

LETTERS FROM EUROPE

BY JOHN W. FORNEY

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J. W. Forney

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L E T T E R S

F R O M E U R O P E .

B Y

J O H N W . F O R N E Y .

SECRETARY OF THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF THE

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P R E F A C E .

These letters, now collected into one volume, in response to what seems to be a very general desire on the part of my friends and the public, were written as well to occupy the hours of anxiety common to all strangers in foreign lands, as to present to the readers of the PHILADELPHIA PRESS and WASHINGTON CHRONICLE my honest impressions of men and things abroad. Some errors may have occurred in the haste of unassisted composition, but every line was inspired by a sincere desire to promote the cause of human progress, and to prove to my countrymen the incalculable advantages of their own government over that of any other nation upon earth.

J. W. F.

PHILADELPHIA,

November, 1867.



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AT SEA,
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP SCOTIA,
May 8, 1867.

AFTER a severe gale, which lasted nearly two days, we rose this morning under a bright blue sky, and once more inhaled the exquisite breath of May coming fresh over the sparkling bosom of the sea. According to all the opinions of those learned in such matters, we shall be at Queens-town on Friday evening, the 10th, or Saturday morning, the 11th, and at Liverpool no later than Sunday, the 12th. Our noble ship moves on her majestic course at the rate of fourteen knots (miles) an hour, an average of over three hundred miles a day. Everybody seems to be in fine spirits this morning; for however novel a voyage like this is to many of us, we have had a sufficient taste of Old Ocean to make us long for the more substantial and familiar comforts of dry and solid land. I can hear my fellow-passengers making their arrangements for the shore, and as they are canvassing the routes, hotels, customs, and *charges* of the foreign countries we shall soon enjoy with the blessing of Divine Providence, I am admonished of my promise to

write an "Occasional" letter to my readers of the PHILADELPHIA PRESS and WASHINGTON CHRONICLE. It seems strange that I should address them from such a place. For nearly ten years I have maintained a frank intercourse with most of them as the historian of domestic scenes and struggles, and now I am about to talk to them from over the waters—to relate my experience in lands in which, however much I have read of them, I shall doubtless be almost as strange as poor Robinson Crusoe when he was left, surprised and solitary, on the Island of Juan Fernandez. For all experience tells that the most careful student of foreign habits and history finds all his conceptions at fault, and all his calculations baffled, when he applies the surer test of actual observation and personal contact.

I have been agreeably surprised to find myself, in these last hours of our voyage, almost wholly undisturbed by the new experience of a life at sea. Many have been compelled to forego the table and to remain in their rooms, but the roll of the ship has not prevented me from enjoying the delicious air of the ocean in fair weather, the temptations of the bill of fare, or the supreme blessing of a good sleep. The *Scotia* is indeed well arranged to ward off the usual terrors of the deep. As I study her splendid proportions, her wonderful accommodations, and her resistless march through the waves, I marvel that anybody on board should not feel comparatively comfortable. Some writer has compared these magnificent vessels to floating hotels. The *Scotia* better deserves the name of a floating street or village. Our community consists of more than four hundred souls—two hundred and fifty-one passengers and one hundred and ninety-five officers, sailors, engineers, firemen, cooks, and servants. My residence (state-room numbered 263 and 264) is located down stairs in a neat little court, near one of the main avenues, and I am very nicely neighbored with friend J. E. Caldwell, the Chestnut street jeweler, on the east; the inimitable John G. Saxe on the west, and Mr.

Florence, the popular comedian, over the way. To make the whole affair a genuine copy of domestic life, next door to me is a gentleman who snores almost as loud as old Neptune roars; and two babies (twins by their voices) regale me with an occasional concert of squalls. We visit each other as on the more solid portion of this planet, and can be as social or as solitary as we please.

Although the wind has blown steadily since we dropped down New York Bay at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the first of May, we have had no positive storm; but we have been kept "below" the best part of the passage. The dining-saloons of the *Scotia* are as large as the ordinary public parlors of the Continental, without the high ceilings, and are elegantly furnished. Here we are served with five meals every day, after the English fashion—breakfast at 8 A. M., lunch at 12 M., dinner at 4, tea at 7, and supper at 10 P. M. Every thing is well served; and though I have enjoyed better cooking and far better coffee, I shall be well pleased if I fare as well in the different scenes that lie beyond. The almost constant occupation of the dining-rooms does not prevent the guests from making free use of them in the intervals. The cloth is scarcely removed before they begin to enjoy themselves in books, conversation, cards, chequers, or writing in their journals or to their friends at home. There is, therefore, a sort of levee every evening, lasting until eleven o'clock, when there is a general departure for subterranean repose. So easy is the motion of the ship, that you soon forget the sensation of the sea and the many fears that fright the souls of fearful landsmen. The *Scotia* deserves her fame. Her perfect and ponderous machinery, her strong and complete precaution against confusion and danger, the order of her crew, the matchless courtesy of her attendants, make her almost as pleasant to the traveller as the best of the North River boats, with their generous comforts and renowned safety. The line to which she belongs, though

owned by a Corporation, is under the liberal patronage of the British Government, and commanded by officers who adopt and enforce the austere manners and discipline that characterize and give security to a British man-of-war.

Captain Charles Judkins, who has the *Scotia* in charge, is as good a specimen of a British seaman as ever was sung by Dibdin, painted by Lawrence, or described by Marryat. Some odd stories are told of his brusque deportment, and not a few contend that he prefers to be rude to his passengers; but what I have seen of him impresses me favorably, and as he has a great and a perilous responsibility, his guests should gladly compromise by accepting his superior and vigilant fidelity to his trust as a fair set-off to any reticence of speech or roughness of manner. I was touched by his bearing on Sunday last, when, in obedience to custom, the fine but ostentatious service of the Church of England was celebrated in the forward saloon, Captain Judkins officiating, as is his wont, in the absence of an ordained clergyman. The whole crew, deck-hands and all, and the great majority of the passengers, attended, and the ceremony was a scene that would have inspired an artist: the great ship, all sails set, and under a full head of steam, rushing on to her destination, trampling down the noisy waves in her majestic progress, while the human beings she carried were praising and imploring the protection of the living God! It was easy to see that every heart was stirred. However comforting the sense of security in such a vessel as this, there was not one who did not think of the dear ones at home, and, with a shudder, of the thousands who had started out in as gallant a craft and with a confidence as proud as our own, and who had been lost in these mysterious deeps, many almost in sight of the welcome port, and some even in view of their domestic fields. And as Captain Judkins read the service—the prayers and the close and well-reasoned sermon printed for precisely such occasions—the

effect was almost startling. The services closed with the Old Hundred, sung by the whole congregation. As these mingled voices sounded over the rush of the steamer and the roar of the waters, they were at once a thanksgiving and an appeal to God

We have many interesting people on board ; among them more than twenty Philadelphians. Nearly every profession is represented, the Stage only less numerous than Commerce. No incident has marred the voyage. We have not seen an iceberg, and only one or two solitary vessels. A more congenial company never sailed from the New World to the Old, and when we separate, the regret at parting will be increased by the recollection that our intercourse might have been profitably prolonged. Of course, George Peabody is the central figure of our circle. As I studied the venerable philanthropist yesterday, as he lay dozing on one of the sofas in the forward saloon, I confessed I had never seen a nobler or more imposing figure. Never has human face spoken more humane emotions. The good man's soul seems to shine out of every feature and lineament. His fine head, rivalling the best of the old aristocracy, and blending the ideals of benevolence and integrity, his tranquil and pleasing countenance, and his silver hair, crown a lofty form of unusual dignity and grace. The work of this one plain American citizen silences hypercriticism and challenges gratitude. He has completed it without leaving an excuse for ridicule or censure. He has given millions to deserving charity, without pretence or partiality. The wealth gathered by more than a generation of honest enterprise and business sagacity, he distributes among the poor of the two nations in which he accumulated it—first liberally providing for his own blood and kindred. If this is not an honorable close of a well-spent life, what is? That the example of George Peabody will awaken imitation in England, I do not know. Unhappily for the British aristocracy they do not respond to

the call of a genial philanthropy, and it may be claimed that none but an American can truly feel for the sufferings of the unfriended poor. Therefore, I am not surprised that before Mr. Peabody left the United States he was satisfied that what he has done for London will be surpassed by two of his opulent friends for the city of New York. It is needless to disclose their names, or to anticipate the details of what will probably be the most munificent contributions to a noble object in American annals. We have only to recollect how much necessity there is for the exercise of an enlarged liberality in the commercial metropolis of our own country, to wish "God speed" to the men who are preparing to alleviate the distress and to enlighten the ignorance of the multitudes, so often the victims of their own passions and the tools of dangerous demagogues. Mr. Peabody leaves the *Scotia* at Queenstown, Ireland, where he will stay for some time to enjoy the salmon-fishing, in company with his old friend, Sir Curtis Lampson, an American, recently made a baronet for his services in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph. As showing the difference between the great landholders of Great Britain and the sturdy farmers of the United States, it deserves to be recorded that for the privilege of catching trout and salmon for six months, Mr. Peabody pays the neat sum of twenty-five hundred dollars in gold to the nobleman who owns the stream in which he intends to angle. These preserves of game and fish are therefore not only a source of pleasure but of large profit to their titled proprietors. Mr. Peabody has offered me letters to his agents in London, which I will not fail to use, for the purpose of personally inspecting the commencement of the great work in that city which will associate his name with all that is noble and generous, as long as the genius of Shakspeare and Milton is remembered and cherished among the sons of men.

May 9, 1867.

We are still bowling along at a safe and easy speed, the air keen and bracing, and the sea almost as level as the Potomac or the Delaware. The upper deck is crowded with passengers enjoying the glorious prospect, and the tables of the long dining-rooms are occupied by those who are writing last words on shipboard to their friends at home. It seems to be understood that we shall reach Queenstown to-night. Some of those who contemplate leaving us at Queenstown are a little nervous at the rumored vigilance of the British officials in the Irish ports in regard to Americans. The Fenian excitement has produced considerable indignation, if not consternation, in Government circles, and travellers by land and water are sometimes roughly overhauled as they enter the disaffected sections of the island. Queenstown happens to be situated in one of the most disturbed of these sections, and more than one American has had to submit to a rigid investigation as he stepped from the deck of a Cunard or Inman steamer upon Irish soil. I do not know that we have any Fenians on the *Scotia*, but a good deal of merriment has been excited by the mischievous report that one of our most esteemed companions (an eloquent and beloved Philadelphian) is to be captured and examined immediately upon his advent in "the Cove of Cork," as Queenstown used to be called before its name was changed to honor Victoria when she visited Ireland in 1849. But as Captain Judkins and Mr. Peabody have generously proffered to enter bonds for Mr. Dougherty's good behavior, you need not be alarmed for his welfare as he passes through the land of his ancestors.

Among the many interesting persons on the *Scotia* is a gentleman who spent several years in Norway as an agent of the Government during the war. I have been much edified by his conversation, and at my request he has written an account of his experience, which is subjoined. The

overthrow of the rebellion having rendered it unnecessary to continue such persons in the foreign service, he was recalled by Mr. Seward, and returned to his home in Maine; but he was so impressed by his sojourn at Stockholm, that he is now returning, with his aged father, to visit the scenes in which he collected so much valuable information. The student of character can find many such young Americans as Mr. Thomas in his foreign travels—keen observers and practical thinkers. They are always comparing other nations with their own, and applying their information for the benefit of their Government, and, as in the case under notice, do infinite good. The Secretary of State deserves credit for selecting such citizens as young Thomas to spread American statistics among foreign nations. No statesmanship is so useful, and none so soon to be speedily and generously rewarded. Among our company is General Bartlett, the new American minister to Stockholm, on his way to enter upon his duties; and I notice that he has been much interested by the intelligent and manly bearing of Mr. Thomas.

Among other institutions we have a regular post-office on board the *Scotia*, and the presiding divinity of that bureau is calling for the letters of all who wish to write home by the early mail. To-night we shall be in Queens-town; to-morrow in Liverpool.

The following is the letter alluded to:

STEAMER "SCOTIA," May 8, 1857.

MY DEAR COLONEL: At your request I will throw together in a rambling way, the pith of our talk, the other eve, on Norway, begging you to remember that the iron band of a sea-headache is still screwed tightly down around my forehead.

NORWAY.

Imagine a huge table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the

home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper—nine-tenths of the Norway that is shown on the map.

But the rock is not whole; it is cracked apart here and there, and the fissures show like slender veins over the country. The sides of these ravines are steep as the cleft left by an axe, and their depths are always filled with a foaming brook or river tumbling along from the drenched table-land above the sea. I have looked up from the bottom of one of these valleys, and seen the perpendicular rock rise 5,000 feet on either side, and heaven show like a strip of blue ribbon. Wherever in these dales there lies a bit of earth 'twixt rock and river, there the Norwegian peasant has built his cot; and it is on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway is situated, and here live its 1,200,000 people. The land just around his door gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley, and oats: his cattle climb the steeps above for every stray blade; for the rest he depends upon the sea and river. Were it not for the excellent fisheries along this northern shore, Norway would be uninhabitable.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

One night in July, 1865, Hon. J. H. Campbell, late Minister at Stockholm, two Messrs. Buckley, of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern fjord in lat. 69 deg. N. We ascended a cliff which rose bold about 1,000 feet above the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic Ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fjord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

THE NORWEGIANS,

I have said, rely much on their fisheries. In the extreme north, they depend on them altogether. Long before you reach Hammerfest, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, even the fir, spruce, and pine cease—nothing stands the cold but a stunted birch, the size of a currant bush. The dwellers here are too poor to import food—they must live on the fish they catch. They are too poor to buy salt, and depend upon the sun to dry their fish for them. The summer may be foggy—then the fish rot instead of dry—and the unfortunate Northmen must live all winter on “rotten fish.” This is no exaggeration, and the result is there are 900 lepers, whose flesh is rotting, whose limbs are dropping off, one after the other, in the hospital at Bergen. This leprosy exists in no other country in Europe, and is directly caused by this putrid diet. Even in the south the life of the Norwegian is, from birth to death, a hand-to-hand fight with Nature. The boughs of the birch are regularly cut and dried as winter fodder for sheep, and in hard seasons straw and the inner bark of trees must be ground up to help out the oatmeal which makes the Norseman's bread.

IMMIGRATION.

A stout, tall, hardy race are the Norwegians. No people in the world are more honest, industrious, and frugal. America needs men. She can procure no better than these descendants of the Vikings. We have some already. How can we get more? During a three-years official residence in Sweden and Norway, I scattered broadcast “information which would tend towards immigration,” as it is styled in the “red tape” vocabulary, and I know that all Scandinavia is now well aware of the laborer's superior condition in America, of the homestead bill, &c., &c. Tens of thousands (I state the number after reflection, and am far within bounds) of the young giants of this country are ready and anxious to spread over our prairies, fill our Western mountain slopes, and help to pay our taxes. What hinders them? Simply this: In their fight with nature at home, they can never get so far ahead as to be able to pay their passage to America. If Government or any company could offer them a *free* passage to the United States, I would guarantee to fill every ship sent, till all Scandinavia was *depopulated*.

Plans for free immigration are not so Utopian as might seem.

I have given the subject years of attention, and there are two plans I think well of:

First. Let the passage-money be advanced, and let the immigrant pay for his passage by his labor, after he arrives in America. For carrying out this project, a moneyed company must be formed. Skilled agents must be sent to Norway, and each immigrant should sign and swear to a written contract, before a priest or notary public of his country, to serve for some stated time in America. The Norwegian is so truthful, and his veneration for a written contract or an oath so great, that I think there would be very little danger of his breaking any such agreement.

The second plan is as follows: The Swedish city Gothenburg lies half a day's sail to the south of Norway. Gothenburg exports about 15,000 tons of iron a year to New York and Boston. This iron pays from \$7 to \$10 per ton freight, and any vessel can carry more than her registered tonnage, so that any one can readily figure up the receipts of the voyage.

Now, it is evident that a *cargo of iron*, though of great weight, requires very little space, and that a *cargo of immigrants*, though requiring much space, is of very little comparative weight. Now, my plan is simply to combine these two cargoes. Facts have proved that a vessel can take a *full cargo of iron and of emigrants at the same time*, and also that the iron, besides *servicing to ballast the emigrant ship*, will very nearly, if not quite, pay the expenses of the voyage.

This plan was fully developed by me in despatches to Mr Seward, in 1863 and 1864. Mr. Seward, who, to his honor be it said, has ever been the constant and zealous friend of Scandinavian immigration, sent my despatches to the Chamber of Commerce of New York, and they are printed in the annual report of that chamber for 1864.

By my plan it will be seen that thousands of Northmen can be given a free passage to America every year. Our country will be the richer for their labor, and no one will be the loser thereby.

Now, it is of very little consequence whether my plan for immigration, or any other particular plan, is adopted. But I hold that it is of consequence to every American that, in some way or other, these stalwart, honest sons of the North should be removed from their prison of rock and ice, and help to develop our own great country.

My dear Colonel, will not some of your moneyed friends and readers put this great project into practical working form?

With great respect, your humble servant,

WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR.,

Late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden.



II.—FIRST DAY AT LIVERPOOL.

MR. PEABODY'S FAREWELL AT QUEENSTOWN—AMERICAN RESOLUTIONS PRESENTED TO HIM—RUNNING UP THE IRISH SEA—ENTERING THE MERSEY—SOLIDITY THE CHARACTER OF LIVERPOOL—ST. JOHN'S MARKET ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, *May 13, 1867.*

MR. PEABODY and over sixty of the passengers of the *Scotia* took leave of us about midnight of Friday, in an open tug, and in the midst of a smart shower, which, before they reached the shore, increased to a heavy storm of rain. As I looked down from the upper deck upon our departing friends, I could not help contrasting the miserable accommodations of the Cunard Company, on the sailing and arrival of their steamers, with the splendid ferry-boats that ply between Philadelphia and Camden, and New York and Jersey City. And what was true of Queenstown we realized at Liverpool, when we got here on the Saturday following. Had the weather been as bad here as it was there, we should have reached our hotel drenched to the skin. On the day he bade us farewell, a characteristic incident took place between Mr. Peabody and the committee appointed by the Americans on board, when they tendered him their resolutions of grateful respect for his many friendly acts of benevolence. One of the resolutions referred to the fact that whereas Smithson and Girard had bequeathed

their benefactions to the care of posterity, Mr. Peabody had enhanced the value of his example by courageously becoming his own executor, and by giving his personal care to the execution of his splendid trust. When this resolution was read to him, he asked that it might be read a second time; after which, with a winning courtesy I shall not soon forget, he said that he would be greatly obliged if the whole passage could be stricken out of the proceedings. "Whatever may be said of me," he added, "and however just your abstract view may be, yet even the shadow of a contrast that might be construed into a criticism upon these two illustrious men should be carefully avoided. They did their best, and they did nobly; and if they had thought of it, would probably have taken exactly my course." The suggestion was instantly complied with.

A lovelier day than that which introduced the most of us to our first personal experience of the Old World, never relieved the anxiety and dispelled the *ennui* of a voyage by sea. The British Channel, with the Irish coast in the distance, rapidly succeeded by that of Wales, and finally by that of England, presented a panorama of singular and surpassing beauty. The desolation of the ocean, over which we had steamed for many hours and days, without a sign of outside humanity, was followed, first gradually and then swiftly, by the appearance of water-craft of all descriptions, from the Cunard and Inman steamers, outward-bound to the land we have left behind us, to the huge Chinaman, or Australian, or cotton ship, towed into Liverpool by the small steamers belonging to the port, and at last to the welcome pilot-boat and the numberless skiffs and river-shallops common to every large commercial town, and especially so to this, the most important in the world. Crowded on the upper deck were the passengers, eagerly enjoying the scene. As point after point came into view, and were described to the strangers by those who had seen them before, the excitement increased. The

lovely watering-places of the Lancashire coast, the lighthouses on their solitary rocks, and, at last, Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool itself, were disclosed like the separate pictures of a great diorama, and were received "with rounds of applause." But nothing was so refreshing as the green and carefully-cultivated fields. Down to the water's edge was spread the emerald carpet of a luxuriant May. With our glasses we could see the little villages, the steamers plying between the various inlets, even the bridges thrown across some of the streams, and the hedges which divided the elevated plantations, looking like dark ribbons sewed upon the living and almost sparkling undergrowth of green. As we steamed closer in, that which looked so attractive at a distance grew even more beautiful on a nearer inspection. The villas of the gentry at New Brighton, one of the suburbs of Liverpool, gave me the first realization of the residences of the English millionaires. Every thing bore the mark of opulence, taste, and skill.

Liverpool itself (which is called a *town*, because only the present or past seat of a Bishopric is a *city* in England) was a great and a gratifying surprise to me, and I have studied it with much interest. *Solidity* is written everywhere; every thing seems built to last, from the immense docks themselves down to the burly frames of the men and the large feet of the women. Landing at the quay, after a tedious delay in the Mersey, while the custom-house officers were examining the baggage, I was very much edified at the curious sights and manners around me. The first was the absence of greenbacks and small paper currency, and the substitution, in counting money, of pounds, crowns, shillings, and pence, for dollars, half-dollars, quarters, ten, and five-cent pieces. Some very amusing mistakes were the result. It is a habit you so soon fall into, that I am more than ever anxious for the return of specie payments in the United States.

Reaching the Washington, in Liverpool, a pleasant but somewhat expensive hotel, I was startled to find the book-keeper and registrar a woman; and I noticed that women performed many of the offices that are monopolized by men in our country. In most the hotels they act as clerks. On the subject of cabs and "hansoms" I shall have something to say hereafter; but I cannot now forbear a note upon the extraordinary difference between this mode of transportation and that in the United States. You can ride miles for a shilling, (about twenty-five cents;) and on Sunday three of us, Mr. Caldwell, of Philadelphia, Mr. Prescott Smith, of Maryland, and myself, rode about the town and environs for three hours and a half for about two dollars of our currency. In Philadelphia that excursion would have cost at least five, and, probably ten dollars. But the most curious of all the sights was St. John's market in Liverpool, on Saturday night; it was on Saturday, you will remember, that we landed. There is no better way to understand a people and a country, than to attend places in which they buy and sell the necessaries of life—generally the product of their own labor and soil. Although the surging mass in which I was tossed about spoke my own language, it was very difficult to realize it in the jargon that filled my ears, a *patois* in which the broad English and the broader Scotch, and the rapid Irish, were strangely commingled. The stalls literally overflowed with vegetables and meats of every description, and it was not difficult to understand English fruitfulness from these substantial proofs. Strange fish, called after strange names, were mingled with the finest salmon I ever saw, and the mutton and beef only needed the experiment upon them at my hotel to establish that they were worthy of their fame. About midnight the market closed, the great throng retiring in order, but amid shouts of laughter, before the command of the uniformed and ubiquitous police. Once more in the streets, I found a new feature of foreign life.

Bands of music were playing to delighted crowds; itinerant orators were talking incomprehensible politics to absorbed listeners; soldiers were countermarching; and gin-shops in a blaze of light! These were novel scenes to me, and when I retired for the rest I needed so much, you need not wonder if my sleep was visited by many conflicting and illogical visions.



III.—IN LIVERPOOL.

THE DOCKS—SOLID ARCHITECTURE—STONE BUILDINGS—
CLEANLINESS OF STREETS AND ROADS—FORMER ANTI-UNION
PREJUDICE IN ENGLAND—DEFEAT OF THE REBELLION RE-
ACTS ON THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

LIVERPOOL, *May 14, 1867.*

I am not sorry that I acted upon the advice of a friend, and, instead of hurrying on to the splendors of London, remained to study the substantial of Liverpool. As the largest seaport in the world, a visit to its noble docks would alone repay a longer detention. These massive improvements were necessitated by the extraordinary rise and fall of the tides. At Philadelphia the difference between high and low water is about five feet; but at Liverpool and London, the water, which sometimes comes within two feet of the wharves, regularly falls every twenty-four hours at least twenty-six feet, thus rendering it impossible to unload those mighty vessels, or, indeed, any vessels which may ride in at high tide. To attract and accommodate the commerce of the world these splendid works were conceived. They are built in water, and the walls, taking up a large part of the front of the Mersey, upon which Liverpool stands, enclose the river at high tide. When

their gates are shut down they hold the vessels that have got inside at high-water mark, even when the tide has fallen to its lowest ebb. Upon the ground thus recovered from the water for the walls of these tremendous docks, stand rows and rows of immense warehouses. As we steamed along the Mersey, Liverpool looked a good deal like Philadelphia, on the Delaware; but the shipping in the docks seemed to lie anchored almost in the heart of the city, just as if you could see a mighty forest of masts from the Camden side of the Delaware, extending from the Navy Yard on the south to Richmond on the north. There are ten miles of these docks—seven miles on the Liverpool and three on the Birkenhead side of the Mersey. They cost more than one hundred millions of dollars. They are built as if they were intended to endure as long as the Pyramids. From this statement you can form some idea of the magnitude of the commerce of this great port. It must not be forgotten that while such accommodations are wholly needless at our American ports, London and Liverpool would be nowhere as commercial capitals without them. As I have said, every thing is *solid* about Liverpool. The great docks, warehouses, counting-houses, public buildings, and even the private houses, have a sort of monumental air. Even the streets, clean and strong, as if they had been laid by the same masons that built these stately piles, are composed of the same material—a native stone found in many parts of England. Soft and white when it is dug from the earth, it grows hard and dark when it is exposed to the mists of the sea, which hang like clouds over the British isles through the best part of the year, making the atmosphere humid and frequently shutting out the sun from the gaze of men. Among the many things that attract the traveller is the almost universal use to which this stone is applied, especially in modern improvements. You find it in almost every town and village, superseding the old buildings and composing the new. As

the English clay does not seem to make good brick, the value of this material cannot be calculated. The magnificent railway stations are chiefly built of it, and most of the new castles and mansions of the nobility, together with the new public edifices. Although it has a somewhat sombre air, yet, susceptible as it is of being easily cut, shaped, and carved, it is at once ornate and useful. The cleanliness of Liverpool is very remarkable, though, as I have heard, it is surpassed in this, as in all respects, by London. The heavy blocks with which the streets are built render it impossible for dirt to accumulate, and it is said that, however foul the day, the public thoroughfares are always decent. I thought Philadelphia a model of cleanliness till I saw the highways of England in town and country, and I could only hope for the time when all sections of our country may be equally fortunate. The roads seem to be swept of every obstacle and impurity, and when you leave the city the same care is apparent, even in a greater degree. Fancy an empire threaded, crossed, and connected by roads and lanes as smooth and beautiful as the race-course at Point Breeze! Yet this is a simple truth.

