsula:—

"Lisbon is a huge, ruinous city, still exhibiting in almost every direction the vestiges of that terrific visitation of God, the earthquake, which shattered it some hundred years ago (1755). It stands on seven hills, the loftiest of which is occupied by the Castle of St. George; the busiest parts of the city are in the valley to the north of this height.

"Here you find the Plaza of the Inquisition, the principal square in Lisbon, from which run parallel towards the river, three or four streets, amongst which are those of Gold and Silver, so-called from being inhabited by smiths cunning in the working of those metals; they are upon the whole very magnificent. The houses are huge, as high as castles; and immense pillars defend the causeway at intervals.

"The most singular street, however, is that called 'Rosemary.' It is very precipitous, and has the palaces of the Portuguese nobility on either side, massive and frowning, and with here and there a

hanging garden overlooking the street at a great height."

The principal streets of Lisbon are fine, and are kept fresh by water supplied to them from the beautiful marble aqueduct which spans the valley to the north-east of the city; but most of the lesser streets are narrow and filthy. Indeed, Lisbon is a disappointing place. Nothing can be finer than the view from the harbour, of a beautiful city set upon hills, embowered amid green foliage and glowing flowers and fruit; but within, poverty and squalor strike the eye on every side.

We have already spoken of Cintra, some fifteen miles to the north of Lisbon, the "paradise of Portugal," and the loveliest bathing place in the world.

Questions on the Map of the Spanish Peninsula.

1. What is the general form of the Spanish peninsula? What waters bound it? What natural boundary separates it from France? How is the Mediterranean connected with the Atlantic? What land is on the other side of this narrow channel?

2. Name four capes round the coast of the peninsula. A group of islands off the east coast. Is the coast of this peninsula much broken into by the sea? Name what appear to be the seaport towns seated at the mouths of rivers, or on other harbours.

3. Name the five mountain-ranges which cross the peninsula. In what general direction do they run? Which of these enter Portugal?

4. Name four rivers of Spain which reach the Atlantic through Portugal. Between which mountain ranges does each of these take its course?

A river which is entirely Portuguese.

The river which drains the plain between the Morena and Nevada ranges.

Three Spanish rivers which enter the Mediterranean.

Name towns in the basin of each of these rivers, and, when there is one, the seaport at its mouth.

5. Describe the situation of Gibraltar, Andorra, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Coimbra, Setubal, Corunna, Mt. Maladetta.
6. Describe the situation of the capitals of Spain and Portugal.
7. What Spanish provinces skirt the Mediterranean?
8. Between what parallels does the peninsula lie? Name other cities of the world in about the same latitudes as Madrid, Granada, and Barcelona.

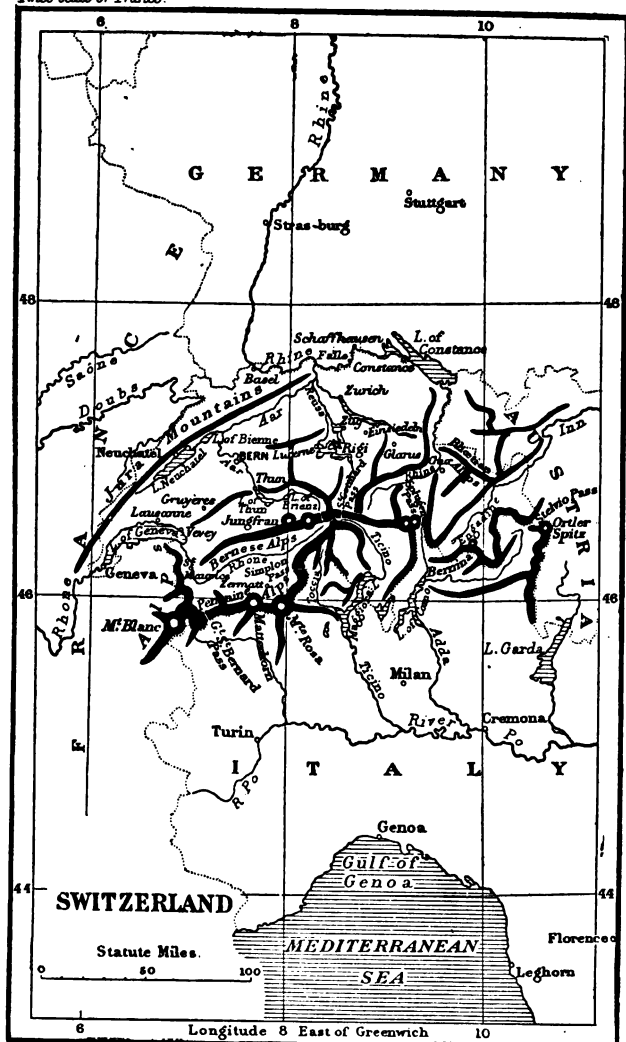
SWITZERLAND.

THE ALPS.

"THE longer I stayed among the Alps, and the more closely I examined them, the more I was struck by the one broad fact of there being a vast Alpine plateau, or mass of elevated land, upon which nearly all the highest peaks stood, like children set upon a table, removed, in most cases, far back from the edge of the plateau, as if for fear of their falling. And the result of this arrangement is a kind of division of the whole of Switzerland into an upper and lower mountain-world; the lower world consisting of steep, wooded banks of mountain, more or less divided by ravines, through which glimpses are caught of the higher Alps; the upper world, reached after the first steep banks, of 3000 or 4000 feet in height, have been surmounted, consisting of comparatively level but most desolate traces of moor and rock, half covered by glacier, and stretching to the feet of the true pinnacles of the chain.

"It can hardly be necessary to point out the perfect wisdom and kindness of this arrangement, as a provision for the safety of the inhabitants of the high mountain regions. If the great peaks rose at once from the deepest valleys, every stone which was struck from the pinnacles, and every snow-wreath which slipped from their ledges, would descend at once upon the inhabitable ground, over which no year would pass without recording some calamity of earth-slip or avalanche. Besides this, the masses of snow, cast down at once into the

Twice scale of France.



Sanford's Geog. Estab.

warmer air, would all melt rapidly in the spring, causing furious inundations of every great river for a month or six weeks.

"All these calamities are prevented by the peculiar Alpine structure which has been described. The broken rocks and the sliding snow of the high peaks, instead of being dashed at once into the vales, are caught upon the desolate shelves or shoulders which everywhere surround the central crests. The soft banks which terminate these shelves, traversed by no falling fragments, clothe themselves with richest wood; while the masses of snow heaped upon the ledge above them, in a climate neither so warm as to thaw them quickly in the spring, nor so cold as to protect them from all the power of the summer sun, either form themselves into glaciers, or remain in slowly wasting fields even to the close of the year—in either case supplying constant, abundant, and regular streams to the villages and pastures beneath, and to the rest of Europe noble and navigable rivers."*

One is apt to think of "Switzerland" and the "Alps" as different names for the same thing; and it is quite true that two-thirds of this little inland country are occupied entirely by Alpine chains and high valleys; the remaining third being a plain, not less than thirteen hundred feet above the sea-level. This plain divides the Jura Mountains from the great Alpine chains. In the south-west of Switzerland there are two great chains divided by the valley of the Rhone—the Pennine Alps, which form the boundary between Switzerland and Italy, to the south of the Rhone, and the Bernese Alps to the north of the Rhone. Near the point where these two chains diverge is Mount St. Gothard, from

* *Ruskin.*

which various ranges branch out, spreading over the east, south-east, and centre of Switzerland.

The highest peaks lie within the range which forms the southern boundary, where are the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa, while the Great St. Bernard, the Simplon, and Splügen passes are amongst those by which the traveller descends to the Italian valleys. North of this mass of heights, the deep valleys of the Rhone, flowing west to the Lake of Geneva, and of the Upper Rhine, flowing north-east, to that of Constance, mark a deep trench all across the country; while in the centre of the country rises the mass of the Bernese Alps or Oberland, with Finster Aarhorn, Jung-frau, and Wetter-horn. All the higher masses of the Alps rise above the snow-line, and the snow accumulated on their summits is continually falling in immense masses into the valleys below. These falls of snow, or *avalanches*, as they are called, are greatly dreaded by the mountaineers: the villager hears a noise like the roll of thunder, and before he has time to escape, he and his village are buried beneath a mountain of snow—his only chance of deliverance being that the dwellers in some neighbouring hamlet may discover the disaster and come to dig him out. Still more damage is occasioned by *landslips*, when large masses of earth and rock “slip” from the sides of the mountains, perhaps carrying uprooted villages with them in their fall.

The glaciers, which, it is said, cover some 1400 square miles of the surface of Switzerland, add greatly to the strange magnificence of Alpine scenery. There are probably some 400 glaciers in Switzerland, ranging from three or four to twenty or thirty miles in length, with a depth of, sometimes, as much as 700 feet. These vast fields, or rather, rivers of ice, have

an interesting history. In Switzerland, at about 8000 feet above the sea level, the mountains are covered with perpetual snow; for in these high regions, snow falls during nine months out of the twelve. Thus immense masses of snow accumulate and fall, at last, from the high ridges into the upper valleys; there, piled one above another, these masses melt partially in the summer heat; but the warm season is brief; winter comes again, and the mass is frozen to a consistency "something like that of thick mortar." As all the high valleys have a considerable slope, the mass has a tendency to move forward, at a rate which is said to be sometimes as great as four feet in twenty-four hours. But the slope down which the glacier moves is apt to be rugged, and covered with broken rock; the ice river cannot accommodate itself to its bed as can a stream of water; it breaks, crashes, with a sound like thunder, and there is a crack or crevasse formed, down which the unwary traveller may plunge to unknown depths. Only experienced Alpine guides can cross the great glaciers with safety, and these tie the members of their parties together with a strong rope, so that if one slips into a crevasse the rest may drag him out. Arrived in the warmer valleys below the snow-line, the ice rivers dissolve and become muddy streams, and of the waters thus let loose are born the Rhine, the Rhone, the Reuss, and the Inn.

ON THE ST. GOTHARD.

“Our right is bounded by the Rhone glacier, a scarp of frozen ice, here rough with jagged shales of slate, there dark with drifts of dust. Down below, the surface of the glacier has been smoothed and rounded by the noon-day heat; along our level it is endlessly torn and broken; it is so near that we can peer into the rents and watch the play of green and rosy light within them. Beyond a dark ravine upon our left rise the Mutt-horn, Shaf-berg, Tell Alp, Saas-horn, while beyond these peaks extend those granite walls which press the summer back upon Italian lakes.

“Below these masses, in the groove between the Mutt-horn and the Grimsel, flow the waters of the Rhone—here lost to sight among the rocks, there flooding out amongst the trees and fields—past Oberwald, then through long, green reaches lit with roof and spire, sweet notes of life and home in the stern desert of an Alpine night. Up north and west, above the Grimsel, spread the crests and gulfs to which no spring, no autumn, ever comes; where chain is laid on chain, and peak is piled on peak; with domes and falls of ice, with sweeps and drifts of snow, and pinnacles of rock too sharp for either flying mist or driving rain to clutch.

“Beyond the Grimsel stretch the Gauli glacier, the lesser and the greater Grindelwald glaciers, the two Aar glaciers, the Lötschen glacier, the Münster glacier, and the Aletsch glaciers, hanging on the sides and dripping at the feet of the secondary Alps, while high above these seas of ice roll up vast fields of granulous snow, too high for sun to melt; and over these white

fields, the humps and teeth of Jung-frau, Wetter-horn, and Mönch, with yon twin pyramids, the Schreck-horn and the Finster Aar-horn, standing on guard like two mountain kings.

“Yet nobler than such wintry masses, and to larger use and purpose, swells the group of heights on which we stand; the crown of the St. Gothard chain, the central range of Europe, where her valleys run to meet each other, whence her rivers rise and flow to east and west, and over which the Frank and Teuton pass to Lombardy, while the Italian climbs towards Germany and France.”

Within an oval some seven miles wide and fourteen long, are crowded peak, and source, and pass. Here the Rhone, the Rhine, the Reuss, the Toccia, and the Ticino take their rise. All the greater lakes are fed from this one crown of earth: lake Constance, the Lake of Geneva, Lago Maggiore. Three drops of rain, delivered from one drifting cloud, might fall into the Rhone, the Toccia, and the Rhine, and after filtering through the Lake of Geneva, Lake Constance, and Lago Maggiore, might run forward on their several ways into the sea, past Avignon, Cremona, and Cologne.

The hardy Swiss—whose beautiful country proves but a hard mother to her children, yielding them scanty food and uncertain shelter—are for ever seeking to win some fresh scrap of high pasture from the realms of eternal snow and ice. Wherefore, to the Swiss peasant, life is a battle, waged against the avalanche, the lightning, and the deluge.

“Thus, in the Rhone valley, stands the thorpe of Obergesteen, which has often been destroyed by snow slides, storms of rain, and atmospheric fires. Two days ago a peasant pointed out to me a grave in which are

laid the ashes of eighty-four persons, male and female, killed by one avalanche in a single night. A few years ago, this village was consumed by fire. It was a hot September afternoon; the men were on the mountains with their herds; only some women and the children were at home. A sultry mist lay on the thorpe, from which a cloud of smoke was seen to rise. The herdsmen hurried down the slopes; but now a hot wind rose and drove the flames across the narrow streets. In two hours all was over. Out of sixty-eight houses and a hundred and twelve out-buildings, only three were saved. The church was charred and rent; the sheds in which the peasants dwelt were cinders, and the village streets and gardens made a desert. Some of the homeless peasants sought relief in the neighbouring hamlets, others threw themselves amongst the ruins of their homes, and two poor creatures sat them down in their dismay and died. Yet Obergesteen is rebuilt once more, and this time of solid stone.

"A flood of rain may try men's natures on these heights more sternly than a slide of snow, and even than an atmospheric fire. An avalanche, a conflagration, overwhelms a single thorpe; but such floods of rain as drench these central Alps may sweep a hundred miles of valley bare of house and tree. The rain falls not in showers, but in sheets, so that the solid earth is shaken by its weight. The rivers swell, the valleys are invaded by the floods, whatever stands in the way of the rush of waters—dykes, walls, bridges, houses, mills—fall into the stream. The waters leave their usual beds and leap by garden walls and private paths into the hamlets, fill the cow-sheds and the dairies, underflow the beams, and lift the strong habitations off the earth. The danger is increased by enormous slabs

of rock and slips of earth being hurled into the valleys, frequently crushing the unhappy villager who has fled from his falling house."*

SUNRISE ON THE RIGI.

Perhaps few Swiss mountains attract more visitors than the Rigi; not so much for its own sake—it is not one of the giants of the land—as for the magnificent view which it affords of the Bernese Oberland. The great sight is the sun rising from behind the eastern mountains, a sight which depends a good deal upon the weather: but in the hope of seeing it crowds of visitors gather in the two hotels on the top of the Rigi, to be roused by the shrill blast of the Alpine horn blown at their doors at about three in the morning; sleepy they may be, but the sun waits for no man, so out of bed they jump, scramble into such garments as come uppermost, and out upon the mountain tops in the chill dawn, to await the sun's "coming forth as a bridegroom." Too often he is ungracious, and refuses to show his face to his admirers, who return sulkily to breakfast having seen little but an ocean of white mist below them, and another such ocean above. If the morning be fine, however, the scene is one of extraordinary splendour.

"It was the 6th of September, and the most perfectly beautiful morning that can be imagined. At a quarter-past three the stars were reigning supreme in the heavens, but soon the horizon began to redden over the eastern range of mountains, and then the dawn stole on in a succession of deepening tints.

* *W. Hepworth Dixon.*

"The object most conspicuous as the dawn broke, and indeed the most sublime, was the vast range of the enormous snowy mountains of the Oberland, without spot of cloud or veil of mist to dim them; the Finster Aarhorn to the left, and the Jungfrau and Silberhorn to the right, peak after peak, and mass after mass, glittering with a cold, wintry whiteness in the grey dawn.

"Fully half the horizon was filled with these peaks and masses of snow and ice; then, lower down, the mountains of bare rock, and lower still, the earth with mounds of verdure.

"This was the scene for which we watched, and it seems as if nothing in nature can ever again be so beautiful. It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain peaks and lighted up each of their white, pyramidal points in succession, like a row of gigantic lamps burning with rosy fires.

"This amazing panorama is said to extend over a circumference of 300 miles. As the sun gets higher, forests, lakes, hills, rivers, and villages, at first indistinct and grey in shadow, become flooded with sunshine, and almost seem floating up towards you.

"It is said you can see fourteen lakes from the place where we are standing. I counted at least twelve last evening, before the night veil of the mist had been drawn above them:—the lovely lake of Lucerne, or of the Four Forest Cantons, lay at our feet: beyond, to the south-west, were Brienz and Thun, to the north-east, Zurich and Zug, and six or seven smaller lakes which we were able to identify; in fact, we were in the midst of the central lake district of Switzerland, the remaining great lakes being either upon, or near the frontier."

THE SWITZERS AT SCHOOL.

"In Switzerland the primary business of the State is keeping school.

"A school is one of the first things present to the eyes of a Swiss child, and one of the last things present to the mind of a Swiss man. He could not cast it from him if he would; he would not cast it from him if he could.

"A Swiss child dreams of school as his fate in life. He sees his brother and his sister go to school: he sees them bring their lessons home; he sees them rise at dawn to learn their tasks. He knows that, on coming to a certain age, his right to stay at home, to play at top and make mud pies will cease. He is a member of the Commune, and the Commune will not suffer him to live and die like a pig. The school will seize him, hold him fast for years, and rear him into what he is to be: a banker, goatherd, student, tinker, what not; but in any case it will not lose its grasp until he grows into a man. But then the infant Swiss dreams pleasantly of school; it is to him a happy fate, a kindly fairy.

"The fairest edifice a Swiss can see when he goes out to walk is his village school. In Zurich and Lausanne the intellectual capitals of Switzerland, the noblest buildings are the public schools. Walk in some out-of-the-way gorge where scattered chalets here and there, high up, are the only signs of habitation, and, behold, a white building rises before you—it is the school. Then, no people in the world can boast of so many seats of learning in proportion to their number as the Switzers. Basel has a university; Bern has a university;

Zurich, Neuchâtel and Geneva have their own universities, and besides these, four of the Cantons have separate universities.

"The festivals and holidays of a Switzer are connected with his life at school. Each change is made the pretext for a feast. On going to school there is a feast; on leaving school there is a feast; at every stage of his advance there is a feast. The school is made to him a centre of all happy thoughts and times." *

THE SWITZERS AT WORK.

"In Switzerland each parish has its Alp, that is, its common pasture for the cows of the parish, which is the proper meaning of the word Alp; and each family is entitled to a cow's grazing, or half a cow's grazing, from June to October, on this common pasture. These grazing rights are highly prized, for the Swiss peasant is extravagantly fond of his cow. To pass a winter without a cow to care for would be a heavy life to him. Few, however, have cows in sufficient numbers to repay the labour of attending them at the summer grazing in the Alps. The proprietors are too small in general to keep more than five or six cows all winter, and few can keep more than half that number. Yet these small proprietors contrive to send cheeses to market as large as those of our Cheshire dairy farmers with their dairy stocks of forty or fifty cows.

"One cheeseman, one pressman or assistant, and one cowherd are considered necessary for every forty cows. The owners of the cows get credit, each of them, in a

* *W. Hepworth Dixon.*

book daily, for the quantity of milk given by each cow. The cheeseman and his assistants milk the cows, put the milk all together, and make cheese of it; and at the end of the season, each owner receives the weight of cheese proportionable to the quantity of milk his cows have delivered.

"In October, the cows are brought home; and the home grass-lands having been mown for hay twice during the summer, the winter food is provided. Then each family takes care of and milks its own cows, keeps the milk wanted for family use, and sends the rest of it daily to the cheeseman.

"I went one warm forenoon, while ascending the Rigi, into one of these dairy-houses. From the want of dairy-maids, or females, about the place, and from the appearance of the cowman and his boys, I thought it prudent to sit down on the bench outside of the smoky dwelling-room, and to ask for a bowl of milk there. It was brought me in a remarkably clean wooden bowl, and I had some curiosity, when my milk was swallowed, to see where it came from. The man took me to a separate wooden building; and instead of the disgusting dirt and sluttishness I had expected, I found the most unpretending cleanliness in this rough milk-room: nothing was in it but the wooden vessels belonging to the dairy, and all these were perfectly clean; while those holding milk were standing in a broad rill of water, led from the neighbouring burn, and rippling through the centre of the room. This burn running through gave a freshness and cleanliness to every article, although the whole was of rude construction, and evidently for use, not show.

"Cheese is almost the only agricultural product of Switzerland that is exported; and no kinds of cheese

are more prized than the Gruyère and Parmesan, made by these small farmers. Grain the country must import, and the supply is principally from the east side of the lake of Constance. Wine is not produced in greater quantity than the country consumes. The Swiss cows are exported even to Russia, and to all parts of France and Germany; but as Swiss pasturage, and Swiss care and love for the cow are not exportable, these agricultural improvements generally fail. The Swiss cows are very handsome animals and of great value." *

They are so gently used by their owners that they come up to the stranger with the expectation of a bit or a pat, or, at any rate, a friendly word. Careful, industrious, and saving as the Swiss are, their beloved country is too full of waste water and barren mountain to yield a living to all her sons. For centuries, the Swiss have gone forth as hirelings to other lands, and after a term of service, commonly as soldiers or servants, they contrive to return to their native valleys with savings sufficient to keep them in their old age.

TOWNS.

Switzerland is a Federal Republic: that is to say, each of the twenty-two Cantons is a separate State, with its own capital and government, its parliament, court of justice, and executioner; therefore there is, strictly speaking, no capital of Switzerland, though now the several Cantons are united in what is called the Swiss League, and each sends members who meet at Berne to discuss matters belonging to the general weal.

* *Laing.*

It is well, however, that each Canton should rule itself, for the Swiss are not one people, nor have they a language in common : the inhabitants of the Cantons bordering Germany are Teutons, and speak German, those of the Cantons on the Italian frontier speak Italian, with the exception of some 8000 families who speak a rustic Latin called Romance ; while the Swiss of the Cantons on the French border, the French-Swiss, speak French.

The bright city of Geneva—built upon both banks of the Rhone, at the foot of the lake to which it has given name—is the largest town in Switzerland. It is famous for its schools and university ; the manufacture of watches and of articles of jewelry occupies the inhabitants.

The most busy commercial city of Switzerland is Basle upon the Rhine, the “Queen of the Rhine” as the inhabitants of the quaint old city love to call it. Here, where it is on the point of leaving Switzerland, the Rhine first begins to be navigable for craft of any size ; here the traveller is delighted with the rafts for which the Rhine is famous, and is fascinated by the rapid flow of the great river as it sweeps by the picturesque buildings of the town which overhang it. Basle is busy in a quiet way, being the centre of railway communication both with France and Germany, and here the Rhine steam-boats first begin to ply.

“A bright old city on a fresh green lake—white houses nestling in the midst of trees ; quaint streets, arcades, and spires ; grim minsters looking down on shop and stall ; wide quays and bridges, piers and water-mills ; old convents, walls, and towers ; new colleges, hotels and railway lines ; the records of a thousand years, the fancies of a passing day ; one river

leading from the lake ; a second river rushing from the hills ; around you mountain crests ; each hill with vineyards at her base, and village belfry on her top ; and in the front, beyond the stretch of shining lake, a rugged line of Alps, all swathed and lit with snow—is Zurich city, capital of Zurich Canton, and a paradise of learning and of learned men."

Berne, the capital of the large Canton of Berne, is, next to Geneva, the largest city in Switzerland. It is a handsome town, with many fountains playing in its streets, and lovely gardens overhanging the river Aar on which it stands. Beautifully carved little bears are to be seen for sale in the shop-windows, for from the bear—which still descends into the lowlands now and then in very hard winters—the town takes its name.

Lucerne is like Zurich, only "more so"; that is, more so as far as brightness and beauty are concerned, for it stands on the edge of a beauteous lake in the very heart of the Bernese Oberland: it has charming promenades and very fine hotels, and it needs them, for visitors from all nations flock hither in the summer, to enjoy the romantic lake with its dark bays, and the mighty host of snow-capped giants which hem in the narrow valley of the Reuss; or to climb Pilatus or the Rigi, swelling giants too, though not tall enough for the distinction of a white helmet.

Lausanne, Vevey, Interlachen, Thun, and a dozen other towns and villages are the resort of the English and American visitors, who take Switzerland by storm every summer, for well does the beautiful little country deserve its name of "the playground of Europe."

Questions on the Map of Switzerland.

1. What mountains divide Switzerland from France? A lake at the foot of these mountains.

2. A lake in the south-west fed by the Rhone. A lake in the north-east fed by the Rhine. In what mountain-mass do both these rivers rise? What direction does the Rhone take on leaving Switzerland? The Rhine? Into what several seas do these rivers fall?

3. Of what two streams is the Rhine formed? Describe its course in Switzerland. During part of its course, the Rhine forms the boundary between Switzerland and two other states:—name these. What large tributary does it receive in Switzerland? What feeder of the Danube rises in the Rhaetian Alps? What name is given to its lovely valley? Into what sea do its waters finally fall?

4. Name the three largest lakes of central Switzerland. What mountain overlooks Lake Lucerne?

5. What chains of the Alps hem in the Rhone valley on the north and the south? Name four summits of the southern chain, and one of the northern. Name four of the Alpine passes, one of which must be crossed to enter Italy. What Alpine chain fills south-eastern Switzerland? Crossing these eastern Alps, what country are we within? What country bounds Switzerland on the north? What famous summit of the Alps lies within France?

6. Describe the situation of the following towns:—Geneva, Zurich, Bern, Lausanne, Lucerne, Basel, St. Maurice, Thun, Chur, Schaffhausen.

7. By what four states is Switzerland surrounded? Into which of these do the Alps extend?

ITALY.

ITALY, one of the three peninsulas reaching down into the Mediterranean, is somewhat less than the British Isles in extent, even when the islands of Sicily and Sardinia are included. Peninsular Italy consists of the two seaward slopes of the Apennines, which are really a spur from the great central Alpine chain; northern, or as it is sometimes called, *continental* Italy, includes the southern slope of the Alps and the broad fertile valley of the Po which lies at their base.

The Alps form an enormous mountain barrier, 700 miles in length, reaching from the Gulf of Genoa to the head of the Adriatic—a mighty natural defence which should have served to protect Italy from incursions on the part of her northern neighbours. But this rich and sunny land has proved too tempting to be let alone, and again and again have the troops of France or of Austria poured through the mountain *passes* which are the only means of communication between Italy on the one hand, and France, Switzerland, and Austria on the other. These are often at a great elevation; the pass of Mont Cenis, one of the most frequented, between Savoy and Piedmont, is nearly 7000 feet above the sea, and that of the Great St. Bernard is more than 8000; the pass of Mont Cervin, the highest mountain pass in Europe, is at a height of 11,000 feet, and therefore towers some 2000 or 3000 feet above the line of perpetual snow. The great carriage road over the Simplon, constructed by

[illegible]Stanford's Geog^y Estab^t

Napoleon, is over 6500 feet above the sea-level. The beautiful Splügen pass is a route often taken by tourists who approach the Italian lakes from Switzerland. The road over Mont Stelvio leads from the Austrian Tyrol into Lombardy; its summit level is over 9000 feet, and it is the highest carriage road in Europe.

Most English travellers enter Italy by the grand pass of the Simplon, as perhaps in no other is the scenery quite so beautiful, and nowhere is the contrast more striking between the regions separated by the great Alpine barrier. From the deep and narrow valley of the Valais, enclosed by frowning Alps, you wind up the wooded slopes of the northern declivity, till, having gained the summit, you descend in a few hours from the vegetation of Lapland to the region of the vine and fig-tree, and on fairly gaining the sunny side of the mountains, "emerge into light and boundless space" in one of the finest parts of Italy.

We have no space to describe the making of the wonderful roads across the passes, full as they are of highways in apparently impossible places, and of tunnels bored through the solid rock. The latest marvel of engineering skill is the tunnel, eight miles long, which has just been completed through the heart of St. Gothard, by means of which *railway* communication is opened through a district formerly held passable only for pedestrians or the sure-footed mules. The St. Gothard is the fourth of the Alpine passes which have been furnished with railways; the Brenner is the lowest, being under 5000 feet, and the rails are carried *over* it; but *through* Mont Cenis by means of a tunnel about eight miles in length. There is usually a small lake at the top of a pass, and beside it a hospice for

travellers, generally kept by monks who are attended by a famous breed of dogs trained to rescue travellers lost in the snow. That of the Great St. Bernard is the most famous of these hospices.

Throughout the whole length of the chain the higher Alps rise above the snow-line, but there are few glaciers on the Italian side, and these are small: the long narrow valleys often form the beds of lakes.

THE PLAIN OF LOMBARDY.

The Plain of Lombardy is the next great physical feature of Italy. It lies between the Alps and the northern Apennines, and slopes towards the Adriatic, though the lower part of it is almost a perfect level, very fertile, populous, and highly cultivated. The mountains rise like a steep wall from the plain, and here and there they send out spurs between which lie many beautiful valleys. This wide garden of Italy is really the valley of the river Po, to which it owes its great fertility; the Po is the principal river of Italy and is navigable through nearly its whole course, but is little used, as it is subject to floods upon the melting of the mountain snows.

The high mountains which overlook all Lombardy pour down an immense number of streams which are conveyed in all directions by countless canals, so that there are scarcely any farms or meadows which have not the benefit of a water-course. These mountain-rivers, when swelled by the rains, rush down charged with sand or clay, which they lay down at their mouths. The course of the Po lies, for the most part,

through a soft limestone soil; and the bed of the river has been raised as much as 80 feet towards its mouth by the deposits which it has brought down. At the town of Ferrara the surface of the water is higher than the roofs of the houses. The tract of land between Bologna and Ferrara is perhaps the most unhealthy in all Italy. Here the fields are flooded for the cultivation of rice, and the presence of stagnant water appears to be one of the causes of *malaria*, the fatal scourge which desolates so much of Italy.

THE APENNINES.

The chain of the Apennines extends throughout the whole length of the peninsula, and appears again in the island of Sicily. It belongs to the system of the Alps, to which the Corsican and Sardinian mountains also appear to belong. The main chain does not send a spur into the Apulian peninsula, or heel of Italy, which is, for the most part, rather level. As the mountains keep on the whole close to the east coast, we find the most important river basins on the west, as those of the Arno, the Tiber, and the Volturno; while on the eastern side are nothing but small streams hurrying down to the sea through wild precipitous valleys.

The principal chain is dreary and barren-looking as a vast wall, and has very few projecting peaks; the slopes, naked, riven, and covered with boulders, seem to be scorched by the southern sun. They are poorly supplied with streams, and the roaring forest-brooks in the deep rocky ravines generally dry up in summer.

Where the mountains dip down to the sea, as at the Riviera of Genoa and the Gulf of Naples, orange groves, Indian figs, and myrtle bushes clothe the slopes. Up to a height of 3000 feet, corn-fields, the chestnut, and the oak are found; beyond this, all vegetation often ceases on the stony sides of the mountains, though in some places they are clothed with dense forests of pine or beech.

The Apennines are crossed by thirteen principal passes. They generally consist of a kind of compact limestone of a whitish-grey colour, and they are distinguished from all other mountain chains by the rich variety of marbles they contain; in some places the quarries appear inexhaustible; the beautiful marbles of the mountains of Carrara are especially famous.

THE MAREMMA.

The Maremma, or low coast plains of the Mediterranean, reach from Leghorn to Terracina, a distance of 192 miles, with a varying breadth of from twelve to forty miles. This is a fatal region, where thousands of persons perish every year from the effects of *malaria*, though there is nothing in the face of nature that betrays the dangerous character of the climate. The sky is as clear and the fields as green as elsewhere; but the few inhabitants who remain in these tracts are sickly and emaciated; and those who venture on the plains during the summer for the labours of the harvest frequently fall victims to the deadly sickness. The shepherds who keep the flocks in the *Campagna di Roma*, are obliged every night during the summer to take shelter within the walls of the city; to

sleep in the country would be fatal: even to travel at night through the Pontine Marshes is, at that season, highly dangerous. In consequence of its extreme unhealthiness, a great deal of this region has gone out of cultivation, and is now a mere waste. The part of the plain within Tuscany is especially known as *the Maremma*, and is dreaded by the Tuscans themselves as much as by strangers.

The coast district in the neighbourhood of Rome is known as the *Campagna di Roma*, a wide green rolling plain, not unlike the Downs above Brighton, or Salisbury Plain, bounded to the north and east by mountains. A vast city like Rome, starting up from such a circle of desolation, from a green wilderness without habitation or tree, is a strange and imposing sight. The soil of the Campagna is generally dry, and, in some places, naturally very fertile, but districts which were populous in the days of the Roman Empire have been rendered desolate and uninhabitable by malaria.

To the south of the Campagna, the plain is known as the *Pontine Marshes*, an equally unhealthy district, dreaded even by the shepherds; it is almost wholly in pasture, though the land is fertile enough to bear abundant crops. The monotony of the vast, level, uninhabited plain is relieved by the mountains which bound it to the east, and by a few ancient-looking towns, each with its castle and its walls, which crown some of the lower hills. Cisterna, the only village on the road, is the "Three Taverns," where the brethren met St. Paul; it seems to contain about two hundred persons.

It appears that this vast plain was, ages ago, overflowed by the sea, and that it owes its present appearance to volcanic action. The soil is shallow, seldom in

the Campagna reaching a depth of more than from eight to sixteen inches; below is a layer of volcanic rock which intercepts the drainage; and this fact, it is supposed, partly accounts for the extreme unhealthiness of the district.