Liverpool was the centre of the organization of the blockade-runners during the rebellion. I saw the ship-yards of the Lairds, at Birkenhead, opposite the city, where some of these corsairs were built; and I have seen much to indicate that the feeling against our country was intense among the commercial and manufacturing princes. Their sympathy with Slavery was a matter of business as well as of sentiment, and they gave enormously to the cause of our enemies. As I looked upon their lordly mansions and enduring warehouses, I could not forget the philippic of George Frederick Cooke, the eccentric British actor, nearly fifty years ago, "that the stones of their boasted edifice of trade were cemented by the blood of American slaves." But this is past, and it should be our study to forget it. A happy and healthy change has taken place, and all over

England the classes who were eager to plan and pray for our downfall are anxious to cultivate our friendship. Yet, as we recognize a fact so valuable, we must not forget that in these dark hours the Union cause was fortunate in the support of many pious men and women in Liverpool and the adjacent country. They never yielded to selfish motives or to revenge. Mr. Dudley, the American consul here, whose steadfast courage and patient confidence were of so much service in this fierce trial, gladly acknowledges the help he received from these good people. The revolution produced by the defeat of the American rebellion, gratifying as it is to the statesmen who never doubted the result, will not end with the removal of the unjust prejudices of our foes. It will march onward to a glorious reform. Every hour strengthens this conviction. There is undisguised exultation among the Tories at what they call the defeat of the Liberals in the House of Commons on the 9th of May, on the question of suffrage, though nobody doubts that a very large gain was secured, even in the unsatisfactory bill which is shortly expected to pass. But it is easy to see that the success of the Union arms in America, and the triumph of colored suffrage in the South, are working magically upon the English people. No weapon, at once so peaceful and so resistless, has ever been placed in the hands of conscientious statesmen, as this providential example; and if Gladstone and Bright use it with reasonable skill, the centennial anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence, the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, will see almost universal suffrage in all the British dominions.



IV.—RAILWAYISM AND FACTORIES.

THE BRITISH RAILROAD SYSTEM—FINE ROADS AND GOOD MANAGEMENT—THE “LEFT BAGGAGE” ROOM—NO BAGGAGE CHECKS—PARK-LIKE COUNTRY—ASCENDANCY OF THE OLIGARCHY—SIR F. CROSSLEY’S MAMMOTH FACTORY AT HALIFAX—WORKING OF THE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM—PERFECTION OF MACHINERY—A DAY WELL SPENT.

HALIFAX, *May 14, 1867.*

The first experience of an American on a British railroad is an event, and mine was not exceptional. Let me specify the advantages of the English system over ours. You cannot buy a ticket on the cars. The office is opened exactly fifteen minutes before the hour of starting, when you appear and are “booked” for your destination. All these offices are called “booking” offices, and have continued from the old days of post-roads and post-coaches. You take your seat in a section running crosswise instead of lengthwise, as with us, and holding four on each side. You enter your section from the side, as on the Camden and Amboy lines. Just before starting, the guard, in uniform (answering to the American conductor), examines your ticket, shuts the door, and locks you in. Very cosy, indeed, are these exclusive little snuggeries, especially if, as in our case, you and your companions are the sole occupants. You will see at a glance the immense advantage to travellers and stockholders of a system that insures honesty in the subordinates by forcing the passengers to buy at the stations, and that prevents the overcrowding, and too often the rudeness, so common on American roads. At every station, when the train stops, the doors are opened, and you may pass out if you please, and on the

long lines you are allowed time enough to take refreshments, which, thus far, are really superior, and by no means as bad as depicted by Mr. Dickens in his late novel. Better tea, sweeter bread and butter, and finer mutton I have never enjoyed. The same strength and durability that impressed me so at Liverpool characterize these roads and rolling stock, and you glide on with so little motion that, at least on one of the lines (the Northwestern), I could easily have written an "occasional" letter, if I had not been better engaged. The pleasure of reading and of reflection, so often impossible with us either from the jolting of the cars or the volubility of some inquisitive friends, is a chief delight with the intelligent traveller in Europe. But better than every thing else (and here we may copy without loss of dignity) is the admirable order that guides and governs every thing in connection with the British railroads. Politeness on the part of the officials to the travellers is universal. There is no noise, no confusion, and no wrangling; and when I state that I have not heard an oath from a railroad agent or a cab-driver since I have been here, I say what I regret I cannot say of all the railroad subordinates in my own country. The safety and the comfort of the travellers seem to be the first consideration. Remembering how often I have seen a poor fellow snubbed and mortified by a rude conductor or clerk, on a car or at a hotel, when he ventured to ask a harmless question, I wished at least one British institution transplanted to the United States. It is almost impossible to lose any thing, and the English are the most forgetful of people, and are for ever leaving something on their seats or in their hotel rooms. A missing article is at once deposited in what they call "the left baggage-room," which is found in all their spacious station-houses. Here you can intrust any parcel with perfect confidence if you have any business at any of the towns on these great lines, and do not care to incur the expense of their costly hotels, receiving it, on call,

by payment of three pence, equivalent to six American cents. When I tell you that it is estimated that fifty thousand commercial travellers, composed of men of all nations, and representing the great trading-houses of the world, are continually "on the rail" in Great Britain, the usefulness of such a convenience may be appreciated, and especially in the United States, where the whole people can afford to enjoy this pleasant way of locomotion. And as you contrast the miserably low wages paid for all these services by the companies themselves, with the salaries received by the men engaged on our great lines of travel, even allowing for the difference between the cost of living in both countries, I am not without hope that the day of our own improvement in these important essentials may not be long delayed.

Is there nothing to censure in the management of these roads? you will ask. My answer is that of every American. They should imitate our admirable system of checking baggage. They refuse to become responsible after that system, and the result is vexatious delay at your destination, unless you take the precaution of sending your trunk by express direct to your hotel. Some very grave objections are urged against locking the doors of the cars, and the impossibility of appealing to the guard during the progress of the train. Respectable females generally refuse to travel alone in the English cars, and Müller's horrible murder of an inoffensive passenger a few years ago, on one of the long lines, shows that it is easy to commit the worst crimes under the present arrangement.

Our ride from Liverpool to this remarkable English town was over seventy miles long, and every part of the country on either side was cultivated like a garden. My visit to the exquisite little Princess Park, near Liverpool, convinced me of the rare perfection attained in the arrangement of public and private grounds by the landscape architects of Great Britain, and prepared me for some fine displays.

Sir Joseph Paxton has covered these isles with the trophies of his genius, and there is hardly a large estate that does not contain some evidence of his skill and taste. But I was not ready to see a whole country-side converted into a panorama as lovely as Franklin or Rittenhouse Squares, or as attractive as the Capitol grounds at Washington, when all these are dressed in the robes of May and June. Yet precisely such an experience was mine this morning, as I looked in delighted surprise from the window of the car, borne along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. As far as the eye could see it was the same alternation of green fields, divided by dark hedges, white roads, as smooth and as clean as the walks at Laurel Hill, and an endless variety of flowers, from which the sweetest odors poured into our windows. The work of cultivation was carried to the verge of the railway, and the sides of the excavations were clothed with the same thick, yet closely-shaven verdure, down not only to the iron track, but frequently the bed or sides of the track were planted with early summer roses. Not a living object interrupted or threatened our progress. The severe taste that presided over all things else, and seemed to keep nature itself in the garb of a perpetual holiday, had made accidents almost impossible. I noticed that the main line crossed few of the country roads on the same level. They were either bridged to allow it to pass beneath, or avoided altogether, save in a very few cases, where gates were established, guarded by men in the inevitable uniform. And what I have already witnessed is but one picture of a thousand like it in this opulent country.

The only sad part of the experience was that all this wealth of nature, made yet richer and grander by the art of man, was for the few, and not for the many; for a class, and not, as in my own great country, for all. The absence of human beings from these fertile and shining acres proved the presence of the government of the aristocracy. The products of these fields, the perfume of these flowers, the

fruits of these trees, were reserved to swell the revenues or to gratify the appetites of a small number of able and fortunate men—men trained in the craft of ruling others, and powerful only in the inheritance of ancestral wealth and pride. Thousands of these splendid acres are owned by one man, and are held for his own use or for his own emolument, and farmed out, at long intervals and high rents, to those who are expected to serve their landlord as faithfully as if he owned them too. The people of England are not seen in the country, but in the towns, and there, in too many cases, while still ministering to the wealth of the few, they are compelled to live in hives, to huddle in small houses, built into clusters and packed into spaces so close that you would not dream, if you did not know better, that land was so plenty outside of these human swarms as to be held by millions of roods by single individuals, whose chief care seems to be how to get rid of their money without helping others.

I am writing this letter from the manufacturing town of Halifax, in Yorkshire, where, in company with our much-esteemed fellow-citizen, James F. Orne, Esq, I have gathered much valuable information, and enjoyed a peculiar gratification in visiting the celebrated carpet manufactories. One of my first objects was to see a mammoth establishment, owned chiefly by a Liberal member of Parliament and his family, famed throughout the world, and conducted on the co-operative principle, under which the "work-people," as they call them, can purchase a direct interest in a most profitable concern out of the proceeds of their own labor. In this era of "strikes," it was very significant to watch the progress of a movement, which, if generally acted upon in this country, will remove many of the just causes of complaint by the toiling classes. In conversation with Sir Francis Crossley himself, one of the owners, and member of Parliament for Halifax, I found that he was highly pleased with the result of this benevo-

lent experiment. More than a thousand of his workmen have taken advantage of his offer and become interested in the business. Considering the enormous profits of most of the British manufacturers, it is unfortunate that there are so few Sir Francis Crossleys; but I do not doubt, if perfect success attend his trial, many will be glad to do likewise. The chasm between labor and capital on these isles is so deep and bitter, that he is the truest philanthropist who labors to close the break, and to bring the classes now growing more and more hostile into kind relations.

We can form little idea in the United States of the extent of some of these manufactories. That of Sir Francis Crossley, at this place, would alone repay a trip across the Atlantic, especially to one who desired to see the English masses in their best condition. These great works comprise a large number of patent looms for the weaving of tapestry, velvet, and Brussels carpets; also, table-covers and hearth-rugs—hand-looms for weaving Scotch carpets, and machinery for preparing and spinning worsted, woolen, linen, and cotton, which are carded, combed, spun, dyed, and printed on the premises. It is the largest manufactory of the kind in the world, comprising eighteen and a half acres of flooring, using two thousand horse-power in its steam-machinery, and giving employment to over four thousand men, women, and children. I saw this mass of human beings dismissed for and returning from their noon-day meal—a sight I shall never forget. They seemed unusually contented and healthy. Afterwards, in company with Mr. Orne and the son of the baronet, I had an opportunity of seeing them at their labors. Taking the cotton and wool, almost as they came from the growers' hands, from the early cleaning to the first dyeing, we followed them through their various processes until we stood in the department where the finished fabrics are stored which have attained universal celebrity, and are used in all parts of the civilized world. The various inventions which have

brought this class of manufactures so near perfection, from that now two centuries old to the great discovery of one of our own countrymen, here exhibit their amazing capacities. To see mere machines performing the work of human beings, sorting delicate threads, producing the most beautiful colors, and combining these threads and colors into pictures and figures rivalling the genius of the individual artist, was an experience that awakened many reflections. It was another proof of the immortality of the soul, for, if the Creator had destined man to perish with the beasts, he would never have endowed him with these God-like faculties. The buildings in which these immense operations are carried on are proportionately gigantic. As I have stated, they cover acres, and the manner of their construction is alike substantial and ornate. Some of these buildings are nine stories high; and as you stand on one of these "floors," and cast your eye along the forest of looms, and watch the persons engaged on them, you seem to be in the busy street of some curious old city.

The town of Halifax is as unlike any American town as possible. It is a miniature metropolis, built of the inevitable stone of the country, with long rows of elegant stores, comfortable dwellings for the poor, a lordly town-hall, a fine hotel, churches, and other public buildings. Everywhere you mark the evidences of the wise generosity of the Crossleys. The park, almost as neat and beautiful as that at Liverpool, was a gift of Sir Francis to the people. The funds of his family contributed chiefly to the beautiful town-hall, and their liberality has founded what is styled an "Orphanage" for the education of the fatherless children of the better and more emulous of their workmen. The whole air of the place, with its clean stone-laid streets and the broad and level roads in the environs, its well-dressed population, and the lovely valley in which it was located, was strange and pleasing to me. Although subsequent examination has painfully convinced me that

the laboring classes of England are not, in many instances, so generously befriended as they are at Halifax, and that they fall horribly short in the great essentials of education (a sad proof of the inequality of the oligarchical system which wields the government equally in contempt of the Crown and the people), I shall always look back to my visit of the 14th of May with sincere satisfaction.



V.—IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY—HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND THEIR HISTORICAL VICINITY—WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND HALL—THE COMMONS' CHAMBER—ITS INCONVENIENCE—THE SPEAKER'S PERUKE—MINISTERIAL AND OPPOSITION BENCHES—DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE—CONVERSATIONAL TONE OF PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY—DEBATE ON THE REFORM BILL—POPULAR VICTORY.

LONDON, *May* 18, 1867.

Without halting to express the feelings excited by this great metropolis, and without attempting to describe the numerous objects of interest that greet the stranger on every hand, I think the scene last night in the House of Commons deserves a special letter, even if it must be a hasty one, in order to catch the *Scotia* at Queenstown, where, leaving Liverpool to-day, she will touch to-morrow, on her return trip to America. I was fortunate enough to secure a seat in what is called the Speaker's gallery, and, as I got there early, I had an opportunity to look around me before the opening of the great debate. The Houses of Parliament are inexpressibly imposing and grand, though located on a site which has few natural advantages; but the spot is so rich in precious historical reminiscences that

the British statesmen could have probably deliberated nowhere else with any desire to keep before them the warnings of their own history. Westminster Abbey (which I have yet to see and to study) is immediately opposite, filled with the memories of the mighty men of England. The scene of the execution of Charles the First is in the same direct vicinity, and the approach to the House of Commons is through the magnificent Westminster Hall, in which Strafford and other great English worthies were tried, and where Warren Hastings was prosecuted and defended with such matchless eloquence.

It is a sad disappointment, after you have stood almost awe-struck before these splendid monuments of history, to enter into the meagre room set apart for the House of Commons. It is not much larger than the main hall of a medium church in America, say about the size of that of Dr. Barnes, corner of Locust street and Seventh, or that of Dr. Sunderland, in Washington. In this narrow space over six hundred members cannot be assembled without the greatest inconvenience; and last night, though not so many as four hundred were believed to be present, the pressure was uncomfortable. The seats on which they sit rise on both sides from the floor, after the manner of our old-fashioned meeting-houses, with the Speaker's chair under a wooden canopy at one end, and the main entrance at the other. The Speaker, the Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison, wore a huge white wig, resembling that which is part of the full court-costume of an English Judge or a Queen's Counsel, which concealed his features, and his voice was so low that when he stated a question I wondered who heard him. Before him were two persons, also in barrister's wigs, who seemed to be taking notes, probably the assistant secretaries. Below them was a writing-table, about the size of the tables seen in the private office of a banker or merchant. On the right of the Speaker sat the Ministry, headed by Mr. Disraeli, and on the left the Op-

position leaders, headed by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli has a very distinguished face, but looked care-worn. He has the bearing and the figure of Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, and Mr. Gladstone is not unlike Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, though not so large a man. The members came in slowly till the benches were filled, in many cases crowded. They had no place to put their hats, so they generally kept them on, after having saluted the Speaker on entering. In this curious way they do business. If they write, it must be on their hats, or by holding their note-books before them; if they speak, it must be in the midst of the feet of their neighbors. The seats of the two divisions are so near to each other that a whisper can almost be heard by those opposite. A strip of carpet, not more than six yards wide, separates the antagonists. As care has been taken to keep out the people by limiting the accommodations in the gallery to one hundred and fifty, there is no necessity for loud talking in the Chamber itself, and, of course, little chance for oratory, and much less for declamation. Hence the habit of colloquial discussions—hence the “trick” of sneering at what is called eloquence. Mr. Disraeli’s manner and voice were very much like the voice and manner of a gentleman standing before his office-fire, with his hands behind his back, talking business to a client or gossip with a friend, and Mr. Gladstone was equally unconstrained. Both these men talked like scholars and thinkers, and it was not difficult to note that their model, if they had any, was that of all their associates.

But I did not sit down to draw pen-portraits, but simply to call attention to the fact that the debate, which lasted from 7½ P. M. till 1 A. M., presaged a signal Liberal triumph, or else a signal Tory defeat. I will not confuse you by entering into details. Suffice it to say that, if the indications of last evening are not wholly fallacious, and the expectations and predictions of friends and foes wholly

disappointed, the right to vote, heretofore confined to a comparative few, will be extended to many thousands. The elective franchise is now enjoyed by about one in seven in this country; should the proposition that promises to prevail, from last night's signs, become the law, that franchise will be enjoyed by one out of three or four. This is an immense advance, and the bare statement of it proves more than a volume of argument. The morning papers all regard it as a settlement of what threatened to become a dangerous agitation. The plan of agreement came from a Liberal, and was accepted by the Liberal leader, Gladstone, and then by the Tory leader, Disraeli. The excitement was very considerable, but the joy of the Liberals was unbounded. The Tory members see that their leader, Disraeli, has not forgotten his early democratic opinions, and many of them do not hesitate to say he has betrayed them. He has only saved them. Had he not yielded, public clamor would have demanded and obtained still greater concessions. He simply anticipated fate, and strengthened the Government by obeying the people. The victory is very great, and will produce some extraordinary results. Mr Bright was not in the House last night, having left yesterday on a visit to his family at Rochdale, but the measure is known to receive his approval.



VI.—REFORM AND REVOLUTION.

LIBERAL TRIUMPHS IN PARLIAMENT—EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE—OVERTHROW OF THE CLOSE BOROUGH SYSTEM—INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN EXAMPLE—DISRAELI LEADS THE NEW REVOLUTION—HIS RETURN TO LIBERAL PRINCIPLES.

LONDON, *May* 21, 1867.

The American in Europe soon discovers the change in the sentiments of the people, individual and collective, official and unofficial, in regard to his own country. He is saved the trouble of tracing the cause of this change by the frank admissions of the leaders and organs of general opinion. As a member of Parliament, evidently of the Tory persuasion, though he did not say so, declared to me a few days ago in a railway car, "Your great triumph over the rebellion, and your subsequent treatment of the authors of that 'mistake,' including what seems to be the inevitable success of the plan of reconstruction, prove you to be a wonderful race." Remembering how a loyal American was treated in this country during the war, and how boldly the rebel agents plotted in the chief European centres, with the full consent of most of the Great Powers, the marvellous difference between the hour of trial and the hour of triumph deserves to be permanently recorded. And I do so with no purpose of reviving what, however entitled to remembrance, need not be made the theme of profitless exultation. That the interests of the masses of England and America are necessarily identical, is a fact that has only been re-established and strengthened by the overthrow of the slaveholders' conspiracy and the extraordinary resulting moral revolution. The past two weeks have been full of signs confirming this statement. I called attention

in my last letter to the tremendous concession of the present Tory or conservative administration, headed by Mr. Disraeli, in regard to suffrage. Since that date the Government has so faithfully fulfilled its promises as to have extorted from the Liberal organs fervent commendation, and from the Tory chiefs equally bitter maledictions. The *Star*, Mr. Bright's organ, candidly confesses that nothing could have been more unexpected and graceful; while the *Times*, heretofore the mouth-piece of the ministry, directs attention to, and in the main endorses, the terrible philippic of Mr. Lowe, a Tory leader in the House of Commons, on Monday evening, against what that gentleman denounces as a complete surrender of the ministry to the American party in Parliament. Mr. Lowe's speech was an effort of much force, and was doubtless a true reflection of the aristocratic protest against the course of the ministry. It produced no impression upon Mr. Disraeli, and very little on the house, the Liberals going for the new plan in a body, and the great majority of the Government party following their captain. Now, although under the present system of districting the kingdom for members of Parliament it will be almost impossible to elect a Radical or Liberal majority, the increase in the number of voters must be so considerable that it will be impossible always to maintain a system so unjust and unnatural; for how can enlightened statesmen excuse themselves by retaining a law which enables a district with ten thousand of a population to elect as many members as a district with a population of fifty thousand—especially after having assisted to frame and carry a statute going very nearly to universal suffrage? This odious discrimination was established and is still kept up solely to preserve the balance of power in the hands of the aristocracy—to enable the mighty landowners, the nobility, to counteract and check the democratic tendencies of the denser populations in such centres of commerce and manufactures as London, Liver-

pool, Birmingham, and Manchester. Thus, one man, who holds a vast body of acres, and is a sort of territorial sovereign, not only sits himself in the House of Lords, but elects his son or kinsman to the House of Commons. "The gentry," so called, have therefore an abiding interest in opposing so large an addition to the list of voters as is pledged in the proposal accepted by Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Lowe truly and prophetically tells them, this addition once secured, the overthrow of the "rotten borough" oppression will inevitably follow.

It is very gratifying to an American to watch the progress of the struggle. Both sides use our example to illustrate their positions. No other nation is summoned as a witness. Mr. Lowe points to America to prove that extended voting is simply extended vice and crime, a proposition that is met and refuted by writers and speakers who find themselves acting together for the first time in their lives. When the illustrious Cobden lived, he habitually cited Boston as his ideal of the righteousness of a liberal franchise, and now his compatriot and friend, Bright, points with overwhelming force to the spectacle of four millions of slaves suddenly elevated into citizenship, and fully proving themselves worthy of the precious boon, the ballot. It is unnecessary to speculate upon the sequel. The future will take care of itself. Whether the end sees the overthrow of monarchy or not, it will assuredly witness the victory of the people. My own judgment is, that Mr. Disraeli is a better philosopher than Mr. Lowe, and that he is proving himself a firmer friend of the Crown by these wise and generous concessions to the people. The English are singularly loyal to their sovereign, and proud of their renown as a nation. They are governed more by their religious, political, and literary traditions than almost any other race, excepting always the Americans. It will be some generations before they decide upon the experiment of a republic, unless, indeed, they are hurried

into another revolution by the blindness and vices of their rulers. Such is, I believe, the opinion of all the Liberal leaders. But the English race have a very different feeling for the gentry or aristocracy, and this is intensified by the recollection that many of these were called into being for very doubtful services, not a few of them having no other claim than that they were the illegitimate offspring of the great houses that came after the Restoration. However natural it may be for these men to struggle for the continued enjoyment of their territorial advantages, their stubborn and haughty opposition to the extension of suffrage, and their tenacious hold upon the control of Parliament by means of the "rotten borough" system, is calculated to awaken the bitterest animosities.

That Mr. Disraeli should be the leader of this new revolution ought to surprise nobody in England; and nothing has induced his party to follow him so implicitly but the belief that the monarchy can only be perpetuated by trusting the people, and that the landed aristocracy or the new-fangled oligarchy are gradually becoming the government and rapidly absorbing the Crown. As I watched him last evening pressing on the great reform which is to deepen and broaden the basis of popular liberty in Great Britain, I did not see the Tory leader, but the author of "Coningsby," the memorable argument against the very evils which the present reform is sure at last to cure. It is more than twenty years since, as a Democratic editor, I read and reviewed that remarkable novel; and he who will turn to the *Washington Union*, when that paper was under the control of the veteran Thomas Ritchie, will there find one of its broad pages given up to extracts from "Coningsby," the most exhaustive and fascinating protest against the danger of allowing vast bodies of land to remain in the hands of an arrogant and idle and too often ignorant class, while millions of human beings were allowed to live in want and vice all around them. I re-

member the excitement created by this wonderful work in both countries. Time has more than fulfilled the prophecies of the gifted young radical. It is a little curious that my first personal knowledge of England's greatest living conservative statesman is to see him leading the Tory party over to his own original doctrines. Not less gratifying is the reflection that the great lesson is taught to mankind in the light of the marvellous triumph of liberty over slavery in my own country, and that the views I expressed of Mr. Disraeli while I was the editor of a pro-slavery Democratic paper, more than twenty years ago, are made good while I am co-operating with the only true democracy in the world—the Republican party of America.



VII.—BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH FREEDOM.

ENGLISH FRIENDS OF THE UNITED STATES—THE WORKING CLASSES SYMPATHISE WITH THE UNION—THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, M. P. FOR ROCHDALE—H. W. BEECHER, JOHN BRIGHT, GOLDWIN SMITH, AND THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS IN LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

LONDON, *May* 22, 1867.

The change of tone in regard to the United States among the English people is especially gratifying to Mr. Bright and his friends. They had a trying time of it during the rebellion, and nothing but their supreme confidence in the right and their long discipline in contending with the aristocracy fortified them against the sneers and falsehoods of the enemies of their principles and ours. It is very interesting to mingle with and

interchange views with these sincere and earnest men. They proudly claim the name of republicans, and insist upon enrolling themselves in the mighty brotherhood that wields the destinies of our happy country. I have never experienced rarer pleasure than in listening to them. How well they understand our parties! It was an agreeable surprise to find my humble name almost familiar to them. Upon one point I was rejoiced to be undeceived. The English working masses everywhere sympathized with us during the rebellion, and although thousands of them were brought to want and beggary by the closing of the great manufactories, owing to the scarcity of cotton, very few could be seduced into sympathy with the slaveholders of America. During part of an evening with Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter, the member from Rochdale, the district represented by the illustrious Cobden, whose successor he is, I heard many instances of the devotion of these toiling multitudes to our own dear country. One man walked fifteen miles, almost without shoes on his feet, to assist in a meeting of congratulation on Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. It was among these men that all the great demonstrations in favor of the American cause originated, and at one of their meetings, over which Mr. Potter presided, they subscribed their pennies to circulate documents so liberally that they could have been measured by the peck.