Further to the south, the Mediterranean coast is tolerably free from malaria; the country round Naples is an extremely fertile level tract, cultivated like a garden, from the midst of which rises the cone of Vesuvius.

On the eastern coast, a rather barren plain reaches from the heel to the promontory of S. Angelo, north of which the country becomes more or less mountainous.

CLIMATE.

Italy is naturally divided by its variety of surface and climate into four distinct zones. The first includes the whole of the Plain of Lombardy, and reaches as far south as Florence. The cold in winter here is often severe, the thermometer falling several degrees below freezing-point; and neither the olive nor the orange tree flourishes except on the sheltered shores of Genoa and other favoured spots.

The second zone extends from Florence to Terracina. Here the winters are mild enough to allow the olive-tree and wild orange-tree to flourish; but the sweet orange and other delicate fruits cannot be brought to perfection in the open air. The summer heat at Florence and Rome often rises to 90° Fahr.; but in the former city the winter is prolonged by the cold air from the Apennines. The third climate descends to the

instep of the boot; here the Seville orange and the lemon thrive almost without culture and without shelter, yet in winter frosts occur. In the fourth region, which includes Further Calabria (the *toe* of the boot) and Sicily, the thermometer very rarely sinks to the freezing point, and snow is seldom seen except on the summits of Etna. The palm, the aloe, and the Indian fig-tree flourish in the open air, and the sugarcane thrives in the low grounds; indeed, the vegetation resembles that of the finest parts of Africa. The south wind is exceedingly disagreeable in this burning climate; while the *sirocco*, or south-east wind, is in the highest degree oppressive; vegetation droops and withers beneath its influence, and the human frame becomes strangely languid. Everywhere the intense brilliant azure of the sky and the clearness of the atmosphere throw a peculiar charm over Italian climate and landscape.

All southern Italy is liable to earthquakes, of which the recent destructive shock felt in the island of Ischia is an example. In the great earthquake of Calabria, which commenced in 1783, the shocks were felt at intervals for nearly four years; deep clefts or fissures were opened in the solid earth, rivers were diverted from their courses, the buildings in the towns were thrown down, and there was immense loss of human life.

NORTHERN ITALY.—1.

Turin, the handsome capital of Piedmont, is usually the first city at which travellers arrive after crossing the Mont Cenis Pass. It is more regularly built

than most Italian cities, and is for the most part new and fresh; it is also cleaner than perhaps any other town in Italy, an advantage secured by numerous fountains, the running water from which keeps the fine wide pavements clean.

From Turin we easily reach a spot full of interest—the three mountain valleys still partly inhabited by the Vaudois or Waldenses, illustrious for the persecutions they endured for their faith. These people claim to belong to a primitive church planted here in apostolic days, and maintaining its purity ever since; but it appears more probable they were originally the followers of one Peter Waldo, a twelfth-century reformer, who was driven out of France, and took refuge with his people in these difficult glens between France and Italy. At the present time the Waldenses number about 23,000; they dwell amongst a Roman Catholic people in the valleys of three mountain torrents which join the Po. La Tour is the chief town of the district.

THE LAKES.—2.

We make our way northwards to the lakes, which are within Lombardy, and lie in narrow valleys at the foot of the Alps. All these mountain lakes are beautiful, and each has its peculiar charm. The Lago Maggiore is formed by the river Ticino, and is about fifty miles long by five or six in breadth; it contains the four Borromean islands, so named after one Count Borromeo, who long ago had these rocky and desolate islets made into lovely gardens, terraced and clipped after the Italian fashion. Most travellers agree in thinking that Lake

Como, which is entirely shut in by precipitous mountains, is the loveliest of the Italian lakes: towards its lower end the lake forks, and on the point which divides the fork is Bellagio, an especially lovely spot. Garda, the largest of the lakes, and the much smaller Lugano, are almost equally beautiful; the finest scenery in Italy is in this "Lake District."

THE CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY.—3.

Upon leaving Como, whose double walls and many towers denote its ancient importance, the traveller usually makes for Milan. The city stands on a dead flat, in the midst of a vast and most fertile plain, and owes much of its importance to its fine canals. It is a princely city, in which a mean-looking house seems as rarely to be met with as a palace elsewhere. Of all the fine buildings, the famous cathedral, which is next to St. Peter's at Rome in size, is the most remarkable: it is built of white and black marble, with columns of Egyptian granite of great height; and the outside is covered with sculpture, so that here alone you may number 4000 statues, all of white marble.

Milan was one of the most important of the thirty or forty little republics which divided northern Italy in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Each city was fortified with a wall of brick or marble, with towers raised upon it at intervals, and a deep moat round it; and so strong were these cities against all the instruments of war known in those days, that they were seldom reduced save by famine or treachery. Milan was the chief of all the Lombard cities, both for power and

population, and Brescia, Tortona, and Crema, were her allies in her endless wars with the other Lombard republics—Pavia, Cremona (famous for its violins), Lodi, and Como.

To travel in Italy, or even to study its geography, without some knowledge of its early history is like attempting to read a book in an unknown tongue; for the interest of the cities of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Venetia, depends less on what they are than on the evidences of what they have been; on the massive walls, gates, towers, moats; on the streets of rude palaces in which the nobles were glad to take refuge—which mark the days of their wealth and turbulent independence.

The chief manufacture in most of the towns of Lombardy is silk, while the culture of the mulberry and the rearing of the silkworm employ many of the peasants of the plain. Iron-work, also, is carried on in several towns of Lombardy, especially in Milan, which is famous for its manufactures of weapons and fire-arms.

Almost as important as that of Milan was the republic of Genoa, which in the thirteenth century was strong enough to afford aid and defence to the Greek sovereigns of Constantinople, and in return was allowed to monopolise the trade of the Black Sea. At the height of its power, the Genoese republic extended its sovereignty over Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Malta, and various islands and cities of the Levant. But Venice also had possessions in the Levant, and a bitter rivalry existed between the two cities, which led to a long contest of 130 years, in which Venice at last triumphed, and Genoa sought for peace under the protection of Milan.

The first view of *Genoa the Proud* from the sea is very fine. Two huge piers project into the sea, and a great lighthouse stands picturesquely on the point of a rock. An abrupt hill rises behind, bare, and so burnt up that it is as brown as chocolate, and is speckled all over with white dots, which are country houses within the walls. The celebrated palaces are hardly to be seen from the sea as they are hidden behind the red and green buildings which surround the port, Genoa having a great trade as the chief port and naval arsenal in the kingdom.

The interior of the town consists chiefly of extremely narrow streets, mere lanes, eight or ten feet wide, between immensely high palaces, which, as you look up, seem to touch, scarcely leaving a strip of blue sky between. These streets, many of them too steep as well as too narrow for carriages, are clean, cool, and quiet; and the flat roofs are adorned with shrubs and trees, as myrtle, pomegranate, orange-trees, lemon-trees, and oleanders, twenty feet high, growing, not in boxes only, but in the open ground. The finest old street is entirely formed of palaces, more magnificent than those of Rome. It is a level road and the chief drive of the city, except a wide modern street lately built.

Genoa has still its silk, velvet, and gold-lace manufactures. Besides these, its exports are fruits (chiefly oranges and lemons), oil, perfumes, jewelry, and artificial flowers.

Although much of the raw silk is imported, the silk-worm is reared in the neighbourhood of Genoa, and many of the surrounding villages are hidden among mulberry-trees. Large quantities of macaroni and vermicelli are made in these villages.

No part of Italy is more famous for its beautiful

scenery than the road which skirts the coast from Marseilles to Nice and Genoa, and from Genoa to Spezia and Pisa. These two roads, round the western and eastern horns of the Gulf of Genoa, are called the *Riviere*, or coast roads. That west of Genoa is the Western Coast-road; that east of Genoa, the Eastern Coast-road; and both are so beautiful, that which is the more so is a point never likely to be settled.

Part II.—4.

Leaving Genoa, we hasten to consider Venice, her beautiful rival. We are in the Grand Canal, which traverses the city in an easy curve. The buildings on either side of it are marble palaces; and these have no quays, no terraces, no landing-places before them, but plunge at once into the sea. Splendid marble stairs with marble balustrades lead up from the water to the hall door; and at the foot of these stairs it was that crowds of gondoliers, carrying lighted torches at night, used formerly to draw up, as do carriages elsewhere.

We have all heard a great deal about Venice, and it is one of the few places that do not disappoint expectation. A traveller describes his impressions thus:—"I knew before that it was situated on many islands; that its highways were canals; that gondolas were its hackney coaches; that it had St. Mark's, and the Rialto, and the Doge's palace; and I know no more now. It was always a dream, and will continue a dream for ever. To come to Venice is to come on board, and it only differs from ship-board, that there is no danger of sea-sickness. The Grand Canal is nearly

three hundred feet wide. Other canals are wide enough, but the widest street in the city is not more than ten or twelve feet from house to house, and the majority do not exceed six or eight. The gondola is all that is dreamy and delightful, its black funereal look in high contrast with its internal luxury. You float on without sensible motion; its cushions are 'blown up, not stuffed'; you seat yourself upon one of them, and sink, sink, sink, as if it were all air. There must be thousands here who never saw a hill, or a wood, or a green field, or an ear of corn growing, or heard a bird sing, except in a cage.

"Everything at Venice is dream-like; for what is more so than to walk on the Rialto, where Antonio spat on the Jew's gaberdine? to stand where Othello addressed the assembled senate?

"For realities, go to St. Mark's of an evening; see its fine square in all its marble beauty; the domes and minarets of its old church; the barbaric gloom of the Doge's palace, and its proud towering campanile (bell-tower),"

To the very nature of the country which they inhabited, the Venetians, like the Dutch, were mainly indebted for their independence. The Adriatic Gulf receives in its upper part all the waters which flow from the southern declivities of the Alps: the Po, the Adige, the Brenta, and a great number of smaller streams. Every one of them carries down in the rainy season enormous quantities of mud and sand, so that the head of the gulf, gradually filled up with their deposits, is neither sea nor land. The Lagoon, as this immense tract of shoals and mud is called, comprises a space of between twenty and thirty miles from the shore, and is covered with about two feet of water,

where only the lightest craft can pass; but it is intersected by channels, which afford passage and safe anchorage to the largest vessels. Amid these shoals and mud-banks are some firmer and higher islands, which have been inhabited from remote antiquity, every invasion of barbarians causing the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbouring cities to seek an asylum here. In time, this little colony became so populous that it was necessary to fix on a form of government, so the people placed the united islands under a duke or doge, chosen by themselves, who had almost unlimited power.

We are all familiar with the story of the yearly marriage which took place between Venice and the Adriatic, when the watery bride was duly wedded by the doge with ring and proper forms—a graceful way of expressing that to the sea Venice owed her prosperity. And very prosperous she became—a great merchant and sea-faring state, which disputed with Genoa the trade of the Levant. At the period of their greatest prosperity, in the fifteenth century, the Venetians owned Istria, Dalmatia, the Morea, Candia, and Cyprus.

Though the ancient glory of Venice has passed away, some of the shops are still very handsome, particularly the jewellers'. The gold-work of Venice is in great request, and the manufacture of gold-chain is brought to the utmost perfection. The celebrated plate-glass manufacture carried on in the island of Murano is now on the decline; but the shops are still full of pretty trifles in glass. The other manufactures consist of woollens, serges, canvas and ropes, gold and silver stuffs, velvet, silk stockings and lace, and paper.

Of the remaining "Cities of the Plain," we can

stop to say but little. Their history is much alike, and in describing the marble palaces, splendid churches, and ruined walls of any one of them, we have said what applies more or less to them all.

From Milan we proceed to *Pavia*, the second city in western Lombardy, famous for its ancient university. Then, passing through a most fertile country, we reach *Lodi*, the chief market for the Parmesan cheese, which is made in the dairy-farms of the surrounding villages. As many as thirty thousand cows are said to be kept in the territory of Lodi for making cheese. As the farms of northern Italy are very small, no one farmer would have enough fresh cream to make a cheese; several, therefore, club to put together the cream of their dairies.

Still keeping on the north bank of the Po, we reach *Verona*, which is built on both banks of the Adige. Here were born Pliny, the naturalist; and Paul Veronese, the famous painter; and others as celebrated. Moreover, our own Shakespeare has peopled Verona with imaginary beings whom we know better than these, for here he laid the scene of the loves of Romeo and Juliet.

We journey southward over the low and fertile plain from which all beauty of scenery now disappears. On the road may be seen immense butts full of grapes, mounted upon clumsy waggons, dragged along by four, six, or eight oxen. These oxen are very fine animals, of a large breed, of an ashy-grey colour, but almost white on the back, and with immensely large horns which are often tipped with steel. Such is the care taken to keep them clean, that, to prevent the long tufty tail from gathering dirt, it is fastened up with a girth decked with flowers and knots of

ribbon. These beautiful creatures are the common beasts of draught and burden upon Italian farms.

Padua is famous for its ancient university, where the three great poets of Italy, and even our own Chaucer, are said to have studied. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, scholars, attracted by the fame of its professors, flocked hither from all parts of Europe.

We must travel southward and cross the Po to reach *Bologna*, another university town, famous for its curious leaning towers.

If, however, we keep to the north-west, we reach *Modena*, which is built with open arcades that afford shelter and shade from sun and storm. It possesses one of the finest collections of pictures in this land of art.

Parma, which gives its name to Parmesan cheese, is a handsome but rather quiet city, where nearly every other building is a church. We now journey westward to the more modern and strongly fortified town of *Alessandria*, the second city in Piedmont. Within a few miles of it is the village of Marengo, where Napoleon gained his great victory over the Austrians in 1800, after his marvellous passage of the St. Bernard. At this time the Austrians were in possession of almost the whole of the fertile northern plain ; and Napoleon, during his short career of triumph, succeeded in displacing them for a while, and forming a short-lived French "Kingdom of Italy." But with the fall of Napoleon, the dominion of Austria over northern Italy was restored, and continued, until the great victories of 1859 and 1860 gave Italy a king of her own.

CENTRAL ITALY.

Until the late events which have made of Italy a united kingdom, this central part of the peninsula was divided between two potentates, the Archduke of Tuscany and the Pope. Of these two divisions, the states of the Church were far the most extensive, and stretched in the form of a rather straight S across the whole breadth of the middle of Italy, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic; but Tuscany, a compact state lying between the mountains and the Mediterranean, has always been remarked for the greater cheerfulness and prosperity of its people, and for the better cultivation and more fertile character of its soil.

- Florence, its capital city, which still answers to its name as the fair and the flourishing, is situated on both banks of the Arno, nearly at the head of a broad and fertile valley. This tract of country, from sixty to seventy miles in length, with a very irregular breadth, is the garden of Tuscany, though in a picturesque point of view it deserves little admiration. In descending the Arno towards Pisa, "you travel for miles between stone walls; and the foreground is at best composed of patches of land in high cultivation, that is, without a blade of grass or a tree that is unclipped."

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence."

The city is nearly of an oval form, and its walls are entered by eight gates. The houses, though not high, are generally well built. The *Via Larga*, the principal street, is full of noble palaces, and is considered one of

the handsomest streets in Europe. But generally, the streets are narrow; and the palaces, though grand and massive, are heavy, strong, and gloomy as so many prisons.

Of the other cities of Tuscany, Leghorn is the chief seat of the foreign commerce of Italy, and is a large and busy sea-port town. Here the straw hats are exported which are known as "Leghorn hats," though they are made in the villages round Florence. The ancient city of Pisa is famous for its leaning tower, a round tower built of white marble, mellowed with age and sunshine, which leans a good deal over its base.

Further north is Lucca—a busy town in a fertile district, with a cathedral and a university—whence, for the most part, come the Italian "image-men" who hawk trays of plaster casts about our streets. Tuscany is rich in mineral wealth; it has mines of copper, lead, sulphur, and quicksilver; and, besides, the famous statuary marble of Carrara.

We enter now what were, until quite recently, the Papal States. Here the fields are no longer carefully tilled; and the rearing of cattle alone employs the people on the wide coast-plains desolated by *malaria*. On the coast we see the buildings of Civita Vecchia, a poor little port for a great city. We continue our journey over the rolling desolate Campagna; there are no suburbs, no villages, no signs that we are approaching a great city, save the huge aqueducts, by means of which Rome gets its water from afar; by these we know that familiar forms will soon be before us—we shall see the massive round tower of St. Angelo, the mighty dome of St. Peter's, the vast ruins of the Coliseum; at last we are nearing Rome.

Apart from its antiquities, its churches, and its

galleries of art, modern Rome is not an attractive city ; the streets are generally narrow, dirty, ill-drained, and swarming with beggars. It stands in the midst of the Campagna upon both sides of the yellow Tiber ; the walls measure fifteen miles round, but they enclose gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, and ruins of the ancient city spread over four of the seven hills upon which ancient Rome stood. The inhabited part of the modern city lies chiefly on the plain along the banks of the Tiber and on the three remaining hills.

The magnificent ruins of the Coliseum stand outside the buildings of the present city, though this amphitheatre was in the centre of ancient Rome. It is of an oval shape, and consists of three tiers of arches, one above another ; within were galleries, bearing many rows of marble seats, enough to accommodate 50,000 people, which were reached by some fifty staircases. In the centre was the arena, an open space for the bloody sports of the circus. The seats of honour were immediately round the arena, though at some height above it, and were guarded by iron points as a protection against the desperate leaps of lions and tigers below. Here sat the Romans to enjoy the death of the *gladiators* : men trained to fight to the death with each other, or with the most savage beasts. Nay, on occasion, Rome assembled to enjoy a finer show ; prisoners were thrown in among the wild beasts merely to be devoured. Ten thousand gladiators are said to have fought in Rome during the celebration of a single "triumph," for by such shows at home was the Roman soldier rewarded for valour abroad. During seven centuries were these fiend-like sports suffered to brutalise the people, and it was long before even Christian emperors were able to suppress them.

Among the remains of ancient Rome are the *Thermae*, or baths, of various emperors, those of Titus, of Diocletian, and others. The Roman bath, besides being provided with every luxury connected with the bath, included spacious galleries and courts for amusements of all kinds; libraries, halls for music, a gymnasium for exercise, halls for the recital of poetry and the delivery of lectures; all was fitted up in the most costly and beautiful manner, and adorned with pictures and statues; and everywhere were many slaves in attendance. These magnificent baths were either free to the public, or a charge of about a farthing of our money was made for admission.

The Roman *Forum* now presents little but a few solitary pillars standing amidst broken arches. In this central spot of ancient Rome were once palaces, temples, and public halls, and raised above the rest, an open space where civil causes were tried and offenders publicly scourged. In the middle of this area grew the famous fig-tree under which it was fabled that Romulus and Remus were suckled by the she-wolf. Everyone knows the story—how the two babes were cast, in their cradle, by a cruel uncle, into the Anio, and by the Anio were carried into the Tiber; how the Tiber was in flood and stranded the cradle at the foot of the Palatine hill; how a she-wolf found the babes there and suckled them, while a wood-pecker brought them food; and how, when they grew up to be mighty men, they determined to build a city upon the Tiber, and chose the Palatine for its site: and this was the beginning of Rome,—at least so says the legend, which was invented long after Rome had become a great city.

It has been said by visitors to Rome that their

greatest regret in quitting the city was that they might never see St. Peter's again ; it is the largest and most splendid church in the world, like our English St. Paul's in plan, but vaster, finer, and with a still more enormous dome.

The Vatican is a world of art in itself: this palace, which is the usual winter residence of the Popes, is enormous, but not magnificent in appearance ; it is said to contain more than 4000 apartments, many of them vast and splendid, and filled with most rare and costly treasures of art. Apart from its antiquities and art galleries, modern Rome contains little of interest, though there are therein 300 palaces and more than as many churches. Without the city are famous villas, rich in works of art, placed in the midst of beautiful gardens.

SOUTHERN ITALY AND THE ISLANDS.

"See Naples and then die," say the Neapolitans, and it is solely for the beauty of its situation that visitors crowd to this lovely city of southern Italy, the largest, by the way, in the whole kingdom. It is built round a circular bay, stretching with its suburbs six or eight miles along the water ; the finest view is to be had from the sea ; you look up, and behold lines of palaces, hanging gardens, rows of terraced roofs—every building flower-wreathed—and beyond, the dark and barren summit of Vesuvius towering on the right. The city has no famous buildings, nor even surrounding trees, but the whole face of the country is enveloped in the verdure of the vine.

Here, everything is bright ; the people are lively in

an extraordinary degree; there is always a tide of Neapolitans rolling up and down the streets; now, a carpenter's bench, now, a shoemaker's stall is in your way; all trades appear to be carried on in the streets; but is it possible that any work can be done in the midst of so much chatter and such astonishing antics?

The people seem to live upon macaroni, and the making of that and vermicelli are their most important employments. Silk stuffs, also, are largely made.

Beyond the city, nothing can exceed the beauty and fertility of this part of southern Italy. "Distant mountain-peaks tipped with snow, rising in the clear, intensely blue sky, are encircled by the deep green forests, below which is a rich network of pasture fields, vineyards, orchards, olive and orange groves, hamlets, towns, villas, terraces, white walls, and a dazzling confusion of the works of nature and of man. High over all, the graceful outline of Vesuvius loses itself in the column of smoke which rises and spreads in the heavens."

The lower slopes of the mountain extend to the shores of the bay, and at its foot, beside the waters, are the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the sites of which were buried under the ashes and lava emitted in the eruption of 79 A.D., and whose remains were discovered only within the last century. Herculaneum is partly covered by a large modern village; but the ashes under which Pompeii was buried have been removed, and here may be seen a perfect plan of what was once a large and important Roman city, with temples, theatres, baths, villas, shops. Most touching were the discoveries made during the early excavations; for the scorixæ, the fine volcanic ash, under which they were buried, had completely excluded the

air from the human forms, and there they were, mother and child, master and slave, perfect as in that day, eighteen centuries ago, when the heavens were darkened above them, and the air grew thick, and they were suddenly overwhelmed in the dark deluge which allowed them no moment to escape.

Perhaps nowhere in the world is there a more beautiful or a more fertile island than Sicily. Everywhere are orchards, corn-fields, gardens of orange-trees, watered by many small canals; while fields of the prickly pear (a kind of cactus), and of aloes, give a half-Eastern look to the landscape.

The chief cities of Sicily are Palermo and Messina. Palermo stands in a wide plain, bounded by high mountains, and skirted by long lines of sea. Its main street is straight, with narrow streets running out of it whose houses seem to meet, with their large balconies draped with macaroni and linen, both hung out to dry.

Near the eastern side of the island, Etna, first amongst the volcanoes of Europe, raises its lofty head. Would you travel round its base? You must undertake a journey of nearly ninety miles, and so wide is the view from its summit, that, were it placed in the middle of England, Canterbury Cathedral, and Furness Abbey, and Land's End, would all be within view. The lower part of the mountain is fertile, highly cultivated, covered with beautiful vegetation; olives, vines, corn, fruit-trees, smiling villages, clothe the lower slopes; above, is a band of forest, composed of chestnut, oak, and pine trees, with groves of cork and beech. Above the forest is the desert region, a waste of black lava and scorix. From the principal crater, which is upwards of two miles in circumference, sulphurous vapours are constantly

escaping; and there are many smaller cones marking the spots where fire has at some time burst through the sides of the mountain. The eruptions of Etna have been frequent from the earliest times.

Fully as lovely and fertile as Sicily is the mountainous island of Sardinia. Its inhabitants are not too industrious, and their methods of farming are poor; yet so rich is the soil and so abundant the produce, that the ripe fruit is left to rot upon the boughs, the very corn is not all gathered in, while the cheeses, too numerous to be eaten, are sometimes used to manure the ground.

Oranges grow freely everywhere, but the orange groves of the village of Milis are especially famous:—

“Here there is nothing but oranges—not, if you please, fruit placed at regular intervals along the branches, and encompassed by verdure—but huge clumps of thirty or forty oranges dragging the branch which bears them towards the earth.

“Do not imagine a group of orange trees here and there, the perfume of which comes and goes as you approach and leave it, but try to realise the idea of a wood—a veritable forest! As far as the eye can reach under this balmy forest, it meets with nothing but oranges. Oranges in the foreground, oranges in the half-distance; oranges gild the horizon!”

Questions on the Map of Italy.

1. Between what three countries and Italy do the Alps form a barrier?
2. Name three lakes within the Alpine valleys. Name half-a-dozen summits and passes marked on your map.
3. What river drains the plain which lies at the foot of the Alps? Into what sea does it flow? Where do its feeders rise?

What has it formed at its mouth? Name ten cities in the plain of Lombardy.

4. What mountain chain—an offset from the Alps—runs through the peninsular part of Italy from north to south? Name any summits of this chain, either in Italy or Sicily. On which side of these mountains are the longest rivers? Why? Name three of the longest?

5. Name six sea-board towns on the west coast. Three on the Adriatic. What port lies to the north of the Straits of Otranto?

6. Name five inland towns west of the Apennines.

7. Name the gulfs, bays, capes, and straits of southern Italy, saying where each is situated.

8. What straits separate the French island of Corsica from Sardinia? Name a town in Sardinia. Two towns in Sicily. A group of small islands to the north-east of Sicily.

9. Name any divisions of Italy marked on your map.

10. What great peninsulas lie east and west of Italy,—divided from it by what seas?

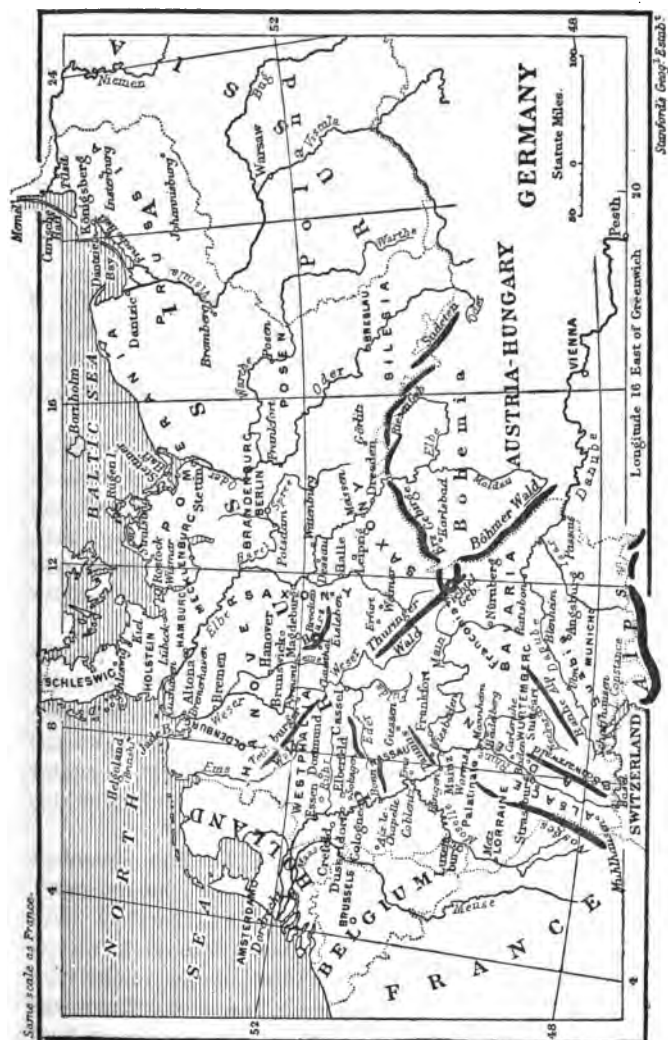
11. Between what parallels does Italy lie? What other countries of Europe lie, partly, within the same parallels? Name any cities of the Old and New Worlds which are in about the same latitudes as Rome, Naples, and Genoa.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

I.—ACROSS GERMANY.

THE voyage from London to Hamburg is near its end when the little town of Cuxhaven comes into view; presently we skirt a reach of the Hanoverian shore, low and flat, and now the lordly Elbe is before us. Fine as this river is, it is not navigable for vessels of heavy burden beyond Hamburg, and even between Cuxhaven and Hamburg the channel is narrow and winding. The scenery of its banks is pleasant, though not to be compared with that of the Thames. On the Hanoverian side there is little but a wide plain, dotted here and there with churches, and well feathered with trees, chiefly pollard willows. But on the side of Holstein there is more variety: a long, straggling village climbs up the face of a range of sand-hills, amid groves of pine and birch; villas, gentlemen's seats, and hamlets without number, follow; and to these succeeds Altona, an old-fashioned and picturesque town. At last we reach Hamburg itself—separated from Altona only by a creek—with its tall spires, its sharp roofs, pointed gables, numerous storehouses; its dwellings, composed partly of brick, partly of timber; its succession of wharfs, and its roadstead crowded with shipping.

Hamburg ranks among the first of the trading cities of continental Europe, and its inhabitants are almost entirely engaged in commerce. The higher classes are



to be found in their counting-houses from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon; the lower and middle classes are busied in ships, warehouses, and shops. There are pretty boulevards and a "Maiden's Walk," where the Hamburgers air themselves on summer evenings and Sunday afternoons; but the narrow, steep streets and antique squares of the old town, and the handsome Exchange, are the most interesting spots to a visitor; for these speak not only of present prosperity, but of the past, when the Hanse Towns carried on the commerce of Europe, and when the rich burgomasters of Hamburg lived in prince-like state.

The old town, on a market-day, is a curious sight, crowded with country-people in grotesque costumes, and with the cooks and other handmaidens of the city daintily arrayed in kid-gloves and lace-cap; and, to judge by the endless chatter which takes place over every small purchase, the day must be all too short for their marketings.

Hamburg is a Free Town, the citizens having the right to govern themselves by their own councils, though they owe some allegiance to the emperor. Many English dwell in the city, and these take the lead in matters of fashion; nor need the English visitor who has no German be at a loss, as he will find his mother-tongue pretty generally understood.

Quitting Hamburg for Berlin, we find ourselves traversing a huge plain of bleak, bare, barren sand, scantily clothed with stunted firs and heather. For part of the way, the high-road leads through the territories of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and here the aspect of things is improved; the towns are mean, it is true, and there is little appearance of

trade, but every inch of ground is cultivated in the most careful way, and we hardly know how much room there is for improvement until we find ourselves within the Prussian frontier.

"From the instant our carriage-wheels touched the soil of which the black eagle that surmounts an obelisk of granite seems to be the guardian, we felt as if we had entered upon a new state of things. The villages through which we passed were all neat and clean; the towns, bustling and prosperous. Everywhere new buildings were in progress. We felt, indeed, that we were in a land where the government was strong, for soldiers and revenue-officers swarmed round us; but we saw that the government worked for the good of the people. From the border-line of Prussia all the way to the capital, and from the capital till you touch the border-line again, prosperity and activity appear on all hands. Fields admirably tilled bespeak an industrious peasantry, shops well supplied and well frequented show that people can afford to buy; and the very excess of uniforms commands respect, though it is not quite pleasant to an English eye."

We stop to look at Spandau, where is the state prison of Prussia. It is strongly fortified, and may at any moment be covered from a hostile approach by letting out the waters of the Havel and the Spree, which meet under its walls. Being filled with troops, it has more the air of enormous barracks than of a town. Again we pause at Charlottenburg, the favourite summer palace of the emperor, and here we begin to feel that we are approaching the capital of a great country; there is an air of elegance, of aristocracy, about the village which it is impossible to mistake: the road to Berlin, which is perfectly straight, runs through a

succession of groves, dotted at intervals with villas and country-houses; handsome equipages begin to meet and pass you; troops of cavalry are on the march, and the foot-passengers look full of business. At last the Thiergarten (Zoological Gardens) on the one hand, and the grand parade on the other, show you have almost reached the city.

“It would be difficult to conceive a more imposing spectacle of the kind than is brought in a moment before the gaze of the stranger, who for the first time enters the Prussian capital from the side of Charlottenburg. Situated in a dead level, and overshadowed by plantations and groves, Berlin is completely hidden from you till you have passed the barrier. Your carriage having passed through the gateway, halts at the barrier guard-house, and so enables you to look forth upon the entire extent of the *Unter den Linden*, the street in which all the fine buildings of the city display themselves. Here, on either side of a broad space, which double rows of lime-trees divide into five separate avenues, are houses, each of which might be mistaken for a palace; they are not lofty, for the houses in Berlin are rarely more than three stories high, but are wide, spacious, open-fronted. Far down the vista are the immense Schloss, or Palace, the beautiful Museum, the Italian Opera, and the University—all to be seen from the noble Brandenburg Gate by which you enter. Probably no capital in Europe presents so fine a prospect; but leave this one splendid street, and you are disappointed—all that is really magnificent in the place has been left behind. The eye becomes tired of columns; the squares are a weariness, for there is neither shrub, nor tree, nor grass-plat within them; the streets are long and

broad, but very dull, and there are few attractive shops.

"Berlin, as we now find it, owes its existence entirely to the will of Frederic the Great. It arose with the rapidity of thought, for Frederick was not accustomed to brook delay. A certain extent of country being marked out, the people were told that there the capital of Prussia should be, and there it accordingly is. One effect of so much military haste was this—that, not believing they should be able to stock the new town with inhabitants, they who planned Berlin made it a city of vacant spaces—broad streets, wide squares, emptiness everywhere. In the old town, indeed, the ancient abode of the Electors, men do move about as if they had an object in moving; but elsewhere, whether you pass to the right or the left, away from the magnificent Unter den Linden, you find yourself in solitude. No carriages rattle past, no wagons drag themselves along, no pedestrians jostle you. To the extent of a mile you may gaze along a street, regular as a canal in Holland, and not less level, without being able to discern half a dozen living creatures."