Mr. Potter was President of the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, and contributed immensely by his efforts of person and purse to the cause of America. Before this progressive association the ablest intellects appeared and addressed the people. Henry Ward Beecher spoke to them in the dark hours of the war. John Bright responded to our appeals in some of his manliest arguments, and when, at the close of the conflict, the society held its last meeting, Professor Goldwin Smith read a philosophical review of the causes and consequences of the

rebellion, which has been preserved and printed in beautiful form. During the three years of its operations the society printed and circulated over four hundred thousand books, pamphlets, and tracts, and held nearly five hundred official and public meetings. Do you wonder, then, that the cause of America has made such rapid headway in England? or that the bitter antagonism of the aristocracy should have given way to sweet compliments? or that the sagacious Mr. Disraeli should have anticipated the demand of the people by conceding more than the Liberals as a body would have dared to ask ten years ago? Not a little of this happy condition of affairs has resulted from the determined patriotism of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, American Minister at London, and his Secretary of Legation, Benjamin Moran, aided by F. H. Morse, the American Consul here, and Thomas H. Dudley, the American Consul at Liverpool. These gentlemen have never held a doubtful language. The peril of their beloved country made them forget the factions at home, and prompted them to prefer the strongest as the best remedies against Treason; and if any thing could have served to make this course more necessary, it was the cold and cruel conduct of many of the aristocracy during the early period of their country's travail. Like Bright, and Forster, and Potter, and Stuart Mill, and Goldwin Smith, they rejoice in the wonderful change of opinion that has given the United States so proud a position in all the great moral and physical attributes, in all the political and military essentials, among the nations of the earth.



VIII.—LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICALS INFERIOR TO THE AMERICAN—DRURY LANE THEATRE—THE PRINCESS'S—PRINCE OF WALES'S—THE HAY-MARKET—OLYMPIC—OPERA HOUSES—COVENT GARDEN AND HER MAJESTY'S—PATTI AND TIETJENS—HIGH PRICES OF ADMISSION—ALHAMBRA AND CREMORNE—INTEMPERANCE.

LONDON, *May 22, 1867.*

Popular amusements in London are far below the same kind of recreation in Philadelphia and New York. Excluding the Alhambra, with its wonderful music and ballet, and its ever-fresh variety of comedy and crowds, the Cremorne Gardens, and, of course, the opera for the richer classes, we have better-ordered theatres in our great cities than the Londoners. Drury Lane, where I have seen enacted a piece called "The Great City," is the London Bowery. A worse-played and worse-conceived drama I do not remember. It was difficult to believe that this was the scene of the triumph of Kemble, Kean, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neil, and that this rude and vulgar audience—for those who composed it were not much better in the stalls, the best part of the house, where I sat, than in the shrieking and hooting galleries—occupied the places of those who had seen these masters of a noble art. The actors were all inferior, and the whole affair dismal to a degree. Not much better is the "Royal Princess's" theatre, where Anthony and Cleopatra are nightly caricatured by Mr. Loraine and Miss Glyn, aided by a miserable ballet. These performers have some reputation, but they impressed me as abominable failures. Probably it was because of the narrow stage; but this soon proved to be a poor excuse, when I saw a piece called "Caste" well acted on a much smaller

space, at the snug little box called the "Prince of Wales's" theatre. The Princess's Theatre is about half the size of the Walnut in Philadelphia, or the National in Washington; and it was pitiable to see how the audience was packed away. The boxes were close and inconvenient, and the stalls or dress boxes positively filthy in appearance. In New York two such performances as "The Great City" at Drury Lane, and "Anthony and Cleopatra" at "The Royal Princess's," would be hissed down the first three nights, or damned without mercy by the papers. "The Haymarket" is another small establishment, but here Sothorn draws fine houses by his fine personation of Captain Devlin, in "Rosedale," the well-known play, improved by Boucicault, and produced as "Wild Goose." Charles and Mrs. Mathews are drawing good houses, by a series of light and pleasing entertainments at the "Olympic."

The large and expensive establishments are sustained by the wealthy, thus forcing the people to be content with small houses and ordinary acting. Gorgeous indeed are the temples devoted to the Opera—Covent Garden, with Patti as the queen, and Her Majesty's Theatre, where the unsurpassed favorite, Tietjens, holds supreme and still unbroken sway. No cost is spared in these splendid temples of aristocratic resort. We are now in the midst of "the season." Both Houses of Parliament are in full blast, and the gentry and nobility, who are the government, are compelled to give some of their time to what are called public duties. They are kept in town in spite of the May and June allurements of their country homes. The opera is one of the favorite sources of fashionable enjoyment, and he who desires to see the representatives of the great families has only to buy a ticket for one of the grand personations of Tietjens or Patti and be satisfied. Here they gather, male and female, in all the luxury of dress and decoration. The display of jewels on one of these nights is, perhaps, the most interesting sight that could be offered

to the pleasure-seeker. The prices of admission are, to the pit about two dollars of our money; to the stalls, equal to the parquette in our Academy, about three dollars of our money, while the boxes range from ten dollars to thirty dollars. A glance at these figures sufficiently proves the impossibility of the poorer classes in England enjoying operatic harmonies. And, indeed, all the better class of theatrical managers, finding it impossible to pay the rent for large houses, are forced to charge admission-rates to their small establishments which the working people cannot pay. The latter are, therefore, either forced to encourage the lowest haunts of dissipation, or to go without amusement of any kind. The Alhambra is a famous place, but not for ladies. Evans's supper and singing room, admission sixpence, is celebrated for its entertainments, but gentlemen alone assemble there. The Cremorne Gardens are also renowned, but after a certain hour females of good character are glad to retire. The absence of cheap and innocent sports swells the army of intemperance in a terrible degree. An eminent Englishman said to me this morning: "Drink is the curse of our country, next to ignorance, and there can be no lasting reform till the workingmen quit beer and gin, and send their children to school." I had often heard that if the toiling millions of Europe had any advantage over Americans it was in the cheapness of excellent amusements, but this is not true of the United Kingdom. There is almost as much difficulty to find good schools at reasonable rates as good places of relaxation after a hard day's work. Indeed, regarding the condition of the English people as a mass, and they are undoubtedly better cared for than the populace of any of the continental countries, I can only realize in it a standing contrast to the superior condition of the corresponding mass in the United States. In no one essential does the contrast fail.

IX.—ENGLISH FRIENDS OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S ADDRESS AT MANCHESTER—HIS PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF OUR COUNTRY—LIBERAL ENGLISH STATESMEN.

LONDON, *May 24, 1867.*

I have met nearly all the liberal leaders during my brief stay in London, and have been surprised to find how fully they understand the American question, and how keenly they sympathized with us during the rebellion. Much as I looked for, the reality has gone far beyond my expectations. Prior to that unprovoked assault on free government, comparatively little was known, and then only among the educated classes, of the institutions and interests of the United States, but during our struggle for self-preservation a thousand motives contributed to stimulate the inquiries of the philosopher and the concern of the statesman; and in proportion as they were exercised, the masses of the people were reached through their sufferings and their sympathies. And thus it has come about that a country which a little more than six years ago was treated with positive indifference by the European politicians, and was regarded with comparative ignorance by the European masses, is now perhaps the most prominent topic of reflection and conversation among rich and poor. The organs of the Liberal movement were naturally the first to avail themselves of the crisis in our national affairs, and it is not surprising that their arguments should have been so thorough.

Nothing that has been written by an American surpasses, as well in the full understanding of the case itself

as^a in the compactness of its resistless logic, the powerful address of Professor Goldwin Smith, read at the last meeting of the Manchester Union and Emancipation Society. With the possible exception of John Bright, Goldwin Smith has contributed more than any other Englishman to the vindication of our cause before the European world. He is personally known to many of our public men, having visited our country in 1864, for the purpose of observing with his own eyes at least a part of the great drama. He was present during the civil contest which resulted in the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, and was received with grateful appreciation. It is reasonable to suppose that one who had watched the American war from his own tranquil study, and had written and spoken in our behalf before he had personally seen our institutions in the double trial of peace and war, would, after such an experience, be able to discuss the great question with ten-fold force.

The American reader will be struck with his familiarity with our institutions, and by the manner in which he defines the motives of the slaveholders in going to war, and prophesied the effect upon civilization of the success of their rebellion. He seems to have omitted no single point. Taking up in detail the calumnies of our opponents, he refutes them with almost axiomatic force. Employing his ripe knowledge of the inequalities in the example of government, as government is administered by the British aristocracy, he happily contrasts England and America, showing that the success of true representative government in our country will compel and complete ultimate reforms in this. What renders this tribute more valuable is the fact that Mr. Smith is a prominent Professor of Oxford University, one of the seats of aristocratic culture and prejudice. Apart from the intrinsic value of such a tribute to American institutions is the fact that he has taken our example from which to anticipate the future

of the whole civilized world, and while pointing out our errors, does not hesitate to avow the conviction that government has never been so perfect since the birth of man as on the American continent, and that if the human race is ever to enjoy genuine liberty, it will be by following and improving upon the American model.

There is no doubt that Mr. Smith's address is the platform of the Liberal party of Great Britain. My intercourse with such men as Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," and member for Lambeth; Lord Frederick Cavendish, the member for the Northwest Riding of Yorkshire; Thomas Bailey Potter, the member for Rochdale; James Stansfield, Jr., the member for Halifax; John Henderson, the member for Durham, and others of the same school, leads me to infer that Mr. Smith spoke their individual and collective sentiments in this masterly essay. It is easy to judge, from the effect that must be produced in America by so candid a review of our own position, how it will operate among the constituencies of which these gentlemen are the representatives. It marks the vast difference between the present hour and the period, not long since, when the United States were regarded with indifference by many of the great minds of Europe, and with open hostility by the aristocratic leaders.



X.—THE PEABODY FUND.

VISIT TO PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON—SIR CURTIS M. LAMPSON AND HIS COLLEAGUES—UNPAID BOARD OF MANAGEMENT—HOUSING THE LABORIOUS POOR—WHAT THE FUND MAY ACCUMULATIVELY PERFORM—THE STRUCTURE AT ISLINGTON—WORKING OF THE SYSTEM—IMPROVEMENT, MORAL AND SANITARY—MR. A. T. STEWART OF NEW YORK. .

LONDON, *May 25, 1867.*

This morning, in company with Sir Curtis M. Lampson, one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund for the benefit of the poor of London, and Mr. Somerby, the secretary of the board (both born in the United States), I made my promised visit to Peabody Square, Islington, one of the five structures already in use, or soon to be devoted to the noble objects of the generous founder. Mr. Lampson, a native of New England, was, in October, 1866, created a baronet by Queen Victoria, in token of his numerous public services, but particularly for his connection with the successful enterprise, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. I found him, like Mr. Somerby, nevertheless, a devoted admirer of America and her institutions, and a genuine sympathizer in her progress and her principles. The management of the trust has been properly confided to gentlemen of known American proclivities. Lord Stanley is president, assisted by Sir Curtis M. Lampson, Sir Emerson Tennett, Mr. J. L. Morgan, the eminent banker, and Mr. Somerby, as secretary; and the manner in which they have so far discharged their duty is proved by the singular success that has crowned their labors. With the exception of the secretary, they all serve without remunera-

tion. The first difficulty they met was how to define the phrase "the poor," and decide in what shape (after that problem was solved) the money should be distributed. After careful reflection they resolved to confine their attention, in the first instance, to that section of the laborious poor who occupy a position above the pauper, and to assist these by furnishing to them comfortable tenements at reasonable rates, in healthy locations. It will be seen at a glance that more good can be effected by this course than by attempting to alleviate the condition of those who are thrown upon the public charge, and are necessarily objects for the care of merely charitable institutions, such as almshouses, hospitals, dispensaries, &c. The working-classes of London, more than the working-classes of any other city in the world, need exactly such benefactors as Mr. Peabody, and the plan thus agreed upon benefits them directly without impairing their self-respect. The honest laborer always shrinks from becoming an object of charity, and thousands prefer the pangs of want to the pangs of dependence. This trait is powerfully portrayed by Mr. Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend," where a poor old woman is described as keeping constantly in view the horrors of pauperism, and the primary duty of saving enough from her hard earnings to secure her decent burial at her own expense. And the effort of the trustees to prevent the tenements from becoming merely establishments for the abject poor is obvious in all their arrangements. The impossibility of obtaining good tenements, at a reasonable rent, in this swarm of humanity, has thrown the laboring classes into the vilest haunts of vice, disease, and filth; and the sure effect has been to pollute their children in mind and body. The Peabody benevolence meets at least one part of this demand, with the double advantage of providing good tenements for the industrious poor and of adding the small rents they pay to the general fund, so as to perpetuate the good work and to increase the number

of tenements with increasing years. Sir Curtis Lampson estimates that, if the money thus accumulated is honestly administered for two hundred years, it will have accumulated enough to provide for three-fourths of all the industrious poor of London. That this is not an extravagant expectation, can be shown by a simple calculation of the annual interest of the nearly million of dollars donated, with the regular accretions from the moderate rents. There are many interesting incidents on record of the growth of small bequests, in the course of time, into enormous charities.

The premises at Islington consist of four blocks of buildings, comprising in all 155 tenements, accommodating 650 persons, or nearly two hundred families. The whole cost of these buildings, exclusive of the sum paid for the land, amounted to £31,690.

The principle and organization in each of these extensive structures is the same. Drainage and ventilation have been ensured with the utmost possible care; the instant removal of dust and refuse is effected by means of shafts which descend from every corridor to cellars in the basement, whence it is carted away; the passages are all kept clean, and lighted with gas, without any cost to the tenants; water from cisterns in the roof is distributed by pipes into every tenement; and there are baths free for all who desire to use them. Laundries, with wringing machines and drying lofts, are at the service of all the inmates, who are thus relieved from the inconvenience of damp vapors in their apartments, and the consequent damage to their furniture and bedding.

Every living-room or kitchen is abundantly provided with cupboards, shelving, and other conveniences, and each fire-place includes a boiler and an oven. But what gratify the tenants, perhaps more than any other part of the arrangements, are the ample and airy spaces which serve as play-grounds for their children, where they are

always under their mothers' eyes, and safe from the risk of passing carriages and laden carts.

In fixing the rent for all this accommodation the trustees were influenced by two considerations. In the first place, they felt it incumbent on them, conformably with the intention of rendering the Peabody Fund reproductive, to charge for each room such a moderate percentage on the actual cost of the houses as would bring in a reasonable annual income to the general fund. In the second place, they were desirous, without coming into undue competition with the owners of house property less favorably circumstanced, to demonstrate to their proprietors the practicability of rendering the dwellings of the laboring poor healthful, cheerful, and attractive; and at the same time securing to the landlords a fair return for their investments.

At the present moment, owing to the vast changes in the metropolis, by which the houses of the laboring poor have been demolished to so great an extent, the cost of accommodation for them has been greatly increased. It of course varies in different localities; but, on an average, the weekly charge for a single room of a very poor description is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. (about 75 cents American money); for two rooms, 5s. or 5s. 6d.; and for three, from 6s. 6d. to 7s.

But the mere test of rent affords no adequate standard by which to contrast the squalor and discomfort of one of these tenements with the light, and airy, and agreeable apartments in the Peabody buildings; and for one room there the charge per week is 2s. 6d.; for two rooms, 4s.; and for three rooms, 5s.

As Mr. Peabody had directed by his letter that the sole qualification to be required in a tenant was to be in "an ascertained condition of life, such as brings the individual within the description of the poor of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society," it became the duty of the trustees to ascertain by actual inquiry—first, that the circumstances of the person

proposing himself as a tenant were such as to entitle him to admission; and, secondly, that in the opinion of his employers there was nothing in his conduct or moral character to disqualify him from partaking in the benefits of the fund.

These two conditions once established, the tenant, on taking possession of his new residence, finds himself as free in action and as exempt from intrusive restraint or officious interference as if he occupied a house in one of the adjacent streets. His sense of independence is preserved by the consciousness that he pays for what he enjoys; and for this payment he provides himself with a dwelling so much superior to that which he had formerly been accustomed to, that the approach to his home is no longer accompanied by a feeling of humiliation.

As the result of the above inquiries, several applications for admission were declined, on the grounds either of a condition in life too easy to entitle the individual to be classed with the laboring poor, or of a moral character which could not bear investigation, because of habitual drunkenness or conviction before a legal tribunal. In some instances, too, the families of persons desirous to become tenants were found to be too numerous for the accommodation available; and these, to avoid unwholesome crowding, were unavoidably excluded.

The number of persons who took possession of their new homes in Spitalfields was upwards of 200, including such classes as charwomen, monthly nurses, basket-makers, butchers, carpenters, firemen, laborers, porters, omnibus-drivers, sempstresses, shoemakers, tailors, waiters, warehousemen, &c.

In the buildings at Islington, which were opened in September, 1865, the inmates are of the same class, with the addition of persons employed in other trades: watch-finishers, turners, stay-makers, smiths, sawyers, printers, painters, laundresses, letter-carriers, artificial flower-makers,

dress-makers, carmen, cabinet-makers, bookbinders, and others. The entire community there now consists of 674 individuals, of whom 19 are widows, the rest married persons and children.

In evidence of the improved salubrity of the buildings, the superintendents report that ill-health is rare, and that the number of deaths since the first buildings were opened, in February, 1864—nearly three years ago—have been one man aged thirty, who died of a chronic complaint, and four children, one of whom was under five, and two under two years old.

The social contentment of the tenants is freely expressed; no complaints have been made of any of the arrangements provided for their comfort, and they all speak approvingly of the unaccustomed advantages they enjoy. Amongst these they especially particularize the security of their furniture and effects, which are no longer liable, as they formerly were, to be taken in distress should the landlord become a defaulter.

As regards the moral conduct of the tenantry, the superintendent reports that habitual drunkenness is unknown, and intoxication infrequent, and where the latter does occur to the annoyance of others it is judiciously dealt with, by giving notice to the offender that, in the event of its recurrence, he must prepare to leave. There has been but one person removed for quarrelling and disturbing the peace; and one expelled for non-payment of rent. These exceptions, out of a community consisting of 880 persons, speak strongly for the self-respect and moral principles by which they are influenced.

There are four other squares, two of which have already received occupants, and the others will soon be completed. The main buildings are of stone, five stories high, four being occupied by the families, and the last or upper range used for the purpose of a laundry for drying clothes, where fine baths are provided for general use. I conversed with

many of the inmates. They were all clean, healthy, and happy. The men were off at work, and the women seemed to be industrious and tidy. The contrast between their condition and that of the poor in the miserable houses around us was painful in the extreme. In some of the rooms of the latter as many as seven human beings were crowded. In other sections the difference was even more saddening. The airy and comfortable quarters of Mr. Peabody's tenants, with the neat kitchen and comfortable bedrooms, and the fine play-ground for the children, the garden for common cultivation and use, and the work-shops for such of the men as might prefer working on the premises, proved that the architect had given a conscientious study to his work.

Mr. Peabody's example will be followed, now that its complete success is established, in both hemispheres. Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, has already procured copies of the plans and photographs of the buildings I have attempted to describe. Parliament has repeatedly noticed the work itself, and the owners of the colossal fortunes, the plutocracy of England, cannot resist the eloquent invocation to their consciences and pockets. They cannot afford the reproach that they have been indifferent while England's honest poor are relieved by an American. Indeed, the trustees have already received a bequest of thirty thousand pounds sterling from a worthy gentleman. The romantic stories founded upon wills and legacies in this country, taken in most cases from the facts, may well lead to the hope that other rich men, to prevent their falling to the Crown, will throw their estates into this noble fund. There is hardly a great city in America in which Mr. Peabody's liberality should not be followed up; and there is not one in which infinite good cannot be wrought. "The poor ye have always." And as I saw these happy children enjoying their spacious play-ground this morning, and talked with their gratified parents and heard the report of

the superintendent, I felt proud that the author of all this splendid benevolence was an American, and predicted that his royal generosity would find many imitators in his own and other countries.



XI.—MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

SUNDAY IN LONDON—CHARLES H. SPURGEON, THE POPULAR PREACHER—HIS CHURCH DESCRIBED—THE CONGREGATION—THE MINISTER AND HIS SERMON—HIS ABILITY, ENERGY, AND WELL-DOING.

LONDON, *May* 26, 1867.

Sunday in London is almost as sedate as Sunday in Philadelphia. There is a general closing of shops and stores, and in fine weather a general exodus to the outside resorts, such as Richmond, Kensington Gardens, Bushy Park, &c. But as we have only seen the sun about half a dozen times, since our arrival, and then by the merest glimpses, and as this morning presaged another spell of cold and rain, I thought the better way to spend it was by hearing the popular preacher, Mr. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, in his great Tabernacle, close to the Elephant and Castle, Kennington. It was an hour before the time when we reached the spot, and so we had leisure to inspect his church, a vast building of Italian architecture, with porticoes, costing over \$150,000, most of which was raised by the individual efforts of the energetic clergyman. It will hold over four thousand persons seated, with ingress and egress through fifteen doors, to prevent danger from fire or sudden panic. It is built with strict regard to the laws of hearing and sound; has two tiers of boxes like a theatre running around the sides and one of the ends, the

other end being the platform from which Mr. Spurgeon speaks, and is wainscoted from floor to ceiling, to add to the facility of discourse, singing and listening. There is no building in Washington or Philadelphia to which I can liken it.

About half-past ten the crowd came pouring in by all the doors—working people with hard hands, toil-worn faces, in decent, humble apparel. Here, as everywhere else, I traced the marked contrast between what are called the laboring classes in England and America. In Philadelphia, the loveliest city in the world, if this is a fine afternoon, Broad street, from Chestnut to beyond Master, will be thronged with people—men, women, and children—who, if seen in London, might be set down as the nobility, judged by their neat and almost costly dresses, the beauty of the females, and the noble bearing of the men. *Here* toil and poverty, as almost everywhere, go hand in hand, and you realize what Bulwer says of “low birth and iron fortune,” in the careworn faces and common clothing of those who frequent such churches as Mr. Spurgeon’s or pass along the highways of this world of a town. I can say without disparagement that I did not see one handsome face in the crowd of women who sat rapt and absorbed with his sermon. I was not carried away by his eloquence or his language.

He has a wonderful voice, and he manages it with wonderful skill, and there was not a soul in the vast audience that did not hear him. A small man, about the size of Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington, a little over thirty, with heavy dark hair hiding a not very high forehead, and disclosing a good-humored but by no means intellectual face. In point of ability, I would not think of instituting a comparison between him and the bold, incisive and magnetic scholar and preacher for God and the Republic in our national capital. We have twenty more powerful and cultivated divines in Philadelphia. He preached from the 33d chapter of Isaiah, 17th verse—

“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty ; they shall behold the land that is very far off;” a noble theme, most inviting to the imagination, and to a display of such Scriptural knowledge as would have been invaluable to such listeners. He did not catch the scope of the lesson, but repeated himself until his iteration became almost painful. Yet that he was doing good among his parishioners was very evident. The story of his connection with them is very instructive.

He began to preach in what was a very dismal and impoverished part of London when he was only eighteen, and now, at the end of twelve or fourteen years, he, and he alone, may be called the builder of the splendid temple in which they worship with him. Only three years beyond thirty, he is their instructor and their idol. To their interest he gives all his time. He rarely acts by deputy. To educate worthy young men connected with his church, he has established a college which he maintains chiefly by lecturing. He presides at their prayer-meetings, leads in their choirs, attends to their finances, ministers to their wants, settles their disputes, and fights their battles. It is said that he refused to preach in the Tabernacle until every dollar of the money needed for its construction was raised and paid, even refusing to take his own salary till the debt was extinguished. Better, far better, is such a record, than education without heart, scholarship without humanity, and genius without sincerity. And when I look over this startling scene of human life, and think that three millions of human beings are compressed into fifteen miles of brick and mortar, and that there is not a day that passes from morning into night, and from night into eternity, that does not see “one more unfortunate” added to those who go to their long account unshrived and unknown, I feel that I would rather be Charles H. Spurgeon, surrounded with the love of the rescued souls of the working people of his parish, than the Lord Bishop of a thousand parishes of England.

XII.—JOHN BRIGHT, M. P.

JOHN BRIGHT, LEADER OF THE LIBERALS—FAMILIAR WITH AMERICAN AFFAIRS—ANXIETY FOR OUR SUCCESS—THE IRISH IN AMERICA—THE COLORED PEOPLE—FENIANISM—AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS—ITS EVIL PURPOSE—STRIKES—THE LABOR QUESTION—MR. BRIGHT'S PARLIAMENTARY RECORD—HIS POPULARITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

LONDON, *May 27*, 1867.

JOHN BRIGHT, the acknowledged leader of the Liberals in Parliament and throughout Great Britain, is a much younger man than I expected to meet. He is in his fifty-sixth year, but does not look to be more than forty-eight. Although not taller, he is stouter than Speaker Colfax. His countenance is not unlike that of Hon. James M. Ashley, the Representative in Congress from Toledo, Ohio. A more genial, animated, and benevolent face I have never studied. You see at a glance that he is a thoroughly conscientious statesman; that all his opinions are convictions, to be maintained against every odd and at any sacrifice. In my long and agreeable interview with Mr. Bright, I found him completely "posted" in American affairs. He was as familiar with the statesmen and soldiers who figured before and during the rebellion, and with the details of political parties in the United States, as if he knew the first personally, and had assisted in the direct management of the second. All his questions were astonishingly intelligent and accurate, proving equally his intense interest in our affairs, and the care with which he had studied the actors in the drama of the war. Indeed, Mr. Bright deserves the title of the champion of American liberty in the British

Parliament. There has never been a moment when he has doubted or turned back in the support of genuine republican principles. His anxiety for the success of the great Radical party of America was well calculated to excite my gratitude. Proud and full of praise of the manner in which the XXXIXth and XLth Congress had completed the work of reconstruction, he is extremely solicitous that no mistake may endanger our triumph at the coming Presidential election, and that nothing will hinder a wise and continued administration of the National Government by the men who saved it from ruin. That such a man should be loved by the English masses, and faithfully followed by his associates in Parliament, is very natural, and we in America should not refuse to listen to his counsel. I never shall forget the fervor with which he said: "Nothing in history equals the glorious triumph of humanity and liberty in your country. You will find things much changed for the better in Great Britain. The overthrow of your enemies at home has surrounded your cause with friends abroad. The wonderful magnanimity with which you have treated the rebels (who would have instantly been hung by hundreds if they had taken arms against a monarchy) has been a terrible contrast to the cruelty of these bad men, and an admonition and example to the tyrants of the earth."

As Mr. Bright had been laboring for several days past to save the lives of those Fenian leaders who have been sentenced to be hung (especially Burke), and as, when he spoke to me, there was some doubt whether the efforts of his friends and himself would prevail, he gave peculiar emphasis to this remark: "You tell me," he went on to say, "what I know and deeply regret, that Irishmen in America vote with the falsely-called Democratic party, and against the noble Republicans, who are the courageous friends of human rights all over the world, and this is the more painful when I tell you that the Liberal party in Parliament has never had so able and faithful a body of

supporters as the majority of the members from Ireland. But time will cure all this. If God in His infinite providence does not bring the Irish in America rightly to view their duty to the only country in which they can truly prosper, they will gradually be lost in the overwhelming growth and preponderating influence of the native-born element, white and black. In the nature of things, the tide of emigration from Ireland to America cannot be greater hereafter than it has been, while the increase of your homogeneous population will render any attempt to organize internal combinations, based upon either the Catholic religion or hatred of a particular people, comparatively ineffectual."