Berlin, like other capitals, has its show places, and we must see the Palace, the Picture Gallery, the Egyptian Museum, the Arsenal, the great China Manufactory, the University, and the Iron Foundries, where are produced the most delicate wrought and cast-iron goods made in Europe. The excellence of some of the manufactures of Berlin is due to the fact that there are schools where the young men are taught the principles of the trade they mean to follow; hence, in the casting of iron, modelling, and some other crafts, the workmanship of Berlin cannot be equalled elsewhere.

Part II.

Leaving Prussia, we set out for the kingdom of Saxony, and Dresden, its capital city. We take the road which passes through Potsdam, where Frederic the Great built his famous palace of Sans Souci (Without Care), and surrounded it with all delights. Between Berlin and Potsdam the country is drearily flat and uninteresting; but presently you come to wooded banks and hills, and a lake, and an island of peacocks, all as entirely artificial as the hanging gardens of Babylon. The royal palace is in the town of Potsdam, which is little more than a huge barrack, so entirely is it given up to the soldiers; in the environs are the New Palace, and Sans Souci, which is kept exactly as Frederic the Great left it, with the carpets and covers bitten into rags by his favourite dogs.

The country continues as flat as a pancake, laboriously tilled, and yet unlovely, until we pass the Prussian frontier. But once within Saxony, and we find ourselves in a charming country not unlike the prettiest parts of Kent. There is the same alternation of hill and dale, the same beautiful feathering of wood, with scattered hamlets and villages, each lying in the shelter of its own deep dell.

At last we are within sight of Dresden. There lies the queen-like city, in the centre of an enormous plain, yet belted in on every side by an amphitheatre of low hills, her domes and gilded spires flashing back the rays of the setting sun, and her lordly river sweeping on his course with noiseless majesty. Everybody knows that Dresden stands astride upon the Elbe, that the old town is connected with the new by the finest bridge

in Germany, and that the old town is still the court-end of the Saxon metropolis. There is the Old Palace or Schloss, and the famous Picture Gallery, containing the finest collection of pictures north of the Alps, and there is the great China Warehouse, where the exquisite porcelain of Dresden is exhibited, and there are the Green Vaults, with their wonderful treasures of wrought gold and gems and carved ivory; and there, too, lives the king, and all the fashionable people gather about him during the gay months of the year. Dresden is, on the whole, a lively, bustling town, where there is much to be seen and much to be done, except during the three months of summer, when everybody is away at the baths.

The Saxon Switzerland, as the wild and romantic tract of country is called which extends partly into Bohemia, connecting Saxony with the Austrian dominions, lies at the distance of fourteen miles from Dresden. It is a strange region, full of glens and ravines into which daylight cannot penetrate, and wild and romantic passes; but wildly beautiful as the region is, it is a mistake to compare it with Switzerland, for there is hardly a point in the province more than eight hundred feet high, and we look in vain for the snow-fields and glaciers and awful heights which every one connects with the Alps. Here are many *brünnen* or medicinal springs, and the little watering-places scattered about are favourite summer resorts of the Saxons.

GERMAN CHARACTER AND CUSTOMS.

No other European people can be quite so interesting to us as the Germans, because they are, so to speak, our next of kin; from adventurous Teutonic tribes, Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, which left the Fatherland to settle themselves on the more fertile shores of Britain, is the English nation for the most part descended. In the course of twelve or more centuries, the national character and language of the English have undergone great changes, and they are now broadly distinguished from their German cousins, but there is to this day a strong family likeness between the nations. The German language, which is not beautiful in sound, but is very rich and expressive, suitable for poetry and all other kinds of writing, is the mother tongue, not only of England, but of Holland, part of Switzerland, Denmark, and Scandinavia. It so nearly resembles English, that most of our common words for eating and drinking, for parts of the body, for colours, the elements—in fact, the sort of words that a child or a nation first requires to use—are the same in both languages. The best German is spoken by the higher classes in Hanover. In appearance, the Germans are for the most part, a blue-eyed, fair-haired, fair-skinned people; a type to be seen commonly enough in those southern counties of England which were settled by Saxon tribes.

John Bull is obstinate, pig-headed, not to be moved to do his business in any but his accustomed way, but the Saxons outdo him in this respect. A slow, cautious, steady-going people, they make progress certainly, if only step by step; but then, every step gained is a

sure possession ; there is little fickleness in the German character. The German perseveres, he accomplishes that which he undertakes, he is thorough in his work, he speaks the truth, and, in a greater degree than the Englishman, he is a reader, a lover of books. Perhaps the English nation is, as a whole, the more moral and religious of the two ; and the German father rarely condescends to become the friend and companion of his wife and children as does the head of most English households. The German father does not converse with his wife and daughters ; he saves his ideas for his club ; nay, he very commonly dines abroad, at some *table d'hôte* in the town, leaving his family to enjoy the home cookery, while he spends two delightful hours in doing justice to one sour or greasy mess after another. English people never can endure German cookery, but it is only fair to say that the Germans profess themselves as much disgusted with our English bill of fare.

The Germans are early risers ; at seven breakfast is served, a slight meal, consisting of one cup of coffee, and a small roll or a square of rye-bread without butter : after that the "Herr" goes to business, the "Frau" to the kitchen, while the lads and maidens trot off, satchel on back, to eight o'clock school. And woe to the parents of any truant, for the law compels every boy and girl in Germany to go to school, and to go regularly ; the law settles, too, what is to be done at every school at every hour of the school-day ; so that by looking at the clock any day, you may tell what lesson almost all the children in the country are engaged upon. Every town has elementary schools, middle-class schools, and high schools, besides what may be called technical schools where instruction is

given in certain arts; and there are no fewer than twenty-four universities in the country, so the Germans have some right to be proud of their educational institutions.

To continue our account of a day as spent by a German household:—At ten o'clock a second meal is served, thin bread and butter, which is a dainty in Germany, or a meat luncheon; or in poor families, beer, or coffee again, and sour, black rye-bread. The dinner bread of the poor will perhaps be flavoured by a slice of very fat sausage, strong of garlic, or a fragment of raw ham. The well-to-do people have soups, sour-kROUT (a salt, sour preparation of cabbage), beef boiled to rags, sausages, &c. One o'clock is the usual dinner hour, and until dinner, the girls who have left school help their mothers about the house, or study, or sew: the Germans are excellent needlewomen, and they have need to be so, for as the household washing takes place only once in six weeks, or even once in three months, it is needful that every one should have a good stock of clothes. Supper is served between five and six, and after that, the whole family sallies forth to the public gardens in the summer, to chat with friends or listen to a band.

It seldom happens that a German family has a house to itself: the houses are usually high, and are let out in flats, each family dwelling consisting of a single flat. The Germans are not rich people, and their rooms are very plainly, we should say poorly, furnished; a table and chairs in the living-room, without sofa, easy-chairs, or carpet; a piano in the *salon* (drawing-room) if there be one, and possibly a very stiff short couch covered with red velvet, not meant by any means to lounge upon or lie upon, but intended as the seat of honour

for favoured guests; curious, cupboard-like arrangements by way of bedsteads, and beds piled with other small feather beds, *under* which you are meant to sleep;—here you have a list of the usual furniture of a German dwelling; and certainly English people would do well to imitate this simplicity, for our rooms would be more airy and healthful with half the furniture which they usually contain.

“The Germans are not ashamed of being pleased with trifles, nor of being pleased in very humble company: they think only whether they enjoy; and if their enjoyment costs little money, and little trouble, so much the better. They love their old customs and traditional festivals much better than we do, and keep to them more faithfully.” Nowhere is Christmastide more full of delightful mysteries; for quite six weeks beforehand the daughters of a family are busy working in secret to prepare gifts of needlework for the Christmas-tree; Santa Claus fills every child’s stocking, and joyous Christmas hymns are sung by every household. A birthday, again, is a great fête; a little table is set out with flowers, and thereon is a birthday cake with initials, and this is surrounded by lighted tapers, fifty for the father or ten for the child, according to the age of the person; and then all the birthday presents are arranged round the table ready to surprise the member of the family whose fête-day it is.

We have not space to say anything of the *Kirmes*, a yearly festival held in every village, when the poor people who work hard all the year meet together as on a Sunday, go to church together in their gayest clothes, and then make merry and enjoy themselves. But of the summer excursion to a watering-place which every respectable German family looks forward to, we must

say a word. At the present time there are several hundred bathing-places and mineral springs in Germany, and every year adds to the number. Everybody goes, either to enjoy the gaiety of the scene or to take the water cure, for these German Spas are famous all over Europe for their medicinal virtues. They occur usually in beautiful and romantic spots, delightful for picnics; and every means of amusement is drawn to them for the season.

"Carlsbad, Töplitz, and Brückenau are the resort of emperors and kings; Baden, Ems, Pyrmont, and Aix-la-Chapelle, of grand-dukes, princes, and high nobility. Wiesbaden is a sort of Margate, whither the overflowing population of Frankfort repairs on Sunday afternoons, whilst other baths are frequented by those whose business is to be cured. About the end of May, the annual migration begins; in June the whole respectable population of Germany is in motion; July is usually the height of the season, when the baths are crammed, and the last of the pleasure-seekers have not returned to their homes until the end of October."

The Germans are friendly, frank, and courteous, and take much pleasure in society: their courtesy is so great that an Englishman runs much risk of giving offence by not removing his hat when he has occasion to speak to a German, of whatever rank the latter may be. A German prince will remove his hat when he enters a shop, and will do so repeatedly in the course of his interview with the shopman; two street porters salute each other, or their neighbour the laundress, with as much reverence as an Englishman would bestow upon a duchess: nor is this civility shown only in outward observances; the Germans are careful to do

to their neighbours, in small matters, exactly as they would have their neighbours do to them.

Nothing strikes a stranger more than the number of uniforms to be seen in the streets; one sees what is meant by the statement that Germany is a great Military Power, and one is ready to conclude that half the male population must be soldiers. The fact is, that every man who is not a cripple, a schoolmaster, or a minister of religion, is called upon to serve three years in the army, or, if he pass a stiff examination in military matters, his time of service may be reduced to one year. But the three years term does not end a man's connection with the army; after that he is drafted into the *Landwehr*, the really trained army of the country, which continues to give six weeks or more in the year to field exercises, and is liable to be called upon to serve in case of foreign war. Thus, every adult German is, as a rule, a trained soldier; and in the event of a great war, the army would not be exhausted until the male population should be drained away. This great military system was introduced by Prussia, and imitated by the lesser States: with what success it is attended, the late wars with Austria and France fully show.

Indeed, the fact that Germany may now be treated of as a single nation rather than as a collection of States, is due to the triumphs of its vast army; there are still, however, many differences of speech, habits, and thought between the natives of the several States, and this is especially true in the case of the North and the South Germans.

GENERAL SURVEY.

The German empire extends now from the Alps and the Bohemian mountains on the south to the Baltic on the north; and from the borders of France, Belgium, and Holland on the west to those of Russia on the east—a distance of about five hundred miles each way. It is divided naturally into Upper and Lower Germany, that is to say, into a high, mountainous, and a low, flat district; the low half belonging to the great plain of middle Europe, and stretching inland from the Baltic and North Seas; and the highlands occupying southern Germany, and consisting of table lands and hill ranges which stretch northwards from the Alps.

The central group of mountains, which may be called the heart of Germany, is the Fichtelgebirge. From this, branch out crosswise four principal chains of mountains; the Thuringerwald stretching to the north-west, the Erzgebirge to the north-east, the Böhmer Wald to the south-east, and the Rauhe Alp to the south-west. Coming out like the spokes of a wheel between these ranges, are others—the Harz, which stretches furthest into the lowlands of the north, the Riesengebirge in the east, and the mountains of Westphalia and the Rhine in the west; the Schwarzwald (Black Forest), running from north to south, stands by itself. None of these ranges can be classed as mountains when they are compared with such giants as the Swiss Alps; they are seldom more than 2000 feet high, but amongst them are fair valleys, wild glens, and mountain torrents; and they are clothed with woods to the top, as the name *Wald* (wood) indicates, and, altogether, they make southern Germany picturesque and lovely.

Nothing can be drearier, on the other hand, than the wide, heathy, sandy plains of the north, which, though with hard labour they have been to a great extent brought under cultivation, and made to yield crops of rye and flax, can never by art of man be made lovely to look upon.

South of the Baltic the land lies so low that the river mouths spread into wide lakes called *haffs*, each separated from the sea by a curious narrow tongue of sand called a *nehrung*, and containing fresh water except when a stormy sea breaks in through the narrow channels. The Curische Haff, at the mouth of the Niemen, the Frische Haff, which forms the entrance to the Vistula, and the Stettiner Haff at the mouth of the Oder are the most remarkable.

These low Baltic shores yield one valuable product, the beautiful amber which falls from the cliffs, or is dug out of them, or is washed up by the sea after a storm—when the amber-beaches are crowded with gatherers. Happy, then, the child or man who finds a large lump; he sells it to the merchants, and it probably finds its way to Turkey to be made into the mouthpieces of pipes; or, nearer home, is made into necklaces. It appears that round this coast, at a considerable depth from the surface, there is a layer of amber-bearing earth—the beautiful substance being the droppings from ancient pine forests, converted into their present form by being buried for ages in the depths of the earth. The amber-fisher risks his life upon stormy seas to secure his spoil.

The map shows that the low plain which slopes to the Baltic is plentifully besprinkled with lakes, but, like the “broads” of Norfolk, each of these only marks the lowest spot in a marshy district, and adds no beauty

to the landscape. Indeed, marshes, heaths, and pine forests divide the plain pretty equally between them, except for the districts that have been brought under cultivation. The marshes yield pasture for large herds of cattle and horses.

The rivers which drain the plain are the Niemen and Vistula only partly in Prussia, the Oder, a quite Prussian river, flowing into the Baltic; and the Elbe, Weser, and Ems flowing into the North Sea. These are all large, navigable rivers, with considerable ports at their mouths. The beautiful Rhine, of which we shall speak further, drains the mountainous, romantic *Rhineland* of the west, while the south-east corner is within the basin of the Danube which flows towards the Black Sea.

To return to high Germany, the Harz Mountains are greatly praised for their beautiful scenery, but it must be remembered that they are nowhere so high as the highest British mountains; but they rise out of the low plain of the north, and so appear higher than they really are. The highest point is the Brocken, a mysterious mountain, supposed by the peasants to be haunted; and, indeed, it may chance to anybody to see, at sunrise or sunset, the famous *spectre of the Brocken*. The spectre is none other than your own ghost, grown to gigantic size, and encircled by a beauteous rainbow; it is to be seen when the mists ascend from the side of the valley opposite the sun, and opposite to where you stand on the mountain. The fact is, that the rising mists form a sort of mirror upon which both the spectator and the mountain-top are reflected, magnified to an enormous size; it is easy to see that such an appearance would give rise to much superstitious terror amongst peasants who

are quite unable to explain its cause; and endless are the stories of gnomes, cobolds, witches, and headless horsemen belonging to the district. Nay, it is here that the witches are said to hold their ill sabbath yearly, upon the eve of May-day, when all the evil spirits in the world draw hither to do homage to their master. These wild tales find most favour amongst the charcoal burners whose huts are scattered on the slopes of all the German mountains.

Another interest belongs to the Harz Mountains, in common with other ranges of Germany. They are rich in metals, yielding gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc. Clausthal and Zellerfeld are the principal mining towns of the Harz. Clausthal stands on a bleak spot, on the top of a hill, and is a desolate-looking town, built of wood; but it is visited by strangers because here are to be seen the School of Mines and the Mint; and here you get permission to see the mines themselves and the smelting furnaces. In the School of Mines, the young miners are taught their business; and in the Mint the gold and silver of the Harz are coined into dollars and ducats.

The mines are at some little distance from the town, and before descending, the visitor is provided with a miner's dress—a stiff felt cap without a brim, a leather apron tied on behind, and a coarse grey jacket and trowsers; and then, with lights and guides, he descends by one rope ladder after another. Arrived at the bottom, he sees little except wheels and ropes by which the ore is raised, and the water pumped out; he hears a rattling of machinery, and here and there finds a solitary miner plying the pickaxe and chisel to extract the ore.

The mineral products of Germany are widely spread ;

the valley of the Ruhr, a small tributary of the Rhine, has coal and iron fields; there are valuable mines in Silesia also, and to the west of the Rhine.

We must say a word about another interesting region in the southern highlands, the Schwarzwald, where the Danube rises. At a bleak spot near the highest point of these mountains, you may see the *watershed*, or division of the waters flowing on the one side to the Danube, and on the other to the Rhine.

"This is, indeed, a land of fountains and of water-courses; and though the height of the mountains is not great, and they have no glaciers or perpetual snow, yet the reservoirs of the Black Forest feed with large supplies the two principal rivers of Europe. The flakes of winter snow which descend upon some of the ridges of the Black Forest, nay, even the drops of rain falling on opposite sides of a house, in some situations, are destined to end their career in the two opposite extremities of a continent; and, while part find their way to the German Ocean as part of the Rhine, others, which reached the ground within a few feet of them, take an opposite course, and fall into the Black Sea with the Danube waters."

In a corner of the palace garden in the small town of Donaueschingen is a round basin filled with clear sparkling water bubbling up from the bottom; running out of the basin, the water is known for the first time as *the Danube*, though doubtless this is only one of many springs which form the sources of the great river. Indeed, the whole country round this little town may be compared to a wet sponge, so full is it of water-sources in springs, rills, ponds, and marshes, all of which go to swell the Danube.

We have already spoken of the beautiful Saxon

Switzerland, so, with a word as to the climate and productions of Germany, we must quit this part of our subject.

We should naturally expect to find much difference of climate between northern and southern Germany, so great is the difference of latitude between the two; but, as a fact, the south, consisting for the most part of hills and table-lands, is quite as cold as the northern plain, whose climate is tempered by the sea. The Baltic plain is, however, rainy and foggy; while the climate of the south is bright and clear.

Central Germany is a good deal (10°) warmer than the south of England in the summer; but it is quite as much colder during the winter, so that in Berlin the hackney-coaches are converted for the time into sledges. The Elbe at Hamburg is sometimes closed by ice during severe winters, while the Vistula is sealed for three or four months every year. The beautiful valley of the Rhine enjoys the warmest, sunniest, most delightful climate in Germany. There the vine is largely grown, as we shall see; elsewhere, there are grain crops as in England, rye, oats, wheat, and barley; rye is the grain most largely cultivated, for the poorer classes never eat any but "black" bread—dark brown really—and often when it is very stale and sour. The other principal crops are potatoes and flax; and there are large orchards of our common English fruits. You may often see pears, cherries, or apples lining the roadsides in the most tempting way.

Forests still cover a great part of Germany, and nearly everywhere forest patches form part of the landscape; these supply much of the fuel consumed in the stoves which warm German houses, and the charcoal burner plies a busy trade. The forests of the south

are of trees like those of England which shed their leaves in the autumn; in the north, as we have said, are pine forests.

THE STATES AND THEIR TOWNS.

The names of the states is not the most attractive part of the geography of Germany; but let us be thankful there are now only twenty-six to learn; some hundred years ago there were no less than 300.

The present Empire of Germany dates back only as far as 1871. The old empire, which consisted of many separate states united under an emperor, was dissolved at the beginning of the present century, after having lasted 1000 years. In the interval between the old and new empires, all the states acted independently of one another, which the wise statesmen of Germany judged not to be for the well-being of the country; but the opportunity to unite them did not occur until 1871. It was brought about in this way: France, in a very haughty manner, declared war upon Germany, threatening to invade the country. All the German states, north and south, united to oppose the enemy; instead of waiting for the French to march into Germany, they invaded France, and the campaign was carried on entirely on French soil. The Germans were victorious everywhere, at Saarbruck, Sedan, Metz, and Paris; they regained what was at one time a part of Germany, the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, on the left bank of their beautiful Rhine. So pleased and happy were the Germans, that at Versailles, in December, 1871, they crowned the king of Prussia, who was at the head of the great army, as Emperor of Germany.

By the constitution of the German Empire, all the states which comprise it are united "for the protection of the realm, and the care and welfare of the German people. The supreme direction of the military and political affairs of the empire is vested in the King of Prussia, controlled by the Federal Council, formed of the rulers of the states constituting the empire, and the Diet of the Realm, elected by universal suffrage."

Besides being united for mutual protection in case of war, these states, with the exception of Hamburg and Bremen, which remain free ports, are combined in a Customs League, or *Zollverein*, the money received as customs dues for goods passing through or brought into the country being divided fairly amongst the states according to population. This plan saves merchants the great inconvenience of paying toll afresh to each little state they pass through. The golden era of German commerce was in the fourteenth century, the period of the *Hanseatic League*, which included sixty towns on the Rhine, the German Ocean, and the Baltic Sea. So powerful was this League that its armies conquered Denmark and Sweden, and forced France at one time to stop its trade with England. But after the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and America, German commerce died away. At the present time each of the states governs itself in matters which do not affect the whole country. We can only notice a few of the most important states.

PRUSSIA.

As will be seen by the map, Prussia lies for the most part in the northern lowland of Germany. As we have already journeyed across the country, and seen its capital city, it remains to say a word about its manufacturing and trading towns. The manufacturing districts of Prussia, like those of England, are situated where there are coal and iron-fields, in Silesia and Rhenish Prussia. *Breslau*, on the Oder, the capital of the mining districts of Silesia, is the second town of the kingdom for its manufactures and trade; and it is also the market for the flax which is largely grown in Silesia. About the coal-fields of the Rhine, which yield half the supply of the kingdom, stand the manufacturing and trading towns of *Cologne*, *Aix-la-Chapelle*, *Barmen*, *Dusseldorf*, *Elberfeld*, *Crefeld*, and *Dortmund*, spinning cotton and wool, linen and silk; and the famous iron and steel works of *Solingen* and *Essen*, where Krupp's steel-guns are made. *Magdeburg*, on the Elbe, and *Cassel*, are the busiest towns of central Germany. Much of the internal trade of Germany is still carried on at the great annual fairs, and in this respect the two *Frankfurts* (on the Main to the West, and on the Oder to the east) are the most famous. At *Hanover* the metals of the Harz are exchanged for the goods which come in by *Bremen* on the Weser.

The chief ports belonging to Prussia are on the Baltic—*Königsburg*, *Dantzic*, *Stettin*, *Stralsund*, *Memel*, *Rostock*, *Wismar*, *Kiel*, and *Altona* on the Elbe, near Hamburg. *Posen*, once the capital of Poland, is now a fortress on the Russian border. *Wiesbaden* is the best

known of the watering-places which have grown up round the mineral springs of Nassau. *Eisleben* is the birth-place of Luther, and *Erfurt* was his early home.

Of the eleven provinces of Prussia, Rhineland, or Rhenish Prussia and Nassau, in the west, are by far the most beautiful.

SAXONY.

The kingdom of Saxony lies in the southern mountainous region, and is divided from Bohemia by the Erz Gebirge. The products and manufactures of busy Saxony are very varied. Its mountains are clothed with woods, and are rich in iron, lead, copper, silver, and coal; its porcelain clay is the best in Europe; its sheep are celebrated for their fine, curling wool; its horses and cattle are numerous; and its soil is cultivated with great care.

We have already spoken of the general aspect of the country, of the beautiful "Saxon Switzerland," and of Dresden, its capital city.

So-called "Dresden china" is made for the most part at *Meissen*, fifteen miles north-west of Dresden. *Leipzig* is not only the seat of a famous university and the great book-market of Germany, but it has one of the largest annual fairs in the world, to which merchants come from all parts of the earth, even from America and China.

BAVARIA.

The kingdom of Bavaria, about the same size as Scotland, lies on the plateau-lands which extend northwards from the Alps. All the south lies in the basin

of the Danube, all the north in that of the Main. Fully a third of the country is covered with forests.

Munich, the capital, stands in the midst of a bare, high plain, 1700 feet above the sea-level. It is the great corn depôt of the country, because it is surrounded by the grain-growing lands of southern Bavaria; and here, too, the favourite beer of the Germans is largely made. It has a university, a famous picture-gallery, and some fine public buildings.

Ancient *Nürnberg*, with its double line of walls, where watches, first called Nürnberg eggs, were invented, is the busiest town in the north of Bavaria, manufacturing toys which go to all parts of the world. It stands on the Ludwigs canal, which connects the navigable tributaries of the Rhine and the Danube.

Augsburg, north-west of Munich, where the Protestants presented the Confession of Faith to Charles V., is also a busy trading town.

The "Reichsland," or imperial territory of Alsace and Lorraine, restored to Germany after the war of 1871, includes the district beyond the Rhine which is inhabited by German-speaking people. Alsace is a very rich, populous, and fertile province, while Lorraine has coal and iron mines. The fortresses of *Strasburg* and *Metz* are the chief places.

Hamburg, *Bremen*, and *Lubeck*, are the only three of the ancient Hanse Towns which are still republics. Each of them has a small territory beyond the city. They are by far the most important ports of Germany, and are, also, busy manufacturing towns.*

* This lesson on the towns is taken from Keith Johnston's *Geography* (Stanford).

THE RHINE.

Never was river more beloved by the nation it belongs to, more visited and admired by foreigners, more often painted and sung by artist and poet, than this beautiful Rhine. It is related of the Prussian army which fought against Bonaparte, that, "When these brave bands, having achieved the rescue of their native soil, came in sight of this its ancient landmark, the burden of a hundred songs, they knelt, and shouted, '*The Rhine! the Rhine!*' as with the heart and voice of one man. They that were behind rushed on, hearing the cry, in expectation of another battle."

A German writer thus affectionately describes it:—"There are rivers whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost everything that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions, into the open sea, so does it come down from remote antiquity associated in every age with great events in the history of the neighbouring nations. A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats, of the chivalric exploits of the feudal period, of the coronation of emperors whose bones repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two grandest monuments of the noble architecture of the Middle Ages (the Cathedral of Cologne and the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein); whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forests, fertile plains; vineyards, sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags; whose banks are

ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villages, castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are connected; with beautiful and romantic roads, and health-giving mineral springs. A river whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which, in its course of 900 miles, affords 680 miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basle to the sea; whose cities are famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, and are associated with some of the most important events in the history of mankind. Such a river it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a kind of reverence, and frequently call in poetry *Father, or King Rhine*."

Every traveller on the Rhine is struck by the vast floating islands of timber he is constantly meeting with. They are the produce of the forests which cover the remote hills and mountain regions traversed by the Rhine and its tributaries—the Neckar, the Main, the Moselle, &c. First, single logs are hurled down from the height into the stream below; these are caught and bound to other logs, until a small raft is made; and many of these are joined together, until at last a prodigious fabric appears, which is then navigated to Dortrecht and there sold. These rafts look like floating villages, having eight or ten little wooden huts on a large platform of oak and deal timber. The rowers and workmen sometimes amount to 400 or 500, and they often bring their wives and families, as well as poultry, pigs, calves, and butchers. At the end of the voyage, which may last one week or six, the raft is taken to pieces, and the timber sold, sometimes for as much as 25,000*l*.

The vineyards on its banks form another interesting feature of the Rhine scenery. "The vineyards are

nothing more than a succession of terraces, or steps, extending from the top to the bottom of the hills, some of which must be nearly 1000 feet high. In some places, more than twenty terraces may be counted, rising one above the other. They are supported by walls of masonry, from five to ten feet high, and the breadth of some of the ledges on which the vines grow is not more than twice the height of the walls. To reach many of these narrow plots, the vine-dressers, female as well as male, must scale the precipices, and hang, as it were, from the face of the rocks, while a great deal of the soil itself, and every particle of manure, must be carried up on their shoulders."

The Rheingau is the part of the valley most famous for its wines, because here the sun's rays fall directly on a slaty soil, which seems to retain the heat, so needful to give to the grape its full, delicious flavour.

Tourists rarely sail up the Rhine as far as Cologne, for thus far, and, indeed, as far as Bonn, the banks are quite flat and uninteresting, showing only the same dreary levels which border the river in Holland. So, though Cologne is a fortified town on the left bank of the Rhine, and is the largest and wealthiest city on the river, people usually reach it by rail.

The wonder and glory of Cologne is its Cathedral, the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in the world, with beauteous painted windows, and containing treasures which it would take a book to describe—not least among them being the skulls of the three Kings from the East who visited the Infant Christ, each labelled with the name of the owner, to prove its identity. The cathedral has been six hundred years in building, and is but just finished. Cologne is a city of many churches—"the Northern Rome" it was called

during the Middle Ages—and every church has some shred of old iron or cloth to show as a relic. But none is so well off in this respect as the Church of St. Ursula, which has its walls lined with glass cases full of human bones; the bones of the 11,000 virgins of Cologne, who were slaughtered by the pagan Goths while on a pilgrimage to Rome: such is the legend. Though full of interest, Cologne is not an attractive city: the streets are not clean; the children are ill-behaved; and evil odours escape from the open sewers, giving rise to many jokes about the need for the *Eau de Cologne* which is largely manufactured here.

As far as Bonn, the shores of the Rhine continue flat, and there is little of interest to be seen; but now the beautiful Siebengeberge—i. e. Seven Mountains, though there are more than seven of them—come in sight. Every mountain is topped by its ruined castle, and to every castle a story belongs. Drachenfels is the highest of the group, and its story is of a dragon slain in valiant fight. On the other side we come to Godesberg, whereon is the ruined castle of Rolandseck; and just here, in the middle of the Rhine, is a long, lovely green island, whereon there is at the present time a fashionable school for young ladies, who are taught to garden, cook, keep house, and mend and make their own clothes, in addition to the studies which young ladies generally undertake. The school is kept in what was once a convent, hence its name, Nönnenwerth, and to this convent and the castle of Rolandseck belong one of the delightful legends of the Rhine:—The knight Roland goes to the Holy Wars, and in the course of time news of his death is brought to his Betrothed. Never can the broken-hearted maiden wed another, so she retires in her grief to the convent of

Nönnenwerth, and there assumes the black veil, which binds her to the cloister for life. But Roland is not dead; he returns, covered with glory, to claim his Betrothed, only to find her immured within the walls of the cloister, where he must never see her face or hear her voice. He consoles himself by building a castle upon the hill which bears his name, from which he may look down upon the walls which enclose his beloved. One day he sees a funeral train winding slowly from the convent to the little burying-ground of the Sisters: it is his bride going to her long-desired rest; and the faithful knight is not slow to follow.

Now we come to a fine city upon one side of the river, and on the other an immense fortress, pitched on the top of a lofty and precipitous cliff—a second Gibraltar. The fortress is Ehrenbreitstein, the most impregnable in Northern Europe; and the town opposite is Coblentz, or *Confluence*, as the name means; for at this point the Moselle pours its waters into the Rhine. Perhaps nowhere in Europe is there a finer view to be had than from the top of Ehrenbreitstein—the two beautiful river valleys, the cities and hamlets they hold, the castle-crowned crags that hem them in.

We must leave the river at Coblentz to pay a little visit to Ems, a celebrated *Bad*, or watering-place, in the Lahn valley, surrounded by the wildest scenery. We must see the Kurhaus (Cure House), in whose grounds hot springs bubble up to the surface in several places, and we may see crowds of visitors making towards them, armed with their glasses. There is an odd inscription let into the pavement of the promenade, which in English reads thus:—

“July 13th, 1870, ten minutes after nine o'clock in the morning.”

What does it mean? Why, that here the present Emperor William stood when he refused to listen to the explanations of Benedetti, the French Ambassador; and this refusal led to the Franco-German War, which ended in the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, and in the union of all the German States under one head, to say nothing of the glory which the German army won for itself. Truly, so important a moment for Germany deserves to be commemorated.

We return to the river over the Taunus Hills, and again take our places in the Rhine steamboat; but we cannot stop to describe the towns and hamlets, each at the foot of some castle-crowned crag, or to tell the endless legends of the Rhine: there is the Lurlei, a dangerous narrow in the river, where a mermaid is said to woo unhappy boatmen to destruction by her beauty and the enchantment of her song; and there is Hatto's Tower, on an island in the river, where, the story goes, Bishop Hatto was devoured by rats because he had set fire to the starving peasants who came to him begging for corn. History says, however, that Bishop Hatto was a good man, and that the island-tower was not built for two centuries after his death.

Presently we arrive at Bingen, a prettily-placed town, and a sort of landmark to the tourist, for between it and Bonn is the most beautiful scenery of the Rhine. Between Bingen and Mayence the river makes a bend, and this is the Rheingau, where the most celebrated wines of Germany are produced—hock (from Hochheim), Johannisberg, and Rudesheim.

Mayence, or Mainz, is the spot where the Main joins the Rhine; it is a large town, with a very fine cathedral; and it has a statue of John Guttenburg, the inventor of printing, who was born and lived there.

Here the Rhine may be crossed by a bridge of boats; and some distance down, on the opposite side, is Wiesbaden, another famous *Bad*. A short journey up the Main valley brings us to the ancient city of Frankfurt, the home of the Rothschilds.

Higher up we pass Worms, and Mannheim, a busy city at the junction of the Neckar with the Rhine; and in the Neckar Valley is Heidelberg, with the ruins of its beautiful palace-castle. And then we track the Rhine up through rather a broad valley between the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest, and we pass Baden-Baden, a *Bad*, as its name shows; and near us is Carlsruhe, the pretty little capital of the Duchy; by-and-by we are at Basel, where the river makes its northward bend. Now we have Swiss ground on our left bank as we near the famous falls of Schaffhausen; but we must not now linger to track the glorious river through the Lake of Constance to its source in the high Alps.

Questions on the Map of Germany.