Mr Bright said the deportment of the colored people in our country since their liberation was the "sublimest spectacle in history;" and when I assured him how completely they had disappointed the predictions of their foes and the fears of their friends, he said he never doubted how the experiment of setting them free would end. The ballot—being the representative of an inalienable right, a natural franchise, which, belonging to all men alike in a civilized country, cannot be withheld without gross injustice, and even when conceded conveys the assumption of a revolting presumption by those who aspire to concede it—makes men emulous to be worthy of the responsibilities of citizenship. "I may not live to see the day, but [turning to his son, a young gentleman of about twenty years of age, standing at his side] this lad will, when colored men as able as any of your whites will figure in your national councils."

One part of this interesting interview deserves a special consideration—that where Mr. Bright took especial pains to deny that the Liberal leaders entertained any purpose of creating bitter feelings between England and the United States. His language here was precisely what I have heard from the lips of John Stuart Mill, M. P., Goldwin Smith, Thomas B. Potter, M. P., Thomas Hughes, M. P.,

(the author of "Tom Brown"), Lord Charles Frederick Cavendish, M. P., William Edward Forster, M. P., Sir Francis Crossley, M. P., and other men of the same school. One and all, they deplored the Fenian movement in Ireland, and regretted the action of the House of Representatives at Washington, sympathizing with that calamitous experiment. *The working classes in Great Britain can never be secured in the enjoyment of political rights by stirring up bad blood between the people of the two countries.* The Tory papers are so well convinced of this they they are trying to revive and keep alive the bitterest animosities between England and America.

All the letters written by the correspondents of the *London Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Standard*, from Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, are filled with deliberate misstatements of American affairs, expressly to excite resentment against our institutions and people. Since I have been in London I have carefully noted these letters, and firmly believe they are written *by order*, to weaken the Liberal party, the leaders of which are constantly holding up the United States as the model of free government. The staple of all these letters is the same; the disaffection, turbulence, and ignorance among the blacks of the South; the steady tendency to socialistic revolutions among the white workingmen of the old free States as the object and end of the system of "strikes;" the depreciation of the national securities and currency, and the general dislocation of American society. The very reverse of all this being the notorious fact, it is not difficult to discern the object of maintaining these systematic perversions. Nothing more materially weakens the English aristocracy than the successful working of democracy in America; and nothing would so surely strengthen the first as the successful circulation of the falsehood that the other is desirous of provoking hostilities between the United States and Great Britain. The only interest in America that has sedulously conspired

to precipitate war between the two countries is the so-called Democratic or Copperhead party; the very party, by the way, which the British aristocracy sympathized with throughout the recent rebellion. The agitation among the working people of England has excited a counter agitation among the employers, and the Tory papers are doing their utmost to sow the seeds of lasting hatred between the middle and "the lower classes," as they are called here. If they succeed, the work of reform and enfranchisement will be fatally impaired and indefinitely postponed.

You will have observed that Mr. Bright and his associates, profoundly respecting the justice of many of the demands of the mechanics and laborers of Great Britain, have taken care so to advise and direct their operations that they may not run into violence, and thus give the Tory papers a new opportunity to array the employers against the employed. The eagerness with which the American correspondents of the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Standard*, misrepresent the "strike" among the workingmen in our country, for the purpose of weakening Mr. Bright and his friends in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of the working people here, I have already referred to. Goldwin Smith has taken occasion, in several powerful essays, to point out the distinction between the labor organizations in the United Kingdom and in the United States, and it has given me satisfaction to corroborate the views of that profound thinker and patriotic observer with such undoubted data as can be supplied from my own knowledge of and experience with the men of toil in my own country. In England mechanics are paid so much less than with us, that a "strike" in London, for instance, is a far more serious affair than a "strike" in Philadelphia or Chicago, where, notwithstanding the higher prices of living, the wages of labor are far in advance of those paid here; and it stands to reason that if the labor movements in the United States secure any

advantages, the result must operate quickly and healthfully upon the labor movements in other countries. I venture to assure our Liberal friends that if the demand for reducing the day of toil to eight hours prevailed in our country, it would work as well as the demand for ten hours a day, and that the additional time thus secured to the producing classes would be employed by them in adding to their intellectual and moral resources. Undoubtedly, when individual and associated capital have realized, and are even now realizing enormous profits, it cannot be presumptuous if those who contribute to these profits petition for at least a shadow of the benefit heretofore exclusively enjoyed by masters and employers. The subject is one that demands the attention of the statesman, and he is either a bigot or a tyrant who proposes to dismiss it with a sneer or to punish the workingmen by personal proscription or legal penalties. In discussing these and kindred topics, the time passed swiftly in my interview with John Bright, and I did not hesitate to accept his kind invitation to renew it at an early day.

Mr. Bright is one of the present sitting members from Birmingham. His business is that of a cotton-spinner and manufacturer, being a partner in the firm of John Bright and Brothers, of Rochdale. He sat in Parliament from the city of Durham from July, 1843, to July, 1847, and from Manchester from July, 1847, until April, 1857, when he was defeated after a violent contest, because he belonged to what was called "the Peace party," and had expressed his dissatisfaction at England's taking part with France in the war in the Crimea, and with the Chinese war, began, he thought, on very insufficient grounds. The voters of Birmingham immediately took him up and elected him one of their members, in the August following, and he has ever since served them in that capacity. During all this Parliamentary experience of nearly twenty-four years, John Bright has been the same heroic, consistent, and

conscientious advocate of liberty. The cause of America, always attractive to him, became intensely so when Slavery flew to arms against our beloved Union, and when Slavery fell, twenty-five millions of rescued people acknowledged among their supremest obligations their gratitude to the cotton-spinner of Rochdale. John Bright's grandest triumph was his last, viz. : the overthrow of treason in America, and the resulting confirmation of all his prophecies before the aristocracy of England. I told him that if he visited our country he would receive a welcome such as had been extended to no man since the day when the Marquis de Lafayette paid his second visit to our shores. When Lafayette became the guest of the American nation, more than forty years ago, he deplored slavery as a stain upon our otherwise fair escutcheon; and his letters and speeches uttered the prayer that it might soon be erased. But if John Bright came to America, it would be after the poison-spot had been removed, and removed in response to his own appeals, and in consequence of the courage of the armies of the Union. He answered that he feared he could never visit the United States. He knew he had many friends in that country, but his field of labor was *here*; and, if God gave him health and strength to maintain the good fight, he believed that the masses of America would remember him as kindly and as long as if he temporarily left it for the purpose of receiving their congratulations.



XIII.—LANGHAM HOTEL.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOTELS—SUPERIORITY OF THE LATTER—COST OF LIVING IN LONDON—DESCRIPTION OF THE LANGHAM HOTEL—A PHILADELPHIAN IN CHARGE.

LONDON, *May 28, 1867.*

I am stopping at the Langham Hotel, at the southern extremity of Portland Place, which is regarded as the healthiest site in London, overlooking the noblest thoroughfares in the metropolis and commanding a view of the broad walk of Regent's Park, and, on a clear day, of the beautiful heights of Hampstead and Highgate. As this establishment is now in charge of an American, Colonel James M. Sanderson (formerly of Philadelphia), and is partially conducted upon American principles, being in this respect an experiment in the British metropolis, a few words in regard to it may not be uninteresting. The difference between the English and American hotels is, in my opinion, largely in favor of the latter, and the success which promises to crown Colonel Sanderson's effort strengthens this conviction. While there are undoubtedly many ideas which the American hotel-keepers might get from their English associates, nothing is clearer than that the system so successful in our country will, when fairly tried, supersede many of the English habitudes. Colonel Sanderson has adopted a plan which unites the best points of the three systems, English, French, and American—the comfort of the first, the elegance of the second, and the discipline and organization of the third. You cannot enter an English hotel without being instantly chilled. Even the Langham, with its American guests and kindly English faces, is cold in comparison to such establishments as the Continental,

in Philadelphia; the Brevoort, in New York; and Barnum's, in Baltimore. The English people are undoubtedly more home-like than the French, and therefore more like our own; but their hotels are, to my sensibilities, exceedingly repulsive. Of course, much of this results from the fact that every thing is strange to me; but no Englishman that I have met, especially of those who are enjoying the comforts of the Langham, refuses to admit that in many respects our hotels are superior.

The Langham is an immense establishment. It was built expressly for the purpose, and was first opened on the 16th day of June, 1865. The entire cost of the building and furniture amounts to the enormous sum of fifteen hundred thousand dollars in gold. It is colossal in size, palatial in appearance, and built in the Italian style. The water consumed on the premises, amounting to 25,000 gallons daily, pronounced to be the purest in London, is supplied from an artesian well on the premises, pumped by two engines of 14 horse-power each. The principal hall, which is reached through a massive stone portico, is fifty feet square. This imposing structure is five stories high. The dining-hall, or coffee-room, as it is called, is one hundred feet in length by forty in breadth. There are in all thirty-two drawing-rooms; thirty-four suites, comprising bed, bath, and dressing-rooms, with over two hundred single and double bed-rooms detached. The kitchen, which is one of the largest in the kingdom, is seventy-five feet by fifty-nine, and perfect in all its arrangements. Pages, instead of men-servants, do the errands in the house, while "commissioners," composed of retired veterans, are stationed near the hotel, who, for a consideration, will run with a message, chaperone a young lady or wait upon an old one, attend to the baby, and do a variety of chores handily and cleverly at the rate of sixpence per mile or hour. These messengers are dressed in uniforms as gorgeous as major-generals, and are as polite as dancing-masters. The prices

at the Langham are about the same as at the Continental; certainly not less. I pay for my room a dollar and a half in gold daily, yet, with the most moderate breakfast and dinner, I cannot bring my net expenses below four dollars, and this exclusive of the incessant calls for extra compensation from servants of all descriptions.

It is amusing to notice how Colonel Sanderson's attempts to introduce American customs are received by his English patrons, and yet it is interesting to watch the sure progress of these improvements. Gradually the Langham is becoming the headquarters of our countrymen, and these attract many of the natives, especially those who are admirers of American institutions, a class that has rapidly and astonishingly increased since the overthrow of the rebellion. The company under whose auspices the Langham was constructed is composed of a board of direction, with the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot as its chairman, and a number of enterprising citizens as assistant directors. It was not until several attempts to administer this great machine had failed, that they secured the services of our old friend Sanderson. He manages the concern under their general superintendence, and judging by the crowds that are daily turned away, and by the general expressions of satisfaction among his visitors or guests, he will, if he does not pay a good percentage upon the enormous amount invested in its construction, so secure their confidence as to induce them to continue him in his present position. Colonel Sanderson was a brave officer of the Union army, and, although probably a fixture in London, has never abated in his attachment to his native country. Without introducing politics into his establishment, the fact that his sentiments are known to be strong on the Union side adds to my anxiety to recommend him and the Langham to my readers.



XIV.—REBEL LEADERS IN EXILE.

REBEL EMISSARIES IN PARIS—CHANGE OF OPINION IN EUROPE—DOWNFALL OF CONFEDERATE CAUSE AND LEADERS—JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE IN LONDON—JUDAH BENJAMIN, G. N. SANDERS, LEWIS P. WIGFALL, AND ROBERT TOOMBS—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LONDON, *May* 29, 1867.

During the American war, London and Paris were so infested by rebels that no loyal citizen of the Republic could visit these or any other of the British and Continental cities without being subjected to inconceivable humiliation. The "Confederate" agents not only occupied what is called "the ground," but contrived to arouse the aristocracy of the old countries in their behalf. And no one doubts now that there were several occasions when England would have been forced into conflict with America as a result of these incessant machinations but for the energy and wisdom of Cobden, Bright, Potter, Cavendish, and their compeers, and the direct interposition of Prince Albert, always known to be averse to what would have been a most bloody issue. France, whatever may be said to the contrary now, was always plotting to force Great Britain into hostilities with us, and it did not need the Mexican experiment to prove that the intrigues of the rebel emissaries in Paris met the cordial approval of the silent Emperor. But now all this has been changed; and "such a change!" If the truly loyal American desires to realize how thoroughly his country has been vindicated in Europe by the overthrow of Treason and the success of the Congressional policy of reconstruction, he has only to visit London, Paris, or any of the other great capitals.

There is no surer proof of this than the fate which has overtaken the "Confederate" cause and the "Confederate" leaders who have taken refuge in Europe. No more do we hear the American Union satirized and denounced; the poor Yankees are no longer ridiculed on the streets by travelling mountebanks, or caricatured on the stage by degenerate actors. The aristocracy on the one hand, and the plutocracy on the other, are either silent, or openly confess that they were mistaken in their estimate of the American character, or own that our example calls forth their surprise. Even the Tory journals confine their abuse of our country to the publication of correspondence from Philadelphia, Washington, and New York, so crowded with falsehoods that each succeeding letter is the unconscious correction of the fabrications of its predecessors.

But the most significant of all these indications is, as I have said, the fate which has overtaken the Confederate cause and the Confederate leaders. The failure of Fraser, Trenholm & Co., the great house at Liverpool, through which the rebels carried on their enormous transactions in cotton, constructed and sent out their iron-clad navy, and paid their agents in Europe and Canada, will lead to some rich disclosures. Our Government, under the sagacious counsels of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the American minister in London, had anticipated this catastrophe, and will take care to receive, with the aid of the British courts of law, whatever may be left from the wreck of this once proud and all-defying organization.

Not less significant is the present condition of most of the Confederate leaders in London and Paris. John C. Breckinridge is frequently seen at the Langham Hotel, where I am stopping, woefully changed in appearance, if not in opinions. A gentleman who conversed with him a few days ago says that Breckinridge did not hesitate to declare against the good taste of the defeated rebel leaders claiming any rights under the Constitution which they

had repudiated and the Government they had vainly fought to destroy, and that, whatever others might do, he proposed to submit to fate. Judah P. Benjamin is a practitioner at the London bar, but, unlike Breckinridge, does not entertain the slightest hope of being restored to the rights he has doubly forfeited by his violated oaths to the American Republic, and now by his new oath to the British Government. Mr. Benjamin is the counsel of the celebrated C. K. Prioleau, of Liverpool, the financial head and front of the Confederate cause during the rebellion, and now heavily involved in the overthrow of Fraser, Trenholm & Co. He is also said to be the American editor of the *London Telegraph*, and the writer of the articles, that now delight the Tory readers of that pretended Liberal paper, eulogistic of Jefferson Davis and the "Lost Cause." The well-known George N. Sanders is also sojourning in London, and has just passed through the courts of bankruptcy for certain individual obligations. The violent Lewis P. Wigfall, of Texas, also here, is engaged in the precious business of collecting the lists of the victims who invested in the celebrated cotton loans of the Confederate Government, and in the other securities of that miserable conspiracy itself. His hope is that the British courts will decide, and that the American Government will abide by the decision, that the rebels enjoyed belligerent rights in the recent war, in which event the credulous holders of these bonds are told by Mr. Wigfall that they will be reimbursed by the conquering Government of the Union. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was recently in London, not less vehement than ever, though greatly reduced in his physical proportions. It is unnecessary to comment upon this spectacle, save to add that the English aristocracy will not again be caught in such a trap as that set for them by the American rebels. They are heartily ashamed of themselves, and you will readily conceive that in proportion as they admit the injustice of their prejudices

against our country, they lose their confidence in and withdraw their support from the vanquished Confederate leaders.

It is announced in one of the morning papers that Mr. Jefferson Davis intends a visit to London. If he comes, his will not be a Garibaldi welcome. The cheated and plundered Englishmen who invested their money in the Confederate loans will not be inspired to extend an ecstatic greeting to the despotic head of the pro-slavery revolt. Nor will the great body of the British people, so full of amazement and delight at the triumph of universal suffrage in the United States and the success of the corresponding measures of reconstruction, feel like joining in an ovation to a man whose successful rebellion would have held four millions of human beings in perpetual slavery, and so have defeated the mighty movement extending the right to vote to the householders of Great Britain.



XV.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD—SIR JOSEPH PAXTON—PRINCE ALBERT—CRYSTAL PALACE DESCRIBED—MUSIC AND SINGING—ANTIQUITY AND MANUFACTURE—NATURE AND ART—THE GALLERY—A SOLDIER OF THE ARMY OF FREEDOM.

LONDON, *May* 29, 1867.

I sought and found the Crystal Palace by the Underground and London and Brighton Railroads. Much has been written in America about the subterranean mode of travel, and now that there is an effort to introduce it into New York city, some description of its operation in London may not be uninteresting. The

Metropolitan or Underground Railroad has cost \$6,500,000, and consists of three and a-half miles of tunnels, which run on a level with or below the gas-pipes and water-mains. The travelling is exceedingly agreeable; the carriages are at least as good as those that course through the upper air, are beautifully lighted with gas, and as the engines condense their steam, and use coke instead of coal, there is little escape of smoke or vapor. The fare for the round trip was about two shillings, or fifty cents of our currency. How shall I tell you of the Crystal Palace? Those who saw the New York institution of that name will have some idea of what is not only an adornment to London but a monument to the architect, Sir Joseph Paxton, and to the sagacity of Prince Albert, who having projected the great exhibition in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, in 1851, warmly patronized this new and permanent institution at Sydenham, one of the London suburbs. Notwithstanding the calamity by fire which lately destroyed the tropical and floral part of the Palace, that which remains is almost beyond my powers of description.

Imagine the extended tent on Logan Square, under which the brilliant Sanitary Fair was held in Philadelphia during the war, three years ago, and you will have some idea of this ingenious and dazzling contrivance. The main building is a parallelogram of 1,600 feet long, by rather more than 300 feet wide. Within this general outline is a central avenue, running from end to end, and crossed by three transverse portions, called respectively the south, central, and north transepts. The central transept is the region of music and enjoyment. Here Patti, the popular prima donna, sings in afternoon concerts, which attract the most brilliant audiences I have ever seen, including the *élite* of the aristocracy and the middle classes. The cost of tickets for the concert and the Palace is ten shillings, or two dollars and fifty cents.

Standing under this prodigious glassy dome, sustained by what look like slender tendrils of wire, we see the vast Handel Orchestra on the left. Before us lie art and instruction; behind us commerce, business, and Nature in some of her finest forms.

Inconceivable are the objects presented for admiration and wonder! On one side appear the finest works of art—copies of the monuments of Heathen Egypt, Greece, Assyria, and Rome; trophies from Mohammedan Spain, Christian Byzantium, France, and England. Some of the musical festivals have enlisted as many as four thousand instrumental and vocal performers, and on Wednesday five thousand children attached to the public schools attended in a body one of their May fairs. Among the objects of rare interest are copies of many monuments and effigies in Westminster Abbey. Here, too, are gathered for exhibition the finest products of English manufacture. The leading merchants and fashionable retailers have what are called stalls or cases, in which their choicest specimens are exhibited for rivalry or sale. These, with picture galleries, model galleries, galleries of mechanics, and theatres for children, make up altogether an entertainment to be found nowhere else in the world; but if this is true of the interior, what shall I say of the exterior, the park and gardens?

The upper terrace is 1,570 feet in length and 48 feet wide, commanding a magnificent prospect of several counties beyond. In a line with the centre transept, intersecting the terrace, is the broad central walk, 660 feet wide by 96 feet, broken by flights of steps of the same width. The grass-cut lawn, relieved by beds of gay and many-colored flowers, with the six fountains ranged along the lower terrace, produce an effect indescribably beautiful. The ground, on which stand the Palace, the gardens, and park, occupies more than 200 acres. Extending our view to the lower level, we get a glimpse of the lakes and the

two large fountains which lie in the hollow, and the Italian garden, with its ornaments and fountains, cascades and temples, and, beyond all, the magnificent expanse of rich wooded country, rich cornfields with hedge-rows intersecting them, and belted in the far-off boundary by a range of hills which stretches as far as the eye can see.

A pleasing incident contributed to the charm of the afternoon. Standing before a miniature of the Roman Coliseum, I asked my companion how its proportions compared with the Capitol at Washington, when the guide turned round and modestly said, "I also have seen the Capitol at Washington; I was in the army during the late war." "On what side did you serve?" I asked, with some suspicion in my tone. Turning upon me a bright and cheerful countenance, he answered, "On the Northern side, sir," upon which I instinctively grasped his hand, feeling that I had met a brother and a friend. It was very satisfactory to find in this humble Englishman not only an entertaining guide, but an advocate of republican principles, a strong believer in the final triumph of freedom, and, what I was delighted to hear, a man who insisted that the great body of the English people heartily sympathized with the American Union and wished it success during all its recent terrible struggle. He had served four years in the army in one of the New York regiments, and showed me the testimonials of this service, and the photographs of his companions, with a pride which proved the truth of his statements. He had three sisters in America, but returned to England to support an aged mother, yet I could see that however much he loved his native country, his heart was in the far-off West, and that it would not be long before he was found enrolled among the citizens of the Republic he had assisted to save.



XVI.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE MONUMENTAL STATUARY—THE GREAT DEPARTED—
LONDON AN ASYLUM FOR THE UNFORTUNATE—FOOTSTEPS
OF THE PAST—OUR OWN GOD'S-ACRE OF BRAVE PATRIOTS
—A NATION'S GRATITUDE.

LONDON, *May 30, 1867.*

Westminster Abbey, the pride of every Englishman, is an object which every stranger in London hastens to behold, and regularly revisits. Founded more than a thousand years ago, passing time only adds to the interest of its ancient memorials and to the number of the precious monuments themselves. It is at once the burial-place of many of the kings, poets, princes, statesmen, and warriors of England, and the sanctuary of their marble effigies. Their mortal remains have long since perished from the earth; gratitude or ostentation has sought to perpetuate their memories by some of the grandest works of human genius, but many of these have crumbled under the operation of the slow tooth of age; and if the name they seek to perpetuate has not been associated with some grand and noble work, it is soon and justly lost in oblivion. Nearly every scholar who has stood in this silent company has described his emotions. My first sensation after passing through the chapels in which the statuary is preserved, and after trying to realize the grandeur of these varied works of art, and the Gothic architecture of the exterior and interior, was more in regard to the living tides which had passed these fretted cloisters during the vanished centuries than to the pulseless and unchanging procession of the counterfeited dead. Very grand indeed were the monuments to Shakspeare, Pitt, Canning, Wilberforce, and Peel,

and the men and women who came before and after them, some eminent in arts, arms, and letters, and others only known for their titles and their vices. Very useful to the student were the dates revived and the facts freshened by these startling pictures in stone. I dwelt rather upon those who had studied these renowned achievements, and who now, like object and artist, are themselves gathered into the chambers of the departed.

It was with something of a shudder that I looked into the glazed eyes of these marvellous figures, and tried to recall the deeds that made them famous, and the days when they ruled the camp, the court, the bower; but another feeling controlled me as I thought of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who had enjoyed the same privilege with myself, and probably with far different emotions. London has been the mart of trade and the centre of fashion for centuries; and hither, as to a common focus, men of all races have been attracted. The chief city of a government that has undergone few violent changes within the last two hundred years, London has been at once the resort and the refuge of the cultivated and the refined; and when great wars have decimated and transformed other nations, the unfortunate or losing parties have hastened to this interesting capital, sure of safety if their offences were not too great, and sometimes of a generous welcome. The dis-crowned monarch, the luckless patriot, the beautiful woman marked for death because she loved her country or her King, have alternately enjoyed the shelter and the hospitality of London. These, as well as the citizen of the world, who finds a home in every land, the ambitious student, and the inquiring statesman, myriads of others, have made Westminster Abbey the subject, first of their curiosity, and then of their reflections.

How strange the flood of memories awakened by this thought in the American mind! Where we stood and summoned up the past, Lord Baltimore, who founded Mary-

land, William Penn, who founded Pennsylvania, even the Pilgrim Fathers, who founded New England, had probably often paused and pondered. Benjamin Franklin and John Adams, the grandfather of the eminent citizen who now reflects such honor upon our country at the English court, have walked these historic pavements, and read the story of human ambition in these alabaster faces. And their successors and contemporaries, including most of the best statesmen of the recent generations, have enjoyed the same experience. But would it be irreverent to say that most of these men always felt that their country was misunderstood and misrepresented in England—that its asserted greatness was frequently ignored, and its claim as a free government set aside as presumptuous in the presence of the hated institution of Slavery protected by our Constitution and laws?

I soon answered this question to myself. As the rubicund verger carried us through these stony aisles and with his routine voice gave us our shilling's worth of British history, I sometimes asked who slept beneath the marble floor, and more than once he told me that the name had been obliterated, and, of course, the subject itself forgotten! Almost involuntarily I turned to my own country, and remembered that, if we had no great monumental storehouse in which to preserve our best beloved, we had what was better, in the burial-grounds of the heroes who died that liberty might live. In an instant my last visit to the sacred fields north and south of Washington city reappeared to me, with all its soul-moving incidents. It was only a twelvemonth ago—an evening in May, full of the flush and perfume of an early Southern summer. How different the feeling that thrilled and filled me then from the cold surprise and calculating inquiry of my visit to Westminster Abbey! I saw the graves of over five thousand of the three hundred thousand that fought and fell in the mighty struggle against slavery; and if I stood in the

midst of the memories they awakened without tears, who will blame me? There, as in this old Abbey, there were some whose forms had not only passed from the earth, but whose very names had been lost in the din of battle. What American who has paused between the silent streets of these cities of the heroic dead has not agonized over the inscription that recorded so many of the sleepers among the "unknown?" But not forgotten, like the antique dust of the Abbey—the dust, doubtless, of some of the man-hunters of the past. Thank God for it, no! We need build no towering piles, hew no colossal figures, carve no stony wreaths, trace no hollow praises, to keep their deeds fresh and fragrant in a nation's tenacious gratitude. They fought in a far greater struggle than any that conferred fame upon the occupants of storied Westminster—in a struggle that saved self-government from endless defeat, and, by liberating one race of men, gave freedom to all mankind. And as I turned my footsteps from the door of this splendid temple, I felt that, if we could not boast of high art in America, and of our allegiance to a long line of departed kings, we had made a history in the first century of our manhood that would enlist and inspire the poet, and the painter, and the sculptor, and warm the hearts and nerve the arms of the people to the end of time.

XVII.—SUNDAY AT WINDSOR.