1. Upon what seas has Germany coasts? What outlets for her productions has southern Germany? By what states is Germany bounded?
2. Name any openings enclosed by the curious tongues of land on the Baltic shore. Name the rivers which flow into the Baltic and North Seas. Name the seaport towns of Germany, stating the fact when the town is at the mouth of a river.
3. From what countries do the Vistula, Elbe, and Rhine, enter Germany?
4. Describe the courses of the Elbe and the Oder, naming some towns in their basins. What parts of Germany do they drain? Name any towns in the basin of the Weser.
5. What famous river drains western Germany? Out of what country does it enter Germany? Describe its course in Germany. Name any of its tributaries. The towns on its banks. The towns

in its basin. The German states which it drains. What country does it enter on leaving Germany?

6. What other great river has its upper course in Germany? Where does it rise? What German state does it drain? Name any towns in the basin of the Danube.

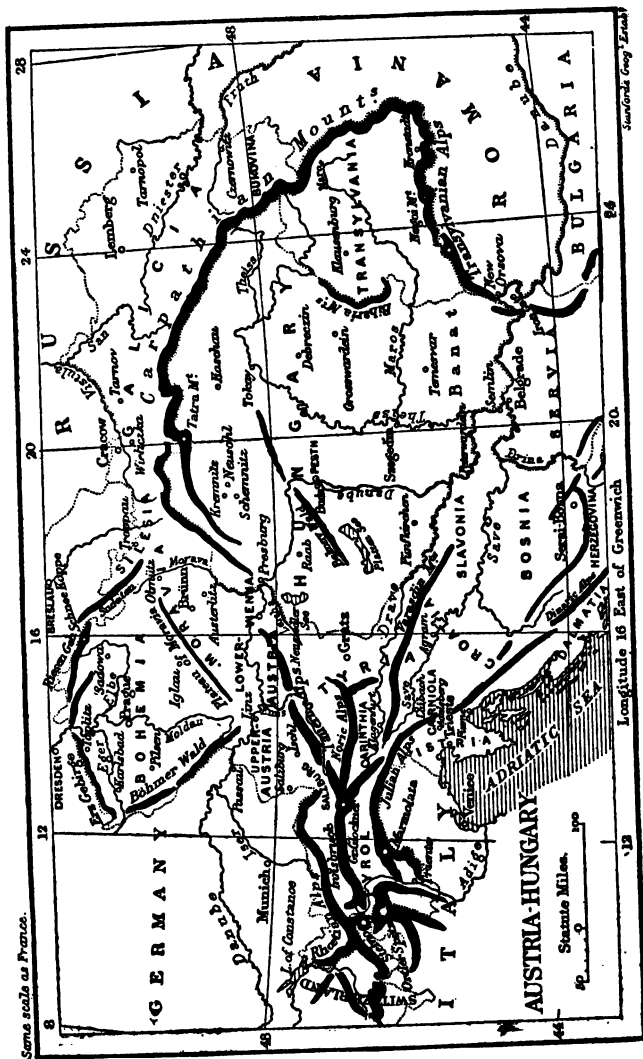
7. What part of Germany is hilly, or mountainous? Name the ranges and say where they are, and in what directions they run.

8. In what German states are the following towns:—Frankfort-on-the-Main, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Ulm, Coblenz, Leipzig, Ratisbon, Karlsruhe, Stuttgard, Cologne, Stettin, Breslau, Baden-Baden, Essen, Elberfeld, Munich, Wittenburg, and Mannheim?

THE EMPIRE OF THE DANUBE.

AUSTRIA and Hungary form a single empire, lying for the most part within the basin of the Danube; but they are two distinct kingdoms, each with a capital city where its government is carried on. In point of size, Austria-Hungary ranks third amongst the states of Europe, only Russia and Scandinavia being larger; but the empire is miserably divided; split into diversity of tongues, of creed, of race. Germany, the western empire, consists of a compact mass of Teutons with little intermixture; while Austria (i.e. the *eastern empire*) is considered German, because the ruling people are Germans, but these do not form a third of the population. The Poles of Galicia, the Moravians, and the *Czechs* of Bohemia, are Slavs; the Hungarians proper are *Magyars*, a quite peculiar race found nowhere else in Europe; while in the valleys of the Carpathians a strange, half-civilised race still lingers, perhaps the last of the aborigines who peopled the land before Roman, Teuton, or Slav found their way into Europe. In Bukovina, as well as on the Italian border, the people are of Romanic descent, while Jews, Gipsies, and Armenians are widely scattered.

The valley of the Danube is the centre of an enormous plain, which is hemmed in on the east by the Carpathians, and on the west by the spreading masses of the Noric and Rhoetian Alps. These Alpine chains fill the Tyrol, Salzburg, and Upper Austria, three beautiful provinces, quite Swiss in the character of their scenery.



Spurs from the Alps descend also through the narrow strip of coast belonging to Austria on the east of the Adriatic.

Bohemia has a mountain system to itself, being completely encircled by half-a-dozen ranges, of which the Riesen Gebirge, with Schnee Koppe, is the highest. The mountains of Austria are exceedingly rich in minerals, those of Bohemia, Hungary, and Carniola being the richest in Europe. Gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, and nickel, are abundant, and iron and coal are found in almost all the provinces. Very curious caverns occur in the limestone range of the Julian Alps which runs through Carniola; that of Adelsberg is a beautiful cavern, like a cathedral for size, and with endless arches and columns and beautiful fret-work of glittering stalactites; here the peasants give a yearly ball, and the sounds of music and dancing feet may be heard by the passenger above proceeding from far under ground.

More famous than the caves of Adelberg are the salt mines of the Carpathians, especially those of Weiliczka (near Cracow), the largest in the world, where are galleries, halls, and even a chapel cut out of the solid salt. These mines are occasionally lit up when great personages visit them, and then the sparkling walls have a beautiful effect; but except on these occasions the mines are dull and sombre enough. The province of Salzburg, in the western Alpine region, takes its name from the salt mountains it contains.

The climate of so large a country as Austria varies, of course, with the latitude; the vast plains of Hungary are everywhere warm enough to produce the vine and wheat in astonishing abundance. Indeed, the whole of Hungary is a wide, grain-growing steppe, which,

like the "Black Earth Zone" of Southern Russia, is covered with a rich, dark mould, especially fertile in the famous *Banat* district, skirting the Danube below Belgrade. Tokay is the centre of the region which produces the most celebrated Hungarian wines.

The slopes and valleys of the Carpathians are richly wooded, but the rest of Hungary is a treeless level, except where trees have been planted round the houses of the nobles.

Excepting in the districts round Vienna, and in the north-western provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, Austria is not a manufacturing country. The people are for the most part engaged in agriculture, in cattle-rearing, and in mining. Oats, rye, barley, wheat, and maize; flax and hemp; vines and tobacco, are largely grown. The Hungarian steppes are full of cattle, and so are the Alpine valleys; and the merino sheep is largely reared for its beautiful wool.

Though the natural productions of Austria are so rich and her manufactures so backward, it is not easy for her to exchange her raw produce for the manufactured goods of other countries. The narrow strip of sea-board she has on the Adriatic can only be reached by crossing the high ranges of the eastern Alps. Trieste is her one great seaport, which carries on a large trade with the ports of the Mediterranean, Great Britain, and Brazil. Hungary has a second seaport in the town of Fiume. The Danube is the great highway of the country, but it only leads into an inland sea. So different are the products of the great divisions, however, that the internal traffic is very large; and the Danube connects the treeless granary of Hungary with the Alpine lands of the west, which are rich in wood but deficient in corn.

BOHEMIA.

An intelligent traveller *—whom we shall have occasion to quote frequently in our survey of Austria and Germany—thus describes the State of Bohemia :—

“ We looked down upon a sort of basin, fertile, and cultivated to the minutest corner, round which, like sentinels on duty, were gathered the mountains, covered to their peaks with foliage, while here and there an enormous crag towered high above the trees.

“ The circumstance which most surprised us was the density of the population. Of large towns there seem to be, in Bohemia, very few ; but every vale and plain is covered with human dwellings, village succeeding village, and hamlet treading on hamlet. On the other hand, there is nothing to be seen like ‘ the stately homes of England,’ which add so much to the beauty of our landscapes. There is no such thing in all Bohemia—I question whether there be in all Germany—as a park ; and as to detached farm-houses, they are unknown.

“ The nobility inhabit what they call schlosses, that is to say, castles or palaces, which are always planted down either in the middle of a town or large village, or at most, a gunshot removed from it. If the schloss be outside the town, the plough is carried up to the very hall-door. A garden, the graff (or count), usually possesses, and he is fond of flowers ; but his flowers are usually huddled together within some narrow space, perhaps in the courtyard, where they have no room to display themselves.

* The Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., *Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary.*

"There is no class of persons in Bohemia corresponding to our English farmer; the nobles all cultivate their own estates, employing peasants to work for them, and these peasants cluster together in large villages where they have plenty of society. Thus there are in the country districts of Bohemia only two classes, the peasantry and the gentry.

"Our route lay, throughout the whole of this day's progress, through green fields and over narrow foot-paths. Everywhere around us, bold, conical hills stood up, not a few of which bore upon their summits the ruins of old castles, while all were clothed with noble forests; for the portion of Bohemia we were crossing (the north), is a succession of glorious valleys, wonderfully fertile, overshadowed by not less glorious mountains.

"The great defect in Bohemian scenery is the absence of water. There is scarcely a lake in the whole kingdom, and with the exception of the Elbe with its tributaries, Moldau, Iser, "rolling rapidly," and Eger, the rivers hardly deserve to take rank as more than mountain streams. The Elbe rises in the Riesen Gebirge (Giant Mountains), and the whole of Bohemia is included in its upper basin."

After visiting Karlsbad and Töplitz—two of the best managed and most fashionable watering-places in all Germany (including Austria)—we make, through rather a dull country, for the beautiful old city of Prague. At last, the White Mountain lies before you; you climb it, and, along the shores of the broad Moldau, and climbing, as it were, the steep hills which girdle it in, Prague lies at your feet. The river, flowing with a clear and gentle current, seems to have cut it in twain. A thousand towers, spires, minarets and domes, give to

the city an air of half-Oriental magnificence. There are hanging gardens, too, and a noble bridge; there are large and exquisitely wooded islands in the Moldau; there is the Alt Stadt (old town) on the further bank, with its Tyne Church, celebrated in history, and its venerable town hall; there are nearer at hand streets and squares, crowded with the residences of the nobles, rising one above another, till they terminate in the Old Palace, and the unfinished but beautiful cathedral of St. Vitus; there is the large Neu Stadt (new town), with convents, hospitals, and other public buildings, chiefly the work of the Jesuits; and behind all is a background of low, yet picturesque hills, surmounted here and there by some blackened ruin.

Perhaps there is no city in the world which more completely carries you into the past than Prague, for there is hardly a building or a street but is associated with the most heroic struggle in which the Christian world was ever engaged. There is the Tyne Church, within which Huss preached; here, the Town Hall where the doctrines of the Reformation were first avowed by the brave burghers, and within which, after a long and desperate struggle, they were sadly abjured; for at the present time Bohemia is more strictly Roman Catholic than any other province of the Austrian empire.

About the end of the fourteenth century, John Huss, already famous for his oratory and learning, was appointed preacher of the Tyne Church, then but newly built. With burning words he preached against the evil lives of the nobles, the vices of the priests, and all Prague came to hear, while many enemies were stirred up around him.

Then Jerome of Prague arrived from England, bringing with him copies of the writings of Wickliffe which he translated into the Bohemian tongue and spread amongst the people. By-and-by came two Englishmen from Oxford, who, disputing boldly, drew great crowds after them. They were forbidden to speak in public, so they hit upon a new device. Being something of artists, they painted a picture, with Christ and His poor Apostles on one side, and the proud churchmen of the day on the other, which they hung from the window of their lodging, and thousands came to see; while Huss took care to explain the meaning of the picture in his fiery sermons.

All this time their enemies were not idle; Huss was suspended from his office of priest, so that he could no longer preach in his church; but in fields and lanes and private houses he still drew crowds to hear him. Tumults followed in Prague between his followers and the opposite party, and the end of it all was that Huss was summoned to appear at the Council of Constance; he went, and was condemned to be burnt at the stake (1415); and the following year, his friend and disciple, Jerome of Prague, suffered the like terrible death; and after them, men and women, the priest with the layman, the wife with her husband, the child and its parent, sealed their faith with their blood. And then the little kingdom of Bohemia ventured to take up arms against all the might of the Romish Church, and for sixteen years the *Hussite War* lasted—such an heroic conflict as is hardly to be matched in the annals of nations.

We must not quit Prague without a visit to the Jews' quarter. From age to age the sons of Israel have inhabited the same quarter, namely, a suburb running along the margin of the Moldau. Here they dwell, to

the number of eight or ten thousand, in a state of complete isolation from the Christian myriads which surround them, inhabiting flats, and in many cases, single apartments by whole families, and appearing to rejoice in filth and neglect.

From Prague to Brünn, the capital of Moravia, one journeys over a wide plain with mountains in the distance. There are many villages and small towns along the roadside, and everywhere corn-field and meadow and vineyard spread themselves out before us. There is not much to be seen in Brünn, but it is a city with a long history, and is now one of the most considerable manufacturing towns in Austria, where cotton, woollen and silk goods, linen, and glass, are produced; and there is a manufacture of porcelain at a village about a mile distant. The manufacture of the famous Bohemian glass, and that of linens made of home-grown flax, are carried on in many of the towns of Bohemia and Moravia.

“It was market day when we reached Brünn, which gave us an opportunity of studying the fashions of the place. The main street was full of stalls laden with clothes, fruit, china, glass, shoes, and twenty other things. But the dresses of the women were more interesting than their goods; they wore a sort of jacket-bodice made tight to the shape, a petticoat of yellow serge, which reached barely to the mid-calf, bright scarlet stockings, shoes with white buckles, a handkerchief over the head, and hips enormously padded. They were handsome, dark-eyed women, and the good nature with which two of them pressed their cherries upon us compelled us to buy.”

AUSTRIA PROPER.

Austria Proper consists of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Austria: *Upper*, because it is a mountain region, being filled with offsets from the Alps; and *Lower*, because it is part of the broad, low-lying, and very fertile plain of the Danube.

There is little that is interesting in the country between Brünn and Vienna, the capital of Lower Austria and of the empire, excepting the battle-field of Austerlitz where Bonaparte defeated the armies of Austria.

Vienna is a charming city; the streets are crowded with gay, good-humoured people, whose chief business in life seems to be to make time pass pleasantly; there are large, handsome well-stocked shops, better than any in Europe, except those of London and Paris; there are delightful public gardens, where there is always the music of capital bands; everybody is gracious, and everybody seems glad; and, besides these attractions, there are fine public buildings containing objects of great interest.

The older part of Vienna, that is, the city, properly so called, consists chiefly of narrow streets, with high houses; but it is here that the higher classes choose to dwell, and here are the sights of Vienna—the Imperial Palace, the museums, the public galleries, and the principal churches. The Cathedral of St. Stephen's is one of the finest in Europe; the Imperial Palace is an immense pile of buildings, and the Palace of the Belvedere contains one of the best collections of pictures in Europe. Round the old city is the *Bastey*, that is, the ancient fortifications converted into a public pro-

menade; outside of this, again, is the *Glacis*, a wide esplanade laid out in delightful walks and gardens. Beyond are the extensive suburbs of the capital, which are about fourteen miles in circuit. Besides the *Bastey* and the *Glacis*, Vienna has several fine public walks and parks, the largest being the *Prater*—the Hyde Park of Vienna—which is crowded with carriages and horsemen during the season. The capital has its university, as well as various scientific institutions.

Vienna is the most important manufacturing city in the Austrian empire, one-seventh of the goods produced in the country being made here. Its manufactures consist of silk and stuffs, gold and silver lace, hardware goods, pianos, porcelain, jewels, watches, and paper. Linen rags are so cheap and plentiful that paper is largely made in several Austrian towns. Many of the articles made at Vienna are exported by way of the Danube.

Upper Austria is filled for the most part, as we have said, with the masses of the Noric Alps. The most lovely district is that called the *Salzkammergut* from the salt mines which it contains: this is the "lake district" of Austria, containing the *Traun See*, the *Atter See*, the *Wolf-gang See*, and many others. The most beautiful of the lakes is the *Traun See*, not far from *Ischl*, which is a pleasant market town, and the summer resort of many wealthy Viennese and English visitors, and where there is a summer residence of the Austrian royal family.

These beautiful mountain lakes, some of them no larger than tarns, are hemmed in, each by its own body-guard of giants. The most glorious of the mountains here is the *Dachstein*, rightly called the Queen of the Noric Alps: the word *dach* means roof, and the

top of the mountain is like a flat roof, always covered with glittering snow and ice, while from the flat surface rise many small black peaks: it is the most picturesque of the group, but the ascent is dangerous; the villages climb the slopes in the most hand-over-head way, one foot, so to say, in the waters of the lake, and the highest houses 200 feet above: streets there are none; an egress through your roof admits you to your neighbour's ground floor.

The slopes of the mountains surrounding the lakes afford pasturage for the cattle, sheep, and goats of the villagers. First, the animals are led to pasture on the lower heights, and when this pasturage is exhausted, they are driven to the high feeding-grounds, or *alps*, by the herdswomen, who are called *Almerinnen*. "These women have to look after the cows, calves, lambs, &c.; cut them extra food for the night, and make butter and cheese. Their huts are generally pictures of neatness and order. You see a little looking-glass, a rosary, a few pictures, may be a book, and a scanty supply of cups, pots, and pans. Parties making expeditions on the mountains gladly turn to rest in a herdswoman's hut; they make use of the spotlessly clean pots and pans, and cook a picnic dinner on her little hearth, and, on leaving, if she should be absent, they pin up a paper florin in a conspicuous place for payment. If the *Almerinnen* are at home, a dance is often arranged, the men who have carried the hampers and shawls acting as partners; and very well they look in the picturesque Styrian costume—short black breeches of chamois leather, embroidered with green silk, the knees left bare; green woollen leggings, and white woollen socks inside their rough hob-nailed boots; a grey cloth jacket bound with green, a green

waistcoat, and a dark-green felt hat ornamented with the beard of the chamois. Having taken off their hob-nailed boots, the men foot it merrily with the fair *Almerinnen* to the sweet sounds of the zither. Then Styrian songs are sung, and the mountain-calls are repeated, until the approach of evening breaks up the merry party.

“On Saturday afternoons at least half the *Almerinnen* can descend to the villages to pass the Sunday in their homes, and it is wonderful to see with what swiftness and agility they spring down the mountains, bearing on their heads their carefully-packed butter and cheese. They are already in their Sunday costume, which consists of a bright-red cotton dress with short sleeves, and cut out in the neck, and, underneath, the snow-white chemise with long sleeves. On their heads they wear a black silk handkerchief tied behind.

“There are, happily, no wolves in these mountains, but enough deer and chamois to afford the hunters good sport in the autumn and winter.”

The scenery of the beautiful Tyrol is of the same character as this of Upper Austria and Styria, but perhaps grander in its features: here are some of the higher summits of the Alps, the Ortler Spitz, the Drei Herrn Spitz (Three Lords' Peak), and the Great Glockner (Bell). Here, too, is the famous pass of the Brenner, which leads from Innsbruck into the valley of the Adige; and just beyond the limits of the Tyrol is the pass of Mount Stelvio, the highest carriage-road in Europe.

Innsbruck, on the Inn, the capital of the Tyrol, is a charming, well-built town, which has many summer visitors, as have most of the larger villages of this beautiful country.

HUNGARY.

There is constant communication between Vienna, and Pesth and Constantinople by the steamboats which touch at almost all the important places which lie along the Danube. But as the channel of the river is so low as to allow little view of the land, we will go by road to Presburg, so that we may see, not only the plain over which we travel, but the magnificent river below, which is in many parts more than half a mile in breadth.

Presburg itself—a neat and busy town, with the ruins of a palace—is in such constant communication with Vienna that it is quite a German town, though within the kingdom of Hungary. The people are Germans, the language is German, the style of living is German, and we must go further to see anything of the manners of the Hungarians. Here, however, the Hungarian Parliament meets, and here, in the old Cathedral, the Austrian Emperor is crowned as King of Hungary; and then he and his courtiers ride forth to the Königsberg (King's Hill), and he ascends the hill, and promises before the assembled people to rule faithfully, and according to the laws of Hungary. Then there is much cheering, medals are distributed, and people and king return to their places.

The Hungarians are exceedingly proud of the fact that they live under what they call a free constitution, and that they have a right to a king of their own; for Hungary is subject to Austria only because the crown fell to a princess who married into the house of Hapsburg, the royal house of Austria.

The country known as Hungary is peopled by two distinct races of men—the Hungarians, who inhabit the great plain of the Danube; and the Slavonians, who dwell in the mountain districts which hem in the Hungarian plain on all sides. The Hungarians are said not to amount to more than four millions of souls, whereas of the Slavonians there are fully six millions, but it is the former people who make laws and govern the land.

The Hungarians are the descendants of one of those eastern hordes whom the Mongols drove from their homes; and who, breaking through Russia, won a settlement for themselves near the source of the Theiss, late in the ninth century. Their legends say that they are *Magyars*, and that they obtained the name they now bear through an accident. There stood near the spot where they first encamped, a castle, called, in the language of the country, *Hung-var*, which the strangers seized. As often as they came out of this castle afterwards, the Slavonians cried out, "Here come the Hung-varians," and by degrees all the Magyar invaders came to be known by this name.

As we advance towards the Carpathians from Presburg we soon feel that we are in a new country. The dark and swarthy countenances of the men, their small piercing eyes, their long, shaggy and matted hair, which hangs over their shoulders, the moustache shading the upper lip, with here and there a beard that reaches to the chest, point them out as men of another race. They wear short cloaks of coarse brown cloth, with hosen of the same material, while their head-dress is a broad sombrero hat; the women wear wide, short petticoats and coloured stockings, and both men and women wear pointed wooden clogs.

The landscape, too, changes its character; such a corn-field spreads before us as is hardly to be seen out of Hungary; away and away it stretches, far out of sight, without a tree, without a cottage, a wall, a hedge, a single object to break the sameness. And wherever you go on the Hungarian plain the prospect is the same—interminable rolling pampas covered with untold wealth of corn, or stretches of rank natural pasturage as enormous, whereon wander countless herds of cattle and horses, apparently at their own sweet wills, for you never come across human being, or human dwelling, or any building raised by human hands. The only object which breaks the monotony is the glorious blue Danube rolling through the yellow plains; or you may come upon long alleys of vines whereon the fruit hangs in heavy bunches; but still you do not meet the people. Does the earth produce this wonderful abundance of itself? If not, where are the hands that till it?

The long and fierce wars between Hungary and Turkey, and the fact that these open plains were always subject to invasion, first led the inhabitants to congregate in large villages, and they have never lost the habit thus acquired. Accordingly, there are no such things as small villages and hamlets, far less detached dwellings, to be seen anywhere; but at long distances from one another you come upon towns—towns of the veriest huts—where dwell six, eight, ten, and sometimes as many as thirty thousand peasants together. They live peaceably enough, and though all are poor, squalid and filthy, they do not seem to mind the fact at all, but get through life with much good humour. They are, to a man, agriculturists. It is by the labour of *their* hands that the boundless

plains through which you have travelled are cultivated; and this is how it is managed:—

When the season for ploughing and sowing comes round, the men and boys march in a body from their homes. They raise wigwams, or huts, here and there in the fields; and then setting to work, they toil from Monday till Saturday, living on food they have brought with them, and sleeping at night in their huts. On Saturday they all return to the town, and do not leave it again till Monday. When the seed has been scattered, the people march back to their homes, there to abide in idleness and filth till some fresh operation becomes necessary. Finally, when the harvest is ready, they all come forth again, women as well as men, to get it in.

We have no class of people in England at all in the same position as the Hungarian peasant: he is still a serf, bought and sold with the land, and obliged to give his master certain days' work during the year, as well as a part of the produce of his own little holding. A Hungarian noble is a very great man; an *eidelmann*, or what we should call a squire, is also a great man; but the Hungarian peasant is miserably poor and much oppressed, though the law no longer permits his master to beat him.

Mr. Gleig thus describes the household of a Hungarian nobleman:—

“It was a long-fronted, two-storied, white-walled château, having before it a sort of court or grass plat. At the bottom of the court were a range of cottages, where dwelt the out-door servants and hangers-on of the family; and beyond, again, were stables, barns, and a garden well stocked with fruit and vegetables. The family of our host appeared countless. There was no

end to the retainers—men, women, and children—who went to and fro beside his hall-door, and thronged his kitchen, while eating and drinking appeared to go on without pause. Then, again, I saw one woman arrive with several couples of fowls, another with a basket of eggs, a third with a jar of milk, a fourth with something else; and I learned that these were dues which the chief claimed and the cotter paid. ‘It is thus,’ said my kind host, ‘and thus only, that the hospitalities of such a household as mine could be kept up. These things are brought to me every day. What could I do with them if I did not feed the people whom you consider so numerous?’ ”

Yet, abundant as is the produce of their land, the Hungarian nobles consider themselves poor; their corn, their wine, their flocks, their wool, increase without end, but they cannot easily convert their produce into money; only by way of the Danube can their goods reach the sea, and only beyond sea can they find a market; so, as a rule, the Hungarian nobles are obliged to live at home, because they cannot afford to go elsewhere. At the same time, they have all the necessaries of life in abundance; they have meat of every sort, excellent bread, better wine than that of France or Germany, more milk and butter than they know how to use, and fruit so abundant that it rots off the trees.

There are many rather large *towns* scattered over Hungary, but they are only towns in regard to the number of people living in them; they have no public buildings, no shops, no paved streets, no side-walks; they are, in fact, the immense villages into which the peasants have gathered for the reasons given above. The dwellings, which are generally arranged in two

long streets crossing one another, are odd-looking round mud-huts—with thatched roofs, and miserably squalid and dirty within—full of half-naked women and quite naked children.

Though the State religion is Romanism, there are many Protestants in Hungary, both nobles and peasants; for, when the Hussites were driven out of Bohemia, they took refuge here; as did also the Moravian Brethren during a later persecution.

Buda and Pesth are towns of a different character. Though separated only by the breadth of the Danube, they contrast strangely with one another. Ofen, or Buda, the ancient capital of Hungary, stands on the right bank of the river, and is built along the slopes of a range of low but picturesque hills. On one hill is the citadel—a stern, feudal-looking pile, a Gothic church, and the chapel where the treasured crown of Hungary is kept; below are narrow streets, and Turkish baths, and the crowded buildings of a half-Eastern looking town.

A bridge of boats, usually thronged with people, connects Buda with Pesth, which is a modern, regular town, laid out with straight, broad streets and squares, and public gardens—a grand new town, in great contrast with the far more interesting ancient capital. In Pesth, however, is the university, which gives free instruction to a thousand students; but education is, on the whole, in a very backward state in Hungary. There is always much bustle of shipping to be seen on the quays, for a great deal of the river traffic is centred in Buda-Pesth.

Nothing can be in greater contrast to the flat steppes of Hungary than the beautiful mountain scenery of the district bordering on the Carpathians. Here are

forest-covered slopes, beauteous valleys, and mountain streams, and even, here and there, peaks covered with perpetual snow, though the Carpathians are much inferior to the Alps in height. Here is a description of a single mountain scene:—"We had won the upper extremity of the valley, and found ourselves closing upon mountains almost, if not quite, as high as those which surround Innsbruck in the Tyrol. I never beheld forests more glorious than those which covered these mountains to more than half their height. I never looked upon more beetling, rugged crags and rocks than those which overtopped the trees. And for the rest: peak and bald brow were rolled one over the other like the billows of a troubled ocean; while behind, and on each side, lay the plain, the noble river, and the towns through which we had passed."

Many interests centre in this beautiful mountain country. Perched upon many of the heights are the ruins of feudal castles, once the homes of robber-chiefs. The Hungarians are as passionately fond of the baths and the life of a watering-place as are their German neighbours; and here, among the mountains, are hot, medicinal springs, and here are Tepla and Pischian, the two most fashionable watering-places, which are, by the way, only such miserable villages as we have described, with an hotel or two for the visitors.

Here, too, amongst the mountains, are the mining towns. Schemnitz is the principal station of the mining districts of Hungary, because in the hills round it are found gold, silver, lead, and copper. The galleries which have been excavated here run to an amazing extent through the mountains. Gold and silver are becoming more scarce every year; but Schemnitz continues an important town, because here is a mining

school, as at Freyburg in Saxony, to which young men come from all parts to study the arts and sciences that pertain to mining. These students have a peculiar dress, and so, too, have the miners—skilful workmen who think a good deal of themselves and their craft. Neusohl and Kremnitz are also important mining places. At Kremnitz is the mint, where most of the Hungarian gold and silver coins are struck. Barren hills, unsightly heaps of refuse, the smoke of smelting-houses, and discoloured streams, mark the neighbourhood of the mines.

In all the mining towns of Hungary the population consists of colonists from Germany, for the Hungarians have neither the skill nor patience necessary for this kind of work, and they are apt to show a good deal of ill-will to the more skilful Germans.

On the southern frontier of Hungary, stretching from New Orsova to the Adriatic, some five hundred miles, with a width of about thirty miles, is the district known as the MILITARY FRONTIER. Within this district every man is a soldier, obliged to spend certain days in the month in doing duty as a sentinel and in military drill. In return, every head of a household has a piece of land given him, on which he raises corn for his family, and grass for his cattle and for the sheep whose wool furnishes him with clothes. Thus this wide district is peopled with a race of soldiers always ready for battle, who at the same time provide their own means of living by their own labour. This district borders upon a hostile country, and, before this method of defence was carried out, the Turks were always making raids upon the villages of Hungary; now, however, there are sentinels placed within easy call of one another along the whole 500 miles of

boundary line, a signal from any one of whom would bring the whole armed force of the frontier against the invading Turk.

The most considerable town on the frontier is Semlin, seated at a spot where the Danube, swollen already with the waters of the Drave and the Theiss, and receiving now those of the Save, assumes the appearance of a lake or an inland sea rather than that of a river. Semlin is a poor, mean, deserted-looking town; while Belgrade, on the opposite bank of the Save, lifts up its head proudly, being built upon a hill. Here we have the meeting-point of the Crescent and the Cross: on the Belgrade side the crescent glitters in the sun, proclaiming the faith of Mahomet; while the Christian cross rises from tower and steeple upon the side of Semlin.

Questions on the Map of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

1. Upon what sea has Austria a narrow strip of sea-board? Name any seaports upon this coast. Otherwise, it is an inland country—surrounded by what states? What states of the Balkan peninsula are now “occupied by Austria”?
2. Chains of the Alps enclose the Tyrol, extend nearly to Vienna, and skirt the Adriatic,—name these chains. Name any towns or villages amongst the Alps. Any summits marked in your map.
3. What mountain chain nearly surrounds Hungary? Name a summit of these mountains. Name three rivers which take their rise in this chain.
4. What great river waters Hungary? Its three chief tributaries in Austro-Hungary. Describe its course. How far is it a boundary of the empire? From what country does it enter Austria? At what point does it leave Austria? What states does it then separate? Four towns in its basin within Hungary. Six within Austria.
5. Name the five mountain ranges which surround Bohemia. What river waters it? What is its capital city?

6. What northern province of Austria lies beyond the Carpathians? What southern province is within the Carpathians?

7. Name any other cities of the world in about the same latitudes as Prague, Brünn, Vienna, Trieste.

8. Describe the situation of the following towns:—Fiume, Olmutz, Agram, Salzburg, Sadowa, Neusohl, Kremnitz, Szégedin, Semlin, and Tokay.

THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

THE TURKS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that they have been for some four or five centuries settled within its borders, the Turks are still aliens and foreigners in Europe. Their ways are not our ways, and while some of us are ready to believe all evil of the Turk, others invest him with extraordinary virtues. It is to be noted, however, that the writers who have lived amongst these people have most to say in their favour.

We have been accustomed to think of Turkey as the peninsula whose northern boundary is formed by the Carpathians, the Danube, and the Save. Recent changes have greatly contracted these limits, but at no time did the "Turks" people "Turkey"; of the 11,000,000 who inhabit the Balkan peninsula (not including Romania) the *Turks* constitute not much more than a sixth part (about 2,000,000); and they are to be found in large numbers only in the south and east of the country; along the Black Sea coast, for instance, in the lower valley of the Maritza, and in the fertile plain of Thessaly.

To understand the position of these alien Turks in Europe, we must make some attempt to trace their history. When other European nations had long since had the bounds of their habitations fixed, these established themselves in the continent as conquerors. Like the earlier invading races, the Turks came from the

[illegible]

east; they belong to the great Turanian family, whose tribes spread abroad from the frozen mouth of the Lena to the eastern shore of the Black Sea. These must not be thought of as a settled people, having formed, in fact, a nomad kingdom, whose sovereign, a dweller in tents, was perpetually moving with a vast army from point to point of his wide dominions.

In the middle of the seventh century, the Prophet Mahomet appeared, and spread his religion over the world with lightning-like rapidity; and among its converts were many of these, hitherto pagan, Turkish tribes. At the end of the tenth century, the title of Sultan was conferred on the most powerful of their princes, whose dominion extended from the eastern provinces of Persia far into Hindostan. Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, were also at this time under Turkish rule.

Far and wide as stretched their Asiatic dominions, the Turks had till then obtained no footing in Europe; but this was effected by Osman, or Othman (A.D. 1299)—from whom comes their name of Ottomans,—while the grandson of Othman succeeded in conquering the whole of Thrace, fixed his capital at Adrianople, and reigned, an Ottoman monarch, for the first time in Europe. He pushed his conquests north of the Balkans, and soon had possession of the country from the Danube to the Adriatic; while one of the world's famous battles, fought on the plains of Kossova (1389), brought the Servians, the Bosnians, the Bulgarians, and the Albanians, under the dominion of the Turk.