THE CASTLE—THE TERRACE—ETON—SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL—HIGH CHURCH CEREMONIALS IN CONTRAST WITH SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

LONDON, *June 2, 1867.*

A Sabbath in the country supplied a strong and instructive contrast to a Sunday in the town; and to-day, the bright and cloudless sky of which reminded me of "home, sweet home," we took the Paddington train, and in less than an hour found ourselves at Windsor, where Queen Victoria lives in the summer months—where her beloved Prince Albert, her mother, her father, and most of her ancestors are buried, and where the Prince of Wales sometimes visits, his own country residence being in Sandringham Park, in the county of Norfolk. The Castle, which includes Victoria's abode, is full of storied memorials, and has been the rural home of the English sovereigns for nearly eight hundred years. The view from "The Terrace" is magnificent. Much that you have read of is spread before and around you. "The Long Walk," "Frogmore," the tomb of the Prince Consort, the Virginia Water, Eton—the college where so many famous men have been educated—invite your footsteps and arouse your recollections.

St. George's Chapel, however, was most attractive to me, and at the appointed hour we entered and took our seats among the worshippers. It is a choice specimen of Gothic architecture, well adapted to the celebration of the elaborate ostentation of the Church of England. The massive altar, with its gold communion plate and tall candlesticks; the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, surmounted by their shields, banners, swords, and coats-of-arms; the cold

marble floor, and dark roof carved into many fantastic forms; the ancient windows, with their exquisite stained glass; the superb organ; the men and boys in white robes; the priests and readers in black; the scarlet soldiers at the door, musket in hand, and the gold-laced officers inside, with their dark swords, red faces, and white beards; the nobility in the upraised, and the commoners in the low-placed seats; the long, tiresome, and rather grotesque routine of chant and prayer, half Catholic and whole aristocratic; the short and haughty sermon—were altogether novel, if not impressive, to republican eyes and ears.

As I sat, saw, and listened, even the fact that a marble slab at my feet told me that underneath were buried that model husband and father, Henry the Eighth, and one of his six queens; also George the Third and his queen; also William the Fourth, and others—could not keep out the contrast of the recollection of my feelings as I sat in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and heard his honest preaching to his simple-hearted congregation but one week before. And I am only frank when I say that it seemed to me that God must give a warmer welcome to the fervent Congregationalist than to the precise Ritualist. It was to me the difference between form and faith—between body and soul—between the discipline of Laud and the devotion of Cromwell. The Canon of St. George's, as they called the clergyman who preached the brief sermon at the close of the protracted service, was assisted and preceded in his appeal to the Deity by a perfect procession of supernumeraries. It was as if God had to be admonished of the approach of her Majesty's minister. Spurgeon did *his* work alone. He opened and closed without organ, choir, robes, or genuflexions. He spoke, not like the surpliced Canon, to a hundred, but to four thousand eager souls, who invoked God's pardon and care with spontaneous and electric fervor. When I returned from Windsor the contrast was not weakened by continued reflection.

XVIII.—AMERICAN RAILROAD STOCK.

AMERICAN SECURITIES IN ENGLAND—PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD STOCK—A POPULAR INVESTMENT—EXTENSION OF THE LINE—ADVANTAGES TO PHILADELPHIA—UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—MINERAL WEALTH TO BE DEVELOPED—A NEW LINE OF STEAMERS FROM PHILADELPHIA TO LIVERPOOL.

LONDON, *June 3, 1867.*

The resources and prospects of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, and, as a natural result, of Philadelphia and our great State, have made a lasting impression upon foreign capitalists, and have completely obliterated the prejudices excited in this country by the unjust assaults of the Rev. Sidney Smith nearly thirty years ago. It is only necessary to state that about one-eighth of the capital stock of the road is owned in Great Britain; that six hundred thousand pounds sterling of the guaranteed bonds of the Philadelphia and Erie Road (now owned by the Pennsylvania Central) are held here, and also that two millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling of the sterling bonds of the Pennsylvania Central, due in 1869 and 1875, are held mainly in England and on the Continent, to show how that magnificent work is appreciated in the Old World. There are no American securities, excepting the Massachusetts bonds, that stand so high as the shares of the Pennsylvania Central, and few of the railroads of Europe have attained a better position in the great money-centres. The recent exhibits of the internal condition of that company, resulting alike from the investigation of the foreign shareholders, and the movement of Col. Page in the board of directors at home, followed by the voluntary and unanimous

endorsement of the extraordinary ability and foresight of John Edgar Thomson, the president, and Col. Thomas A. Scott, the vice-president, have directed fresh attention to the subject; and if the policy thus vindicated is wisely and firmly pursued, the stocks of the Pennsylvania Central will lead even the favorite and established investments. That policy looks boldly to uniting Philadelphia with San Francisco, by means of established connections with the Union Pacific Railway, and with Liverpool by means of a line of steamships that will accommodate the immense amount of produce now brought to our wharves, and which, for want of these facilities, is shipped by the Camden and Amboy Railroad to New York.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company was regarded by its early friends and projectors in the light of a great local enterprise. Few, beyond its chief engineer and present executive, Mr. Thomson, comprehended that, properly conducted, it had the capacity to become a work of national importance. And while he has seldom announced the steps to be taken till the public mind was ready and could comprehend them, he has had this cardinal idea always in view. In several instances, in furtherance of this policy, he has been unable or unwilling to invite the necessary support for what might not have been so apparent to others; and therefore, in such cases, he has taken a part and shouldered responsibility that he asked of no one else. The completion of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road between Plymouth and Chicago, in 1857 to 1859, is a memorable example. The Pennsylvania Central had embarked over a million of dollars in this avenue to the granary of the world. Not choosing to ask them to go any farther, Mr. Thomson pledged his own credit and private fortune for the balance needed to finish it. The result was all that was claimed, and the company not only afterwards realized their original investment, with about fifty per cent. profit, but accomplished to its fullest extent

the grand aim of securing for the road the shortest and best avenue between the grain regions and the seaboard—thus, in effect, extending the main line of the road to Chicago, with but a small part of the necessary outlay. This is only one of several like cases, all tending to consolidate and push forward the power and influence of the road to distant points. All this is now a matter of history.

Mr. Thomson's line of policy has been completely successful, and at the same time a profit has been realized on the aggregate of all similar outlays. It is well to consider the actual results thus attained, because, compared with the experience of most other great enterprises undertaken to aid outside connections, whether in Europe or America, this success is an exception, and indicates a sound judgment and far-seeing sagacity in conception and execution. The city of Philadelphia, in her corporate capacity, subscribed largely to the Pennsylvania road; of course, more to insure the prosperity of the city as a port than for the rich return in dividends which she has since received. These were of secondary importance, and not relied on as certain. Her merchants have always contended that the object of this municipal investment could not be consummated till the link in the chain of connection with Europe was added by a line of steamers. And they very properly urge that not only should Philadelphia receive the benefit of the carrying trade brought to her port by her own outlays—which is now necessarily handed over to a rival city—but that a large amount of goods now entered at New York and Baltimore would be sent to her, because of her superior facilities of transmission West, as well as of the enormous delay and expense attending the entry of goods at the New York custom-house—a fact at once too notorious and alarming to be denied. But while the Pennsylvania Central have listened to these arguments for a line of steamers, and sometimes with seeming indifference,

they have never lost sight of the tremendous importance of the subject. They have waited only to accomplish it in such way as would be most consistent with their corporate powers, and under circumstances most certain to insure permanent success. In 1862, had the Judiciary sustained the appropriation of future excess dividends by the Councils, at the request of the company, the steam line would *now* be afloat. The spirit of opposition shown in this instance was a caution to the company to move only in strict accordance with unquestioned powers; but since then the policy of Mr. Thomson has continued its development.

By proving the necessity of extending the line, the company have made the great work more certainly profitable by rapid additions to their traffic. The Eastern division of the Union Pacific road has become substantially the property of those controlling this policy, and wholly in the interest of the main line of the Pennsylvania Central. That this road and its branches will soon assume the proportions of a great overland route of the world, is now both seen and felt here as it is at home. With this new extension of its influence and increase of force the company will foster as a necessity a line of steamships to Liverpool. By reference to the map you will see that not only for the mere direct overland carrying trade of Europe does this new avenue come into play, but by aid of a direct line of steamers the great body of emigration may be ticketed direct, *viâ the Pennsylvania Central system, from ports in Europe, and landed without loss or risk on the rich lands given to the Pacific roads, and traffic and business to and from the country to be peopled insured, to the certain prosperity of the road, and to the permanent enhancement of the power and wealth of our country, which only wants willing hands and strong arms to develop her greatness.* It is believed that the mineral wealth alone, to be developed on the line of the Pacific Railway, will in a few years be suffi-

cient to pay off our national debt. Be that as it may, the certain increase of a hardy population, secured by the opening up of such a line to her rich and at present inaccessible lands, will develop this ability in a single generation without the metals which are certainly there.

It is sufficient to add that the additional link of a line of steamers with Philadelphia is not only now become more than ever a necessity, but that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, at their own instance, shortly inaugurate such an enterprise, and its success may be regarded as certain, with the same carefully considered and matured plans as have hitherto managed her undertakings. The presence in London of an able and persevering advocate of this enlarged policy like Mr. Gilead A. Smith, whose rooms are the headquarters of Americans from all sections, has done much to awaken the lively interest of foreign capitalists in the projects and prospects of the Pennsylvania Central, with its rapidly advancing connections to the Pacific on the one side, and its determined purpose of establishing a magnificent line of steamers from Philadelphia to Liverpool on the other. *The great fact that the best route across the continent of North America is held and owned or controlled by the Pennsylvania Central and its tributaries and associates, will compel the organization of that line of steamers at an early day.*



XIX.—LOW WAGES AND LITTLE EDUCATION.

JUSTICE OF ENGLISH "STRIKES"—LABOR UNDERPAID—STARVATION—EDUCATION SCANTY AND INDIFFERENT—MR. FRAZER'S REPORT ON AMERICAN SCHOOLS—SUPERIORITY OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

LONDON, *June 5, 1867.*

No unprejudiced man can examine the Labor question in Great Britain without reaching the firm conviction that there is a large amount of justice in the "strikes" of the workingmen of this kingdom. The first thing that excited my surprise was the painfully low wages of this powerful, and, in my own country, controlling class; and additional observation has only served to change this surprise into sorrow. If it were true, as I have heard it boldly contended by many Englishmen, who concede that labor is miserably paid in Great Britain, that the necessaries of life are very much lower than with us in America, the case would be different. But unhappily there is no such countervailing evidence. A shoemaker or a tailor does not earn, on an average, more than thirty-six shillings a week—less than ten dollars—and first-class hands must work very steadily if they can earn as much as twenty dollars a week. An experienced short-hand or phonographic amanuensis, connected with a leading railroad company, who has done some work for me, after hours, gets one hundred pounds a year, or about seven hundred dollars a year of our currency, for constant toil. A London policeman is paid at the rate of about six hundred dollars a year; and one pound, or about six dollars and a half a week, is the wages of a road conductor or

"guide." A first-class compositor in the office of *The Times* can make four pounds a week, but there are only about four who earn such wages in that establishment. Now, when you are told that beef in England is twenty-two cents a pound, butter thirty cents, and other articles of food in proportion, you may estimate how much these classes have left at the end of a year. My short-hand reporter, who is a married man, and evidently a sober and intelligent one, doubtless tells the story for most of the better sort of work-people, when he says that he must borrow money to pay his debts at the close of every quarter. High rents for rooms and small tenements are universally admitted and deplored. A sad illustration of these facts is the following, taken from the *London Star* of this very day:

A shocking case of death from destitution was brought to light on Tuesday at Homerton. Caroline Raymond was the wife of a shoemaker named James Raymond. The Raymond family consisted of the father and mother, and four children; one of the latter is a cripple. The average weekly earnings of the head of the family was 15s., and out of that 2s. 6d. went for rent. It was stated that during the whole of last winter all the family had to do without furniture or bedding. The other day the attention of the parochial authorities was called to the fact that the poor woman was dying. After some official delay the place was visited, a sickening scene of filth and wretchedness was witnessed. Death soon after relieved the unfortunate woman of her sufferings. A coroner's jury came to the conclusion that death was produced by natural causes, accelerated by the surrounding circumstances, and recommended that the Board of Guardians' attention should be drawn to their visiting orders.

The condition of the laboring classes in the factories and mines, and in the agricultural districts, is far worse. To insufficient compensation are frequently added the horrors resulting from compelled ignorance and defective schools. I lately conversed with a well-informed agricultural "hand" on one of the immense estates belonging to the nobility. He got eleven shillings a week, and out of that supported

his wife and several children, and paid a shilling a week for his little hut, and an additional sum to his Grace for a small patch of ground on which he raised his little vegetables. As he said himself, "this is not living but lingering." It is unnecessary to institute a comparison between these facts and the compensation and general condition of skilled and mere manual labor in the United States. This will be instantly suggested to the reflecting reader. But who that carefully considers them will deny that there is great justice in the very general complaints among the producing classes of this kingdom? The philanthropist does not treat these heartrending protests with contempt. He recognizes and examines them. He sees that until they are answered or redressed there can be no real peace or genuine prosperity. That the contrast presented by the peculiar advantages of the industrial interests in our country, not only in point of wages, but in respect of political blessings, and cheap and thorough public schools, should have become keenly familiar through the medium of sufferings so acute and exceptionless, is only natural.

Wherever I go I am overwhelmed with inquiries about America; and these are asked not only by thoughtful statesmen, but by the people of every grade. One fine young fellow listened to my plain statement of the comforts enjoyed by the men employed on the *PRESS* and *CHRONICLE*, and to my description of the High School of Philadelphia, and of the distinguished posts filled by the graduates of that and similar popular institutions of the United States, including, of course, the splendid free schools of New England, exclaimed, "I shall never be satisfied till I can earn my passage to America." The example of America can therefore no longer be depreciated or derided in England.

A notable proof of this assertion was presented a few days ago in the report of the Rev. James Frazer, who was appointed by "the Schools' Inquiry Commission" to inspect the

schools of America and Canada. It is a very remarkable paper. Mr. Frazer does not conceal his prepossession in favor of the religious element in popular education as against purely secular instruction, nor does he deny his prejudice against the American system. He landed in the United States in the midst of our great war. Advised to take Canada first, and to wait for more peaceful times to inspect our institutions, he preferred to see how the civil conflict would affect our great schools. He arrived immediately after the assassination of President Lincoln, and naturally felt apprehensive that the moment was inopportune for the special work in which he was engaged. But great was his surprise to find that "the ordinary march of life was interrupted in the Northern States by the loss of their Chief Magistrate hardly for an hour." In the Border States and in Pennsylvania—where three thousand teachers had enlisted for active service—the war proved somewhat detrimental to the prosperity of the schools; but even in these States the effect of it was not to close the schools, but to place the management of them in the hands of women. His deliberate, unprejudiced, and noble testimony is, that "never before were realized so strongly the national blessing of education and the necessity for democratic institutions resting for a foundation upon the intelligence and public spirit of the people. Never before," he continues, "were more liberal appropriations voted by the townships for the support of schools; never before were private benefactions more frequent or munificent; never before was there displayed a more universal determination to uphold in all its integrity, and if possible to carry onward to a still higher degree of efficiency, the education of the people." When I add that this report has been before both Houses of Parliament, "*by Order of her Majesty*," you will perceive that education in America has not only awakened the enthusiasm of the English people, but has at last secured the attention of the sovereign and her conservative ministers.

XX.—VISIT TO SHAKSPEARE'S GRAVE.

MR. E. E. FLOWER, A FRIEND OF AMERICA—THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW PLACE—THE POET'S PREDICTION ON CIVIL WAR—SHAKSPEARIAN RELICS—HIS TROTH-RING—NOBILITY OF SOUL AND NOBILITY OF TITLE—BLENHEIM PALACE—WARWICK CASTLE AND KENILWORTH—CHATSWORTH—HAD-DON HILL—NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, *June 6, 1867.*

A day to be long remembered finds me writing these lines near the home and grave of Shakspeare. Leaving Leamington, a watering-place famous for its medical springs and one of the loveliest inland towns in Europe, early in the morning, we reached Stratford-on-Avon, ten miles distant, in a little more than an hour, after a ride made doubly interesting by the thronging associations of the place, and the peculiar beauty of that rarity in England, a day of almost uninterrupted sunshine. As we bowled along the level and hedge-lined road, the air redolent with the breath of the hawthorn, the sweet-briar, and the laburnum, and the arching trees filled with the singing birds of England, the driver pointed out a handsome residence on the hill overlooking the town, and said, "the gentleman who lives there is a strong friend of America." Asking his name, I immediately recollected that I bore a warm letter to him from a distinguished friend, and concluding to present it, the horses' heads were turned up the smooth avenue, and in a few seconds Mr. E. F. Flower, the host himself, gave me a cordial welcome. It was cheering to stand under his hospitable roof-tree, and hear him talk of our beloved country, and of her Providential rescue from

treason. Mr. Flower is known all over England as one of the earliest champions of our cause. Long ago, before Illinois was a State, he lived in the Northwest, and with other brave spirits aided to preserve that great territory from the pestilence of Slavery. It was in that stern school he gathered the experience which kept him in the right path when he returned to live in his native country, and enabled him to work for the assured victory of the Union side when the traitors flew to arms. His speeches and writings contributed immensely to correct the falsehoods of the rebel emissaries, and are now proudly quoted by his friends and himself as so many fulfilled prophecies. While the prejudiced and willingly-deluded aristocracy around him believed these emissaries, and invested their money in Confederate bonds, Mr. Flower bought Five-Twenties; and thus, as the former find their hopes and their money turned to ashes, his expectations, like his interest, are coined into gold. We spoke of his intimate friend Charles Sumner; of the martyred Lincoln, whose portrait hung in his study; of Thaddeus Stevens; of the act of reconstruction; of the magical change in the feelings of the British Tories, until I felt that I had known my new friend for many years.

To make the incident more harmonious with our visit, Mr. Flower had given much attention to the study of Shakspeare. Directly before us, almost at our feet, in a valley that seems to be set, like a glorious picture, in a framework of magnificent scenery, as if to assist in perpetuating the mighty name that would alone immortalize it, were the home and the grave of Shakspeare. He pointed out the sacred spots, and proposed to act as our guide. As Mr. Flower was mayor of the borough of Stratford-on-Avon in 1864, when the tercentenary of the birth of Shakspeare was celebrated—an event that lasted for nearly ten days, and was assisted by the leading intellects of many lands—we gratefully accepted his offer. A splendid photo-

graph of that historic commemoration hung in his parlor; and I could not help recollecting, as in his intelligent society we passed over the consecrated ground, how freshly the illustrious bard lives in the memory of men after the lapse of more than three hundred years. All around us were the evidences that he lived and was beloved in this beautiful vale; mute yet overwhelming rebukes as they were of the attempts to profane his memory by invalidating his title to the glorious works of his inspired intellect. Under the auspices of Mr. Hunt, who resides in the borough, and whose family held the original portrait of Shakspeare for more than a century and then deposited it in the house in which the poet was born, aided by Mr. Flower and other eminent men, this house and the grounds adjoining were purchased several years ago, and rearranged as they were during his lifetime, from the original deed, still extant, and now to be seen in one of the rooms. The garden around the old house, much of it as it was when he was a school-boy, and after he grew to man's estate and was carried to his last abode, has been planted with the trees and flowers so constantly referred to in his plays and poems; and as I passed along the walks I thought of poor Ophelia and her poesy; of Friar Laurence, and the immortal lines with which he addresses the morning as he opens the window of his cloister; of the melancholy Jacques in the wood; and of the thousand rural odors and flowers and trees that have made Shakspeare's works one conservatory of the enduring bays and perfumes and garlands of genius. A not inappropriate episode marked our examination of the inner chambers of the house itself, when one of our company, at my request (Daniel Dougherty, Esq., of Philadelphia), recited in his own unequalled style the following noble passage from "Richard II.," being the prophecy of the Bishop of Carlisle of the result of the threatened civil war between the Houses of York and Lancaster, who took their emblems from the English gardens, and fought, bled,

and perished under hostile roses, red and white. The same passage was quoted by Mr. Dougherty more than ten years ago, in a great speech which he made in Independence Square in support of James Buchanan's election to the Presidency. He little thought then that what he quoted would be so soon realized; nor yet, that when war came, it would rid the earth not only of the hated curse of slavery, but would convert *him* and thousands more into conscientious Abolitionists. The effect upon the Americans and English who heard him will not soon be forgotten:

Let me prophesy:

The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
Oh! if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist, let it not be so,
Lest child's child's children cry against you, "Woe!"

The whole vicinage is instinct with Shakspeare. The church in which he was buried two days after his death, directly under the lofty tablets which record the departed members of the still ruling families of the neighborhood, proves that his fame was acknowledged at his own home; and the original deed to his father, showing that he resided in the house called "The Birth-place;" the celebrated letter from Richard Quiney to Shakspeare, in 1598, asking for a loan of thirty pounds, the only letter to Shakspeare known to exist; Shakspeare's gold signet ring, with the initials "W. S.," and a true-lover's knot between; specimens of the original copy of the play, "The Merry Wives of Wind-

sor," with many more equally important evidences, included in the architecture of the town and neighborhood; the old title-deeds of the family; the likenesses in possession of the nobility; even the signs of the shops and taverns—the whole establishing the full identity of the illustrious dead, and reviving all the enthusiasm of the student. It would have been criminal incredulity, not to say ingratitude, to doubt in such a presence; and as I stood before his gravestone, and read his own epitaph, written by himself, cut in deep letters into the solid granite—

Good friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones—

and remembered how, in all his writings, he seemed to shrink from violations of the dead, I seemed almost to stand in his living presence. Hardly less impressive was the heart-warm tribute of "rare Ben Jonson" on the frontispiece of the first printed edition of Shakspeare's plays, directly under his excellent portrait, still supposed to be his best. There was a startling vitality and fidelity in this witness:

This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life.
Oh! could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

Yet, if all mortal testimony were really lost, Shakspeare could not be forgotten. The crumbling walls of the old house in which are preserved the few proofs of his

career presage their speedy disappearance from the face of the earth; but the immortality of the poet is secured in the imperishable gratitude of his race.

Within a few days I have visited the seats of the surrounding nobility, for Stratford-on-Avon is literally filled with the stately castles of the ancient families. What an unwritten yet unforgotten poem it is, the humble grave of Shakspeare in the centre of these ostentatious palaces! The unpretending poet, safe in his everlasting fame, and the living peer, spending his millions to keep his dead ancestors from oblivion. Within a short ride by rail is "Blenheim," the gorgeous estate of the Duke of Marlborough, well described as "an earthly paradise." It was presented by the British nation, at the suggestion of Queen Anne, or her ministers, to the Great Duke after his glorious victory at Blenheim, and Parliament voted two millions five hundred thousand dollars for its adornment. The opulence that marked the original gift has been imitated by the profusion of the succeeding outlays to maintain its grandeur. A park of twenty-seven hundred acres filled with flocks of sheep and herds of deer—an artificial lake covering over two hundred acres—plants and flowers from every quarter of the known world—walks, waterfalls, and fountains—endless statuary—tapestries and paintings nearly two hundred years old, including ancient masterpieces of Rubens and Titian—a library two hundred feet long containing nearly 18,000 volumes, the whole of these luxuries included in a building the front of which is 350 feet in length—all to do honor to a successful general, who, notwithstanding his victories, is denounced by Macaulay as a corrupt, faithless, and dangerous courtier! And all this vast expanse of soil and these priceless luxuries are left for nine months of the year to the care of a few servants, because the present owner cannot bear the cost of living here, while hundreds and thousands of God's creatures are living and almost starving at his very gates!

You thus can have an idea of what is called the territorial aristocracy of England.

Eight miles from Shakspeare's grave is the stately castle of the Earl of Warwick, where, though the grounds are not so extensive as those of "Blenheim," the inner objects are scarcely less costly. Here, indeed, the Muse of History can recall the past and forecast the future; but the contrast between the enduring renown of a great genius like Shakspeare and the fleeting fame of those who lived only upon their prince's favors remains the same. "Kenilworth" is in the same locality. I wandered among its moss-covered ruins—all unroofed and deserted as they are—and traced the lines of the huge structure which three hundred years ago re-echoed to the revelry of the royal courtiers and their retainers, and re-read in the fascinating pages of Sir Walter Scott the bitter rivalries of Sussex and Leicester, the sad fate of Amy Robsart, the splendid progress of Queen Elizabeth from London, as described by the Wizard of the North; and I fancied the crowds that thronged the roads and filled the broad demesne around the residence of the handsome favorite.

Not far off is "Chatsworth," the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, far more expensive though more modern than "Blenheim." Here I found a park of two thousand acres and over six thousand deer; a palace of quadrangular form, with an open court in the middle, in the centre of which is a splendid fountain. It is impossible, even if it were any part of my purpose, to describe the works of art and the money spent to adorn an establishment occupied only exceptionally by its titled owner. The gardens and conservatory are the gems. They were planned and laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, who was formerly a common gardener of the Duke's, and whose salary was larger than that of the President of the United States. Close at hand is "Haddon Hall," another old castle, with large grounds, and in the same circle is "Newstead Abbey," once the family

property and residence of Lord Byron, the poet, but sold by him to his friend and school-fellow, the late Colonel Wildman, after whose death it was purchased by Mr. Webb, the warm friend of Dr. Livingston, the African explorer, by whom it is now occupied. But among all the splendors of these gorgeous habitations and almost imperial estates, I could not forget how much was wasted and lost that ought to be distributed among the people, and how securely and easily the fame of Shakspeare was preserved amidst the expensive contrivances of the aristocracy to keep their empty names alive.

When we came to the church where Shakspeare lies buried, we found a meeting of the clergy and vestrymen of the county just adjourning. The Archdeacon had concluded a very able and decided protest against the ritualist tendencies in the Church of England, and had warned all concerned that the movement was dangerous in the extreme. It was interesting to notice how differently it affected different parties. The clergy were divided in regard to it, but the vestrymen sustained it almost in a body. The High Church here is the obedient echo and faithful reflector of the aristocratic philosophy, and its antagonists are the representatives, no matter how they may deny it, of the progressive sentiment. As the one tends irresistibly to injustice, the other as surely leads to liberty. And so it is that the age that reveres Shakspeare most fervently is gradually cutting loose from all superstitions and forms. At last even Oxford will not hesitate to say that the most learned must become the most liberal, and that the more we know the less we shall feel disposed to assert our superiority, or to assist weaker men than ourselves in tyrannizing over the minds of others.