Constantinople itself held out until 1453, when the last Emperor fell, amidst heaps of slain, in defending the breach made by the Moslem guns. Turkish ships were carried into the Golden Horn; the church

of St. Sophia was converted into a mosque, and the crescent waved over the city which was to be thenceforth the Turkish capital.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE.

What manner of people were these Turks who now appeared amongst the nations of Europe? We are accustomed to think of them as slothful, voluptuous, corrupt; men to whom personal indulgence is the highest good; but the Turks of the fifteenth century were full of force, fire, and chivalry. Fine traits still appear in the common people; they are patient and brave, honest, truthful, and sober, kind and gentle in their homes, and "merciful to their beasts." It is the rulers rather than the people who have become corrupt, and as there is no aristocracy in Turkey—the servant of to-day may fill his master's high office to-morrow—it is always possible that good men may come to the front. All men below the Sultan are equal, not only in the eyes of the law, but by creed and custom. There are no family names, but in some cases titles are hereditary.

The dominion of the Turks in Europe has proved as uneasy as that of the Normans would have been had they still continued dominant in Britain. They found the land occupied, then as now, by numerous races of different religions and different manners. "Greeks, Albanians, Slavs, Bulgarians, Jews, Wallachians, Gipsies, all clamoured for due consideration as Turkish subjects, and all intrigued one against the other." Having conquered the country it was necessary to establish order, and this was done on the feudal system;

grants of land were given as rewards for valour, and the holders of the land were pledged to find soldiers for the State. A certain number of these grants were grouped into a district, and over each district was placed an officer with the title of Sandjak Bey. Each Sandjak Bey was given a horse's tail as a mark of command. Over all was the Sultan, advised and assisted by his ministers.

The treatment of Christians in the early times of the Ottoman conquest was not severe. It was only when the Porte became corrupt and luxurious that the disgraceful persecutions of the Christians commenced. The Christian subjects who paid tribute were called *rayahs*. They usually cultivated the land as tenants of their Turkish landlords.

The Turks are not the only Mahometans of the Balkan Peninsula, for large numbers of the subject races, of the Albanians, Bulgarians, Servians, and Bosnians, became followers of the Prophet, to escape persecution in the first place, though now they are fanatical Moslems; but still there are nearly three Christians in this division of Europe for every Mahometan. The Christians belong, for the most part, to the Greek and Armenian Churches.

RECENT CHANGES.

"Though the majority of the population of Turkey is Christian, non-Mahometans long remained under the most cruel oppression, and have even now obtained only the barest toleration under pressure from the Christian states of Europe. Christians were excluded from all official positions; they had no redress for wrongs, for

the word of a Christian had no weight against that of a Turk; they were not allowed to possess land, and as farmers they were obliged to pay a third of the harvest to the owners of the soil: and such heavy taxes were exacted that it is no wonder insurrections were continually breaking out among them." The European powers, held back by jealousy of one another, did not interfere. Russia, alone, to whose interest it was to extend her protection to the *Slav* peoples of Turkey, which belong to the same race and hold the same religion as her own subjects, armed in their defence. This brought about the Crimean war, in which the Turks were supported by England and France. These powers distrusted the motives of Russia, believing that her friendship for the Christians of Turkey meant no more than a desire to extend her own frontier, above all, to secure for herself the Black Sea coasts and the port of Constantinople. They determined to see fair play, and not to have the Turk ousted from Europe because he was not able to hold his own. England was at the same time unwilling to see Russia stationed at Constantinople, in her path to India. Russia was defeated; and at the close of the war, the Turkish Government pledged itself to carry out many reforms which were demanded by the European Powers.

The danger over, however, Turkey failed to fulfil her pledges, and the Christian population of the country was in no better case than before. Then (1876) the European Powers proposed to appoint commissioners who should see that the reforms agreed upon were carried out. Turkey declined this interference, whereupon Russia armed once again, and soon the eastern half of Turkey was filled with her troops. Again a Congress of European Powers met at Berlin, really

to deprive Turkey of the power of further oppressing her Christian subjects.

The Treaty of Berlin (1878), reduced the area under Turkish rule to a third of its former size.

The state of Romania, in the great plain north of the Danube, was declared independent. The new principality of Bulgaria was formed; including the country between the river and the Balkans. Another principality, named Eastern Roumelia, was also formed south of the Balkans. Servia was declared an independent state. Montenegro had its freedom secured; while Bosnia and Herzegovina, which adjoin the Austrian territory on the Adriatic, are, for the present, to be occupied and governed by Austria, which received also the small port of Spitzza on the Adriatic coast.

Thus there remain under Turkish rule only the country called Roumelia, and Albania. Roumelia consists of the greater parts of Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus. Later, Thessaly and the coast of the Gulf of Arta have been ceded to Greece, which is not yet satisfied.*

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF TURKEY.

Almost the whole of Turkey in Europe consists of great mountain ranges, and of the rich plains which lie at their feet. The mountains of Turkey are really off-sets from the Alps; the branch called the Julian Alps enters the country at the north-west corner, and then runs south-west as the Dinaric Alps, keeping parallel with the coast. These mountains fill Albania and

* Drawn largely from *Turkey in Europe*, by Lieut.-Colonel James Baker.

Herzegovina, enclosing high grassy meadows between their ranges. They are known as the Tchar Dag mountains in Albania, and as the Pindus mountains in Thessaly. Thessaly itself is a fine valley, watered by the river Selambria, which has cut its way through a deep gorge in the range of mountains which rises near the coast. This narrow passage was the ancient Vale of Tempe, with the famous Olympus on one side, and Ossa on the other.

The western mountain ranges form the watershed of the rivers which flow into the Adriatic, all of which have short and rapid courses, and are only useful in driving mills, or in floating timber down to the sea from the mountains. The Drin is the largest of these.

The long range of the Balkans curves round from the "Iron Gates" of the Danube to Cape Eminch on the Black Sea; and is connected with the western mountains by various spurs. To the south, the chief offset is the Rhodope range, or Despoto Dag. Towards the *Ægean*, the mountains run out into a curiously shaped peninsula, with three prongs, one of which ends in the famous Mount Athos, or the Holy Hill. Far to the south of this sea is the large island of Crete or Candia, upon which St. Paul was shipwrecked; Mount Ida is its loftiest summit.

The central water-parting of the whole country is the mountainous district about the plain of Sophia. It is from here that the rivers of Turkey, the Maritza, the Morava, the Isker, Vardar, and Strymon, take their rise, and flow in all directions towards the sea or towards the Danube.

The mountain ranges cut up the country into a number of fertile and beautiful plains, the principal being those of Sophia, Philippopolis, Adrianople, Seres,

Yenidge, and most important of all, the great valley of the Danube. All of these plains are fertile, grain-producing districts, but unfortunately not one of the rivers which water them, excepting the Maritza, is capable of bearing even a barge for the transport of the corn.

The mountains of Turkey are not covered with dense forests as are the Carpathians, but wood and pasture lands succeed one another in such a way as to give great beauty to the scenery.

The mineral wealth of Turkey in Europe is very great, but the government takes no pains to get the mines worked. Both the Balkan and Rhodope mountains contain coal—though only of the brown kind—copper, and various other minerals. Here are gold and silver mines, which are no longer worked, and the iron of Turkey is considered the best in the world, but it is not exported, and is chiefly used to make horse-shoes.

There are six principal passes across the Balkans which are passable for an army, and as many more which might easily be made so. The best known of these is, perhaps, the Shipka Pass, on the route from Tirnova to Kezanlik.

The climate of the peninsula is agreeable on the whole, though the severe winter covers the northern plain with deep snow for four months, when the Danube also is frozen. The plain of Thessaly, the valley of the Maritza, and the districts round the *Ægean* have a delightful climate.

The difference in climate gives rise to much difference in the productions of the provinces which lie to the north and to the south of the Balkan mountains. The forests of the former are of oak, beech, lime, and pine; while the apple and pear, cherry and apricot, cover

districts almost as wide as forests. In the southern provinces these trees are only found on the slopes of the mountains, while on the low grounds are found the plane and carob, sweet chestnut, walnut, and almond, the myrtle, and various evergreens. The olive, orange, fig, and mulberry, thrive in the sheltered plains. The vine grows everywhere, but the fruit is not sweet.

The plain of Adrianople is famous for its roses, from which the well-known attar of roses is extracted. The flower which yields this costly perfume is rather like our English dog-rose in appearance. To make the attar, the flowers must be gathered before the morning dew is off them, and then be immediately distilled; about 4000 lb. of rose-blossoms yield about 1 lb. of oil, and this is generally the produce of an acre of ground laid down in rose-gardens. So costly is this perfume, that a traveller tells us: "My host opened a cupboard which contained thirty large glass bottles of the attar, and told me that I was looking at twelve thousand pounds' worth of oil."

ROMANIA.

Romania, the northern part of the lower plain of the Danube, consists of a wide, treeless plain, not unlike the steppes of southern Russia. In some parts of the plain the soil is wonderfully fertile—a rich black mould, upon which abundant crops of corn (maize, wheat, and barley) are raised. Wide stretches of grass there are, too, upon which many cattle and sheep are reared, and the people are either shepherds or cultivators of the soil. The women handle the distaff, and every peasant weaves the coarse cloth for the clothing

of his family; indeed, they make their own wagons, farm implements—everything they require. They are a quiet, good-tempered people, and are always busy. The houses are made of hurdle-work, plastered inside and out with mud and cow-dung, and roofed in with a great thickness of reeds, which keeps them cool in summer and warm in winter, and they are generally well swept and clean. To the left of the entrance there is a good-sized room, a sort of best parlour, which the family seldom enters except to clean it, and in which is a mud stove. A divan runs round two sides of it, at the ends of which are piled stacks of home-made sheets and coverlids, the work of the women. Such a house as this belongs to a well-to-do farmer, and as land is plentiful, few of the people are necessarily poor.

The young Moldave men and maidens delight in a dance called "Khora," the only dance known here, during which they all look solemn and grave, and never speak, but at intervals the men give a sort of howl. This dance is the amusement for Sundays, and for all the holidays prescribed by the Greek Church, to which the Romanians belong. The number of these public holidays is a great drawback to the prosperity of the people; on an average, every other day is a saint's day or other religious festival, when the men are withdrawn from their work, and the land suffers.

In 1877 Rumania declared its independence of Turkey, and its freedom was confirmed by the Treaty of Berlin, 1878. The ruler, a German prince, governs the two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, of which he has been lately proclaimed king. The new kingdom is flourishing, and much attention is given to education; but the *boyers*, or nobles, who own most of the land, are luxurious and idle, and keep back the peasantry.

The Romanians are strong, well-built men, lively in manner, though not active in their habits. They are a distinct race, formed by the intermarriage of the ancient Roman colonists settled in the district, with the Slavonic tribes who came down upon them in the third century. They are very proud of their language, because three-fourths of their words are Latin. Many Jews and Gipsies live amongst the Romanians.

The Wallachian shore of the Danube is a low, flat plain, inundated when the river is high; at other times covered with rank grass and reeds. All the rivers are tributaries of the Danube, which flow across the level steppe to meet that river. The chief are the Sereth, the Pruth, and the Aluta. By the Treaty of Paris, 1856, the management of the navigation of the delta mouths of the Danube was placed in the hands of an International Commission, which receives dues from passing vessels and expends them in keeping the channels in a navigable condition, especially the Sulina mouth, which is the principal one. The Treaty of Berlin confirmed this arrangement, so that now the Danube, which is the great highway of Central Europe, does not belong to any one nation, but is open to all. No vessel of war is allowed below the Iron Gates, and all the fortresses on this part of the river are to be razed. The Danube Commission has its headquarters at Galatz, which is a great grain port, as are also Braila and Ismail. Bucharest, the capital, is also a busy town, the centre of the trade between Turkey and Hungary. Jassy, which is pleasantly placed on the slope of the hills, and is famous for its large annual fairs, is the chief town in Moldavia.

A good deal of interest has been attached of late to the district of the Dobrudja, south of the delta of the

Danube. The name means, in English, "good pasture," and it is a vast undulating plateau, partly swampy, partly grass-covered, with hardly a tree or bush from end to end of it. The villages are at least ten miles apart, the greater number of them being Bulgarian. They are all miserable collections of mud hovels, clustered together for protection.

The Dobrudja is crossed by the wonderful wall of the Emperor Trajan, which, beginning at the Bay of Kustendje, runs up hill and down dale in a straight line for nearly forty-five miles, till it cuts the Danube at Rassoza. It was built to keep the northern barbarians out of the Roman provinces.

After the Crimean war, a horde of Tartars, 80,000 strong, left the Crimea, and spread themselves over the Dobrudja; that is, as many of them as escaped small-pox or fever, brought on by the miserable way in which they were huddled together in their passage across the Black Sea. The Turkish Government encouraged these immigrants, and provided them with seed-corn and land.

Romania has its railways, which connect the principal towns: a line crosses the Dobrudja, connecting the Black Sea with the Danube at the point where the river makes its northern bend—that is, between Kustendje and Tchernova.

BULGARIA AND EASTERN ROUMELIA.

Bulgaria is very much like Romania in character; it includes the southern half of the lower plains of the Danube, and is a very fertile corn-growing country. The Bulgarian farmer does not pay much attention to the rotation of crops, and enormous harvests of maize

are gathered from the same fields year after year. The ground is ploughed, and the carts are drawn by oxen, as in Italy; and the farmer owes everything to the rich black soil of this alluvial plain, for his own implements and methods are of the rudest.

The Bulgarians are all, or nearly all, peasant proprietors; there are no feudal chiefs, and, as the population is scanty and the soil fertile, every man has as much land as he can conveniently cultivate.

The houses are well-built of either timber, stone, or "wattle and dab"; the dwelling-rooms are generally over a stable in which the cattle are housed at night, a hole being left in the floor that the family may get the benefit of the heat generated by the cattle; and none but a Bulgarian could stand the evil smell which thus fills their rooms.

The clothes of both men and women are entirely home-made. The men wear a sheep-skin cap, a short jacket of home-spun cloth, wide knickerbockers, cloth leggings, and cow-skin mocassins. The women wear pretty, bright-coloured costumes on holidays, each village having its own colour. Both men and women are well-grown and good-looking on the whole, and their erect carriage and healthy appearance show they have been well clothed and well fed from their infancy. A wedding is an occasion for a great festival amongst them, and a peasant bridegroom will spend as much as ten or fifteen pounds in wine and sheep for the carousals, which last three or four days, accompanied by almost continuous dancing.

The Bulgarians belong to the Greek Church. The Patriarch of Constantinople was originally at the head of the Greek Church both in Russia and Turkey, but Russia, Servia, and more lately Bulgaria, have estab-

lished church governments of their own, and are now independent of the See of Constantinople. In the case of Bulgaria, the chief motive for such change was that the religious instruction should be given by Bulgarians, and that the children should be taught in their own tongue; to this end, Bibles and other books have been printed in Bulgarian, and very good schools established, in which the young Bulgarians have proved themselves painstaking and diligent scholars with a special aptitude for languages. In these and other ways the Bulgarians have shown so much national spirit, that it was thought that, if the country could free itself from the yoke of the Turkish Government, Bulgaria might become a very flourishing state.

At last this freedom has been secured; the Treaty of Berlin (1878) declared Bulgaria a principality, with the right of electing a Christian ruler, and of governing itself, though still paying tribute to the Porte. The new state has not been altogether prosperous, and the prince has found some difficulty in dealing with the people; but probably things will work smoothly when the nation has had more experience in the art of self-government.

The most important towns are Tirnova, a strong fortress on a height, nearly surrounded by the river Jantra; Sophia, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile plain; Widin, Nicopolis, and Sistova, all trading towns on the Danube; Rustchuk, the chief trading and manufacturing town on the Danube; and Schumla, a strong natural fortress, which stands in a deep mountain-basin, shaped like a horse-shoe; Varna, the port of the country on the Black Sea, is, at the same time, a fortress standing at the opening of a long valley. As is usual with Turkish towns, Varna is divided into different quarters; there is the Turkish, the Greek,

the Bulgarian, the Jewish, the Armenian, and the Gipsy quarter. The interior of the town looks as if the houses had been dropped down by chance, here a good house, and there a hovel. There are no gardens round the houses, and the courtyards are very small, and in the middle of each is an enormous cesspool, quite open, where the filth of ages has accumulated.

The only railway yet constructed in Bulgaria is between Rustchuk, Schumla, and Varna.

Eastern Roumelia is a principality newly formed by the Treaty of Berlin, which has a Christian governor-general, appointed by the Porte with the consent of the great European powers. It is a lovely district, with wooded hills and smiling valleys; indeed, the famous rose-growing country lies at the base of the Balkans, on the north of it, and here most of the famous attar of roses is made. Kezanlik is the centre of the manufacture and trade; it is surrounded by well-watered gardens, and large groves of magnificent walnut-trees, the walnuts being crushed, shells and all, for the sake of the oil they yield, which is used in cooking. The whole district is also famous for its plums, which are delicious, and are grown in such quantities as to supply a large trade in prunes. A traveller says, "We were passing by an orchard of these fruit-trees, when a Turk, who was gathering the large, black, oval plums, seeing us cast longing eyes at the trees, came forward and insisted upon filling every available pocket with the fruit."

The rose from which the attar is distilled is cultivated by the farmers in every village of the district. Slivno, also at the foot of the mountains, is another centre for the manufacture of the attar. Philippopolis is an ancient town, founded by Philip, the father of

Alexander the Great. Burgas, on an inlet of the Black Sea coast, is the chief port of the new province, which reaches eastward as far as this coast.

THE FREE MOUNTAIN STATES.

The little country of Servia, which is about the size of Switzerland, is all that is left of the great Servian Empire which, in the fourteenth century, fell before the Turks in the battle of Kossova. The Servians are Slavs: they belong to the ancient Slavonian people, as do also the Montenegrins and Herzegovinians. Servia, notwithstanding many attempts to free itself, remained tributary to the Porte until 1877; then it declared its independence of Turkey, and its freedom was confirmed by the Treaty of Berlin. Its present prince, Milan, is descended from the old line of Servian princes.

Though Servia is a mountainous country, it offers landscapes pretty with meadows, hills and forests, rather than grand. The people are somewhat indolent, and hate the labour of tilling the soil, so that nine-tenths of the land are under forests and pastures; even cattle-rearing is not important among the Servians, but they rear vast droves of swine, which are fed on acorns in the woods, and are driven into Hungary to find a market. Servia has mineral treasures which are but little worked; coal-beds along the Danube, and gold, copper, and zinc in the hills which reach towards the "Iron Gates." The Morava runs through the centre of the country. Belgrade, the capital, a strong fortress on the Danube, is the only important town.

Montenegro is a little mountain territory which is

no larger than Devonshire, even with the additions made to it by the Treaty of Berlin. It deserves its name of Monte Negro, Black Mountains, for its highlands are clothed with dark forests; its highest point is Mount Kom, the principal height in the Dinaric Alps. Its reigning prince is a descendant of the "Hospodar," or prince bishop who liberated the country from the Turks at the end of the seventeenth century, since which time it has kept its independence. Nor would it be easy to reduce this little state, for all the men are trained soldiers, able to defend it; and besides, there are no roads by which an invading army could enter. The village of Cetigne is the capital, and here the senate meets. The territory ceded to Montenegro by the Treaty of Berlin includes the trading port of Antivari on the Adriatic.

The three mountain provinces of Bosnia, Croatia, and Herzegovina, were unfairly annexed by Turkey some two centuries ago, and the brave and hardy mountaineers who people this country have never since ceased their efforts to throw off the Turkish yoke. To secure peace in this unsettled district, it was arranged by the Treaty of Berlin (1878), that these provinces should be occupied by Austrian troops, and that Austria should direct the government, at least for the present.

The country is entirely covered with mountain ranges, between which are fertile valleys, where grain and fruits are abundant. Swine are largely reared here as in Servia, and the care of these, and of sheep, goats, and honey-bees, forms the principal business of the people. Serai-Bosna is the capital and the chief trading town.

GREECE.

Greece, the cradle of poetry and of the arts, is sacred ground to the scholar, who identifies with delight scenes depicted by Homer, fragments of the human form wrought by the hand of Phidias. Its history reaches back three thousand years: nine centuries before Christ, Homer, the blind old poet, sang of gods and heroes in some of the most glorious poems that have ever been given to the world; poems that to this day are studied with delight by educated persons all over Europe and the New World. In the fifth century before Christ, Greece was still a land of heroes, for only heroes could have beaten back the mighty Persian hosts as the Greeks did on the field of Marathon, and in a hundred other fights, with other foes, by sea and by land. This same century, more than two thousand years ago, saw the raising of those wondrous buildings which are still the admiration of the world, as well as the sculpture of figures in the white marble of the country, whose beauty has never been equalled. Later came the philosophers, the wise men, Socrates, and Plato, whose wisdom is thankfully treasured up by the wise men of our own day. These are but a few of the memories of ancient Greece; and for the sake of its glorious past, every yard of this little sea-girt country is sacred in the eyes of the scholar. The Greeks of to-day have not distinguished themselves amongst the peoples of Europe, except that—liberty being as dear to them as it was to their ancestors—they have lately fought a glorious war of independence, which delivered them from the Turk and secured to them a king and constitution of their own. For the rest, they are a nation

of talkers and traders, lovers of newspapers, who still care chiefly to hear or to tell some new thing, as did those Greeks to whom Paul preached on Mars' Hill. They are tall and slim, with aquiline noses, dark grey eyes, and black hair; and the modern Greek which they speak is not unlike the sonorous tongue in which Homer wrote. The Greeks of the sea-coasts and of the islands are born seamen, fishers, and traders, and are known as such all over the Mediterranean.

Greece is entirely a country of rugged mountains and beautiful valleys, of peninsulas, gulfs, and islands. It consists of a northern part called Rumelia, and the peninsula of the Morea—joined to the mainland by the Isthmus of Corinth, which is only four miles wide at its narrowest—besides many of the islands of the Ægean Sea, and the Ionian islands on its west coasts. The coast is everywhere broken up by deep bays and gulfs, with blue waters, and often with mountain background, like the loveliest inland lakes. Of the islands, Negroponte is the largest, while Salamis and Ægina are the best known: Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia are the most important of the Ionian islands.

As we have said, Greece is everywhere mountainous, spurs from the mountains forming the bold headlands of the coast; the rivers are mere mountain torrents, flooded after the winter rains. Most of the mountain sides are clothed with woods, which shelter the wolf, fox, and wild boar. Wheat is largely cultivated, though barley forms the principal food of the poorer classes; every sunny slope has its vineyard, but the Greek wines are not considered good. Mulberry trees and silk cultivation are also wide-spread; by far the most important product of Greece is, however, its currants (the currant is a small grape, so-called from the city of

Corinth), which are grown all along the coast of the Morea. The honey of Mount Hymettus, south-east of Athens, was famed in ancient times, and the care of bees is still an important industry. -

The chief trading places are the Piræus, the port of Athens, Patras, on the Gulf of Patras, where the currants of the Morea are shipped, and Syra, upon one of the Cyclades, the second town of the kingdom. Corinth, the once famous seaport, the mart of nations, where Paul founded a Christian church, is now quite a small and unimportant town.

The famous city of Athens is still the capital of Greece, and by far its largest town. It rises on the slope of a hill which swells from an olive and vine-covered plain, and is almost entirely a modern town, built since the liberation of the country from the Turks in 1830; but the Acropolis, or Mars' Hill, and the ruins of two or three of its beautiful ancient temples remain to tell of its glorious past. A good many newspapers and pamphlets are printed here, and it has also some manufactures of silk and cotton.

The most important town in Thessaly is Larissa, delightfully placed in the fertile plain of the Selem-bria, and possessing manufactures of silk, cotton, leather, and tobacco. It is famous for a red dye.

TOWNS OF TURKEY PROPER.

The rest of the Balkan Peninsula is still under Turkish rule. The Sultan's dominions in Europe include Thrace, Macedonia, Epirus, and Albania—the western mountain region south of Servia, whose peasants are the *labourers* for the whole peninsula.

The Turks themselves do exceedingly little manual work, though certain trades—those of the saddler, swordsmith, barber, and bathman—are restricted to them. As we have already described the country and the people, it remains only to say a few words of the principal towns of Turkey.

“Even if we don’t take a part in the chant about ‘Mosques and Minarets,’ we can still yield praises to Stamboul (Turkish name of Constantinople). We can chant about the harbour; we can say and sing that nowhere else does the sea come so home to a city; there are no pebbly shores, no sand bars, no slimy river beds, no black canals, no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters. If, being in the noisiest part of Stamboul, you would stroll to the quiet side of the way, amidst those cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus; if you would go from your hotel to the bazaars, you must pass by the bright blue pathway of the Golden Horn, that can carry a thousand sail of the line.”*

Perhaps no city in the world is more delightfully situated than Constantinople; it is built on a triangular tongue of land, which is washed on all sides by the Bosphorus, or by the Golden Horn, a branch of the Bosphorus which forms a magnificent harbour; beyond are the suburbs of Pera and Galata where the foreigners dwell. The city stands on ground which rises from the sea, so that everywhere you have a fine view of the opposite coasts of Asia. Seen from the sea, crowds of domes and graceful minarets resting against a dark back-ground of cypresses enchant the traveller; but

* ‘Eöthen.’

the interior is disappointing; the streets are narrow, dirty, steep, and winding; the houses are usually built of wood, and turn dead walls upon the streets, receiving light and air from the inner courtyards. The finest public buildings are the Seraglio, or the Sultan's palace, the walls of which are washed by the Golden Horn on one side, and by the Bosphorus on the other, and the Mosque of St. Sophia, built in the first place for a Christian church. The covered bazaars are full of beautiful and costly eastern wares. The blue waters surrounding Stamboul are dotted with many thousands of light boats, called *caiques*, which are used by the inhabitants for business and pleasure.

Adrianople is the second city of Turkey; it stands in the midst of a fine plain, and is a beautiful city when beheld from a distance; but the streets are like those of Constantinople, narrow, dirty, and crooked. Its bazaars are well stored, and it has a good deal of traffic as well as some manufactures of leather. But there is never any appearance of life or gaiety in a Turkish town: "The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate; you go up, and down, and on, over shelving and hillocky paths, through the narrow lanes, walled in by blank, windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewn with the black ruins that some late fire has left—fires are frequent because most of the houses are of wood; you pass by a mountain of cast away things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big, wolf-like dogs; storks or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun. You long for some signs of life, but silence follows you still. Again and

again you meet turbans, and faces of men, but they have nothing for you—no welcome—no wonder—no wrath—no scorn.”*

Saloniki, the ancient Thessalonica, at the head of the gulf to which it gives name, is a busy manufacturing and commercial town; its manufactures are of leather, cotton, carpets, and silk. Its commerce, which is next to that of Constantinople in importance, is chiefly in the hands of Greeks and Jews.

East of the Gulf of Saloniki is the curious, three-pronged peninsula, whose eastern prong is Mount Athos, or the Holy Mountain. Greek monasteries swarm on the slopes of this mountain-ridge, all of them belonging to a society of Greek Christians which does not allow any female creature—woman, or cat, or cow, or hen—within these holy precincts. Indeed, the monks believe that women who have been bold enough to land upon the Holy Peninsula have been instantly struck dead for their pains.

There is another curious colony of convents at Meteora in Thessaly, built upon the tops of high cliffs, and only to be reached by means of rope ladders let down from above, or by a sort of huge cabbage-net, into which you get at the bottom, and are hauled up by the monks above—more dead than alive when you reach the top, through much buffeting against the steep cliff-walls.

Of the province of Albania—which is inhabited chiefly by the bold and warlike Arnauts—the principal town is Skutari, on the lake Skutari. It is the market-town for a very fertile district, and its merchants export wool, beeswax, hides, and tobacco.

* ‘Eöthen.’

Questions on the Map of the Balkan Peninsula.

1. What natural boundaries has the Balkan peninsula on the north? From what countries do these separate it? Name the six seas by which its shores are washed.

2. What famous river drains the great northern plain? What feeders does it receive in the peninsula? Into what sea does it enter? What has it formed at its mouths?

3. What Alpine chain skirts the coast of the Adriatic? An offset from these mountains extends to the southern point of the peninsula,—name this chain. What range, connected with these, crosses the peninsula from west to east? What name is given to a three-pronged southerly spur from this range? To a more western mountain knot?

4. The Balkan peninsula consists at present of various independent states:

Name,—

(a) The state which lies between the Danube and the Carpathians.

(b) Three states, of which the Danube and the Save form the northern boundary.

(c) One small state amongst the mountains to the south-west of these.

(d) A state between the Balkan mountains and the Rhodope heights.

(e) A state which includes the lands to the south of lat. 40°.

(f) The rest of the peninsula is "Turkey in Europe,"—describe its situation.

5. How is Rumania bounded? Between what countries does it lie? Name three tributaries of the Danube which water it. Name its four principal towns (large type). Which of these stands at the head of the Danube mouths?

6. How is Bulgaria bounded? What sea washes its western coast? Name a seaport town. What channel for the commerce of central Europe opens on the north of this coast? What is the eastern district, between the Danube and the coast, called? A town in this district. Name five inland towns.

7. What states enclose Servia? By what feeder of the Danube is it watered? Name its chief town.

8. To what empire does the strip of coast belong which bounds

Bosnia, Montenegro, and Herzegovina on the west? What states bound these on the east and south? Name one or two towns in these mountainous provinces.

9. What province lies to the south of Bulgaria? What seaport town does it possess? By what river is it watered? What mountain ranges bound it? Name two inland towns.

10. Name the three largest rivers which drain "Turkey" proper. What two mountain ranges cross it in a north and south direction? What division of the country lies to the west of the Pindus? Two towns in this division.

11. What four seas wash the shores of Turkey? Name one or two islands and gulfs in the *Ægean*. A curious peninsula.

12. What strait leads into the Sea of Marmora? Into the Black Sea? What city is seated on this passage? Name four towns of Turkey to the east of the Pindus range. Which of these are on the sea-board?

13. Name four summits of the mountains which fill the Greek peninsula. Of what range are they a continuation? In what most southerly cape do they end?

14. What is the southern peninsula called? Describe its shape. What two gulfs nearly meet at the neck of this peninsula? Two towns upon it.

15. What three seas wash the kingdom of Greece? A group of islands in the Ionian Sea. The three largest of these. The largest group of islands in the Archipelago. A long island divided from the mainland by a channel. Four towns in northern Greece.

16. A large mountainous island belonging to Turkey, to the south of the Archipelago.

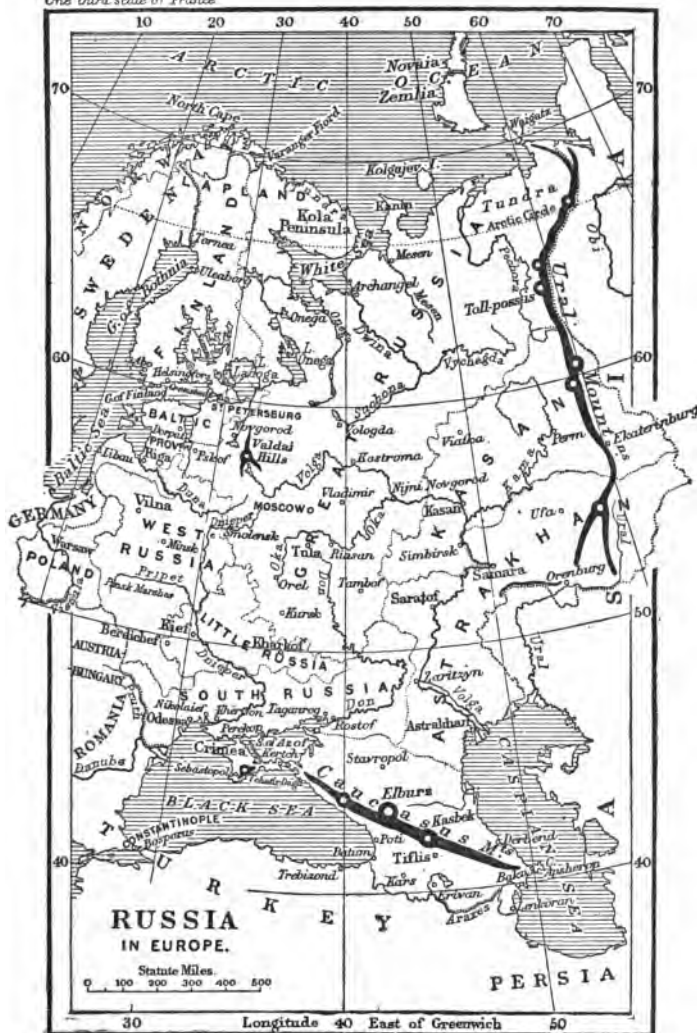
RUSSIA IN EUROPE.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS.

A THOUSAND years ago the Finns peopled the whole of Northern Russia—though the Russian Finland of to-day includes only the land to the east of the Gulf of Bothnia, with a breadth of about one hundred and eighty miles, and a length of seven hundred and fifty from north to south.

But there are still Finn villages as far south as Novgorod, where the people speak no Russ, and wear a peculiar dress. These scattered Finns are not enterprising colonists that have made their way from Finland; they are the remainder of the original people; a people with olive-reddish skins, high cheek-bones, and obliquely set eyes, like those of a Chinaman, for the Finns, like the Chinese, are a Mongol race; the Ugrians or *Ogres*—the ogres of the story-books get their names at least from a real people—came in hordes from eastern Asia, and spread over the great northern plain before the wanderings of the German, or of the Slav nations had begun. They were a nomadic people, who spread further and further afield to find food for their flocks, as is the way of nomadic tribes. By-and-by another people, the Slavs or Slavonians, spread over this northern plain. They, too, came from Asia, but not from the east. They were the last of the great Aryan tribes who came from a land between the Hindoo Koosh mountains and the Caspian, a spot to be remembered as the cradle of the European peoples.

One third scale of France



Stanford's Geog. Estab.

Perhaps you expect to hear of a long war between the Slavs and the Finns—of villages burnt and cattle carried off, and prisoners cruelly used. No such war took place, and for two reasons. In the first place, Russia was a wide land, not nearly peopled, and there was room enough for all; in the second place, both the Russians and the Finns are pleasant, easy people to get on with, wherefore they were not disposed to quarrel with each other.

The words Finn and Finland are foreign names—their own name for themselves is a long word meaning swamp, or fen people—not a bad name for the inhabitants of a land one-third of which is filled with marshes and lakes. The lakes are most numerous in the south-west, where they are almost all united by rivers and water-falls. Saima, one hundred and eighty miles in length, is the largest of the Finland lakes, the other large lake, Ladoga, being partly in Russia. The winding arms of these countless lakes stretch in all directions, to the Gulf of Bothnia on the west, and as far north as Uleaborg. They afford capital water-ways through the country in the summer—the short summer of six or seven weeks; while through the long eight months of winter they form smooth highways for the sledges by means of which all winter traffic is carried on.

Morasses, wide heaths, with huge granite boulders scattered over them, and dark pine forests, succeed one another all over Finland, varied by patches of cultivated land round the rather dreary-looking villages.

The traveller may journey from morning till night, day after day, without passing a village or meeting a single human being; seeing nothing but the dark green of the pines, and the high boulders rising among the trees.

Helsingfors, which has an excellent harbour, is the Russian capital of Finland; it is a comparatively new town, Abo having been the capital until recently; it is a decidedly Russian town, with streets wide, long, and straight, and crossing each other at right angles. The houses are large and regular, and there is a handsome granite quay along the water.

RUSSIAN CLIMATE.

"If it were possible to get a bird's-eye view of European Russia, the spectator would perceive that the country is composed of two halves, widely differing from each other in character. The northern half is a land of forest and morass, plentifully supplied with water in the form of rivers, lakes, and marshes. The southern half is an immense expanse of rich, arable land, broken up by occasional patches of sand or forest. The imaginary undulating line separating these two regions starts from the western frontier about the 50th parallel of latitude, and runs in a north-easterly direction till it enters the Ural range at about 56° N.L."*

Travelling in Russia is far easier now than it was twenty years ago. In the days of the Crimean war, weary marches through frozen and desolate regions cost Russia more men than she lost upon the field; but since then, more than 10,000 miles of railway have been constructed. From St. Petersburg to Moscow, thence to Odessa, Astrakhan, or Sebastopol, the traveller may journey in a fairly comfortable carriage,

* Wallace's *Russia*, a work which is cited frequently in the course of this lesson.

kept warm by means of double doors and windows, as well as by small iron stoves. Very slowly these trains move, but then, the Russians are never in a hurry. Very alarming is the jolting upon the worst of the railroads, but the traveller can always secure his safety by stepping out.

It is a curious fact that railways in Russia seem to avoid the towns. On the line goes, from terminus to terminus, without any attempt to stop at the important towns by the way. The line from Moscow to St. Petersburg "runs for a distance of 400 miles almost as the crow is supposed to fly, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. For fifteen weary hours the passenger in the express train looks out on forest and morass, and rarely catches sight of human habitation." And why was the railway constructed in this extraordinary fashion? For the best of all reasons—because the Tsar so ordered it. The map was laid before the Emperor Nicholas that he might indicate the route: he took a ruler, drew a straight line from one terminus to the other, and said: "You will construct the line so!" And so it was constructed.

Russian railways are not perfect, but what is to be said of the roads? For the most part they are broad tracks with no sign of a road about them except the deep ruts in which the traveller's tarantass, or carriage, makes its laborious way.

Nobody attempts to mend these wretched roads, because the nature of the climate is such that it would be hardly possible to keep them in order. During four or five months in the year the ground is thickly covered with snow; and in the winter months travelling is far pleasanter than in summer, provided the traveller has plenty of warm furs and a comfortable

sledge. As soon as the snow has become hardened, there is a delightful smooth and easy road, along which the sledge glides like a boat in calm water; the horses gallop, the sledge bells ring, the white world sparkles in the winter sunshine, and the Russian, snugly wrapped, speeds joyously through the bracing and bitter air. If he be poorly supplied with furs, the case is different; he experiences no pain, but a general faintness creeps over him; his nose swells enormously—he will lose it to a certainty, unless it be well rubbed with snow—and quite easily and painlessly, the deadly faintness which has seized him may pass into actual death.

The Russian winter sets in in October. When the thermometer stands at 34° below zero, people congratulate themselves on the mild winter. At 50° the pedestrians, who at other times are rather leisurely in their movements, run along the streets as though they were hastening on some mission of time and death, and the sledges dash at a mad rate over the creaking snow.

“As to faces, they are not to be seen in the street; every one has drawn his furs over his head, and is anxious about his nose and ears. ‘Father, father, thy nose,’ one man will cry to another as he passes him, or even stop to apply a handful of snow to the stranger’s proboscis, and endeavour by rubbing it to restore the suspended circulation. A man’s eyes also cost him some trouble, for they freeze up every now and then; and on such occasions it is customary to stop at the first house one comes to, and ask permission to occupy a seat by the stove—a favour never denied—and the stranger seldom fails to acknowledge it by dropping a grateful tear upon the floor.”

In April the snow melts. The fresh young grass

shoots up; soon shrubs and trees begin to bud. Nature seems in haste to make up for lost time, and the country is covered with verdure almost directly after the breaking up of the snow. The days grow hot, and the world ventures forth, no longer in furs, but in muslins and gauzes. Grain and fruit ripen rapidly, and no wonder, for in the far north the sun goes on with his work by day and by night.

"I am writing at midnight," says a traveller, "*without any lights*, on board a steamboat in the Gulf of Finland. It is now the close of a day which has nearly the length of a month in these latitudes, beginning about the 8th of June, and ending about the 4th of July."

A vast region like Russia, which extends through 30° of latitude, has many varieties of temperature; but such an immense area of dry land has necessarily a climate far more rigorous than that of the countries of western Europe in the same latitude.

Icy winds off the frozen northern ocean: dry, cutting winds off the Siberian wilds: these desolate the whole of the country. There is but little rain; and the few small inland seas which border Russia hardly temper the rigour of the clime. Southern Russia is far more genial than the northern provinces; but the cold increases towards the east as rapidly as towards the north. The heat of summer is great throughout the country.

THE NORTHERN FORESTS.

A wavy line drawn eastward from St. Petersburg to the Urals, now below, and now above the 60th parallel, but never far from it, shuts in the great forest region which reaches to the Polar Ocean. Here, for half the year, the ground is buried deep under snow, and the rivers are covered with ice. By far the greater part of the surface is occupied by forests of pine, fir, larch, birch, or by vast unfathomable morasses. Here and there is a clearing for corn or grass, but only one part in a hundred of this dreary region is cultivated. The few inhabitants, numbering not more than one to a square mile, are settled chiefly along the banks of the rivers. They live by fishing and hunting, and by occupations connected with the great forest—by the felling and floating of timber, by charcoal burning, and the preparation of tar.

With his gun, and a little parcel of provisions, the peasant wanders about in the trackless forests. He braves bear and wolf in their native haunts for their skins; elk, fox, and marten are welcome prey. Of these, the marten yields the most valuable fur; but the more expensive kinds of Russian furs are brought from Siberia, and from the Russian colonies in America. Perhaps the peasant goes in search of the wild fowl of the morasses, or of the eider duck which breeds on the coast; but too often he returns after many days with a very light bag. In the White Sea, he takes his share in the herring, cod, and salmon fisheries—for these fish are usually caught in abundance, and afford an important part of the food supply of these hungry

regions—or he and his comrades may cruise along the Arctic coasts in search of seal or walrus.

Archangel, the oldest port in the empire, and for a long time the only one, stands at the mouth of the Dwina, where this river flows into the White Sea; the port is only clear of ice from July to September, when it is thronged with vessels from far and near, especially with those of Britain. It is the chief commercial city in the north of Russia, its merchants trading as far east as China, and having all the commerce of Siberia. Hither the northern peasant brings his spoil for sale—fish, train-oil, skins, furs, timber, wax, tallow, caviare; and if it has been a good season with him, he may carry home as much as 10*l.* or 12*l.* English, upon which he and his family may live comfortably all the winter.

There are but three considerable towns in the whole of this dreary region—Archangel itself, and two others, which rejoice in those terrible Russian names which “no one can speak, and no one can spell.” Ladoga and Onega, the two largest Russian, and indeed European lakes, together with a multitude of smaller ones, lie within this forest zone, in the west, near Finland. Towards the east, also, the woods disappear, and vast marshes, frozen the greater part of the year, cover the country.

In the most northerly and dreariest tract of this latter frozen wilderness dwell the Samoyedes—a strange race, who came into Europe no one knows when and no one knows whence. Like the Finns, they seem to be a Mongol race, and to have wandered hither from eastern Asia—the first of the hordes which strayed into Europe. Upon these Arctic shores they have remained, pagan and barbarous as when they first came,

caring nothing for Russian civilisation or Russian Christianity. They live chiefly by fishing, and feed a good deal on the coarse fish-oils, so disgusting to the dwellers in more temperate climes.

West of the White Sea, and still within the forest zone, stretches the land of the Lapps, another Mongol people, who perhaps migrated westward with the Finnish tribes. Nomadic in the first place, want of room compelled them to give up their roving habits to some extent, and they are now known as seafaring or land-tilling Lapps, according to their pursuits.

Though some of them may hunt and fish and trade with the towns, the riches of the Lapp consist in his herds of reindeer, and to them he suits his manner of life. The scanty pasturage on the heights in summer, the white Iceland moss buried deep under the snow in the pine-woods in winter—these he and his must go in search of, for the deer are the first and tenderest care of the family, especially of the women, who love the gentle creatures. The herds of a rich Lapp may number several thousand deer, and these supply the family with food and clothing, with hides for their tents, and horns of which to make utensils.

ST. PETERSBURG.

From whatever side the traveller approaches St. Petersburg, unless he goes thither by sea, he must penetrate this forest zone, must traverse several hundred miles of forest and morass, presenting few traces of human habitation or agriculture. The city is built upon a magnificent river, which, by its breadth and by the enormous volume of its clear, blue, cold water, is

certainly one of the noblest in Europe. Like the river, everything in St. Petersburg is on a colossal scale. The streets, the squares, the palaces, the churches, are all immense; and even the private houses are built in enormous blocks, many of them containing more than a score of separate suites of rooms.

The gilded dome of the Isaac Church, the tall and taper spire of the Admiralty, the Greek churches, something like mosques in form, with minarets and domes, painted blue with silver stars, or green with gold stars, and the slender gilt spires rising here and there, give the city an air quite distinct from that of any other European capital. No modern city is so entirely composed of palaces and enormous public buildings. In some of them several thousand persons reside—six thousand are said to inhabit the Winter Palace, for instance, during the Emperor's residence in the capital.

St. Petersburg is, indeed, a beautiful, regular city, but it is not at all picturesque; the stately buildings are all too much alike—all rise to the same height, all have the same grand appearance: there is never an old house or church, hall or castle, interesting for other reasons than because it is splendid. Yes, there is a single cottage; a navvy's cottage, it might be, where the founder of this splendid city dwelt while it was being built. For St. Petersburg did not grow as other towns do, larger and larger as people wanted room. It was turned out all at once, a ready-made city, by the great Tsar Peter, who chose this site for his new capital in order that Russia might have "a window by which her people might look into civilised Europe."

In the winter the grand promenade by the Neva presents a delightful scene. It is covered with a smooth, hard surface of snow, over which the equipages rush

silently; the snorting of the steeds and the shouts of the drivers being the only sounds to be heard.

In St. Petersburg, as in most Russian cities, everything may be bought in the markets; every description of goods is sold in its own "row," and the merchants stand, each before his stall, crying his wares with extravagant praises, and even taking hold of the passer-by to make him purchase.

The winter meat-market is, perhaps, the most curious to a foreigner. Frozen oxen, calves, and goats stand about in ghastly rows; little frozen sucking-pigs, frozen ducks and geese, frozen salmon, pike, and sturgeon—all solid and hard as marble and much colder to the touch.

Baths for poor people are very numerous in the suburbs, and, indeed, all over Russia, for there is no pleasure the Russian enjoys more than his bath, and on Saturday evening an unusual movement may be seen among the lower classes in St. Petersburg; companies of poor soldiers, troops of mechanics and labourers, whole families of men, women, and children, are seen eagerly traversing the streets with towels under their arms—all on their way to the public baths.

Rigorous as their own climate is, natives of St. Petersburg find an English winter very trying; for, unlike ourselves, they keep up a perpetual summer heat within doors: in a Russian house is no shivering, no chilblains, no additional blankets are wanted. The houses of rich and poor have for the most part double-windows, and early in the autumn every crack in these is stopped with paper or putty, except one pane in each room, which is made to open; the Russian stove, or *peetch*, which is, generally, enormously large, is a wonderful contrivance for heating a house.

In the cottages, the whole family sleep on the top of the stove, or on shelves attached to it, in their clothes, and wrapped in the greasy sheep-skin which is never taken off except for the weekly bath; they use neither bed nor bedding.

Cronstadt, built on an island at the mouth of the Neva, is the chief station of the Russian fleet, and is strongly fortified.

DOWN THE VOLGA.

Remembering that there is no fine scenery in Russia, the voyage down the river is pleasant enough. The left bank is as flat as the banks of the Rhine below Cologne; but the right bank is high, and occasionally well wooded. The Volga rises in the Valdai hills, low, tame hills, scarcely more than 500 feet above the sea-level, and only noticeable in a country which is one wide plain.

At the point where the river is joined by its great tributary, the Oka, stands Nijni Novgorod, that is, Lower Novgorod, famous for its great annual "World's Fair," famous, too, for beauty of situation, for it stands upon a hill, and its white walls and golden domes may be seen from afar. The fair is held upon a sandy island, desolate for the greater part of the year, but during the fair teeming with a vast and varied population, who live in the countless tents and huts.

A long bridge of boats across the Oka connects this busy spot with the hill on which the town of Nijni stands. Both rivers are covered with every conceivable shape of boat and barge; some from the distant

Caspian, laden with raw or spun cotton, Persian shawls, Georgian carpets, and Bokharian skins or dried fruits; others, rude and strongly built, have come down the Kama with Siberian iron or tea; while a few, more civilised looking, have come from the shores of the Baltic, laden with the manufactured goods of Europe.

The town of Nijni has an old Kremlin and some handsome churches.

Of all the navigable rivers of Europe, there is probably none so uncertain and difficult of navigation as the Volga, the channel being seldom deep, while the bed, composed of loose sand, is constantly shifting.

Near the town of Kazan the Volga expands into a vast reach, more like a lake than a river, and though the water looks muddy, it is really clear and delicious. Kazan stands on a gentle hill, in the midst of an extensive plain, its many-coloured roofs rising one above another to the walls of the Kremlin, which crowns the hill, while tall spires and towers appear in every direction. It is a most imposing city from without, but within it is solemnly dreary, like all Russian towns; the main street has not a single shop nor a side-pavement; and the gaunt houses, with all the shutters closed to keep out the glare, add to its melancholy. One reason why Russian towns are so dull-looking is that all the shops are crowded into the market-place. Kazan, however, is a prosperous town; it is on the great highway from Siberia to Moscow and Nijni, and the inhabitants are known all over Eastern Europe to excel in leather embroidery. Below Kazan, nothing can exceed the magnificence of the river, as it stretches away like some inland sea which the breeze ripples into tiny waves.

The Kama, its largest tributary, here flows into the

Volga, and active little steamers ply between Perm, Nijni, and Astrakhan, loaded with Siberian and Chinese produce. Perm is a rival to Kazan as an eastern trading-place, and is a rapidly increasing city. Its proximity to the gold-mines makes it a town of some importance.

Samara is the busiest port on the Volga; backed by an immense corn-growing country, it supplies a great part of the interior of Russia with wheat, which is sent by water to St. Petersburg or down to Astrakhan.

Saratov is distinguished as the "Queen of the Volga," and, seen from the river, in whose glassy waters its domes and spires are reflected, it seems to deserve its proud title. The high range of hills which form its background, the rugged cliffs on the right, and the river, nearly three miles broad, which washes its walls, may have induced the inhabitants to adorn their city with more bright-coloured roofs and tapering steeples than is usual even in Russia. But the passenger who lands from the Volga steam-ship is speedily disenchanted; he finds himself in the midst of dust and desolation: though some of the houses are handsome, the streets are deserted, and the shops poor. Yet Saratov is a rich town; situated in the midst of a wonderfully fertile corn-growing district, it exports annually nearly as much grain as Orenburg, upon the Ural, the port of the great corn-growing provinces east of the Volga.

At Saratov and other towns on the Lower Volga little heaps of delicious water-melons are displayed to tempt passengers from the steamers; Russians may eat them, but let strangers beware; for he who eats Volga melons will surely have Volga fever.

The German colonies begin upon the right bank a

little below Saratov, and extend southwards as far as Sarepta; there are about a hundred of these German villages, with generally about a thousand souls in each, Lutherans for the most part.

Though the banks of the Volga are often interesting, they are less so than the river itself, the grand, magnificent monarch of European rivers, with its broad strong, rapid current. It runs southwards in a direct line for a thousand miles; and, including its windings, it has a course of 2400 miles. As it approaches the Caspian, its banks become low and uninteresting, and it finally divides into many mouths before falling into the low inland sea, which lies some eighty miles below the ocean level.

Astrakhan, at the mouth of this river, is the port of the Caspian: it is an old town with many churches and many mosques: the houses are chiefly of wood, and the people are a good deal engaged in fishing for sturgeon, and in preparing caviare—a favourite Russian dainty made of the salted roe of the sturgeon. The fine fur known as Astrakhan is grown on the backs of a kind of sheep reared in Persia and Bokhara.

THE SOIL AND THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

The surface of Russia is divided into several natural belts or zones. To begin with the south, round the head of the Caspian a pastoral region extends inland for a distance of from two to three hundred miles. This is the eastern steppe, where the land is marshy and impregnated with salt, and is not adapted to agriculture. Here the wandering Tartar tribes herd their vast flocks, and rear cattle and horses in immense

numbers; and here are bred the astonishingly fat tailless sheep which yield much of the tallow largely exported, as well as consumed, by Russia.

North and west of this, from the Black Sea to about lat. 55° on the east, 50° on the west, is a region of wonderful fertility, called the Black Earth Zone, because the soil is a rich, black vegetable mould, capable of yielding unlimited quantities of wheat without manure or any but the rudest agriculture. This division of the steppes now supplies enormous quantities of corn to the great markets of the world. Quite to the south the steppes are sterile enough; here, there is either a thin soil, or no soil at all, and the only crop is of dry and scanty grass; the flocks are more numerous than in any other part of the empire; the sheep are, however, ill-cared for, and the wool is poor and badly-cleaned.

Taganrog, a clean, well-built town on the Sea of Azof, exports much of the wool and tallow of the southern steppes, as well as large quantities of wheat; caviare also, for great quantities of sturgeon are caught in this sea.

From Odessa, however, on the Black Sea, the wheat of the Black Earth Zone is most largely exported. Enormous quantities are sent annually all over Europe, and Odessa is a rich and busy town in consequence.

The Russians are exceedingly proud of this "Russian Florence," so it pleases them to call it: certainly, it is more lively than Russian towns generally are, and people of all nations throng the streets; but it is not an attractive town to the traveller; clouds of white dust overwhelm the passengers in its broad, glaring, streets, and the rows of stumpy trees are almost as white as the tall houses behind them.

Between the Black Earth Zone and the Forest Zone

of the far north, is the Northern Agricultural Zone, where the people are more numerous than in the south, and the soil is poor, and is made poorer by the bad farming of many generations; where the peasants cannot take life easily as in the south, but men and women have to toil laboriously for a scanty living. In the west, this zone consists of an extensive hollow, covered with woods and with marshes; and so low is this region that there is no actual water-parting, the early courses of rivers flowing north almost interlocking with those of rivers flowing south. The chief marshes are those of Pinsk, which the Pripet drains, or rather, fails to drain—a watery waste larger than the whole of Ireland.

A Russian village generally consists of two long parallel rows of wooden houses, with a road, often a layer of mud more than a foot deep, between them.

Let us enter one of the houses:—"Without waiting for an invitation, I went up to the door—half protected against the winter snows by a small open portico—and unceremoniously walked in. The first apartment was empty, but I noticed a low door in the wall to the left, and passing through this, entered the principal room. In the wall before me were two small square windows looking out upon the road, and in the corner to the right there was a little shelf, on which stood a religious picture; before the picture was a curious oil-lamp. No Russian house is without such a religious picture or *Icon*. In the corner to the left of the door was a gigantic stove, built of brick and white-washed. From the top of the stove to the wall stretched an enormous shelf, six or eight feet broad. This is the so-called *palati*, as I afterwards discovered, and serves as a bed for part of the family. The furniture consisted of

a long, wooden bench attached to the wall, a big, heavy deal table, and a few wooden stools. Whilst I was leisurely surveying these objects, I heard a noise on the top of the stove, and looking up, perceived a human face with long hair parted in the middle, and a full yellow beard. The air in the room was stifling; how could any created being, except a salamander or a negro, exist in such a position? As I stared, the head nodded slowly and pronounced the customary form of greeting.

"I returned the greeting slowly, wondering what was to come next.

"‘Ill, very ill!’ sighed the head.

"‘Hot, very hot?’ I remarked interrogatively.

"‘Nitchevo’—that is to say, ‘not particularly;’ and yet the body to which the head belonged was enveloped in a sheep-skin."

The Greek, or Russian Church, to which every Russian, be he peasant or prince, is compelled to belong, differs from the Church of Rome in not acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope, in the time of keeping Easter, in allowing the clergy to marry, and in a few points of doctrine and ceremonial rather difficult to understand. The religion of the peasant appears to go no further than the hanging-up of an Icon in his dwelling, to serve as a charm against witchcraft and other ills.

Within the last few years Russia has advanced in many ways. In 1853 there were but 3000 village schools in the whole empire; but in ten years the number increased tenfold. The peasants of the north are much better educated than those of the south; many can read and write, and a few own a little collection of books. The Russian peasants have plenty of

plain practical sense, and are generally intelligent. They show great interest in hearing about other countries and peoples, and are ready to talk about themselves and their own habits.

The Russian army is immense; it consists of 800,000 men, with more than 30,000 officers, and besides these, there are above 300,000 irregular troops; wherefore it is no wonder that the rest of Europe watches with a jealous eye the steady way in which Russia is extending her empire towards the east. Already her territory reaches from the Prussian frontier to Mount St. Elias in America, a distance of 9,800 miles. England, for her part, is especially anxious to prevent two things—the seizure of Turkey, and any advance in the direction of our own Indian possessions. Europe has not forgotten how, at the beginning of the present century, the little kingdom of Poland was “annexed” by her gigantic neighbour, in spite of the heroic resistance made by the Poles.

The strength of the enormous standing army of Russia is kept up by conscription, that is, every village is required to furnish a certain number of men, who are chosen by lot, the conscripts being taken from amongst the peasants and burghers. Perhaps two, perhaps twelve recruits are drawn by ballot from every thousand males when the conscription comes round, and an anxious time it is in every Russian village, for nobody knows who may be chosen to leave their homes and serve in the army for fifteen years.

For advanced education, Russia has eight universities, namely, those of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Dorpat, Kief, Kharkof, Kazan, and two new ones at Odessa and Warsaw: the students who are too poor to keep themselves are allowed a little money to maintain them.

Besides these universities there are above a hundred gymnasia, schools of the second class, in the provincial towns.

RUSSIAN TOWNS AND MANUFACTURES.

However imposing Russian towns may look from the outside, they will generally be found on closer inspection to be little more than villages in disguise. The streets are straight and wide, and are either miserably paved, or not paved at all. The houses are built of wood or stone; generally one-storeyed, and separated from each other by spacious yards; they look as if the burghers had come from the country, and had brought their country houses with them. There are few or no shops with merchandise tastefully arranged in the windows to tempt the passer-by. If you wish to make purchases, you must go to the Bazaar, which consists of long rows of low-roofed, dimly-lighted stores, where the shopkeepers stand at their doors, or loiter about, waiting for customers. Cows or horses may be seen grazing comfortably in the principal square; and the streets are either not lighted at all, or are supplied with a few oil-lamps, which only make the darkness visible. The two towns to which this description does not apply are St. Petersburg and Odessa; and Riga, as a busy seaport town, is not oppressed with the "eternal stillness" which marks the towns of the interior.

Tall factories are springing up in many of the divisions of Russia, especially in those of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Vladimir; and in the eastern provinces, bordering on the Ural Mountains, are blast-

furnaces and various metal-works. These mountains, which belong to Asia rather than to Europe, contain almost all the mineral riches of the country:—gold, silver, copper, and capital iron, and even emeralds, jaspers, and rather poor diamonds, are yielded by these rich mines, which are worked largely by Russian convicts. Perm is the most important metal-working government, or province.

There are many small handicraft manufacturing establishments in the central governments, especially in the neighbourhood of Moscow, where whole villages are employed during the winter in a single trade, as, weaving, tanning, fur-dressing, joiners' work, shoe-making, &c. The chief manufactures are the spinning and weaving of flax and hemp. Flax is largely grown, and is woven into linen chiefly in hand-loom. Hemp, too, is a very general and useful product; the oil pressed from the seeds is indispensable in every peasant's household, as it is used for food during the long fasts appointed by the Greek Church; while sail-cloth and ropes are made from the fibres and are largely exported. Woollen, worsted, and cotton stuffs are also made, the finest kinds in the capitals. After weaving, the most important industry is tanning, the best kinds of the beautiful Russian leather being much prized all over Europe. The town of Tula is the Russian Sheffield, where immense quantities of cutlery as well as fire-arms are made.

Moscow, for centuries the capital, is by far the most interesting and picturesque of Russian cities. There is the old Kremlin, with its picturesque towers; the cathedral, containing the tombs of martyrs, saints, and Tsars; the old churches, with their quaint, richly-decorated Icons; the ancient and the modern palace.

Moscow is a truly Russian town: here are the one-storeyed wooden houses which appear to have been transported bodily from the country, with courtyard, garden, and stables; and hovels, here, stand beside palaces with never a bit of shame.

Warsaw, upon the Vistula, the capital of what was at one time the kingdom of Poland, is a busy, thriving town, the centre of much trade, which is chiefly in the hands of the Jews.

Of the remaining important towns of Russia, we have spoken in connection with the districts to which they belong.

THE CRIMEA.

The Crimea, the garden of Russia—a sunny southern garden—is surrounded on three sides by the Black Sea, and on the fourth by the Sea of Azof, while a trench crosses the Isthmus of Perekop, and cuts the peninsula off altogether from the mainland. It is of a curious shape, with four corners pointing to each of the cardinal points, the corner on the east being lengthened out into a narrow peninsula. Through this minor peninsula, and along the whole southern coast, a chain of mountains extends, really a continuation of the Caucasus chain. They rise with steep slopes from the sea and send out many spurs to the north; the slopes are richly wooded, and between the spurs spread fertile and most beautiful valleys.

The highest, Tchatirdagh, the “Tent Mountain,” is a table-mountain, and has many great and deep chasms, in some of which the ice remains unmelted through the hot summer. This southern district of the Crimea is

very rich and beautiful; it is well cultivated, and is adorned by many country seats of the Russian Emperor and nobles, with their ample parks and gardens. Here are olive groves, and vineyards which yield excellent grapes; oranges, too, and mulberry plantations, for the silk-worm is largely reared. Here, too, are wide pastures upon which cattle, horses, and sheep are fed, and meadows bright with lovely and odorous flowers. Innumerable bees gather their sweet stores in these meads, and add honey and wax to the produce of the valleys, and grain of various kinds is grown largely;—a land of milk and honey, of corn, wine, and oil olive, is the southern half of the Crimea.

The northern part is in contrast to the south; it is a waste, uniform steppe, destitute of water and of wood; uncultivated, though the soil is said to be fertile; studded with salt lakes and salt marshes—some of which dry up in summer—as if it had been recently covered by the sea. The air is infected by exhalations from these marshes, and from the Putrid Sea, which is a portion of the Sea of Azof but is almost cut off from it by a narrow tongue of land called the peninsula of Arabat.

Simferopol, the capital, and Kertch, an important seaport, are the two principal towns in the Crimea: the names of Sebastopol and Balaklava, Inkerman and the Alma have become as household words in Britain, for here her sons conquered gloriously or died like heroes in the famous Crimean war of 1854–5.

Questions on the Map of the Russian Empire.

1. Through how many degrees of latitude does the Russian empire, in Europe, extend? What European countries fall within the same latitude as its northern half? As its southern half?

Upon what seas has it shores? By what lands is it bounded? What outlets has it to the ocean? Name, in order, its natural boundaries.

2. Name a Russian city which is further from the sea than any city of any other European state.

3. What arm of the Arctic Ocean breaks into northern Russia? What river does it receive which has a large seaport town at its mouth? Name another considerable river which flows into the Arctic Ocean. A large Russian island in this ocean.

4. Describe exactly the situation of Finland, Lapland, and Poland, naming one or two towns in each. What immense lake occupies the south of Finland? Name any other large Russian lakes north of 60°. What great city is in this latitude? Upon what river?

5. Name a seaport town at the mouth of the Duna.

6. Name three large rivers which the Black Sea receives. Two towns upon the Dnieper. A town upon the Don. Two corn ports upon the Black Sea. Two upon the Sea of Azof. A peninsula in the Black Sea. Two towns in the Crimea.

7. Describe the course of the Volga. Name any of its tributaries. Name half-a-dozen towns on its banks or within its basin. What is its port? Name a corn port upon the Ural. Has the Caspian Sea any outlet?

8. Through what channels must the commerce of Russia be carried on?

9. Name other cities of the world in about the same latitude as St. Petersburg, as Moscow, and as Odessa.

DENMARK.

DENMARK is one of the smallest states of Europe; it is not more than a quarter of the size of England and Wales, and its population does not exceed 2,000,000. It consists of Jutland, a curious, narrow peninsula, hemmed in between "eastern and western seas"—the only northward pointing peninsula in Europe—of the two large islands of Zealand and Fünen, and of several lesser islands grouped to the south of these two, and resembling them in every way. The two larger islands are divided from each other, from Jutland and from Sweden, by the Great and the Little Belt, and by the Sound, or *Ore Sound* (Ear Sound), so called from its resemblance to the human ear.

The most frequented highway to the Baltic leads from the Kattegat through the well buoyed and lighted Sound, and in this, the King's Deeps, opposite Copenhagen, afford the best and safest anchorage in all the Danish coast. The sea around all the coasts is shallow, and difficult of approach; the western shore of Jutland especially is one of the most dangerous in the world; so much so that the sailors call it the "iron coast."

Bornholm, in the Baltic, a granite island resembling South Sweden in character, and some small islands in the Kattegat, are included in Denmark; and the distant Farøe Islands and Iceland, as well as Danish Greenland in North America, are Danish possessions.

Mountains, rivers, minerals, manufactures, may be



to some extent left out of count in considering the geography of Denmark. Forming part of the great European plain, the remarkable features of Denmark are its great extent of coast and the number of its inland lakes; both facts being owing to the depression of the land, which invites equally the settlement of inland waters and the aggressions of the sea. Denmark abounds in small lakes, but as no spot is more than 30 or 40 miles from the sea, the country has no large rivers. The largest is the Eyder, navigable through the whole of its course of 150 miles.

A range of low hills, never more than 500 feet in height, stretches through Jutland from the Skaw southward, and these divide the peninsula into two unequal parts of quite different character. Along the entire western shore the surface is a dead flat, mostly a sandy waste, which has been redeemed from the sea, and is still subject to inundation; it is protected in part by embankments and dykes; in part by *dunes* of drift sand, which stretch along almost the whole west coast. All the inhabitants of this sandy coast are fishers; the flounder fisheries of the Skaw are the most important. Amber is collected on the western shore of Jutland.

The longer eastern slope is well wooded and fertile, the undulating land being covered with corn-fields and broad pastures. Here are fine forests of beech and oak, and on the whole, the country resembles some of the pleasantest agricultural districts of England. Here are green hedgerows and wooded knolls, and the bright green meadows which belong to an insular climate; here are large, well-to-do farm-houses, with huge cow-sheds, sometimes housing a hundred cows, for Denmark is a great dairy country, butter

and cheese being among its principal exports: butter is made even of the milk of the sheep; and here are the stately country houses of the gentlefolk, such as we see in England, but rarely on the Continent. The peasants are more roomily and warmly lodged, and better clad than in Great Britain, and their dwellings are always clean; they are more educated and enlightened than the same class in most other countries, and their condition on the whole is a happy one.

The peasants make almost everything they want in their own homes, the women weaving linen and woollen stuffs for the household, and the men making their own furniture, simple farm implements, and the wooden shoes which are worn by men, women, and children.

The climate of Denmark is modified by the surrounding sea, and therefore is milder and more humid than that of Germany to the south of it. The weather is as variable as on the western coasts of England, rain, fog, and fine days succeeding one another; but the fact that the Baltic and the Sound freeze in the winter proves that on the eastern side, at any rate, the climate is not so mild as that of England. The waters off the western coast never freeze. The summers are sometimes very hot; and the change from summer to winter is most rapid, there being little or no spring or autumn.