XXI.—FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

FREE TRADE THE MODERN ENGLISH PLATFORM—ELIHU BURRITT FAVORS IT—ENGLAND SLOWLY UNLEARNED PROTECTION—BOUNTY TO THE CUNARD STEAMERS—CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

LONDON, *June 7, 1867.*

The English mind seems to be set almost unanimously in favor of free trade. However parties may differ on other subjects, they concur in recommending it as the grand panacea to other nations. Ever since Sir Robert Peel abandoned his protective policy, free trade has become a sort of general English platform upon which everybody is expected to stand. The United States, perhaps the best market for their manufactures, are loudly called upon to imitate the British example and to cease discriminating in favor of domestic industry. Mr. Elihu Burritt, "the learned New England Blacksmith," who is American consul at one of the great manufacturing centres in England, in a recent letter has promised speedy acquiescence in this demand. Whatever his lights may be, nothing that I have seen during my stay in this country would induce me to recommend free trade to so young a people as the Americans. Certainly there is little in the condition of the working masses here to inspire the hope that my own countrymen may be similarly situated. Few can honestly believe that if these masses were not poorly paid, and left in almost hopeless ignorance, what is called free trade would long since have been abandoned in England. The American Government will hardly be a hundred years old on the 4th of July, 1876. It took England more than a thousand years to unlearn "protection," and even now her preten-

sions to free trade are strangely at variance with her practice.

In conversing with a leading Liberal a few days ago, who, full of enthusiasm for our example in abolishing slavery and in completely enfranchising the colored people, was also full of anxiety that we should incorporate free trade into the republican creed, I directed his attention to the orders of the British Government, at the beginning of the century, prohibiting any of the improvements for the manufacture of cotton fabrics from being sent to the United States; and when he said that that was a long time ago, and that we could afford to take the lead in teaching other nations political economy, I asked him what he thought of the tremendous bounty paid to the Cunard line of steamers between Liverpool and Boston and New York, *simply for the purpose of preventing free trade by other vessels?* He was silent. No better comment could be made upon this loud outcry for free trade than the fact that the very government that denounces the United States for not opening their ports to the fabrics of the pauper labor of Europe, paid nearly one million of dollars every year to the Cunard line of steamships chiefly to prevent *American* competition. Nor was this subsidy withheld during the war, when our whole mercantile marine was withdrawn, either by the needs of the Government itself, or because of the ravages of the rebel corsairs, and the carrying trade entirely monopolized by foreign and chiefly English ships. Nor do I believe it will be withdrawn now, *simply because there is a sure prospect of a vigorous rivalry by the organization of other lines of steamers between other Atlantic cities in our country and the French, German, and English ports.* So long as this bounty to prevent a fair competition is paid, our English friends should cease their complaints because Young America prefers to protect her home-labor.

If the British statesmen had our Southern problem to solve, they would be sure to encourage manufactures in

every cotton, sugar, tobacco, and rice State. They would discard the wicked folly of exporting the raw material to foreign countries, only that manufactured articles might be returned to clothe a servile population and keep that population servile. At the end of a thousand years, they might adopt, as now, a partial free trade, taking care, even then, to prevent any rivalry that might affect a single one of their interests. But this problem is our own, and we must solve it according to the rules of common-sense. If free trade had been the law in the United States before the rebellion, the condition in which that cruel revolt found, and in which its fortunate overthrow left the South, would compel Congress to legislate for the establishment and protection of domestic manufactures in that desolate and impoverished quarter.



XXII.—UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

ANTIQUITY OF OXFORD—RICH IN LESSONS TO THE MIND—
 “TOM BROWN’S SCHOOL-DAYS”—PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH
 —HIS CHARACTER OF CROMWELL—THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

OXFORD, *June 8, 1867.*

This ancient cluster of English colleges and the seat of learning from the time of the magnificent foundation of Christ Church in 1525, by the opulent and sagacious Cardinal Wolsey, before he lost the favor of Henry VIII., is probably the most interesting object in Great Britain, after the home and grave of Shakspeare. For here you have the living as well as the dead. In the other old places you commune with the past alone, and your heart grows cold and sad with gazing upon the stony effigies of departed kings and courtiers. At Oxford you read the

ecclesiastical experience of England for nearly a thousand years; there are records, if not relics, of the foundation of the Monastery of St. Frideswide, A. D. 740; and you may anticipate, from the present signs of the times, a future equally prolonged and far more interesting. At Westminster Abbey you commune with the dead alone; but as you loiter through the Oxford aisles and chapels, you commune with the quick as well as the dead. The progress of revolution in other days is marked on these crumbling walls and varied styles of art and architecture, and the progress of revolution in coming times is almost audibly foretold in the new edifices. Here we realize the grandeur of the Catholic Church when the monastery was not only the refuge from misfortune but the repository of learning, and here we confess to the sequestration of those large estates by the conquerors of another faith. The ardent Catholic gazes upon these splendid monuments with mingled pride and pain, and not less so as he agonizes over the fact that the most of this wealth belonged to his Church in bygone eras, and is now enjoyed by a denomination which chiefly contributes to the oppression of Ireland, where the religion of the overwhelming majority of the people is forced chiefly to support that of the British minority—part of the same power which deprived the Catholic Church of its most precious ecclesiastic memorials. But Oxford is full of such lessons. The student here finds rich material for reflection. The seat of costly and thorough learning, it is also the seat of intellectual aristocracy, one of the great schools where the rulers of England enjoy the education of books before they reap the harsher harvest of the education of the world. And many great minds have been polished by the stern lapidaries who preside over this great establishment.

Two members of Parliament are chosen by the electors, doctors and masters of arts, belonging to the University, and two by the city of Oxford—the former, Tories of the

strongest type; the latter, Liberals almost of the Bright school. But many of the boldest republicans have passed through the University with the highest honors. "Tom Brown's School-Days," the great book written by Thomas Hughes, the present earnest Liberal member from Lambeth, came back to me with all that keen wit and strong sense which have made it a classic in every intelligent American family, as I passed through Oriel College, where he graduated with much distinction.

The recollection of Goldwin Smith, an Oxford scholar of unchallenged eminence, and recent Regius Professor of Modern History in the University, gave the whole place additional interest, because of his surpassing championship of my country. He had just resigned the chair which he had filled with such unmatched capacity; but his "Lectures on the Study of History" will stand to his honor for ever more. I tried to ascertain the cause of his resignation. Probably his deep and fervent love of liberty had something to do with it, for never were high attainments, spotless piety, and profound research so completely enlisted in any cause as in his case. The lectures referred to are models of graceful eloquence, severe logic, and exhaustive learning; and as I peruse them, with palpitating pride in the masterly dialecticism, I wonder how his aristocratic audience must have received them. His philosophy is the genuine Christian democracy. He has full faith in man, a hearty distrust of mere titles, a noble scorn of the bigot, an earnest sympathy with labor, and he demands that the gentry and the nobility owe it to the people fully and conscientiously to equip themselves for the grave duties laid upon them by the accidents of birth and fortune. It was refreshing to picture this calm and fearless thinker talking these wholesome truths to reluctant ears. He told his titled and aristocratic hearers that Oxford to-day is not the Oxford of the past. There is something start-

ling in the thought that he employed these glorious words before the sons of the English nobility :

Cromwell's name is always in the mouths of those who despise or hate high education; who call, in every public emergency, for native energy and rude common-sense—for no subtle and fastidious philosophers, but strong practical men. They seem to think that he really was a brewer of Huntingdon, who left his low calling in a fit of fanatical enthusiasm, to lead a great cause (great, whether it were the right cause or the wrong), in camp and council, to win Dunbar against a General who had foiled Wallenstein, fascinate the imagination of Milton, and by his administration at home and abroad to raise England, in five short years and on the morrow of a bloody civil war, to a height of greatness to which she still looks back with a proud and wistful eye. Cromwell, to use his own words, "was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." He was educated, suitably to his birth, at a good classical school; he was at Cambridge; he read law; but what was much more than this, he, who is supposed to have owed his power to ignorance and narrowness of mind, had brooded almost to madness over the deepest questions of religion and politics; and as a kinsman of Hampden, and an active member of Hampden's party, had held in his time all converse on those questions with the profoundest and keenest intellects of that unrivalled age. And therefore his ambition, if it was treasonable, was not low; therefore he bore himself always, not as one who gambled for a stake, but as one who struggled for a cause; therefore the great soldier loved the glory of peace above the glory of war, and the moment he could do so sheathed his victorious sword; therefore, if he was driven to govern by force, he was driven to it with reluctance, and only after long striving to govern by noble means. Therefore he kept a heart above tinsel, and, at a height which had turned the head of Cæsar, remained always master of himself; therefore he loved and called to his council-board high and cultivated intellect, and employed it to serve the interests of the State, without too anxiously inquiring how it would serve his own. Therefore he felt the worth of the universities, saved them from the storm which laid throne and altar in the dust, and earnestly endeavored to give them their due place and influence as seminaries of statesmen.

We have all one work. The professor is henceforth the colleague of the tutor in the duties of University Education. What he was in the Middle Ages is an antiquarian question: It is clear that since that time his position and duties have greatly changed. The modern press is the mediæval professor, and it is absurd to think that in these days of universal mental activity and universal publication men can be elected or appointed by convocation or by the Crown to head the march of thought, and give the world new truth. Oxford herself is no longer what a University was in the Middle Ages. No more, as in that most romantic epoch of the history of intellect, will the way-worn student, who had perhaps begged his way from the cold shades of feudalism to this solitary point of intellectual light, look down upon the city of Oakham and Roger Bacon as the simple emporium of all knowledge—the single gate to all the paths of ambition, with the passionate reverence of the pilgrim, with the joy of the miner who has found his gold. The functions and duties of Oxford are humbler though still great, and so are those of all who are engaged in her service and partake the responsibilities of her still noble trust. To discharge faithfully my portion of those duties, with the aid and kind indulgence of those on whose aid and kind indulgence I must always lean, will be my highest ambition while I hold this chair.

Oxford is called in one of the guide-books "a City of Palaces"—a better phrase would be a City of Churches. Its nineteen colleges and six halls are included under the title of "The University." The Bodleian Library, considered the finest collection in Europe, contains 270,000 printed and 22,000 manuscript volumes. Its foundation runs back as far as Alfred the Great, and its antiquities in statuary, medals, paintings, and religious ornaments, are carefully preserved. The gardens of the colleges and the waters in which the students conduct their aquatic sports, where Tom Brown and his associates endured their hardy discipline, are extremely picturesque. It is a city of no commerce, save what is derived from the colleges, and, though boasting a population of 32,000, has no daily paper.

XXIII.—RAILWAYISM.

BRITISH RAILWAYISM—CLEARING HOUSE—RAILWAY STATISTICS—PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON, *June 8, 1867.*

The English railroads rarely cross public roads save by bridge or tunnel, and when they must enter a great city like London they almost invariably run parallel with the tops of the houses. You see at once how this course insures the safety of person and of property. Indeed, nothing in these masses of men and mazes of railways so interests and surprises the American as the ever-present and conscientious vigilance for the protection of human life. No person is permitted to walk on the track, no idle crowds are allowed to cluster at the stations, and in the few cases where the rail traverses a road on the same level, gates are watched by guards, who allow neither horse nor carriage to cross till the train is out of sight. The contrivances to give efficiency to these great works are new and numerous. On the London and Northwestern line, the locomotives take water while running at the rate of sixty miles an hour. An elongated iron box is laid in the middle of the track parallel with the rails, which is kept constantly filled with water from a neighboring fountain. As the train passes on swiftly, a scoop or shovel, fixed under the tender, taps the box and instantly fills the tank. The post-office car is a model that might be usefully imitated in America, and the clearing-house in London, where the delegates of the various companies meet every fortnight for the purpose of settling accounts and fixing rates, is quite an institution. It is something like the clearing-house of our banks, and very complete. More

than a thousand clerks are employed in this adjusting process.

While overlooking the extensive organization of the London and Northwestern Railroad, a few days ago, in company with W. Prescott Smith, Esq., of Maryland, who has brought to the comparison between the railroads of England and America all the advantages of his long experience as the master of transportation of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and who has been a most intelligent observer of English enterprise, I gathered some idea of the extent and resources of a corporation which is said to be the richest of its kind in the world. The capital stock of the London and Northwestern Railway is about one hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars, and its income in 1866 was as follows :

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| Passengers | £2,809,915 |
| Freights, &c..... | 3,502,150 |
| | £6,312,065 |

or about thirty-one millions of dollars in gold.

How enormous this is, you may judge as you recollect that the capital of the Pennsylvania Central Railway is about forty-five millions, and its income in 1866 was about sixteen millions of dollars. As you study these figures you realize how much more profitable an investment in the securities of our great work is than in the leading railroad of the world. With one-third the capital the Pennsylvania Railroad earns more than one-half as much as the London and Northwestern. Additionally illustrative of the magnitude of this great company is the fact that their locomotive engines number thirteen hundred and forty-seven, their passenger carriages or cars two thousand five hundred, and their freight cars or wagons twenty-seven thousand. Their salaried men, conductors, ("guards,") clerks, agents, &c., amount to two thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and their working employes to twenty-six thousand and twenty-one; a total of twenty-eight thousand

eight hundred and eighty-four. I question whether the force of the Pennsylvania Central, in all its departments, including the great Philadelphia and Erie branch, equals ten thousand officers and men. The general comparison is most valuable, however it may be regarded. While on this subject it is proper to state that the broad gauge is everywhere abandoned in Europe, the roads now using it being altered to the narrow measure most prevalent in the United States, though the Great Western retains it. It requires no gift of prophecy to anticipate the day when American securities, like American doctrines, will be honored and confided in by the wise men of the Old World.



XXIV.—OUR POLITICAL EXAMPLE.

ANTI-AMERICANISM OF THE LONDON PRESS—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STRIKES—JUDGE KELLEY AT MOBILE—CONCESSION OF POPULAR RIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, *June 9, 1867.*

I have not met an Englishman, no matter what his politics, who, conversing upon the American war, has hesitated to say that if Great Britain had had such a rebellion as ours to suppress, scarcely one of the leaders would have been left alive to tell the story of his treason. Even those allowed to live would have been deprived of their rights and property. An eminent Colonial Governor said to me, a few days ago, in commenting upon the reconstruction policy of Congress: "You Radicals have done right, and I honor you for not allowing the rebels to come back into Congress and the Electoral College, to resume the policy that nearly brought your country to ruin; and if you had not done so

you would have been laughed at all over Christendom ;” yet, while nobody denies the extraordinary moderation of the conquerors, it is significant how perseveringly our beloved country is misrepresented by the English newspapers. I have carefully read these papers, and, with the exception of the *London Star*, they seem to have adopted but one rule in regard to America—the rule of deliberate falsification of the great party that resisted the rebellion. Every thing, in fact, that can bring discredit upon the United States is eagerly copied and commented upon ; and no matter how quickly and completely the slander is authoritatively contradicted, they give no such thing as a retraction.

The “strikes” of the American workingmen were set forth as so many preparations for the overthrow of society, for the division of property, and for the beginning of a new civil war ; and when the Schuylkill county miners shot some of the capitalists, it was hailed as a fulfilment of these extravagant predictions. The object was to excite the upper and middle classes against the work-people, especially those who have combined for high wages. These misstatements became so offensive at last that one of the leading Liberals called upon me for information. I explained the wide difference between a strike in England and a strike in America, and instanced my own experience with the workingmen in Philadelphia and Washington, and showed him—what, indeed, he knew himself—how little cause there could be for any permanent or dangerous difference between capital and labor in a country where so many avenues are opened to honest ambition and enterprise. The conflicts in Schuylkill county, like the conflicts in Connecticut, originated not among Americans, but foreigners—men who came from her Majesty’s dominions—and in no case could they be charged upon the native population. To his request that I should make a public statement to refute these misrepresentations, I replied that such a course would only

lead to renewed bitterness, and that "time would make all things even." But up to this moment no such act of justice has been vouchsafed, although the Chicago strike has been finally adjusted, and the eight-hour laws of the States that have passed them are acquiesced in by the employers.

Meanwhile the toiling people here are shamefully assailed for asking a slight advance upon their almost starving wages. The falsehoods do not end with the labor question.

The attack upon Judge Kelley at Mobile furnished another rare *bonne bouche* to the same class of adversaries. Nothing was clearer than that he provoked and the negroes began the *emeute*, unless it was that the whole affair proved that the reconstruction policy was a failure. The American correspondents of the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and even the *News*, repeated these unjust statements, and columns of editorial were written to sustain them. But not a word has appeared to correct the false impressions thus created, since the arrival of the facts proving that the Mobile difficulty originated with the rebels. Nothing disparaging is omitted. If a Copperhead predicts that the national debt cannot be paid if an impenitent rebel swears that he will not obey the laws; if General Sickles or General Sheridan is accused of tyranny to the sinless gentry of Charleston and New Orleans; if President Johnson hints a new edition of "My Policy," it is instantly set before the readers of these papers, and garnished with appropriate praise. But with how little result, except to confirm aristocratic hatred of American institutions! Even this hatred is giving way to the stern logic of *success*. Depend upon it, the tide has not only been turned in our favor, but promises to become a torrent; and if the good work goes on in the South—if brave and far-sighted statesmen like Wilson and Kelley continue to address all parties there between now and the Presidential election—there is not a ruler on the earth that will not be compelled to square his conduct by our triumphant model.

An eminent member of Parliament, probably one of our most embittered adversaries during the war, in a speech in 1861 or 1862, hailed the cloud that threatened to hurl the bolt to split the American Republic as the rescue of the governments of Europe from their worst enemy. He believed our success would be the ruin of the monarchists. But not so, if they are wise. Not so, if, improved by our example, they secure themselves in the improvement of their people. If they resist the wholesome lessons of the times, they will fall, like Lucifer, unforgotten only because of their fatal infatuation.

One of the most sagacious statesmen in Europe, of the Tory school, sees this ripe truth, and uses it like a man of common-sense. I mean, of course, Mr. Disraeli. He understands that the only way to strengthen, if not to save, her Majesty's government is to concede as much as possible to the British people. A few days ago, in an address to the workingmen of London, he made the following allusion to the aristocratic opposition to the reform bill he is now pushing through Parliament:

The policy which my noble friend has made the basis of the bill now before the House of Commons is, *in effect, nothing more than a restoration to the people of their ancient privileges.* When we hear of the alarm of some persons who probably affect more alarm than they feel at the measures which we recommend, we can only remember *that they are measures which for a long time were the law of this country*, and that under these laws the people of England became the most powerful and the most prosperous community in the world.

Whether this refers to the period of Cromwell, when Charles I. lost his head and the Parliament asserted the rights of the people against the usurpations of the Crown, or not, the Chancellor of the Exchequer talks like a very earnest progressive. No wonder Ruskin, Roebuck, Lowe, and their retroactive associates, fear and abuse America, when a leading Conservative statesman, the immediate

minister of the monarch, carefully shapes his "policy" in obedience to popular expectation. Every hour makes the impression deeper in my mind that if we had not conquered the rebellion in America, the millions of Europe would have been sunk into hopeless servitude. Our victory was theirs, because it was the victory of Liberty over Slavery.



XXV.—FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL—SUNSHINE RETURNS—PARIS WITHOUT A PARALLEL—CHARACTER OF THE PARISIANS—FRANCE IN CONTRAST WITH ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES—NAPOLEON'S SWAY—CHANGES IN PARIS—UNPAVED STREETS—A DAY'S AMUSEMENTS—SUNDAY IN PARIS—THE CATHOLICS.

PARIS, *June 20, 1867.*

From London to Paris!—not so far as from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and not very much further than from New York to Washington, and yet this short distance divides two nations almost as different from each other as if a sea of fire rolled between them. Indeed, the narrow space of twenty-six miles of water, from Dover to Calais, separates these long-hostile and still jealous powers—rivals alike in traditions, in history, in war, in commerce, in science, in diplomacy, in literature, and in language—the one proud of its Anglo-Saxon, the other of its Latin origin, and each claiming to be the head of its own race. If the British islands were not sea-girt, if their natural fortress were not their rock-bound coast, the English example would never have been so potent throughout the world. The waves of other civilizations would have mingled with

and adulterated their own; and instead of being, as now, a purely independent power, their institutions would be largely affected, like those of the Continent, by the prejudices and manners of their neighbors. I have never so strongly realized this truth as since I saw the palpable proof of it. We left London at 8.30 P. M.; and giving eighty minutes to crossing the Channel on a calm moonlit night, reached Paris about half-past seven the next morning. I have confessed my sensations on landing at Liverpool, but at least surprise was there softened by the familiar sound of my own language, even if that was spoiled by the dismal Dundrearyism of the gentry, and in the unintelligible dialect of the country people. But the change from England to France is almost the transition from one planet to another. It was not alone that when the steamer reached Calais we found the people using a foreign tongue, nor that their dress was grotesque to a degree, but that every thing was odd, and nature assisted to complete the contrast. For more than a month the heavens of England had been hung in black, but the morning we drove from the station to the Hotel du Louvre, in the French capital, was as bright as if we had been in our sunny America. And every thing else seemed to be in harmony. Instead of the dark buildings and gloomy streets of London, I saw broad highways and towering houses, apparently composed of the same light stone, which fairly sparkled in the beams of the early day. Paris, as I have since experienced, revels at night, and does not retire till long past the small hours; and it is only at high noon that she wakes from her slumber to begin the eternal round of pleasure and excitement.

There is no parallel to Paris on the globe—least of all in staid and straight-laced England. My first impression was of an extended playhouse or extravagant picnic, organized for a temporary purpose; but this soon gave way to the fact that the French people are governed through their

appetites, and that he who aspires to rule them must constantly cultivate their tastes for personal enjoyment. Hence Pleasure here is a permanent institution. Elsewhere exceptionable, it is here a habit. In the United States the grand objective point of life is to found a home—to rise in the world; here the end of every day, and I fear the end of all days, is a seat in a *café*, a theatre or a ball-room.

I hope I do not underrate these people when I declare that in my opinion it will be many years before they are fit for such freedom as we enjoy; but I do not forget that they have never yet proved themselves, armed with marvellous opportunities, equal to a serious effort, or to a prolonged trial of genuine liberty. I think I can see at once why they fly at the throat of the master who misuses them; and why, when he is at their feet, they speedily fall under the domination of a new despot. I can now understand why, when Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Arago, and their associates, organized a republic, twenty years ago, they rejected the American model with some scorn, and, attempting an impracticable Utopia and an impossible Arcadia, failed. A people addicted to pleasure as the chief end of man, can never accommodate themselves to the prose of representative liberty. For that system has correlative blessings and duties, and none can enjoy the one without faithfully fulfilling the other.

There is no contrast more significant between England and France than that England is a land of homes—France a land of hotels and restaurants. If I desired a brief description of the domestic habits of the two peoples, this half sentence would contain it. Between the United States and France, unhappily the contrast is even greater. Here there is neither a political nor religious future for the poor man. In America every industrious citizen accumulates property and aspires to high position. Although the great public works in Paris were projected, among other

things, to give employment to the poor, yet they earn little more than their bread and wine, and never have any surplus. When these works are finished, as in a short period they must be, where will the millions look for subsistence? This is a terrible question to a ruler who can offer no such prospect to his subjects as is presented to the working people of America. That Louis Napoleon, alive to these warnings, may be leading his countrymen to their first realization of self-government, is the hope of some thoughtful men, and God grant it may be so. He understands it so well, that in order to hold himself secure he "fools them to the top of their bent." Nobody denies that they were never so happy under any former master; and the materialists will ask, for what else Government was made but to promote the happiness of men? And certainly, if the French *continue* docile under a system which gives them no share of government, the materialist is right. But their history proves them to be a restless, dissatisfied and exacting race; and, as they are the most acute of the Latin tribes, it is barely possible that, in an age so constantly progressive, they may learn enough at last to take the reins into their own hands. But my brief observation inspires no such hope. The surprise and satisfaction of the American in Paris are generally succeeded by the same conviction. However eagerly he may enter upon the amusements and the novelties of the metropolis, he soon tires of the incessant pageant. Is he far wrong, seeing more than thirty millions of people making the froth of fashion and the foam of frolic almost their daily food.

The Emperor would have a hard task if he did not know these traits of his countrymen. And with this knowledge, he certainly directs them well. He has turned their idolized capital into what they unhesitatingly call a paradise. The old faubourgs where Revolution plotted are being torn out by the roots, like so many poisonous fangs. Waste places are cultivated into gardens, narrow streets broadened

into avenues, neglected suburbs transformed into blooming environs. An intelligent Englishman, speaking for thousands of visitors, yesterday declared that Louis Napoleon was the Augustus Cæsar of France, and that future ages would honor him, if for nothing else, for the magical changes he has wrought in Paris. It is these which make it so rare an attraction to native and foreigner. I will not attempt to describe it; but if there is any thing in Paris I could wish to see introduced into Philadelphia, Washington, and other American cities, it is the system of paving the walks, streets, and common roads. Recollecting the millions vainly squandered in attempting to give us something like decent thoroughfares in the United States, and thinking of the terrific dust of Washington in the summer and mud in winter, and of the rough highways of Philadelphia, *not* excluding Broad street, I am sure it would be economy to send a commission to Paris to ascertain how these magnificent boulevards and drives are constructed and kept in such admirable order. Traversed day and night by thousands of vehicles of every sort, light and heavy, they are as smooth and as clean as the best walks in the grounds around the President's House or the Capitol Building. Whether it be true or not that one of the motives of the Emperor was to deprive the architects of the barricades of the use of the stones they tore from the streets in revolutionary times, he has made rich and poor happy in the pleasure derived from the enjoyment of these unrivalled roads and streets. They are almost endless, leading and terminating, so to speak, everywhere. Miles after miles they run through an ever-changing variety of scenery; beginning with the city and extending into the country; along countless *cafés*, gardens, parks, conservatories, museums, baronies, rivers, cascades, modern wonders, and historical antiquities. If I were to attempt to enumerate all these attractions I would tire you.

As a specimen of one day's amusements, I take from *Galignani's Messenger*, of Saturday, the following:

STRANGERS' DIARY.

TO-MORROW—SUNDAY.

Grand waterworks at Versailles. Basin of Neptune illuminated at 9 P. M.

Universal Exhibition—Reserved hours, 8 to 10; ordinary hours, 10 to 6.

Races at Fontainebleau, at half-past 1.

Steeple-Chase at Vincennes, at half-past 2.

Flower Garden of the city of Paris, 137 avenue d'Eylau, from 1 to 5.

English church, opposite the Embassy, rue d'Aguesseau, Rev. E. Forbes; 10 A. M., 12 noon, 3½ P. M., and 8 P. M. Church of England, 10 avenue Marbeuf, Rev. G. G. Gardiner; 10, 12, 3½, and 8. Church of England, 35 rue Boissy-d'Anglais, Rev. Archer Gurney; 8½, 10, 11½, 3½, and 7½. Evangelical service at the Wesleyan Chapel, 4 rue Roquépine, Rev. W. Gibson; English service at 11½ and 7½. English Congregational chapel, 23 rue Royale, at 11½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; Presbyterian worship at 11 A. M. and 3 in the small chapel at the Oratoire. American chapel, rue de Berri, 11½ and 3½; at the Oratoire, in French, 12 A. M. At the American Episcopal Church, rue Bayard, Rev. W. O. Lamson, rector; 11½ and 3½. Anglo-American Church, 11.30 A. M.; Litany with sermon, 4.30 P. M.; special service, 6 P. M. Free Church of Scotland, Taitbout chapel, 54 rue de Provence, at 10.30 A. M. and 3.15 P. M. For the English Catholics, Church of St. Roch, l'Abbé Rogerson. Church of St. Nicholas de Beaujon, the Passionist Fathers, Russian Church, mass at 11. At St. Germain en-Laye, 11½ and 3½. At Versailles, English Church, 11 bis, rue des Bons Enfants, 11½ and 4½. At Fontainebleau, rue de la Paroisse, 3½. Chantilly, St. Peter's Church, 11 and 3.

At the Louvre galleries, painting, sculpture, from 12 to 4.

Luxembourg—Galleries of paintings, 12 to 4.

Cabinet of Natural History, Zoology, and Mineralogy, at the Garden of Plants, 1 to 5.

Hotel Cluny; Palais des Thermes, 11 to 5.

Ste. Chapelle, 11 to 5.

Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, 10 to 4.

Museum of Musical Instruments, at the Conservatoire, 2 rue Bergère, 12 to 4.

Palace of St. Cloud, 12 to 4.

Historical Galleries and Palace of Versailles, Trianon, 12 to 5.

At St. Germain, Musée, Gallo-Romain, from 11½ to 5.

Palace of Pierrefonds, near Compiègne, Museum of Arms, 12 to 4, Northern Railway.

Cathedral of St. Denis, 11 to 4. By the Northern Railway.

Palace of La Malmaison, 12 to 4.

Palace of Fontainebleau, 12 to 4.

Opera (7½)—La Juive.

Français (7½)—L'Aventurière—Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard.

Opera-Comique (8)—L'Etoile du Nord.

Lyrique (7½)—Romeo et Juliette.

Gymnase (8¼)—Les Idées de Mme. Aubray.

Palais-Royal (7)—La Vie Parisienne—Ménage à Quatre.

Vaudeville (8)—La Dame aux Camélias.

Varietes (7½)—La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein—Lambinet.

Ambigu (7¼)—La Bouquetière des Innocents.

Gaité (7¼)—Le Courrier de Lyon.

Chatelet (7¼)—Cendrillon.

Hippodrome (3)—Spectacle Equestre.

Prince Imperial (8)—American Circus.

Folies-Dramatiques (7¾)—Le Père Gâchette.

Folies St. Germain (8)—Les Mémoires du Diable—Vénus—L'Ecaillère.

Folies Marigny (Champs Elysées) (8)—Bu quis 'avance—En Classe Mesdemoiselles.

Concert des Champs-Elysées, 8 to 11.

Pré Catalan (To-morrow), Concert at 2.

Panorama of Solferino, Champs Elysées.

This is Paris on Sunday! In Philadelphia, THE PRESS has been roundly abused for asking that the city railroads may be used for the working people on the first day of the week, and a violent, and I think cruel, Phariseism has thus far defeated this measure of justice and humanity. It is far from my purpose to cite Paris as an argument in

favor of this measure. When that day of rest is dishonored in America as it is here, freedom will have gone from us for ever; but is there not something even in French example that should teach American statesmen the duty of considering the physical condition of our working masses? And why should Philadelphia be an exception to the rule adopted by the most exemplary *American* cities? There is a vast difference between what is called Religion in the two countries. Here it is of the head—a form, not a faith; an idea, not a conviction; a theory, not a creed. The devoted Catholics are the females; the men have a philosophy rather than a religion. The Catholic religion in Europe, excepting in Ireland, is decaying. In France it is falling into disrepute under the merciless researches of the scholars and the controversialists. In Italy the Pope is more hated by those who call themselves Catholics than by the Calvinists themselves. In Germany he is disregarded by prince and peasant. In Spain papacy is the weapon of tyranny, ignorance, and superstition. In our own country the Catholic Church is as little like the pure Romanist organization in Italy, Spain, and Mexico, as the American Episcopal Church is like its aristocratic British prototype. And though it may be true that the tendencies of many who worship under the forms of the latter are adding worshippers to Rome, it is perfectly clear to my vision that, as man progresses in intellect and improves in physical condition, every denomination that does not address itself directly to an intelligent and fearless conscience must grow weaker until it collapses in darkness and death. Let him who doubts this assertion visit Italy and talk to Garibaldi—the Island of Guernsey, and talk to Victor Hugo—or Paris, and talk to Laboulaye.



XXVI.—THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

FRANCE PLACED PREDOMINANT—THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT—PRIZES TO AMERICAN EXHIBITORS—DR. EVANS AND THE SANITARY COLLECTION—PHILADELPHIA INVENTIONS AND APPLICATIONS—PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL FAIR AND REFRESHMENT SALOONS—LITERATURE OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

PARIS, *June 21, 1867.*

The Universal Exposition is one of the thousand devices of the Emperor to attract strangers and capital to Paris, and, however it may be criticized, it will always stand as a monument of his own sagacity, and of the genius of the French nation. Nothing has been left undone to make it worthy of the pride of this peculiar people and the patronage of others. The predominance of France is steadily made manifest. France in art and France in arms are the two almost ubiquitous ideas, and wonderfully are they illustrated. Everywhere it is Napoleon I., and Napoleon III. The Bourbon and the Orleans aspirations are only noticed to be humiliated; and though England, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Germany send munificent contributions, he is but a narrow observer who cannot see in the military omnipresence of France an eloquent rebuke of nationalities which the Great Captain more than once defeated and humiliated. There is a double motive, therefore, in these royal invitations to foreign princes and potentates. The craving appetite of the French multitudes for display, and their inordinate passion for military glory, are gratified, while trade, which would undoubtedly languish if not lapse into bloody discontent but for these successive ovations, is

kept in a feverish vitality. Here you have the whole secret of government in France—and not of government only, but of society. Take away these restraining stimulants—if I may coin a phrase—and Paris would be a volcano, alternately slumbering and exploding.

That portion of the Exposition allotted to the United States could not, under the best circumstances, be as large or as well filled as the sections set apart for British or Continental exhibitors. Paris, a great geographical, political, and commercial centre to Europeans, is separated from the Americans by three thousand miles of ocean. To this great natural obstacle were added the diplomatic complications resulting from the attempt of the Emperor of the French to establish Maximilian in Mexico. Congress and the press in the United States construed this attempt in the interest of the rebellion, and our people were naturally not willing to assist in swelling the attractions of a demonstration projected by the author of that ill-fated experiment. Yet, notwithstanding these untoward events, there is much in the American department to make us proud of our country. Under ordinary circumstances, we should have been an overmatch in many products for every other nation but France and England, and must have equalled these in certain great staples of manufactures. As it stands, the Imperial Commissioners, appointed to investigate the relative merits of the various contestants, have decided to award three of the twelve highest prizes to Americans, viz. : To Cyrus W. Field, the bold pioneer of the Atlantic Telegraph; to Thomas W. Evans, for his Sanitary Collection; and to House, for his Magnetic Telegraph. These highest prizes do not take the usual shape of medals, but will be something more significant and substantial. The three gentlemen named are each to be honored for more than a mere invention—for an idea—a great thought, that contributes to the comfort and happiness of their fellow-creatures. Medals of gold, silver, and bronze have been

awarded to other Americans. Chickering and Steinway have each received a gold medal for their superb pianos; W. Sellers & Co., of Philadelphia, have carried off the medal for their machine tools; and T. Morris Perot, also of Philadelphia, has been similarly distinguished for his ambulance and medicine wagon, so highly prized and universally used during our war. The American reapers, after a fair trial, vanquished all competitors, and received not only the medals but the personal commendations of the Imperial Commission. The splendid locomotive of the Paterson (New Jersey) Works, has also been signalized, and various other objects of American invention, improvement, or manufacture, have been set apart for special notice. Illinois is probably better represented than any other State—a result of the energy and munificence that, in less than ten years, have made her great Central Railroad one of the leading securities in the money markets of the world, and in less than twenty years have built Chicago into an almost cosmopolitan city, with a future such as no other capital in America can anticipate. In the Illinois collection are a model of the free country school-house of America and a model of a Western farmer's residence. They are regarded with great curiosity and interest by the hundreds of thousands of Europeans who daily throng the grounds. Each is an argument for liberty. In the farm-house are maps showing the progress of the West in the elements of civilization and wealth, in railroads, towns, products of the soil, manufactures, population, &c.

The public land system of America is explained in the reports of the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, which are circulated gratuitously with the consent of the Emperor Napoleon. Thus the European artisan at once understands the advantages of America over all countries, by being brought face to face with the fact that he can there get a home for himself, almost for nothing, educate his children in the public schools without

charge, and then leave them to fight their way on equal terms with the best. Thanks to the perseverance of Mr. James H. Bowen, of Chicago, this significant feature of the Exposition has become an object of increasing interest to visitors of all nationalities. Not far from the American school-house and the American farm-house is the costly miniature palace specially constructed, at enormous expense, for the temporary use of the Empress of Russia during her recent visit to Paris. The contrast was singularly forcible. Six hundred thousand soldiers are necessary to defend the occupants of that palace against their foes, and these must be sustained by incessant taxation upon the labor of others; while the owners of the American farm-houses, educated at their own free schools, are the arbiters of their own destinies. They go to war only for peace and freedom, and when these are secured, they dismantle their armaments, and fall back into the ranks of private life, enriching and elevating themselves at the same time.

But to me the most interesting part of the Universal Exposition was that which concerned Pennsylvania. I allude to the contribution of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of Paris, a gentleman who twenty years ago lived in Philadelphia, and afterwards in my native town of Lancaster, in both of which he is so favorably remembered.

Those who were contemporaneous with the war, and who watched with pride and amazement the development not only of the military but especially of the sanitary preparations for that terrible struggle for Liberty, can best understand how much Dr. Evans has done, by seeing what I have seen. He seized the first and the fittest moment to let the world know what his country did to alleviate human suffering during that war, and, while giving to mankind the benefit of her experiences and her many discoveries in Christian science, he gracefully set forth the startling story of her victorious vindication. Dr. Evans had precisely the position, as he had the temper, to conduct this grand mis-

sion. By his energy, courage, tact, and intelligence, he had secured the confidence of the Parisian community and the favor of the Emperor Napoleon. In this double relation he has had a most difficult rôle to fill; but as he has carefully refused to become a politician, and has always diligently prosecuted his profession, he has never become an object of enmity even to those who envied him. Signalized by the highest mark of the sovereign's confidence, the universally-sought decoration of the Legion of Honor, I do not believe there is a harder-working man in Paris than Dr. Evans. Calling at his office, 15 Rue de la Paix, a few days ago, I found him overrun with business. Patients of every degree waited in his ante-rooms, and his assistants, like himself, had hardly a word to give to any one. Rising at eight every morning, he toils on till night, and yet is one of the freshest and most amiable men I ever met. Dr. Evans cannot be forty-five years old from his appearance, and, though famous all over Europe, is as proud and as fond of his profession as ever. He says he never forgets his old customers, and that no matter how humble or poor, he always gives them the precedence. They encouraged him in his days of adversity, and he will not forget them in his prosperity. Gradually yet surely his rare scientific attainments and experience extended his influence, until now it is nowhere denied that there is hardly a sovereign on the Continent who does not frequently and confidentially consult him. Large honors have accompanied, and immense riches have rewarded, his exertions. But nothing has ever cooled or weakened his attachment to his native country. When the war broke out, he never faltered in his faith in her final triumph. Closely connected with Napoleon, the grave complications alluded to did not shake his religious reliance in the ultimate success of the Union cause; and when efforts were made to misrepresent that cause, it was Dr. Evans who said the good word at the proper time, and who successfully combated the designs of

the Confederates. The removal of the irritations which threatened to disturb our relations with France and the crushing downfall of the rebellion placed him in the happiest situation to consummate the splendid work according to his initial promise. No other man could have so admirably placed one of the grandest pages of the war before the sovereigns and *savans* of Europe; for no one could have secured so important and so generally inaccessible an audience. The crowned heads of the Continent, their counsellors and Cabinets, have had a revelation made to them in the simplified records of the American Sanitary Commission. Their own bloody and desperate conflicts, and the constant dangers of their situation, have made the subject one of deep solicitude to them, and it is easy to see that they were not the less inclined to study it, when it was proffered to their consideration by one they so highly esteemed.

From this you will perceive that Dr. Evans was exactly the man to organize the practical part of the work, and you need not be surprised that the Imperial Commission has rewarded him with one of the highest prizes. The collection itself occupies a portion of the grounds near the main entrance of the Exposition. You are attracted by the inscription, in large letters: "*Succor to the wounded!*" In company with Mr. L. F. Mellen, of Alabama, Secretary of the United States Commissioners, I saw it to great advantage; and you may well conceive that, if strangers enjoyed it, I was not insensible to the recollections it aroused. To find myself in the presence of the sacred memorials of the war that ended in the salvation of my beloved country, and to know that these memorials were daily examined, and in many instances copied, by the rulers of the oldest nations of the world, was indescribable satisfaction. Philadelphia, the very first to move in the great work of sanitary reform, and the most munificent and persevering of all the American cities in the vast civic and benevolent organi-

zations of that fearful struggle, however neglected in other respects in the Universal Exposition, can never repay Dr. Evans; and while I saw with regret and shame that Pennsylvania was left without so much as a small section designated by her great name in the department of the United States—by whose neglect I will not stop to inquire—I turned gratefully to the quarter where one man, out of his own means, and by his own energy and intellect, had erected at once our vindication and his own monument. Some of the articles collected particularly arrested my attention. I will name a few:

The Wheeling Ambulance, *improved* by T. Morris Perot, of Philadelphia. A light, two-horse, four-wheeled carriage, intended to convey four persons besides the driver: two recumbent, two sitting, or ten sitting. Perot's improvement consists in the employment of springs of caoutchouc—four strong rings of this material being secured within the body of the ambulance and attached to levers springing from the axletrees. It is claimed that this application secures for the carriage an easy and agreeable movement, and an almost entire absence of concussion, even over the roughest roads.

An Ambulance; one of thirty, of similar construction, given by citizens of Philadelphia during the war to as many fire companies of that city, and employed in conveying sick and wounded soldiers arriving at the Baltimore station across the city—about four miles—to the New York station, or to the various hospitals. This ambulance service was voluntarily assumed by the firemen, and the presence of sick soldiers and the number of ambulances, needed was signalled through the electric apparatus of the Fire Department. In the ambulance exhibited about three thousand soldiers were transferred from station to station.

(This ambulance was sent here by the Philadelphia Fire Company.)

A Medicine Wagon, known as Perot's—constructed by T. Morris Perot, of Philadelphia. In this wagon the drawers and compartments are adapted to the carriage of medicines in bulk, in parcels, and in bottles; the system of packing being such as to secure the latter against fracture in certain cases by the employment of

springs, and in others by columns of compressible air, obtained by a simple device. The rear of the wagon is so constructed as to shelter the surgeon, while dispensing in the field, from rain and wind. A set of hand-litters is carried, as also a strong amputating table. This wagon is a little lighter than the Autenrieth wagon, and was usually drawn by four horses. Wagons constructed by Mr. Perot were used to a considerable extent by the United States Medical Bureau during the late war.

A Coffee Wagon; invented by J. Dunton, of Philadelphia. The wagon exhibited—designed to furnish the soldier on the march and on the field of battle with hot coffee and tea—was one of several in the service of the United States Christian Commission during the last months of the war, and was actually employed by that commission—furnishing hot coffee to the wounded of both armies—on the day of the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox Court-House.

A Field Medicine Pannier Basket, furnished; made by T. Morris Perot, of Philadelphia.

A Medicine Pannier, furnished; made by Jacob Dunton, of Philadelphia. The bottles in this pannier are of block tin—internal and external surfaces of tin, between which is placed thin lamina of wood. The bottles are light and strong, well secured at the mouth, and, as was generally the case when economy of space was desired, square in form.

A Hospital Knapsack; furnished; made by J. Dunton, of Philadelphia. It is intended that this knapsack should be carried in the field by a steward, with a suitable provision of medicines, stimulants, dressings, etc. The knapsack is so constructed as to rest to a considerable extent on the small of the back and hips, and, by its weight, rather assists than otherwise the soldier in maintaining an erect position.

A Hospital Knapsack, furnished; made by T. Morris Perot, of Philadelphia. It is designed that this basket shall serve the same purpose as the hospital knapsack described.

A Block Model of the United States General Hospital at West Philadelphia, giving a general view of the grounds, pavilions, kitchens, &c., connected with that hospital.

A Block Model of the United States General Hospital at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, giving a general view of the grounds,

pavilions, corridors, kitchens, railways, drains, &c., connected with that hospital.

A Lithographic View of the same hospital.

Model of a Pavilion of the United States General Hospital at Chestnut Hill, scale 1-24. This model shows in fac-simile the exterior and interior construction of a ward pavilion, the mode of ventilation and heating (Leeds' system), the bath-rooms, and offices, together with the arrangement of beds, furniture, etc.

A Field Hospital Tent, called "the Umbrella-tent," made by Wm. Richardson, of Philadelphia. It is claimed that this tent occupies less space when packed, is more readily unpacked and erected, and when erected is more convenient and secure, than either the square (wall) or Sibley tents, which have hitherto been regarded with most favor.

A Hospital Mess Chest; made by T. Morris Perot, of Philadelphia—containing 6 tin-cups, 1 tin-dipper, 1 pepper-box, 1 salt-box, 1 grater, 6 knives and forks, 1 meat fork, 1 basin, 1 bowl, 6 iron teaspoons, 6 iron tablespoons, 1 fry-pan, 1 oval teapot, 1 iron tea-kettle, 1 stew-pan, 1 oval boiler, 6 round tin-pans, 6 tin-tumblers, 1 coffee boiler, 3 tin-boxes for coffee, tea and sugar.

An Artificial Leg; made by D. W. Kolbe, of Philadelphia.

A Mess Pannier; J. Dunton, Philadelphia; containing stove, coffee-pot, pepper, salt, and butter-box, cups, plates, knives and forks, etc.

The American Combined Knife and Fork; for the use of those having but one hand.

Lithograph of the Bazaar of the Sanitary Commission at Philadelphia.

Here, also, were the Soldiers' Library; the Soldiers' Writing-desk, the little sack filled with articles for the soldier's use, sent by the million from the ladies of America; the Sick Soldiers' Car, with beds, medicines, &c., and specimens of the ten thousand delicacies and contrivances of a grateful people for the defenders of the Republic. And everywhere the old flag, woven in the quilts, printed on the envelopes, on the letter sheets, in the books, and even on the Bibles they read. But nothing brought back the tide of memory so strong as a little piece of thin

parchment called "the identifier," given to every Union soldier as he enlisted, by the Sanitary Commission, intended to be carried on his person, so that if killed in battle his name would not be unknown to those who might find his mutilated remains. On one side were these words :

"I am (soldiers' name), of Company —, Regiment —, Brigade —, Division —, Army Corps —.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And on the other side were these words :

"Address my (father, mother, wife, brother, or sister, as the case might be, with the post-office, where said relative or connection might reside)."

The intelligent young gentleman selected by Dr. Evans to explain to visitors the different parts of this collection stated that he had been called upon to perform that task for numerous members of the royal families of Europe, and that that very morning the Grand Duchess Louisa of Baden had seen and studied these various objects. I will not pry into the thoughts that such an experience must have started in such minds, but I will ask whether the man who gives his time and money to the collection of such information is not more worthy of the honor of his fellow-countrymen than if he expended both in what is called high art? As if not satisfied to let these evidences of Philadelphia genius during the war tell their own story, I found the memorial of our Great Central Fair, held at Logan Square under such inspiring circumstances, written by our accomplished citizen, Dr. C. J. Stillé, filed among the archives of the collection. The whole record was thus carefully made up for the foreign thinker; and from the day that the patriotic women on Washington avenue, Philadelphia, came forth to relieve the first regiments that embarked at the foot of that thoroughfare, tired and hungry, on their way to the defence

of Washington, to the extension of that spontaneous charity in the never-to-be-forgotten Cooper-Shop and Union Refreshment Saloons, nothing is left undone to complete a history worthy of a world's applause and imitation. Of course these souvenirs are not confined to Philadelphia. The contributions of other cities, including most of the improvements of the officers of the army, all have place. Among the literature I noticed the "Discourse of the Rev. Dr. Bellows, president of the United States Sanitary Commission," in reply to the question, "Why the Sanitary Commission need so much Money?" "Military Statistics of the United States," by Mr. Eliot; "Three Weeks at Gettysburg;" "History of the Sanitary Commission;" Photographs of places made memorable by the war;" "A roll of the autographs of 19,108 persons, mostly soldiers, who had undergone surgical operations without pain, while under the influence of nitrous oxide gas, administered by Dr. J. N. Colton;" and last, not least, the eloquent and unrivalled groups, in *terre cuite*, by Rogers, perpetuating some of the famous events of the war. Whatever may be said of the Emperor's opposition to freedom of the press in France, the fact that he cordially consented to allow these significant trophies of American benevolence towards the soldiers of the Republic during the war a place in the Exposition, and the unobstructed circulation of American pamphlets on these subjects, deserves to be noted to his lasting credit.

I do not depreciate high art, but I confess that in the midst of the monuments of materialism by which I was surrounded, sent here by the old nations, including the *chef-d'œuvres* of masters that have honored ancient and modern times, the result of these labors of our countryman, Dr. Evans, seemed to me most worthy of praise. He has unconsciously supplied the answer to the question why America, the freest of human governments, has not excelled in works of genius. That answer is found to be not

because we are young in years, but because we have loftier objects to consummate and a grander destiny to crown, than a passion for æsthetic studies and pursuits, which, however pleasing, yet, let the truth be said, too often lead a people to forget their moral obligations to themselves and their posterity. For is it not written that where luxury and art prevail, the masses are almost, if not always, slaves? But I find myself treading on somewhat forbidden ground, and so close my narrative before I destroy it by turning it into an essay.



XXVII.—UNION TRIUMPHS.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ELECTION AND VICTORY—INEVITABLE SPREAD OF REPUBLICANISM—STATE OF EUROPE—AND OF THE UNITED STATES.

PARIS, *June 22, 1867.*

The news of the election of the Republican ticket in the city of Washington, on the 3d of June, was joyfully received by the Radical Americans in Paris. Some solicitude was felt in consequence of the efforts of the Democrats to secure the votes of the colored citizens, and the predictions, copied into the Tory papers, that many would support the candidates of their persistent foes. Although I never myself doubted the fidelity of the liberated people of the District of Columbia, I confess that I received the intelligence of their victory, so far away from home, with unutterable satisfaction. Here, as in the United States, the enemies of humanity and freedom calculate largely upon dissensions among these new voters, and upon their surrender to their old masters; and here, as in our own country, the champions of human freedom hope every thing

from their unity and courage. Every such result, therefore, as that which defeated the Copperheads in Georgetown and Washington, strengthens the good cause immeasurably. Failure at the centre would weaken all the extremities, and would especially discourage the millions in the Old World who are so directly interested in the success of universal suffrage in the United States. Rest assured the triumph of true representative government with us will improve or abolish all other systems, and the more peaceful and economical our example the surer and more complete will be the sequel. As I anticipate the future of my country in the light of the tremendous events that have succeeded the death of slavery, I feel how futile all efforts must be to prevent the spread of true republicanism. There is no better position from which to cast the world's horoscope than here. France and England are tranquil, mainly because of their enormous military establishments. Even the *London Times*, a few weeks ago, substantially declared that the last Convention of the Great Powers, known as the treaty of Luxemburg, simply left Europe in a state of fortified quiet, with each party to the bargain armed and ready for a fight on the slightest notice; and this must be the condition *en permanence* of all the ancient governments till they are completely liberalized.

The expense of these enormous establishments increases with the growth of population and the intelligence of the masses. The financial condition of France and England is admirable; not so that of Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Bavaria, &c. Italy is on the verge of worse than bankruptcy, Russia is hardly better off, while Bavaria is exhausting herself in military preparations.

Take the United States after a war unparalleled in modern civilization, in the numbers engaged, the money and lives lost, and the vital issues decided, and you have an army of half a million reduced to one of less than fifty thousand;

the national securities 'nearly' at a premium in the markets of the world; our paper currency not only not irredeemable, as is nearly the case with that of Russia, but rapidly approaching the specie standard; our great railroad stocks above par in London and Paris (both Pennsylvania Central and Illinois Central are largely purchased); and four millions of inexperienced people adapting themselves to the enjoyment of rights in the midst of their own obedience to law and the general submission of the defeated rebels to the liberal terms of the triumphant Government. I need hardly add, what will occur to every observer, that this is the prospect at a time when the South has scarcely begun to recover from her self-inflicted wounds, and when business in other parts of the United States still suffers from the same cause. The best index to a people's real condition is, perhaps, the quoted values of their great national securities, representing, as these do, their government and individual wealth. If these are at a heavy discount, be sure the whole system is unsound; and yet the largest holders and steadiest buyers of our stock are the money-kings of Europe, who thoroughly understand the internal affairs of all the governments of the world. The peaceful progress of reconstruction adds immeasurably to these glowing auspices; and the fact that gold does not advance beyond 139, and that our national debt is gradually reduced and new millions steadily invested in our leading stocks and bonds, *is the best proof that nobody believes the votes of the colored citizens will ever be a source of weakness to the American Republic.* May the example of the elections in Georgetown and Washington, in the District of Columbia, therefore be carefully studied and faithfully followed in all the States of the South.



XXVIII.—GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

HOW NAPOLEON GOVERNS—THE CORPS LEGISLATIF—ITS CHAMBER—HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS—THE LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1848—HOW THE MEMBERS ARE CHOSEN—THE SENATE—COUNCIL OF STATE—THE CABINET—NO FREEDOM OF SPEAKING OR WRITING—JOURNALISM IN FRANCE—AMERICAN COMMUNITY IN PARIS.