Farming is the principal occupation of the Danes; nearly a third of the country is fertile arable land, and three-fifths of the people are engaged in tilling the soil, oats, barley, rye and wheat being the chief crops. They raise twice as much corn as they need, so the surplus forms an important export. Table vegetables are not much cultivated, except in the fertile and well-wooded island of Zealand. As in all the

northern countries of Europe, the fisheries are very important, the herring fishery in the Great Belt being the principal; but salmon and trout in the rivers, cod in the North Sea, and the whale off Greenland, occupy the Danish fishermen.

Perhaps in no country of Europe are the people better educated than in Denmark. There are excellent schools, both national and grammar, all over the country, and education is compulsory between the ages of seven and fourteen, so that every one can read and write; while a Danish gentleman is often very highly cultivated, having received his education, most probably, in the famous University of Copenhagen. The Danes are good Protestants—Lutherans—and confirmation, as well as baptism, is compulsory; indeed, no one can be married, or can enter upon any trade or profession, without showing his certificates of baptism and confirmation.

The Dane is generally of a fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes, and a strongly-made frame of the middle height. "He is of an open, unsuspicious disposition, not easily roused to action, and too ready to let others take advantage of him; vain of his native land, disposed to overrate its importance on the ground of its early history; but brave, and capable of great sacrifices for the sake of his home and country."

Copenhagen is the only considerable town in Denmark, and is a really beautiful city. The long island of Amager opposite the city serves as a market-garden for the inhabitants. The other towns are, for the most part, seaports; Altona, the largest, has a population of 32,000; Elsinore is interesting to us because Shakespeare makes mention of it; it is situated on the narrowest part of the Sound, and here the "Sound dues"

used to be collected by the Danish Government of all ships about to enter the Baltic: these, however, were abolished by treaty in 1857. The passage is commanded by the strong stone fortress of Kronberg. Odense, in Fünen, is the oldest and the largest provincial town in Denmark; Aarhus and Aalborg are ports.

Denmark is a flourishing, well-ordered little kingdom, whose present king is the father of our Princess of Wales. As far as outsiders can judge, there is now little that is "rotten in the State of Denmark"; but it is on the glorious past rather than the prosperous present that every Dane looks with pride. For these Danes, or Northmen, it was who obtained supremacy in Europe as the power of Rome declined: the history of England during the eighth and ninth centuries is the story of their successful inroads. Rollo, the Northman, settled himself with his followers in France in 912, and the descendants of these Northmen, or Normans, finally conquered England in the following century. While Rollo and his followers won Normandy for themselves, their countrymen peopled the Farøe Isles, the Orkneys and Shetlands, Iceland, a part of Ireland, and penetrated to Spain, Italy, and Sicily. Here is an epoch of national history of which the Danes may well be proud.

The Farøe Isles, far out in the Atlantic, between Norway and Iceland, consist of some twenty-five mountainous islands with rocky coasts; Stromø the largest, is 30 miles in length. Neither corn nor trees grow on these wild islands, swept perpetually by heavy storms, but large flocks of sheep are reared, as well as a half-wild breed of ponies: fishing is the chief employment of the 10,000 inhabitants.

ICELAND.

It is to its volcanoes and its boiling springs that Iceland owes its celebrity. It is a mountainous island, with snow-fields and glaciers, and a climate marked by extremes; you are either baked under a burning sun, or you shrink into nothing before the bitter north wind, and the cold, driving, sleety rain. The highest mountain in the island is Oeräfa Yökul (6426 ft.), it belongs to a great mountain mass stretching over 3000 square miles, which is perpetually covered with ice and snow, while all underneath seems to be full of either active or smouldering volcanic fire.

Most of the greater mountains have been, or are still, volcanoes; and in truth the whole island owes its birth to volcanic upheaval. Heckla is the volcano best known, because it lies to the south of the island, and can be seen by passing ships, but it is very far from being the most destructive of the "eruptors," of Iceland. It is very remarkable that in a land where bravery and enterprise have never been wanting, a region some 3000 square miles in extent, lying in the south-east corner of the island, should never have been penetrated by man. In that wild and untrodden desert stand some of the most destructive craters. Out of its solitude, perfect seas of molten lava have, at various times, flowed over the pastures and laboriously cultivated fields of the wretched inhabitants. One stream is 50 miles long, 15 miles broad, and 600 feet deep, and it has been calculated that a single volcano

in that wilderness threw out during one eruption 50 to 60 millions of cubic yards of material.

The great lava streams are inconceivably wild. To describe such a stream as like a billowy sea arrested in its wildest fury and turned into stone, would give but a faint idea of the turbulent twistings, deep rents, and chasms, threatening pinnacles and overhanging crests of dull, cindery lava, which stretch away out of sight. Hardly a trace of life in animal or plant is met with. The lowest lichens and a weather-beaten grey moss stain the rocks, and at long intervals, an eagle or raven flits noiselessly past. The absence of insect life is one of the most curious and striking features of the country; save for the gnats which swarm by the rivers, there is hardly a winged insect to be seen. There are no hedgerows or copses, no little birds impetuous with song. Everywhere a strange silence reigns, like that of the Great Desert.

Geysers are very common in Iceland. They may be frequently seen steaming away like energetic pots in the plains, and waving their white flags in the breeze. In the valley of Hawk-dale where the Great Geyser (i. e. Gusher) presides, it is said above one hundred hot springs are found, most of them on the slope of a low hill, near the base of which there is a most beautiful delicately-tinted cavern, full to the brim of boiling water which is as clear as crystal and free from taste or smell. This is the favourite cooking-pot of travellers: it makes excellent tea, and cooks eggs, sausages, &c., to perfection.

The Great Geyser has built for itself a flattened conical mound by the deposit of the flinty material held in suspension in its waters. In the summit of this mound stands the saucer-shaped basin, in the

centre of which the crater pipe opens. The basin is about four feet deep at the edge of the crater, and measures seventy feet across; the pipe itself is about ten feet in diameter. We witnessed a grand display:— with a slight tremor of the earth, and considerable groaning and sighing, a water column, or rather, a sheaf of columns, rose higher and higher out of the basin. These columns partially sank again and again, but, continued at each renewed effort to rise, till a maximum of about 100 feet was reached. This height was only maintained for a few seconds, and down, like a telescope, the whole mass sank, the display lasting only seven minutes and a half. The explosion was accompanied by so much steam, that the water column was greatly concealed; still it was a very wonderful spectacle. At one time the Geyser is said to have risen between 300 and 400 feet every six hours; but that was in his hot and fiery youth; he is now old and feeble, and gradually builds up a flinty tomb, which will one day enclose him, as similar formations have enclosed many of his brethren.

The Lesser Geyser erupts at short intervals, but to no great height; while the Strökr (i. e. "Churn") is of such an excitable disposition that he can be roused to activity by a trick. At a depth of twelve feet from the surface, this Geyser carries on his boiling business with much sound and fury; but his throat is narrow and easily closed, so that he is liable to be choked. This ignoble act is achieved by throwing in a few shovelfuls of sod. Naturally enough, he resents such liberties being taken with his windpipe, and no sooner has the guide hurled in the proper dose, than the Strökr hisses and splutters, gasps and grumbles, till he can no longer contain himself, and up it all comes,

boiling water, steam, and earth, in explosion after explosion, till his pipe is clear again. The eruption is nearly as high as, and perhaps more graceful than that of the Great Geyser.

There are no hotels in Iceland, excepting the small two-storied building which does duty in Reikiavik, the smallest and the most northerly of capital cities. Reikiavik is little more than a village, with twelve hundred inhabitants, yet here are a cathedral and a college, each the smallest of its kind. The houses are neat and show comfortable interiors, but the fact that they are all black, being wooden buildings coated with tar, when not made of blocks of lava, gives a somewhat sombre look to the single main street. Throughout the island, churches are the inns, and the clergy, like all the Icelanders, are as hospitable as they are poor. You sleep and eat, and may even smoke at your ease in the churches, a freedom which does not proceed from any disrespect to religion, for the Icelanders are pious people, and very strict Protestants. These churches are ridiculously small buildings; but the people are so widely scattered, that it is difficult in stormy weather to fill them.

Except potatoes and a few other hardy vegetables, no crops come to maturity in Iceland, and corn is never sown. The sea is the Icelander's great storehouse. From it he obtains the chief staple of his diet, and the main item of his export. Providence has, in the shoals of every kind of fish which frequent these seas, compensated in a great measure for the sterility of the land. But of all the fish, the cod is the undisputed king. Every house near the coast is redolent of cod; the eaves are festooned with them, the doorways are straitened by them, the children cut their teeth on

them, and the very ponies love and eat them. Stacks, veritable stacks of cod, roped and thatched like peats in Scotland, meet you by the highways, ready to be shipped to the Catholic countries. The most important agricultural operations are those of the hay harvest, as their sheep, oxen, and ponies constitute the chief wealth of the people. The food of the Icelanders consists in great part of fish; and in addition they eat curd-milk, occasionally rye-bread and mutton, and, on rare occasions, potatoes. The seeds of a certain kind of grass are gathered and used for making pottage and cakes, and are esteemed as a luxury, bread made of imported grain being seldom seen in the houses of the common people. Meal made from Iceland moss is used in various ways, and is gathered in large quantities both for home use and for exportation.

The Icelanders are large, strong, flaxen-haired and healthy-looking men, despite their unwholesome food and miserably small and crowded dwellings; but violent epidemics like the Plague of the Middle Ages, have, within recent times, swept over the land; and leprosy, such as is seen throughout the East, is a common disease.

There are no shop-keepers in Iceland, and there are no village schools, but it is rare to find an Icelander who cannot read and write. Education is, so to speak, hereditary, the father instructing his children in the long winter evenings, while he also acts the part of tailor, shoemaker, smith, and carpenter. The Icelanders are strongly attached to their native country, and delight in the study of its history: they are true Scandinavians and speak the pure Norse, from which large numbers of our own words are derived. Long subject to Denmark, the Icelanders may now be said

to enjoy an independent government: very gay was Reikiavik with flowers and bunting, and gay were its people—the women in white dresses and ribbons—on that hot summer's day when the present King of Denmark landed in Iceland with a *Constitution* for the people in his pocket; an event which freed them from more than a nominal subjection to the Danish crown.

The want of wood or other fuel adds greatly to the hardships of life in Iceland; here and there are "forests" of willow and birch, it is true, but they are dwarf trees, not more than a few inches high, and were it not for the friendly Gulf Stream which sweeps past part of the coast, and not only assuages the severity of the climate, but brings a store of drift wood from tropical and more temperate climes, the Icelanders would be in a bad case.

Game is very plentiful; the teal, snipe, golden plover, wild swan, and wild goose abound. Besides fish, the exports include wool, eider-down, feathers, knitted things in great quantities, and sulphur, which is more abundant in Iceland than anywhere else in the world.*

* In part adapted from *Good Words*.

SCANDINAVIA.

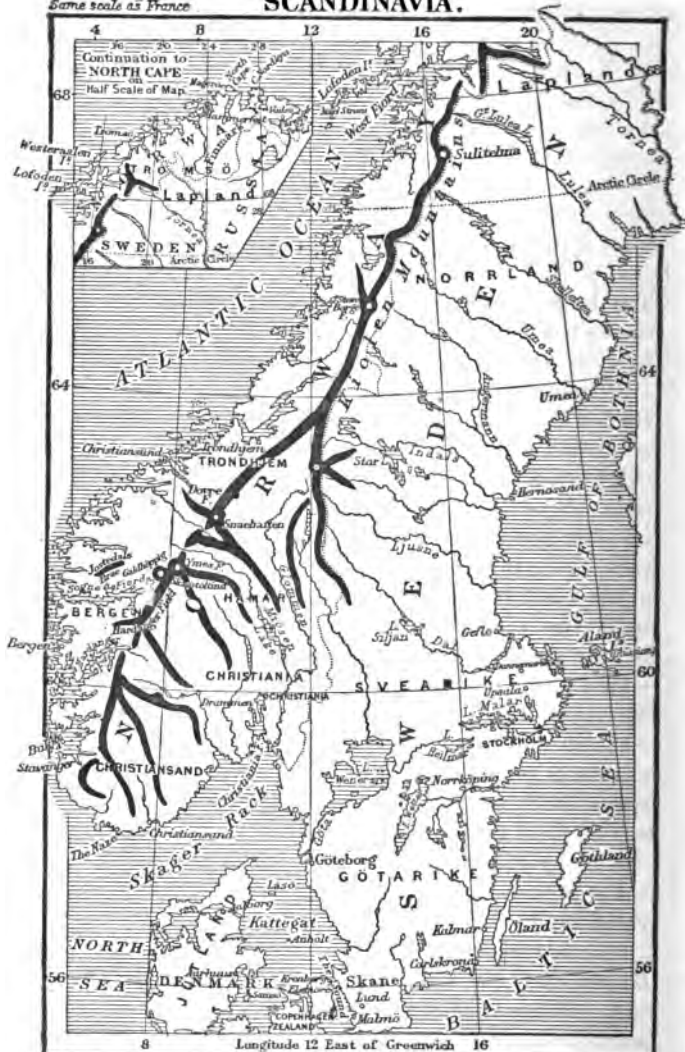
NATURAL FEATURES OF SCANDINAVIA.

THE large, ocean-washed peninsula of Scandinavia includes the two kingdoms of Norway and Sweden; its breadth varies from 230 to 460 miles, its length is 1240 miles, and its size rather more than five times that of England. A glance at the map shows that the peninsula is but the crest and slope of the mountain ridge which traverses it from north to south; we say *slope* advisedly, for while the gradual eastern slope includes the whole of Sweden, which is, for the most part, low-lying country, on the west there is no slope at all. Norway is covered with mountains which abut upon the sea, and the narrow valleys, broken into by the ocean, become the curious inlets called *fjords*, which score the coast. This ridge extends from the Varanger Fiord in the extreme north-east, to the Naze in the extreme south-west; it consists, not of mountain ranges, but of a collection of broad plateaus topped with moor or snow-field, cut into by long, steep-walled *fjords* on the Atlantic side. South of Trondjem the rocky ridge fills the whole breadth of Norway, being broken here and there by narrow tracts of cultivated land.

The northern parts of the range are known as the Kiölen Field, with a general height of less than 4000 feet. These northern plateaus are covered with wide snow-fields, from which glaciers descend to the edge

Same scale as France

SCANDINAVIA.



Statute Miles. 0 100

Stanford's Geog. Estab.

of the sea. Sulitelma is the highest summit north of 63° N. lat.

South of this latitude the range is known as the Norska, or Dovre Field; it attains its greatest elevation about Sogne Fiord, where the highest summits are fully 8000 feet above the sea, as Galdhöppig and Snaehatten. Here are the snow-fields of Justedal, the largest in Europe, covering an area of 600 miles; and from these, and other vast snow-fields, immense glaciers descend towards the sea, until at a height of about 2000 feet they dissolve themselves in deep lakes.

The lakes of Norway are quite innumerable; as many as 30,000 have been reckoned, but there is no certainty as to their number; they are usually small, and long and narrow, and often winding like those of the Scotch highlands, while the waters that feed them descend from above in endless cascades; indeed, the waterfalls are more numerous than the lakes.

Sweden has but few high mountains; its Alpine district is in the north, where the land gradually rises from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Kiölen Mountains, the highest of which in Sweden are above the snow line. The three great lakes, Wener, Maelar, and Heilmar, occupy the lowest part of Sweden, and nearly intersect the country; south of these the land is level on the whole, with hill-ranges here and there.

Like Norway, Sweden abounds in lakes; indeed, nearly one-eighth of the country is said to be covered by them; some of these are inland seas for size, and, like the great lakes of North America, are subject to tempests which render their navigation difficult. The largest of these, Lake Wener (area, 4000 square miles—as large as Northumberland), is emptied into the Kattegat by the Göta, a river famous for its picturesque

rapids and falls. The Wener, the Wetter, and the river Göta have been united by the Göta Canal, a remarkable work, designed by the English engineer, Telford, by means of which the Kattegat and the Baltic are connected.

The rivers of Scandinavia are, like the lakes, innumerable. The descent on the western side is so steep and so abrupt that the rivers of Norway are little better than mountain torrents, rushing headlong to the sea, with such frequent leaps down sheer walls of rock that the roar of the cataract is seldom absent from a Norwegian landscape. They are useless for purposes of navigation, but they serve to float the timber of the forests to the fiords, from whence it is exported. A few of the southern rivers flow over the longer south-eastward slope; of these, the Glommen (300 miles) is the largest.

The rivers of Sweden flow over the longer slope of the land, and have a south-eastern course; but even they are so short and rapid that only by art are they made navigable for the smallest craft. The Angerman river, or *Elv*, is the largest; it flows into the Gulf of Bothnia, as do the Dal, Umea, Ritea, Tulea, Tornea, &c.

THE COASTS OF SCANDINAVIA.

The lowland towards the Baltic forms part of the great European plain, and the coasts for the most part are low and sandy, as are also the islands which lie off it; of these, Gothland (80 miles long) and Oland are the most important. Turning north into the Kattegat and Skager Rack, rocky islets and high and broken coasts appear and continue as far as the North Cape.

The configuration of the innumerable islands which skirt the western coast of Norway makes it pretty evident that they are parts of the great mountain mass broken off from the rest by inroads of the ocean, which filled, not only lateral valleys like the fiords of the present day, but a long, deep trough, which extended through the whole length of the country. This trough, hemmed in by, and thickly studded with islands, is made use of for navigation, the *Inner Lead*, as it is called, being sheltered from the heavy Atlantic breakers. Steamboats making coasting voyages follow this track, just as steamers trading between Oban and Glasgow keep within the green islands which fringe western Scotland.

The *Westeraalen* are the most important of these islands. They form a sort of long promontory, broken through here and there by narrow, winding channels. Hindøe, the largest of the group, is 50 miles long, and the five islands farthest south-west are the Lofodens, which sometimes give their name to the whole group. The sea works its way in whirling eddies through the narrow passages between these islands, forming, in one case, the celebrated Mael Strom whirlpool. The Lofoden Islands are the centre of a famous cod-fishery, employing 20,000 men. These valuable fish are drawn hither, as to Newfoundland, by the attraction of sheltered banks warmed by the Gulf Stream Drift; the take of fish is enormous, and the curing of the cod, the expressing of pure *medicine oil*, and of coarser *fish oil* from the liver, and the preparation of a sort of guano from the heads of the fish, fully employ the inhabitants; but truly, the odours attending these employments are of a nature to drive strangers away. Guano is an important article of Norwegian

wealth, for several of the islands swarm with sea-birds during the brooding season, and on the surface of these there is often a thick deposit of this valuable manure.

"The entire length of the Lofoden Islands is about 130 English miles, with an area of 1560 sq. miles, and a population of 20,000 inhabitants. As we approached they stood out boldly before us, massive, granite mountains, a long, unbroken range, with sharp, cutting peaks that might have done duty for cathedral towers. . . . At 1.30 in the night we all landed at Kobervæes, one of the stations in the Lofodens, for the pleasure of a midnight walk—night only by courtesy, for here, in the regions of the midnight sun, we had not even twilight. We were steaming amongst the Lofodens all the next day, one of the loveliest, most curious, most interesting days of the whole passage; in and out of sounds and harbours of indescribable beauty, amidst waters dazzlingly transparent; sometimes suffocated by the smell of dried fish, and sometimes choked by the still worse smell of an oil factory.

"On the Tuesday night the midnight sun was really seen by us for the first time. We had been steering amidst sounds and harbours and peaks covered with eternal snows, full of the utmost beauty. As the sun went down we watched the gorgeous display of changing colours. Then, nearing the horizon, the sun seemed to hover for a moment in mid-air, crept a little parallel with the horizon, and commenced its upward course again. Nothing could be more certain than the change of colouring between the sun setting and the sun rising, the distinctly different effects of light and tone, though the sun never even reached the horizon.

"We had left the Lofodens, when we saw our first

midnight sun, and were steering for Tromsø, a quaint northern town in the neighbourhood of the Lapps. It was to be almost our last halting-place before reaching the North Cape." *

As a visit to the North Cape is a favourite enterprise with travellers who wish to stand on the most northerly land in Europe, we will continue the narrative of this tourist:—

"Tromsø is very picturesque. Green hills, sometimes snow-tipped, surround the harbour, and the town is built at the foot of the slopes. The streets are wide and straight, and there is an air of great prosperity about the place; the few ladies we saw, walking about in costumes that might have come from London or Paris. Tromsø is the capital of Finmark, that portion of Lapland that belongs to Norway. It is the seat of the bishop, and boasts a cathedral, a small, unpretending wooden building, like all the churches of the far north.

"Outside the town we came upon a family of Lapps sitting upon a green bank, quietly eating their breakfasts—two men, a woman, and a little child. They were very small, with brown, withered faces, and high cheek-bones; the men without beard or whiskers, one of the distinguishing marks of the Lapp. There was a good-humour and gentleness about them, a merry sparkle in their blue eyes, which redeemed their faces, notwithstanding the small, turned-up nose, wide mouth, and little brain. Their stiff clothing, leggings and frock of the skin of the reindeer worn by men and women alike, did not set them off to advantage. They had reindeer skins for sale, and red shoes turned up at the toes.

* *About Norway*, Charles H. Wood.

"Leaving Tromsø, we started for Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. It is noted for its cod-liver oil factories, and seemed to consist of one long straggling street. The smell almost knocked us down; it was worse than anything we could imagine.

"Between Hammerfest and the cape the outlines of the coast were grand, and occasionally majestic; bold, barren headlands succeeded one another, headlands that marked the commencement of the Arctic regions.

"Yet, though down in Christiania Fjord the sea freezes intensely in winter, up here at the North Cape it never freezes. Icebergs are unseen here, and the mean temperature of land and water is very even. This is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. The extremes of cold must be sought further inland and further south. At length, about eleven o'clock at night, the fine, bold headland of the North Cape loomed into view: it was a cold, gloomy night, and clouds shut out the glorious effects of the midnight sun we had come so far to see. Before us was the North Cape; an almost perpendicular ascent of 1000 feet. And there, far up the height, wending their slow and stately way, was a long string of reindeer passing over the frozen snow that lay to the left, and disappearing, one by one, over the mountain top.

"After a severe tug we stood on the top of the North Cape, a large, flat table-land, detached from the mainland by a few yards, the surface covered by a soft moss or lichen, which yielded to the tread, and made walking no easy matter. Anything more bleak, barren, and wildly desolate could not be conceived; while a storm raged about us, bitter wind, rain, snow, and sleet, which almost cut our faces." This North Cape, upon

the island of Magerøe, must not be confounded with Cape Nordkyn, further east, upon the mainland.

Characteristic features of Norwegian scenery are the magnificent *fiords* of the western coast—deep inlets of the sea, with perpendicular walls of rock sometimes a thousand, or even two thousand feet in height, with pine forests fringing their bases, and with waterfalls here and there dashing from immense heights down their steep faces. Winding, broken with many inlets, these fiords penetrate often more than a hundred miles into the land, and give to Norway a coast-line of more than 8000 miles. They are filled with water so beautifully clear that one can see the bottom to a depth of 100 feet; here and there glaciers descend nearly to the water's edge, while hundreds of romantic islets stud the seas.

The Sogne Fiord is the largest and best known of them, stretching for 120 miles into the land; it is the wildest and most severe of all the Norwegian fiords, and is really a continuation of Aardal, a picturesque mountain pass much visited by tourists. At the head of this fiord is the Vettifos, one of the wonders of Norway. Over a high, perpendicular cliff, straight as a wall, comes tumbling the white water, in a clear fall of 1000 feet, touching no rock, meeting no obstacle in its way.

More lovely and luxuriant in character is the Hardanger Fiord; here the rocky walls retire at intervals, leaving verdant slopes on either side; and an inlet of the fiord expands into Rosendal (the Vale of Roses), fertile, and finely cultivated as the South Hams of Devon, but more beautiful, because the rugged mountain walls which hem it in bring out its verdure and softness.

Christiania Fiord, on which the capital stands, breaks into a rich valley, where are meadows, orchards, and corn-fields. All these fiords swarm with fish; the lobster is very abundant; and twice a year shoals of herrings visit the western coast. These seasons are the fishermen's harvests. The approach of the shoals is telegraphed from station to station along the fiords; the weird stillness is broken, the scanty population gathers on the beach; the herrings are taken by millions in the still waters, and all hands are employed in salting and packing them for exportation to France and the Catholic countries round the Mediterranean.

At the little town of Vadsö, on the Varanger Fiord, a more exciting sort of fishing is carried on. Here the whales which haunt the Arctic waters are slaughtered in a wholesale way by means of harpoons, which are literally *fired* into the carcasses of the monsters; the harpoons are furnished with shells, which explode in the whale, causing instant death; and then follows a hacking and hewing of mountains of flesh, sickening to witness, and attended with unspeakable odours. The thick blubber, the coat of fat which protects this warm-blooded creature from the cold of the Arctic seas, is the valuable part of the whale; but the decomposed flesh yields manure, a description of guano.

Of all her fisheries, however, the most valuable to Norway is that of the cod, which swarms both off the islands and the northern coasts of the mainland.

CLIMATE, AND OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

The Scandinavian peninsula, stretching more than a thousand miles from north to south, has many differences of climate from this cause alone. The longest day in the south is of eighteen hours, while at the North Cape there are three months (May, June, and July) of summer daylight, and an equally long winter night. Then, the influence of the sea, and of the Gulf Stream, and the fact that many inlets penetrate far into the land, greatly modify the severity of the climate on the western shores; here rain and fogs prevail, while incessant storms rage round the North Cape. The climate of Sweden, which slopes to the continent, presents a marked contrast to that of Norway, being far drier, and more *extreme*; that is, much colder in the winter, and hotter in the summer: thus, the Baltic, and even the Skager Rack in the south, may be crossed upon the ice in the winter, while the western coast as far north as the North Cape is free of ice all the year.

The differences in the climate and character of the two countries affect their products, and, therefore, the occupations of the people. The regions north of 64°, and the flat tops of the high mountain masses which fill Norway, yield little beyond scanty grasses, mosses, lichens, and a few hardy berry-bearing plants; but forests of spruce and Scotch fir form the native covering of all the lower lands of Scandinavia, and reach far up the mountain slopes. These, with the birch-woods and oak of the forest form the principal wealth of Norway; and the people of the valleys are woodcutters or charcoal burners, or they prepare tar, pitch,

turpentine, resin, and potash, for exportation. Nay, in bad seasons, when food is scarce, a sort of meal is prepared from the bark of the pine, and, mixed with other meal, is made into cakes—a poor enough food both for men and cattle. The shipping of deal planks employs many a quiet little port among the fiords.

Hemp, rye, oats and barley, are grown as far north as 66°. Norway, which does not produce enough for its own consumption, has to import largely, for, indeed, the mountains and forests leave but little room for corn-fields, which are confined to the valleys and the south of the peninsula. In the northern parts and in the upper valleys the rearing of cattle occupies the people. The hardiest fruits—as strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, and raspberries—are abundant, and very fine.

Sweden is a great farming country; forests occupy the north and the highlands, covering a fourth of the country, and not only supply the timber trade, but furnish charcoal and firewood, very needful fuel in countries where there is no coal. South of the forest region is a mining district, and south of this again is the farming country, where so much corn is grown that a great deal is exported. The plain of Skåne, the southernmost promontory of Sweden, may be termed the granary of the country. In the northern or alpine part of Sweden, beyond the forest region, the inhabitants gain their living by cattle rearing. In the southern part of the mountain tract lies the region of mines, which extends from Norway to the Gulf of Bothnia, and has Lake Siljan on the north, and Lake Wener on the south. This district includes the famous iron mines of Dannemora, north of Stockholm, yielding magnetic iron, which is formed into finest steel; and the Fahlun copper works which lie in the Dal valley.

The soil of this district is carefully cultivated for the support of the miners.

The richest mining district of Norway is in the south, chiefly in the district of the Glommen, where are ancient silver works and copper mines.

Sweden has some manufactures, chiefly of cotton and woollen; but, as a rule, the peasants make what they need, and manufactured goods, colonial produce, and salt, are imported by both countries, while the exports are the products of the forests, mines, and fisheries.

In Norway there are only two towns with above 20,000 inhabitants:—the capital, Christiania, a well-built and beautifully placed town, and Bergen, on the Atlantic coast, the Liverpool of Norway. Trondjem, Stavanger and Christiansand, on the same coast, trade in fish, timber, and copper. Drammen, on the Christiania Fiord, is the chief timber port. In Sweden there are but four towns with a population of 20,000 or upwards. The trade of the country centres in the capital, Stockholm, which is sometimes called the Venice of the north, because it is built upon nine islands, and contains many splendid buildings (which are generally roofed with copper): it has the advantage over the southern Venice in point of cleanliness: it is built upon the islands of Lake Malar, and its channels open to the Baltic through a maze of lovely islets. Göteborg, on the Kattegat, is also a great trading town, larger than the capital. From Malmö on the Sound, the corn of the southern plain is exported. Norrköping, on an inlet of the Baltic, is, after Stockholm, the busiest manufacturing town in Sweden; Gefle is the second port on the Baltic side; and Karlskrona, on the south coast, is the head-quarters of the fleet of Sweden.

Of the population, about three-fourths belong to Sweden. Norway is the most thinly-peopled country in Europe, having only eleven inhabitants to the square mile, while Sweden has twenty. Only one-tenth of the inhabitants live in towns, which are therefore both few and small; the agricultural regions are the most thickly peopled. Lapland, which forms the extreme north of both countries, has not *one* person to the square mile. The Scandinavians are of Germanic race, with the exception of a few Finns and Lapps in the north.

Norway was, until recently, united to Denmark, and the people are not unlike the Danes, being fair-haired, blue-eyed, strong, and of middle-height; Danish is the language of the towns and of literature, the Old Norse, which is nearly related to it, being banished to the country districts and the fiords. The Swedish language is allied to the Norse and the Danish; the Swedes are also a Germanic people, but are tall, strong, and have more varieties of character amongst them than the Norwegians. The Finlanders of Finmark in the north are darker than the Norwegians, but do not differ from them in general form; they are few in number, and speak Finnish. The Lapps of the Arctic provinces are "little, yellow, thick-set people, with small, slit eyes, broad, low brow, and sharp, beardless chin; they have been kept separate as an inferior race by the Northmen."

Sweden and Norway are under the same king, but have different constitutions, that of Norway being much the more democratic. The present royal family is remarkable as being descended from Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, and the only king of his appointing whose descendants still rule a kingdom. All the people are Lutherans, of so strict a sort, that

any Swede abandoning the religion of the State is punished with exile. Education is universal, partly because no persons may be married who have not been admitted to communion, while only those who can read are thus admitted. In Norway, the schoolmaster goes to the children, who are too widely scattered to be drawn together in numbers. Wandering schoolmasters travel from hamlet to hamlet, stopping a fortnight in each place. The peninsula has three universities, those of Upsala and Lund in Sweden, and that of Christiania in Norway. Linnæus, the great botanist, was a professor in the University of Upsala. The long winters give leisure for much study, and the people are generally well-informed; they are also very social and hospitable, and the rapid and easy sledge-travelling brings them together in merry winter parties; though perhaps merry is hardly the word, for the Scandinavians are quiet folk, not easily excited. They meet and part with bowings and civilities which are almost Chinese in their duration.

Questions on the Maps of Scandinavia and Denmark.

1. What waters bound the Scandinavian peninsula? To what land is it attached? What countries does it include? Through how many degrees of latitude does it stretch? What other countries of the world lie, partly, in the same latitude?

2. Describe the coast of Norway. Compare it with that of Sweden. Name the four largest fjords, or openings, beginning at the extreme north. Two groups of islands north of the Arctic Circle. The most northerly island. The cape on this island. The most northerly cape on the mainland. The most southerly cape. Five towns on the west coast. Three towns in the south-east of Norway.

3. The Scandinavian mountains nearly fill Norway,—by what names is the range known in the north, south, and centre? Name three or four of the highest points. How does the position of the

mountains affect the rivers? Compare the rivers of Norway with those of Sweden. In what direction and into what sea do the latter flow? Name two of the longest.

4. In what part of Sweden are the largest lakes? Name three of these.

5. Name five towns in Sweden to the south of the 60th parallel; three towns to the north of it.

6. Name three large Swedish islands in the Baltic.

7. What channels separate Jutland from Scandinavia? The northern point of Jutland. The fiord which nearly cuts through the land. Where, exactly, are the Great Belt, the Little Belt, and the Sound? Name three large islands in the Baltic which form part of the kingdom of Denmark. Name towns upon any of these. Name three towns in the peninsula.

8. State precisely, from the map of Europe, the position of Iceland and of the Farøe Islands. One or two mountains in Iceland. The capital of Iceland.

THE EARTH.

OUR world is really a kind of star which, with seven others something like it, is continually going round the sun; these eight wandering stars are called planets, a word which means wanderers. Our world is a planet, and its name is Earth: another planet is called Venus, another Jupiter, a third Neptune, and so on; and besides these, there are upwards of a hundred smaller planets, as well as other heavenly bodies, engaged in this ceaseless revolution round the sun. The sun, and all the heavenly bodies which travel round him, make up what is called *the Solar System*.

But, you will say, the stars all shine like lamps; our earth is not on fire; how, then, can it look like a star? It is true that most of the stars do shine and burn like the sun, but the eight planets, of which our earth is one, shine in another way. Have you ever seen the windows of a house look red and bright, as if the buildings were on fire, when the setting sun was shining on them? You know they have no light in themselves, but are sending back or reflecting the light of the sun. In the same way, on a sunshiny, hot day by the sea-side you can hardly bear to look at anything; water, walls, and pavement dazzle you with the sun's light which they are reflecting. Now, if we were off our earth, far away in space, we should not see houses, trees, and water, but just a ball shining all over with the light of the sun which it is sending back, or reflecting: and this is how it is that the planets, and our moon also, shine like bright stars, though they

are dull enough in themselves; they send back or reflect the bright light of the sun.

Day and night, never resting for a moment, the planets are continually moving round the sun. When the journey is finished they begin again, unwearied, silent, punctual: so punctual, that astronomers know in what part of the sky to look for a planet at any moment, and it comes, more true to time than a railway train, but without blowing of whistles or ringing of bells, without bustle or noise or smoke; while the astronomers are filled with delight to see how well these wonderful works of God obey the law He has given them.

The eight planets do not travel side by side; some are much farther from the sun than our earth is, some are nearer to him; and as each keeps at certain distances from the sun throughout its journey, the more distant the planet is, the longer the time it takes to finish its course. Thus, the length of our year is 365½ days, but the planet Saturn, which is much further from the sun than the earth is, has a year nearly thirty times as long as ours; that is to say, he has a far larger circuit to make, so it takes him nearly thirty times as long as it takes our earth to perform his revolution round the sun. Supposing each of the planets left a shining track which we could see as it went on its course, there would be eight shining circles round the sun at different distances from him; and these would show us the *orbits*, or paths of the planets. The path our earth takes through space in her journey round the sun is her orbit. Not that there is a real path or waymark of any kind for her to follow: yet year after year she journeys over the same course, and never gets nearer to the sun or farther from him. Should she lose her

way by any chance, and get nearer, terrible things would follow ; the very hills and ground would burn, and our whole world would become a great fire, kindled



by the fierce heat of the sun. But there is no chance in the matter ; God keeps the earth and the other planets moving round the sun, each in its own place, in obedience to certain wonderful laws which cannot be broken.

Note.—The figure shows the eight planets in the order of distance from the sun ; it shows also their relative sizes. E is the earth with her moon.

DAY AND NIGHT.

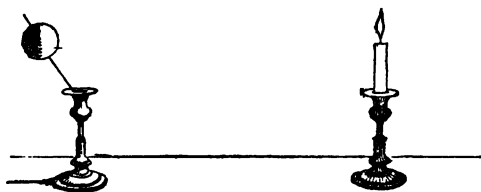
THE earth not only travels round the sun in a year, but the whole of that time it is itself turning round, or rotating.

Just so, a top while spinning round may move at the same time along the floor. Turn round a few times on your heels, and you will see how. It takes you a much longer time to spin round than the top requires, because you are much larger than the top; and the earth is so huge, that it cannot rotate or spin round in less than twenty-four hours—a whole day and night—although it revolves at the equator at the astonishing rate of a thousand miles an hour. As there are 365 days in a year, the earth turns quite round 365 times while she is moving round the sun, as you might turn round ten times while moving across the room.

Have you ever wondered why it is we have bright day to work and take our pleasure in, and then dark night wherein to rest, and that these never fail to follow, the one after the other?

Our earth, without the sun, would be quite dark and cold. Every ray of light, every ray of heat, comes from the sun; and that is why the earth is made to journey round him, and never to wander away; for what could she do out in the cold and the dark? But the earth is round, the shape of an orange. Some evening, hold an orange close to a candle, and you will see exactly half the orange made bright with the light; the other half is in the shade, and there is a clear,

though faint line marking where the light part and the dark part begin. Do the same thing with a very large ball, and the light and dark parts will show more clearly. Hold any round object before a light, and half the object will be lighted up; the other half will remain dark: as you see half the orange in the figure below lighted by the candle, while the other half is in shade.



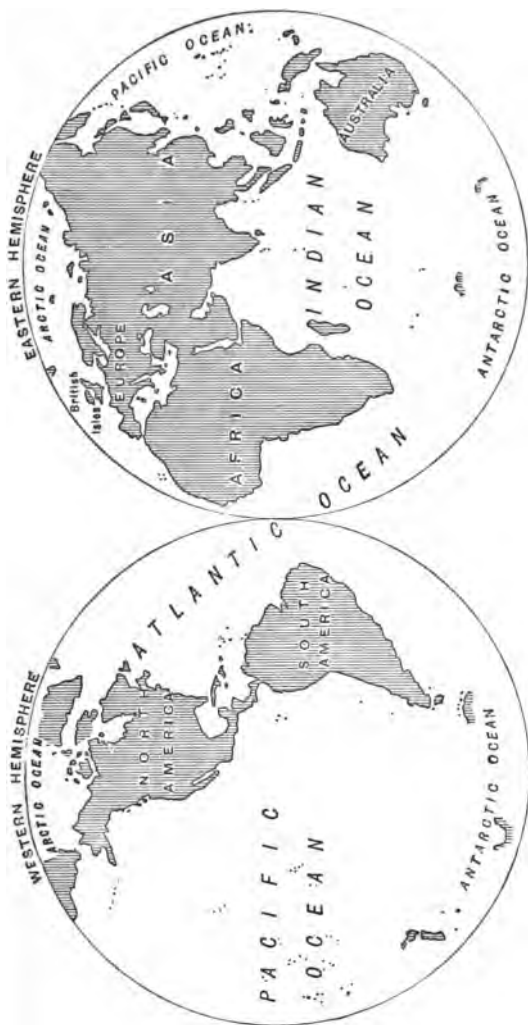
The earth is a round object; the sun is its light. Is, therefore, one half of the world bright, beautiful, and warm, and the other half cold, dreary and dark, without moving creature or growing plant? Assuredly no; and how the whole of the earth is lighted, an illustration will help you to understand:—run a knitting-needle through an orange, and turn the orange very slowly round the needle before a candle. Half is always in the light, half in the shade; but not the same half always: one bit after another gets into the light; what was in the light gets into the shade; so that every bit of the orange by turn is in the light half, and every bit has its turn in the dark.

Now you see what a beautiful, kind contrivance it is to keep the earth continually turning round before the sun while she travels round him. By far the greater part of the earth, all the way round, has its turn in the light and its turn in the dark in twenty-four hours.

It is because it takes the earth that time to turn completely round that our day and night last twenty-four hours, or to speak more exactly, twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes. The half turned to the sun has day, the half turned from the sun has night: when it is night with us, the people on the opposite half have day, and when we are about our work, they are in bed. This movement of the earth is called its *diurnal*, or daily motion.

In order to understand the manner of the earth's rotation, watch a wheel turning round quickly, and you will see that the middle part, which is called the axle, is quite still. Again: when a top is spinning its fastest—"sleeping"—the very middle of the top, right through down to the point, is still.

Everything which turns round or rotates in this way turns on a still middle line; not a real line; the stillness is real, but the line is often imaginary. An imaginary central line is called an *axis*. If you could turn round upon your heels, you would turn upon an axis. The top spins upon its axis. The earth spins or rotates upon her axis once in twenty-four hours. But, remember, the axis is imaginary, and might be less than a thread in breadth, while the knitting-needle we have used to illustrate it is a tangible thing, really still. You remember that the earth is a little flattened at the top and bottom; the earth's axis runs through the centre of the earth from one flattened end to the other, and the points where the axis would come out if it were a real instead of an imaginary line are called *poles*. One of the poles always points to a particular star in the heavens called the Pole Star, and that is the North Pole of the earth; the pole at the opposite flattened end is the South Pole.

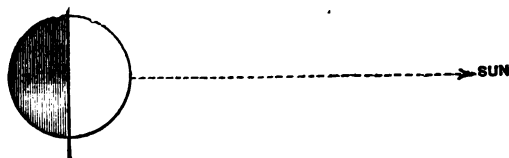


You remember that the earth bulges slightly towards the middle, and that, round the broadest part of the earth, exactly in the middle, between the two poles, is an imaginary line called the *equator*, which divides the earth into *equal* parts: the half between the equator and the north pole is the northern hemisphere; the other half, between the equator and the south pole, is the southern hemisphere. Sphere is a word meaning a round object; the word *hemi* means half. The illustration on the last page shows the eastern and western hemispheres, and supposes the earth to be divided through the middle from pole to pole.

THE SEASONS.

THE days of our year are not alike all the year round : we have winter frost and snow, and leafless trees ; then spring ; after that, the bright, hot summer ; next autumn ; and then winter again. We have sunshine in winter as well as in summer, but the two are different : the summer sun compels us to wear cool clothing, but in winter we want warm wraps on the brightest day. The reason is, that though the earth goes on her regular path, and does not go away from the sun, yet our country and others north of the equator are leaning away from him in the winter and towards him in the summer ; thus the whole northern hemisphere gets far less sunshine in our winter than in our summer.

How can part of the earth be turned from the sun if the whole is not ? That is another wise arrangement which secures that nearly the whole world should be pleasant to live in. If the earth were to go round the sun with her axis upright, that is, standing up straight



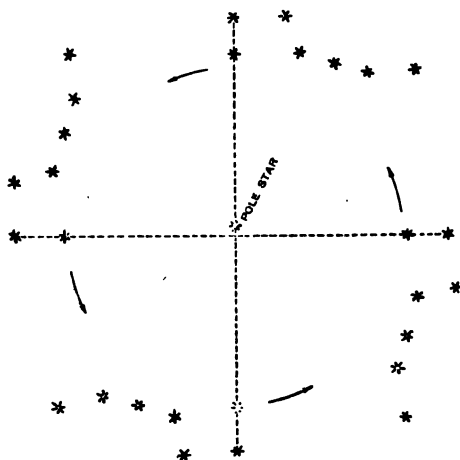
from pole to pole, as in the figure, the middle bulging part where the equator is would be always exactly opposite to the sun, and would get too much heat ; while

we, who live about half way between the equator and the north pole, should never get enough sunshine to ripen our corn and fruit. The sun's rays would fall straight down upon the equator, and would slope so much to reach us that we should get very little heat: on the same principle, a leg of mutton roasting in front of a kitchen fire receives heat enough to cook it; but if it be removed to a corner of the fireplace which only slanting rays of heat can reach, we may wait for our dinners. But the earth does not travel with its axis



upright. It is always a sloping line; sloping, not towards the sun, but towards the path along which the earth travels; and it is this position of the earth's axis which causes the north pole at one time, the south pole at another, to turn towards the sun. Of course there is no real path, it is merely a way through space; but imagine it a real road for a moment, and you can think of the earth bowling along with her axis sloping towards the road. The illustration shows the position which the earth maintains in her journey round the sun.

That is how the earth moves, never turning out of her way, or changing her position in the least, but with her north pole always pointing towards the pole star in the heavens.*



Hold a little china figure sloping towards a table on which a candle is standing. Fix on a bright nail in the wall for your *pole star*, and take care to keep the

* It is interesting to be able to find out the *pole star*, or north star in the heavens; the familiar group of stars in the figure is Charles's Wain (waggon): the two last stars in the back of the waggon point, you will see, to the pole star, and are therefore called the *pointers*. The rotation of the earth causes an apparent change in the position of the heavenly bodies, and this constellation appears to revolve, from hour to hour, completely round the pole star; the figure shows it in four different positions, but in them all the *pointers* do their work of pointing out the north pole of the heavens.

head of the figure always pointing towards it. Then carry the figure steadily round the candle, never changing its position, but keeping it always sloping a little, from the head downwards, towards the table. At one time the candle shines straight on the middle of the doll. Then move the figure round, always in the same position, and you will find the feet turned towards the candle and the head turned a little away. Go on farther, and the candle shines straight on the middle, and neither head nor feet are turned towards it. Go farther round, and the head is turned towards the light and the feet away. When you get to the point where you began, the candle will again shine on the middle.

It is rather difficult to keep the doll steady in the same position, and always pointing to the pole star; but if you can manage it you will be able to understand a little how we get the four seasons. The difficulty is to keep the figure at the right slope as you carry it round the light, so that, supposing it could leave a photograph of itself upon the air every six inches of the way, all the photographs should be parallel with one another.

The axis of the earth is said to incline (or lean) to the plane of its orbit at an angle of $66\frac{1}{2}$ degrees—an expression rather hard to understand. Imagine a flat surface to extend from the pathway of the earth to the sun, and you will have an idea of *the plane of the earth's orbit*: inclined at an angle of $66\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, describes exactly how far the earth slopes; when you stand upright on the ground you form with it an angle of 90 degrees, thus \perp ; an angle of 45 degrees is the slope a pile of loose gravel, or earth, or flour naturally takes when left to itself, thus \sphericalangle ; while an angle of $66\frac{1}{2}$ degrees is a slope about midway between these two

angles. Why each slope is described as forming an angle of so many degrees you may understand later on.

Having carried the little figure round the light, take an orange, with a line round the middle for the equator, and a knitting-needle through it to represent the axis. Put N at the top for the north pole, and S at the bottom for the south pole. Then carry it gently round the candle, with the knitting-needle always sloping as before towards the table, and the north pole always *pointing to the pole star*, that is, to the nail you have fixed upon. You will find that at one time the north pole turns a little towards the candle, and the south pole a little away. As you go on, the candle shines full on the equator, and neither of the poles turns towards it; go on further, and the south pole turns to, and the north pole away from the light. Continue moving round, and again the candle shines full on the equator, and neither pole turns towards it.

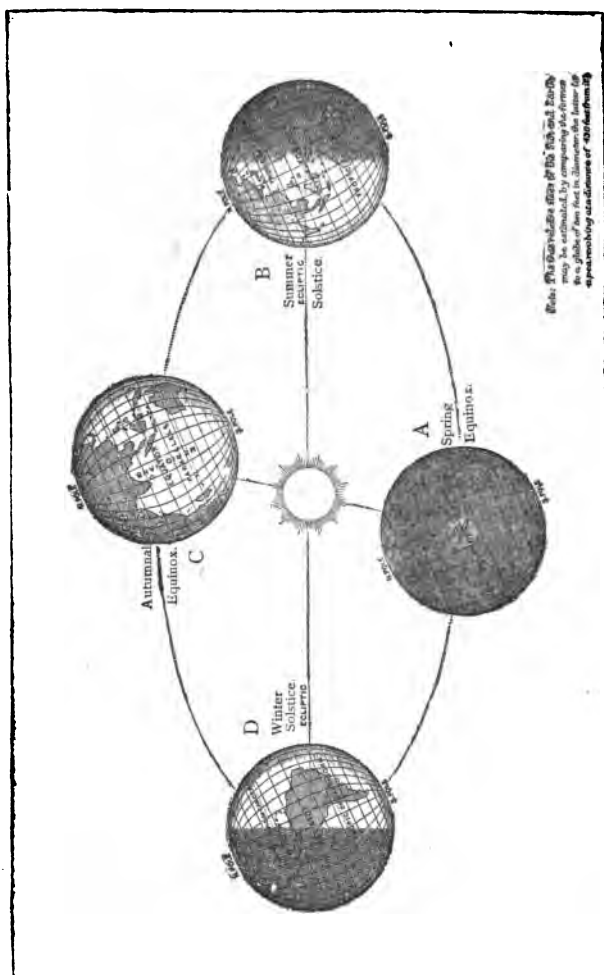
England is in the northern hemisphere, about half way between the north pole and the equator; our warmest time, our summer, is, therefore, when the north pole turns towards the sun; and our coldest time when the south pole is turned toward, and our part of the world a little away from the sun, so that we get only his slanting rays. We have our spring and autumn when the sun shines straight down on the equator, and the poles are turned neither toward nor from him. Our autumn is warmer than our spring, because the sun has been shining upon us all the summer and has made our part of the world warm, in the same way as a room is made warm that has had a good fire burning in it all day. As the middle of the earth, about the equator, is the part always nearest to the sun and is never turned from him, that is the hottest part

of the world, and it has not the change of the four seasons as we have.

The illustration on the next page shows the earth at four positions in its orbit. The shaded portions merely show the half of the earth which is turned from the sun, and therefore has night. When the earth is in the positions A and C, the sun is exactly overhead at the equator, and as his rays light up one half of the earth's surface at one time, his light reaches exactly from pole to pole without falling over in the least beyond either pole. Therefore, as the earth turns round before the sun, every point on its surface has exactly twelve hours in the light and twelve hours in the dark. The earth reaches these positions in March and September, and then occur the *equinoxes*, or "equal nights," when day and night are of equal length all over the globe. When the earth is at the position A we have our spring equinox; at C our autumnal equinox.

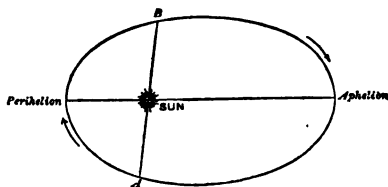
As the earth moves towards the position B, the north pole inclines more and more towards the sun, which, therefore, appears to rise higher and higher overhead in the northern hemisphere. The sun is no longer exactly overhead at the equator, but by the time the earth is at B the northern tropic is under his vertical rays. When, therefore, the earth has reached the position B, in the month of July, we have long days and short nights in the northern hemisphere, because, as you will see by the figure, a good deal more than half of that hemisphere is *in the light*. This is what is called the summer *solstice* of the northern hemisphere, because, when the sun is overhead at the tropic, he appears to stand still from day to day.

Going round another quarter of its orbit, the earth reaches the position C, of which we have spoken, and



then goes on to D. Here the south pole is turned towards the sun, and the north pole away, so that the northern hemisphere has short days and but little heat from the sun, from which it is turned partly away. Then, in December, we have the winter *solstice*, while the sun rests above the southern tropic, and the southern hemisphere enjoys its summer.

You understand now that we have summer because the north pole turns towards the sun during our summer season, and therefore the whole of the northern hemisphere is then brought under his light and heat. The extraordinary thing is that *the whole earth* is no less than three millions of miles further away from the sun in our summer than in our winter; the earth's orbit is not a circle, but a figure called an *ellipse*, a slightly flattened circle such as you see in the figure below—though the circle is not nearly so much flattened as it would appear from the illustration; the diagram shows you also that the sun is not in the centre of this ellipse, but a good deal nearer to one end



than to the other. Now, we have our summer when the earth is going round the part of its orbit most distant from the sun; the most distant point is called *aphelion* (i.e. from, or distant from, the sun), which the earth reaches in July, while it is at the point

nearest to the sun, called *perihelion* (near the sun), about Christmas. But the winter days are short, so we do not get much sunshine to warm us ; nor does the sun rise high in the sky at this season, so that his rays slant very much as they fall upon us, and, as we have said before, slanting rays convey but little heat.

PARALLELS OF LATITUDE.

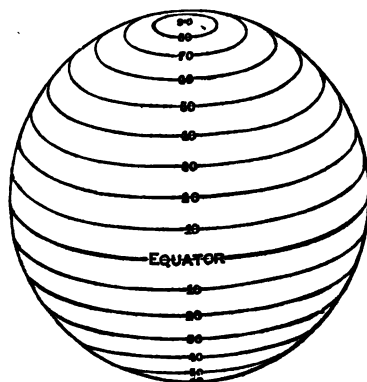
It is very important to know the distance of places from the equator, because upon that the climate of a place greatly depends. Distance from the equator is called *latitude*. Places north of that line are in north latitude; those south of it are in south latitude. But it is not enough to know that a place is in north or south latitude: if you wish to know its climate, and therefore, what animals and plants it produces, you must know exactly how far it is from the equator.

That people may know this, other imaginary lines are drawn on globes and maps as if they passed round the earth in the same direction as the equator, and parallel with it, as the two lines of a railway are parallel with each other; that is, running in the same direction and keeping always at the same distance from one another. These imaginary lines round the world, at equal distances from the equator and from each other, are called parallels of latitude, and are marked upon globes, and maps of the world, or of any part of it.

If you know which parallel a place is upon, you know its distance from the equator, and can judge fairly well how hot or how cold it is. But how are we to know any particular parallel so as to speak of it? Has each a name of its own? Not a name, but a number.

The world is a globe, or sphere, and therefore, any line which goes entirely round it must be a circle, the shape of a ring. For convenience in measuring, the circle has been divided into 360 equal parts, each of which is called a *degree*. Divide any circle into

quarters, and in each quarter there will be ninety of these degrees, because four times ninety are 360. A *great circle*, that is, one drawn round the world from pole to pole, and passing through the equator, must contain 360 degrees; and therefore, from the equator to either of the poles, a quarter of a circle, the distance is ninety degrees. Imagine a line marked on such a great circle for each one of these degrees, to measure them off, as the inches are measured off on a foot rule: these lines must go round the earth, for the measure is



wanted everywhere; and they must be parallel with the equator, or the measure would not be true. Such lines are called parallels of latitude, of which there are ninety between the equator and the north pole, and as many between the equator and the south pole, a parallel to mark each degree.

A place on the fifth parallel to the north is five degrees north of the equator, and must be hot; while London, which is near the fifty-first parallel north, has

a temperate climate, rather inclined to be cold; and a place seventy-five degrees north is in the frigid zone, very cold. Each of the parallels is not always marked upon maps; every fifth or tenth is enough to enable us to find a place when once we know that it is so many degrees north or south of the equator. To express that a place is in forty-five degrees north latitude, we write 45° N. lat., the symbol $^{\circ}$ after 45 standing for degrees. Each *degree* of latitude is divided into sixty equal parts called *minutes*, and each minute into sixty equal parts called *seconds*. Minutes are represented by a single stroke, thus ', and seconds by two strokes "': thus London Bridge is in $51^{\circ} 30' 24''$ N. lat. A minute of latitude is equal to a geographical mile—called by sailors a *knot*; therefore, there are 60 geographical miles in a degree, or $69\frac{1}{2}$ statute miles, for the geographical mile is somewhat longer than the statute mile by which lands-folk measure distance.

If we have the latitude of a place expressed in degrees, it is easy to find its distance from the equator in miles, for degrees of latitude are always of the same length, each degree being the three hundred and sixtieth part of a *great circle*. Now a great circle is one which divides the world into two equal halves: you think at once of the equator, and that no doubt is a great circle; but an orange could be divided into halves from flattened end to flattened end as well as through the bulging middle; and not only so, but you could put the knife in in several positions so as to divide the orange into halves. In the same way, any line which goes round the earth so as to pass through both poles and through the equator divides the world into two equal parts or halves, and, for this reason, all the lines which you see on a globe meeting at the poles are the halves of great

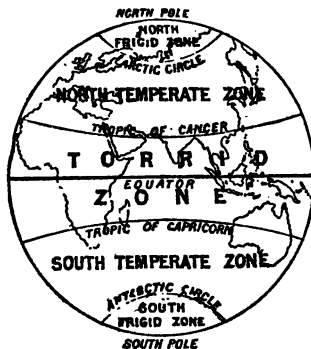
circles—the other halves being on the opposite side of the globe.

As distance from the equator is measured upon a great circle, the degrees of latitude are, as we have said, always of the same length, each degree being one three hundred and sixtieth part of a great circle, that is 60 geographical or $69\frac{1}{2}$ statute miles. $360 \times 69\frac{1}{2}$ will give you the measure round of a great circle, or in other words, the *circumference* of the earth.

A moment's thought will show you that none of the parallels excepting the equator itself can be a great circle, because these become smaller and smaller as they approach the poles; and they are called *small circles*, to distinguish them from the great circles which cut the world into halves.

THE FIVE ZONES.

THE most important of the small circles are the parallels at $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and at $66\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north and south of the equator. Look on a globe or a map of the world, and you will see that these parallels have names; those north and south of the equator are the *Tropics of Cancer* and *Capricorn*, and those round the poles are the *Arctic* and *Antarctic Circles*. These four lines divide



the surface of the world into five broad belts, or *zones* (as you may see in the figure), which are marked by distinct climates; and why this is the case we shall try to explain. Though at one time of the year the north pole is turned a little towards the sun, and at another the south pole, yet the earth's axis never slopes so much as to turn away the broad middle part where the equator is from the sun's rays.

That middle band of the earth—to the north of the equator as far as the Tropic of Cancer, and to the south, as far as that of Capricorn—is the hottest region, and is called the torrid zone, or belt; the word *torrid* means burning, and the name is suitable enough. The lands between these two parallels are spoken of as within the tropics; and these tropical countries receive so much heat because there is no day in the year when the sun is not shining directly overhead in some part of this region—either upon the equator or to the south or the north of it—so that his rays fall to the earth straight, and not slanting. In this torrid zone there is no change of winter, spring, and summer, but hot weather all the year through.

From the equator up towards the north pole the world becomes colder and colder the farther we go, until at last, within the Arctic Circle, there are frost-bound lands and frozen seas, or at the best narrow water channels between huge, slow-moving icebergs. This dreary part of the world is called the north *frigid*, or cold zone. Even when the north pole is turned towards the sun, there is never enough heat in his slanting rays to melt the ice to any great depth; but that part of the year is *summer* in those regions as with ourselves, and is a joyous time for unlucky ships bound in frozen seas, as for the scattered natives of this dreary clime.

As the earth is round, only half of it can be lighted at one time by the sun. When the north pole is turned towards the sun, the sunlight cannot reach all the way down to the south pole; it reaches to the north pole, and falls a good bit over to the other side; it falls over, indeed, exactly $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, as far as the bounding line marked by the Arctic Circle. At the time of the year

when this is the case, there is never any night at the north pole. Though that part of the earth turns round with the rest once in twenty-four hours, yet, as the whole of it is turned towards the sun while the earth rotates, that region "cannot get out of the light"; so there is a long, long summer's day up there; and the sun shines at midnight, when we are in bed and asleep, but always low down in the sky, like a setting sun. The nearer we get to the pole the longer the days become, until at the pole itself there is a single day which lasts for half the year; that is, the sun can be seen all that time.

In our winter, it is the south pole which has the sunshine, and the north pole is turned away from the sun; then, the north pole has a long night, and the scanty inhabitants of the north frigid zone have to live for months without daylight, though they are cheered by beautiful rosy lights in the heavens, known as the Northern Lights, or *Aurora Borealis*.

Within the Antarctic Circle are icebergs and frozen seas, and here, too, are long, long days and nights, just as about the north pole; this is the south frigid zone, which has its dark, cold winter night when the north has its long day, because when the one pole is turned towards the sun the other is turned from him.

Between these two frigid zones and the torrid zone, are two broad belts of land where it is never very hot, because the sun is never exactly overhead in any spot in these regions; neither is it very cold; and here the people always have day and night in the course of twenty-four hours; here, too, they enjoy, more or less, the pleasant change of the four seasons in their year.

Apples, plums, wheat, barley, and oats grow in these regions; the fields are green, and the trees, for the

most part, lose their leaves in the autumn and produce new ones in the spring. These are the temperate zones. That between the torrid zone and the north frigid is the north temperate zone, in which England lies; the south temperate zone is between the torrid and the south frigid zones. These broad belts become warmer as we approach the equator, and colder the nearer we draw to the poles; but as the lands in them are not *excessively* warm or cold, the word *temperate* is used to describe the whole.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

ONE change which is constantly taking place in the heavens is familiar to every one. The sun never seems to remain still in the same place. Go forth at early dawn and there is no sun to be seen, but everything stands out in a clear light, and you know the sun is coming; then the eastern sky becomes bright, getting more beautiful and golden every moment; and then, breaking through purple clouds with golden edges, you see a bright rim, too dazzling to look at, coming up from behind the earth into the golden sky. The rim rises and rises until at last the whole round, glorious sun is shining in the sky which he made splendid with his rays before he appeared; and as the morning goes on he gets higher and higher in the heavens, and is no longer bathed in golden sky and rosy clouds. By noon he reaches his highest point, more or less nearly overhead, and he still continues his course across the sky, until, in the evening, he reaches the point just opposite to that where his course began. Then he gradually goes down, with a splendour like that of his rising, often in a sky like a sea of gold, with cities and palaces and strange, beautiful forms rising out of it. After the last edge of the sun has disappeared below the earth, a clear, soft light remains for a while, such as came before his rising in the morning, which is called *twilight*, as you know.

This appearance of the sun going over our earth every day was very puzzling to the ancients, and their

idea was that the sun travelled round our world daily, going round it like a huge lamp, and thus lighting up part after part.

If a person be carried along in a railway carriage at a very quick rate, he does not seem to be moving at all himself, but houses, trees, and towns seem to be running fast in the opposite direction. So, if you turn round quickly, the room seems to be spinning round fast the other way. In the same way, the sun appears to take his daily course over the earth, moving from



east to west, while it is really the earth which moves in quite the opposite direction, from west to east. The sun, at least, as far as we are concerned, is standing still.

The earth, as you know, is constantly turning round before the sun; half is always in the light of the sun, and half in the dark; but as the earth is always turning, part after part comes up under the sun, and part after part goes down into the shade.

In our early morning, England, the part of the earth

we live upon, gradually rolls round towards the sun. First, we see a rim in the far east, but the roundness of the earth comes between us and the whole sun; then we go rolling on towards the sun until we see the whole of him; we still roll forward till we get under the sun, and have him nearly overhead, as in the picture on the preceding page; then it is twelve o'clock, or noon, not only with us, but with all the places and people exactly in a line with us, north and south.

All these places have rolled under the sun just at the same moment as the spot we are standing on; which you will understand if you will draw chalk lines between the two flattened ends of an orange, and then twirl it slowly between your thumb and finger. The whole of one line comes forward at once, you see; then the whole of the next, and so on, just as all the places in a line from pole to pole come forward at once as the earth turns.

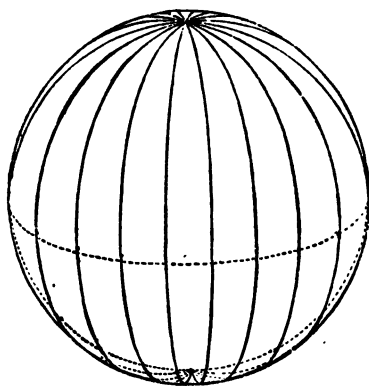
As the earth goes on rolling, our country is no longer nearly under the sun as at midday, but rolls further and further back until we begin to lose sight of him; and at last we are turned quite away, and get not one ray of his light, not even the twilight which lasts for a little while after the sun has set.

Then it is our night, but all the world is not dark. The part opposite to our feet, on the other side of the round earth, has rolled full into the sunshine, and when it is midnight with us, there the sun is overhead, and it is noon.

Such lines as we have imagined between the flattened ends of an orange to join together the parts that roll into the light at the same time are supposed to be drawn from pole to pole on the earth's surface, passing through the equator. Each of these lines passes through

all the places that have their noon at the same time : now, it is noon at any place because that part of the earth has rolled forward so as to come under the sun ; and as the whole earth from pole to pole rolls forward at once, all places exactly in a line with one another have mid-day at the same moment. The imaginary lines passing through such places are called *meridians* ; the word meridian means mid-day, and meridians are mid-day lines, and are the lines marked on globes and maps running from north to south.

These meridian lines are of great use, as they enable

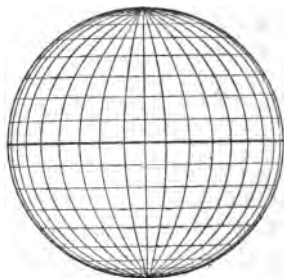


us to tell how far places are from one another east and west. By means of the equator, and the lines which run parallel with it, we know how far north or south of the equator any place lies ; but we might search all round the globe before we found a place in a given *latitude*, say 25° N., if we did not know which meridian line went through it.

As all the meridians are halves of *great circles*

which pass through the equator and meet at the poles, there is no difference of size to show that one should be first rather than another; therefore most of the countries of Europe reckon as their first meridian that which passes nearest to their respective capitals. English geographers number the meridian lines from Greenwich, near London. The line which runs from pole to pole and passes through Greenwich is our first meridian; and every place exactly north and south of Greenwich, nearly all the way to the poles, has noon at the same time as ourselves. Though they are not always all marked upon maps, there is a meridian line to measure off every degree upon the equator; therefore there are 360 meridians, which are divided into east and west, 180 being east of Greenwich, and 180 west. The distance between places, east and west, is called longitude.

There is a difference which you cannot fail to notice between the two sets of lines which cross on a globe;



the lines of latitude are parallel, that is, they remain always at the same distance from one another; but the meridians draw together until they finally meet at the north and south poles. Longitude, like latitude, is

measured by degrees; but the degrees of latitude are always of the same length, being measured on the great circles which go round the earth from pole to pole. Longitude is measured on the gradually narrowing circles which go from the equator to the poles; so that while a degree of longitude is $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length at the equator (being the 360th part of a *great circle* of the earth), it gradually contracts as we go north or south, until at the poles it has dwindled away to nothing. A degree of longitude measured on the 51st parallel N., upon which London stands, is 37 miles in length.

All parts of the world that lie to the east of Greenwich are in east longitude, and the rest of the world, the half that lies to the west of Greenwich, is in west longitude; the meridians are marked 25° W., or 50° E. long., according to the number of degrees they lie to the east or west of Greenwich. Places east of Greenwich, or in east longitude, have their noon before we do, because they turn towards the sun in the morning before we do, while all places in west longitude have their noon later. It is by means of this fact that the mariner in the open ocean is able to calculate his longitude. He carries with him a chronometer set to Greenwich time, that is, a clock which shows when it is midday at Greenwich: now, if the sun reaches its highest point where his ship is sailing when his chronometer marks four minutes to twelve, the sailor knows that he is one degree east of Greenwich; if high noon on the seas takes place at 11 A.M. by the chronometer, he is in 15° E. long.; for a difference of four minutes of time shows a difference of 1° of longitude, and therefore a difference of 60 minutes of time shows a difference of 15° of longitude. If the ship is under a noon-day sun

when the chronometer points to 2 P.M., it is in 30° W. long., and so on. It is interesting to calculate at what hour of our day certain places east and west of us have their noon. The rule is very simple; allow four minutes for every degree of longitude, and make mid-day earlier if the place is to the east of us; later if the place is to the west.