PARIS, *June 25, 1867.*

There is a license for every thing in France but the license of speaking and writing against the government. You may be an Infidel, a Turk, a Mormon, or an American rebel: you may live as you like, and die as you choose, if only you observe this plain condition. The Emperor having taken the contract of government into his own hands, seems resolved to please his people in all other respects; and nothing shows his sincerity more, than his anxiety to make Paris as agreeable to strangers as it is to natives. In carrying out this established policy, he presents some startling contrasts to his British rivals. In England the chief blessings and privileges of government are enjoyed almost exclusively by the plutocracy—as Goldwin Smith calls the nobility—numbering about two hundred thousand, men, women, and children. These spoiled darlings monopolize the great body of the territory, while the toiling millions are denied not only what are called equal rights, but every thing like an equal share in the products of the soil. Interior France, on the contrary, is divided among small landed proprietors, which fact, studied in view of the extraordinary success attending agricultural pursuits in his empire, is one of the secrets of Napoleon's strength, and a fair guarantee of his continued rule. But

the substantial contrast between the two nations does not end here. In France the amusements, instead of being exceptional or exclusive, or the luxuries of the rich, as in England, are universal. The State, reserving to itself the serious work of government, is constantly inventing means of gratuitous enjoyment for the subject. The surplus revenues are expended upon the military establishment and upon popular amusements. The opera is sustained out of the treasury, and every encouragement is extended to artists, painters, poets, and composers. The palaces, gardens, and museums are almost constantly open to the public; and although labor is miserably paid, the food of the laboring poor is very cheap. I am not discussing ethics, nor trying to prove that England's austere example is less favorable to civilization and progress than the gay latitude of France. I am stating a simple proposition for the information of the reflecting reader. Having already affirmed that I do not believe the French will be qualified for political or civil liberty, as we Americans understand it, in many years, if ever, I leave the question how long any people can improve in knowledge, and consent to delegate their precious natural rights to one man, to that time which 'makes all things even.'

The Emperor's government being the great political European problem, I tried to get a close view of it, and this afternoon visited the Corps Legislatif, the same as the House of Commons in England, and House of Representatives in the United States. Procuring a ticket from the president, I took my seat in the strangers' gallery about 2½ o'clock, and looked down upon a strange sight to American eyes. The hall is very much the shape, though larger than our old Senate chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States. Like all the public buildings in Paris, it is airy, well lighted, and very commodious. The seats and desks, five hundred in number, are raised, one row above the other, and extended back with a

gradual elevation, the highest being about three feet above the lowest. The president's or speaker's chair, raised much more than our speaker's, is in the centre of the axis of the semicircle, so that he nearly faces the members that sit around the best half of the hall. He stands while stating or taking the question, and when he demands order, which is nearly all the time, rings a sort of dinner-bell at his right hand, and calls "silence," which is echoed by three or four officers in uniform, above and below him. Over the speaker's chair or throne is the motto, which reads like one of Voltaire's bitterest satires, "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" On his left was inscribed the word "order," and on his right the word "*liberté.*" Although there is a tribune from which the members deliver their set orations, I observed that they spoke from their seats. The arrangement of the latter is much like our own, and infinitely better than that of the English House of Commons, of which I spoke in a former letter, and which is so defective that I am not surprised to see the *London Times* beginning to call for a radical change. Mexico was the order of the day—a subject on which the Emperor is sensitive, as it is at once his sorest and most exposed point. I did not understand what was said, but even if I had been so fortunate, the interruptions were so loud and frequent as to have rendered it almost impossible to hear. Thiers, Jules Favre, Simon, Garnier Pages, and other historic characters, were pointed out to me; but they sat like "State statues"—the tolerated effigies rather than the bold representatives of popular liberty.

The repeated failures to establish republican government in France were vividly recalled as I sat in these galleries. It was in this very hall, after the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe and his Queen, on the 23d of February, 1848, that on the morning of the 24th of the same month the Duchess of Orleans appeared with her two sons, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres; and it was

here, in pursuance of an understanding with the deposed monarch, that M. Dupin moved that the deputies should proclaim the Count of Paris King of the French, under the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. The proposition was instantly resisted, and the sentence, "too late," pronounced in a loud voice from these very galleries, heard all over the world, closed the Orleans dynasty, as it is now believed, forever, and gave way to the brief revolution of 1848, which proved to be only the preparation for the successful and brilliant autocracy of Louis Napoleon. Never shall I forget the joyful hopes excited in the United States by that revolution, nor the proportionate disappointment of our people when they found that the American Republic was rejected as a model because it recognized the hated institution of slavery.

Where now are the men who participated in that transient yet for a time most pregnant event? They are either dead, or banished by their own or by the act of the government. Ledru Rollin resides alternately in England and Brussels, subsisting on the wreck of his fortune and by the aid of his pen. Louis Blanc is in London, a warm supporter of the Union cause during the American war. Lamartine is in complete retirement, yet not unwilling to subsist in elegant ease upon the charity of others. Blanqui is a fugitive. Albert was sentenced to prison for political offences. Raspail is in Brussels. Flocon left France in consequence of the *coup-d'état* of 1851, which also sent into obscurity Leroux, Caussidiere, the younger Arago, and others. Cavaignac, Marrast, and the elder Arago, are dead. I believe the only one of the original number now in the Corps Legislatif is Garnier Pages, and he wields a very slight influence in the debates.

There are two hundred and eighty-three members "elected by universal suffrage," every six years, in the proportion of one to every 32,400 electors. They receive five hundred dollars a month during the session. The present

speaker and the vice-president of the Corps Legislatif are appointed by the Emperor, and serve for one year. The chamber is convoked, adjourned, and dissolved *by the Emperor*. The senators are all *appointed by the Emperor*; and serve for life, receiving an annual salary of six thousand dollars. The French princes, at the age of eighteen, the French cardinals, marshals, and admirals are also senators, making the whole number one hundred and seventy-five. *The Emperor appoints the president and vice-president of the Senate for one year.* All the proceedings of this council are secret. In addition to these is the Council of State, *also appointed by the Emperor*, and composed of forty-four persons, each at a salary of five thousand dollars per annum. Their business is to prepare bills for the legislative body, *under the guidance of the Emperor*. There are also seventeen ordinary councillors, seven extraordinary councillors, forty masters of bequests, eighty auditors, and a secretary general for the Council of State. Then comes the Cabinet or Council of Ministers, all of whom represent the government in the Senate, Corps Legislatif, or Council of State, and all *appointed by the Emperor*. When you reflect that the Corps Legislatif, or popular assembly, has nothing to do with the bills presented to them from the Emperor's Senate, Council, and Cabinet, but to vote upon them, and that he pays, convokes, adjourns, and dissolves that body, you will see exactly what is meant by "universal suffrage" in France.

Freedom of speech, like freedom of the press, is severely restrained in France; and he who consents to serve in the Corps Legislatif must agree to part with much of his independence. No sentiment reviving the revolutionary days of France is permitted. Let me give you an illustrative incident: A few evenings ago, in a French family, an air something like the Marseilles Hymn, was played on the piano by one of the persons present, and instantly silenced as treasonable. So rigid is the censorship, that speakers

in the French Congress, like writers in the French papers, are frequently called to account and sometimes fined for their boldness. To establish a new paper in Paris you must leave with the government, first obtaining what is called "the concession," or permission to print, the sum of \$10,000 (50,000 francs), which is retained as a guarantee of your fidelity. Should you persistently publish matter offensive to the government, your money is forfeited and your paper stopped. Only when your enterprise dies is your money returned to you. Nor is the authority to publish a new paper easily obtained. As another effort is now making to establish an American daily in Paris, I have had occasion to inquire into the difficulties surrounding journalism in France, and to contrast them with the facilities enjoyed in the United States. How such a system operates upon an irrepressible people like the French, it is easy to conceive. Editorials and debates must avoid much that concerns the gravest human interests, and no man who intensely sympathizes with the great movements of the age can confine himself within official limits without the keenest sense of personal humiliation. American opinions had so little chance to reach the people of France under this exclusion during the war, that I wonder we are as well known and appreciated as we are. *Galignani's Messenger*, and of course the Ministerial journals, printed the worst assaults upon our country, and the "Liberal" papers in Paris could not defend us without injury; and even now, when a better feeling prevails, *Galignani* never prints a friendly word of the United States, but delights in reproducing every Copperhead calumny, no matter how infamous, and especially in disseminating attacks upon our national credit. Still, we are not without earnest champions in France. Laboulaye, Girardin, Chevalier, Jules Favre, and Oliver, are as devotedly attached to America as we could desire, but they cannot speak the thought that glows in their hearts without subjecting themselves to in-

conceivable annoyances. It is different in England, where John Bright and his followers are as bold in their support of American principles as ourselves; but they, too, are compelled to pay the penalty of their independence, even if they are not absolutely repressed by the monarch, as our compatriots here are threatened and ostracised by the aristocracy. Though there is a better understanding and a keener appreciation of the great principles of American democracy among the working people of Great Britain than in France, it is doubtful whether a public man in England who openly espouses American principles does not suffer more than would our friends in France if they pursued the same course.

This opens another view that concerns us deeply. Napoleon has unlearned much since his fatal expedition to Mexico, and it is hardly denied that he is as anxious to conciliate the Americans as a few years ago he was ready to sacrifice them. The great number of our countrymen now in Paris, and the thousands steadily streaming here, have almost established an American community in his brilliant and idolized capital. They are unquestionably superseding the English, and by their liberality and public spirit have once more become the acknowledged favorites of the people. I see American customs everywhere imitated or conciliated. The American circus—with the glorious stars and stripes embodied in flags and costumes, its American airs played by the orchestra (not including "Dixie," which, according to the lamented Lincoln, a few days before he was murdered, we captured with the rest of the "properties" of the Confederacy), its American actors and habits—is crowded every night. The magnificent Grand Hotel, the finest in Europe, is coining money by its adoption of many of the American rules, including a brilliant *table-d'hôte* like our own Continental. There are many more advertisements for American customers than for the English, and there is not a "concierge" or merchant who

does not prefer dealing with Americans. The French steamers between New York and Brest full of passengers, and the American and Inman lines, touching at Havre, Queenstown, Southampton, and Liverpool, carry there passengers more for the benefit of France than England. Facts like these cannot escape the consideration of a shrewd statesman like the Emperor. They will undoubtedly add to the remorse with which he recalls his intrigues with the Confederacy, and his attempt to establish a monarchy in Mexico. They will not incite him to the new folly of disregarding a people capable of such tremendous achievements in war and such tremendous developments in peace. Louis Napoleon professed to be a Democrat before he became Emperor, and the man who boasts that his empire is founded on "universal suffrage" cannot be the sincere enemy of a nation which, after defeating a foe far more formidable than any that ever attacked himself, is now adding to the wealth of Paris, and so contributing to the material prosperity of France.



XXIX.—DOMESTIC LIFE IN FRANCE.

PHILADELPHIAN MECHANICS—THE PRODUCING CLASSES IN FRANCE—LIVING IN PARIS—VISIT TO M. LABOULAYE, AUTHOR OF "PARIS IN AMERICA"—HIS HOMESTEAD NEAR VERSAILLES—HIS PRO-AMERICAN WRITINGS.

PARIS, *June 29, 1867.*

Although there is not an hour I live in a foreign land and not a thing I see that does not intensify my love for my own country, what most confirms this affection is the incalculable superiority of the whole system of domestic life in the United States over that of England and France.

It is easy to say that I have nowhere found the working-people "as well off" as our own—for the foreigners themselves admit that—but the contrast is so painful, that as you dwell upon it it fills you with solicitude for those who develop the wealth of these old countries. The comfortable dwellings of the mechanics of Philâdelphia have not only no counterpart in England, but when I have spoken of them in connection with the subject of Labor, my statement has been received as the romance of some fairy-land. The idea of a workingman living in a brick house, with water brought to his door, and frequently with his own gas and bath, for what is paid for two stifling rooms in a narrow street of overswollen London, was a revelation hard to believe; and when I added that many a mechanic in America accumulated sufficient before he was thirty years old to buy his own homestead, I frequently saw that incredulity succeeded surprise. I have already alluded to the appalling difference between the agricultural population of England and that of the United States, and especially to the fact that the annual rent which many a small farmer in Great Britain pays to his noble landlord would almost buy a homestead in one of our populous States, near the finest markets in the world. And all this without touching the great Irish ulcer of measureless and almost incurable suffering.

The domestic life of France, and especially of Paris, is so strange that you can compare it to nothing in England, much less in America. I do not refer merely to the life of the producing classes, who are, at least for the present, content with their bread, vegetables, and sour wine, savored as these are by endless public sports, but to those who occupy the middle walks, and even to families in the higher circles. A house for one family, if not almost unknown in France, is confined to the wealthy, and is called "a hôtel." The very best society lives in apartments on one floor, including bed-rooms, dining-rooms, kitchen, &c.,

and of these floors there are never less than three, and frequently five, not counting the ground floor, or first story, where the "concierge," or porter, lives with his family, to watch and keep the place in order, collect the rents, and let in visitors. In the quarter where I am staying these establishments are generally new and neat, but elsewhere they are mostly inconceivably old and foul. It is common for the family of the porter to live on the same level with the horses of the people up-stairs, and so both higher and lower occupants enjoy the same doubtful effluvia. When you ascend to the third or fourth flight you are amazed to find so much light and luxury over so much filth. Yesterday I called to see a distinguished friend, who lives on a fourth floor; and before I found him I had to pass through a damp yard, a foul stable, and to ring at least four bells, on as many landings, the "concierge," or portress, having directed me in unintelligible French from a little hole through the cell of a room in which she sat like the grim keeper of a nunnery. As the several occupants of these penitentiaries almost never know each other, you can imagine the social advantages of the system, not only in the aspect that protects all sorts of vice, but in that which makes human beings utterly strange and callous to each other's interests or sufferings. In our country and in England it often happens that people who live in the same street are not acquainted with each other. Think, however, of living in the same house for years, and knowing no more of the lodger above or below you than if he lived on another planet! But if all this is true of the wealthier classes, the evil is worse as you descend into what are called the lower walks of life.

The population of Paris is largely over two millions; and you have only to pass along the boulevards or great avenues at night, or to glance into the gardens and cafés, to realize that most of this mass of humanity lives on the streets rather than at home, and also that when forced to seek

shelter it is under circumstances utterly destructive of all morals, if not of all comfort and health. Tall old tenements that hold colonies, standing in narrow alleys from which the occupants can nearly shake hands from opposite windows, are suggestive of a condition that needs only an allusion to show the infinite superiority of American habits and American homes.

But there are homes in France, seats of domestic happiness and comfort, and one of these I enjoyed a few days ago. Every true American has heard of Professor Édouard René Lefebvre Laboulaye, the opponent of Slavery long before it openly attacked the Republic, and the champion of Freedom throughout the American war. Having followed his career and read his writings with the gratitude of my countrymen, I took an early opportunity to make his acquaintance, and enjoyed last Wednesday afternoon with his family and himself. They reside in the neighborhood of Versailles, and the cordiality of my welcome was not less agreeable than the simplicity and elegance with which I was entertained. I saw home as we understand it in America, for the first time (with several never-to-be-forgotten exceptions) since I landed in Europe. The house is very much like the country residence of a gentleman in America, and the grounds belonging to it, beautiful in themselves, have been made more beautiful by careful and intelligent culture. Here, in the midst of his family, the friend of America pursues his studies and prepares those thoughtful lectures which are attended by crowds of the young workingmen and women of Paris. Nearly every member of his family talked English, and, as my country was the subject of most of their inquiries, I soon felt myself among friends. The interest they took in every thing American was surpassed by the Professor's extraordinary knowledge of our people and our institutions. His table was covered with the testimonials of the grateful recollection of his services in the cause of the Union; and his

diploma as a member of the great Union League of Philadelphia (of which and our compatriots in that mighty brotherhood it gave me great pleasure to speak at length); his letters from Sumner, Everett, Lowell, Governor Andrew, and his splendid photographic album of the leading Radicals of the United States, with many other similar evidences, were enshrined among his household gods. Quiet, gentle, and unobtrusive, I soon understood what a noble heart beat in the scholar's bosom, and that, like thousands more in this country, he cultivates the hope that the day is not far distant when the great Republic, now purified of slavery, will become the model, no matter how resisted, of the people, and indeed of the rulers, of France. This could not be while slavery was encouraged and protected; but now that the monster has been consumed in the fires of the rebellion, even from its ashes new and more powerful aspirations have been born.

I could now understand how M. Laboulaye had written his remarkable book, "Paris in America." He has never visited us; but here, in the shape of a magnetic dream, is one of the closest and most philosophical inner views of American life, habits, opinions, and peculiarities, ever read or written. The reason was that he had become wholly possessed of his theme, and that his affection for human liberty, cultivated by study of American books and earnest intercourse with American men, had been strengthened in intense convictions, until he saw almost as clearly with the eye of his mind as with his physical vision. Having, since my stay in Paris, enjoyed a second perusal of his wonderful book, I have realized how startlingly great is the contrast he paints between the disadvantages and privations of the laboring poor of France and the working millions of America. And as I began this letter to impress that very idea upon my readers, I cannot do better than to ask them to buy and study the fascinating pages of this volume, which has been faithfully translated by Miss Mary L.

Booth, and introduced by a genial sketch of the esteemed author. It is for sale by all our booksellers.

If they desire to have a fine contrasted picture of French and American domestic life, municipal government, civil rights, and national policy, they will find it in "Paris in America." It is one of the best satires of any language. Professor Laboulaye is about fifty-six years old, and looks much younger. He is an advocate in the Royal Court of Paris, but confines himself chiefly to literary and philosophical pursuits. Among his numerous works are "The Political History of the United States from 1620 to 1783;" "Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavie Nations;" "Religious Liberty;" "Moral and Political Studies;" "Paris in America;" "The Social Works of Channing," preceded by an essay on his life and doctrines; and "Slavery in the United States." He is also editor of several legal works, and contributes largely to the great French reviews. As showing how profoundly our philosopher has studied human character, I need only tell you that the author of all these serious disquisitions is also the same whose fairy tales for children have delighted so many American firesides. But it is his public lectures on great questions that do most good to the cause of humanity. Many have wondered that he has not been prohibited from such powerful writing and speaking to the people of Paris, especially as he has been denied the right to address his own neighbors of Versailles. But then there can be no profit in proscribing a man whose politics are a part of his religion, and who labors solely for the welfare of his race; who so fully believes what he says, and says it so much like a gentleman and a Christian, that it would require a blind tyrant indeed to proscribe one who has no fears for himself when he speaks God's holy truth to an eager people.



XXX.—PRIZES OF THE EXPOSITION DISTRIBUTED.

PALACE OF INDUSTRY—CHAMPS ELYSÉES—IMPERIAL CELEBRITIES—NAPOLEON, EUGENIE AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL—PRINCE NAPOLEON—THE SULTAN—HONORS TO PENNSYLVANIANS—THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

PARIS, *July 2, 1867.*

The natural and most satisfactory theory that the world's progress has elevated alike the ruler and the ruled till even the highest is forced to learn something and the lowest is raised to a better condition, had a significant exemplification yesterday at the Palace of Industry, on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes by the Emperor Napoleon to the successful competitors at the great Universal Exposition; and I did not attempt to restrain my grateful reflections that every people capable of such works as those which received the rewards of a mighty sovereign and the applause of intelligent representatives from all parts of the earth must, sooner or later, win for themselves those sacred rights without which there can be no complete civilization. These were the trophies of the intellect; and not the product of the student, or the philosopher only, but of the subject agencies—the offspring of popular labor inspired by the best intelligence; and well might the thoughtful student anticipate the day when the numbers capable of such achievements would be armed with all those attributes without which Man can never fulfil his appointed mission. Let us hope that day is not far off. When kings do not hesitate to study the great works of industry, alike for self-interest and self-instruction, they come very near to their peoples; and if the practice begun

by the English Prince Consort, followed by Louis Napoleon, and commended by the personal presence of nearly all the royal persons of the world, is maintained and improved upon, as it promises to be, there are those living who may yet see the franchises freely conceded that have heretofore been bitterly and bloodily denied. I need not dwell upon other views of the picture; but if there is any logic in events, it is clear that, as the masses become cunning proficient in what is called "skilled labor," they cannot always be treated as inferiors, or kept from the regulated enjoyment of their political privileges—privileges conferred by their Maker, and in the power of no human being stubbornly to withhold.

Imagine to yourself the full half of Washington or Independence Square enclosed with an arched roof or canopy of glass, like that of the Crystal Palace at New York, only higher and more commanding, springing in its marvellous tracery from four sides, and hanging, like a mighty balloon, as if suspended by invisible hands in mid-air. The whole space was an oblong square, with the ground-floor divided into walks and flower-gardens, and twenty-five thousand spectators seated along the three sides—that to the east having been set apart to the orchestra and chorus, numbering over twelve hundred persons. In the north centre was the throne, composed of crimson velvet, rising half way to the roof, and crowned with the Imperial diadem. The three seats for the Emperor, Empress, and the Sultan were raised above the rest, while on the right were places for the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon, and on both sides chairs for other members of the royal family. There was no noise, no confusion on entering and taking seats, so admirable were the arrangements for receiving and accommodating the vast concourse. The various delegations representing the chief features of the Exposition began to arrive about one o'clock, and soon the ground-floor space was partly occupied.

At half-past one o'clock the spectators had gathered, and the hall was full. These delegations were composed of the persons who had won the grand prizes, gold and silver medals, and "honorable mentions" by decree of the Imperial Commission; and they stood, with their respective banners, awaiting the arrival of Napoleon, Eugenie, the Sultan, and the other members of the royal party. Punctuality is one of the attributes of all military governments, and especially of the French ruler; and precisely at the appointed hour—two o'clock—the Emperor and suite appeared from behind the crimson curtains at the back and side of the throne, and advanced, amid the "all hail" of the orchestra and chorus and the acclamations of the spectators, to the front of the crimson platform, where, after standing a few moments, they took their seats in the order mentioned.

I wish I could describe the spectacle at this moment! The music itself, composed by the renowned Rossini, now living in Paris, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, was wonderfully rendered. It was set to a grand triumphal hymn, in honor of the occasion and of the Emperor, as the projector of the Exposition; and even my ear, untuned to opera harmonies, could detect in those thrilling strains, alternately sweet and swelling, the same mind that had wrought "Tancredi," "The Barber of Seville," "William Tell," and the immortal "Stabat Mater." Rossini himself, who was present, could not have been otherwise than pleased by the wild enthusiasm awakened by the manner in which this, his last, and believed to be among his greatest works, was received.

At the close of the hymn or mass, which called out the accumulated instrumental and vocal force of the performers, and seemed to be a combination of military and religious airs—a mingling of thanksgiving to God and exultation in the genius of man—the ceremonies commenced. Instantly every eye was turned and every glass levelled upon the

occupants of the throne. I will not speak of the address, to the Emperor, of the President of the Exposition, M. Rouher, detailing the result of the labors of the Imperial Commission, and anticipating the presentation of the prizes, nor the Emperor's reply; but the latter is full of remarkable concessions to freedom. Where I sat I could see satisfactorily, but it was not so easy to hear, even if I had understood French.

The Emperor spoke louder than M. Rouher, who is also his Minister of State, and with considerable animation and French gesticulation. He looked well, though with the pallor of his Italian ancestry, and spoke like a man in capital health. His nose is very prominent, and his eyes, when lighted up, lose the glassiness of which so much is said. He is of medium height, brown hair, alert in his movements, and exceedingly graceful. Louis Napoleon will be sixty on the 20th of April next year; and as I compared him with Prince Napoleon, who is fourteen years younger, he looked as if destined to enjoy more of the coming time than his cousin, the son of Jerome. The Empress, who was forty-one on the 5th of May, is a very elegant woman, with a countenance eminently interesting and serene. She carries her age well. A lady friend says:

The Empress was attired in white. White satin almost covered with *les garnitures* of illusion and lace, which on the left side was somewhat looped by a bow and sash. On the left shoulder she wore a rosette of purple, and a few folds of the same color trimmed the waist and skirt—the latter, excessively long, hanging gracefully and becomingly. White crown and pendent veil served to form a suitable completion to a charming toilette. Her ornaments consisted of pearls.

The Prince Imperial, who was eleven on the 16th of March last, is what the girls would call a sweet little fellow, with the olive complexion and face of an Italian; black hair, and black eyes, and very graceful in his movements. As a gold medal was being handed to the Emperor, as a

prize for the artisans' dwellings he had exhibited, it fell on the floor before the throne, creating some confusion. The *petit* Prince and future ruler ran from his seat, picked up the token, and handed it to his father in the midst of "rounds of applause." He wore red pantaloons and a black velvet frock coat.

Prince Napoleon was a startling likeness of his great uncle, and as he stood directly before me I thought I had never seen a more impressive figure. He has grown obese, and his face wears that settled and gloomy look peculiar to the First Consul. There are stories of alienation between the two cousins, but as the Prince is now here presiding at the Commission for the Unification of the Currency of the World, and was present yesterday, they cannot mean much. I find, however, that he has quite a party at his back, and is generally conceded to possess a cultivated and inquiring mind. He takes a great interest in the progress of the substantial arts, and is known to be more "democratic" than the Empéror; but then, as the French shrewdly have it, "the ruler is always the conservative—it is the *candidate* only who can afford to be radical."

The Sultan is a fine-looking person—short stature, portly presence full black beard, and a clear eye—and was dressed in a blue frock coat, richly embroidered with gold. As the expectants of imperial honors approached the throne, the assembled thousands, attired in their best, with the blended fashions of all nations, old and new, Oriental and European—the costumes of the military made more dazzling in contrast with the dark colors of the clergy—the great orchestra, thundering its loud, yet well-concerted harmonies; the birds twittering in the foliage of the gardens; the banners of all countries, the "stars and stripes" shining out, to my eyes at least, from all the rest, like an angelic emblem rescued from the fiend of rebellion—it was a sight worthy of

the poet and the painter, and I abandoned the attempt at delineation.

You have already had, as I learn from Mr Beckwith, the United States Commissioner-in-Chief, a telegraphic account of the number of prizes, medals, and honors awarded to the American exhibitors. I felt proud to see that Pennsylvania was not behind her sisters, though her magnificent wealth of Nature and Industry is so poorly illustrated in the Exposition. We may claim the high prize to Dr. T. W. Evans as doubly ours, for he is a citizen of our State, and his sanitary collection is filled with the memorials of the benevolence and munificence of Philadelphia. Other honors have been conferred upon Pennsylvanians; and I feel morally certain that if there is ever another world's display like the present, we shall only need reasonable care and attention to increase the number of our prizes. And if I am living in that day, there shall be no failure, if I can prevent it by earnest invocation to prepare and to organize.

There was a multiform significance in the distribution of these prizes by the Emperor of imperial France. His speech disclosed not only his policy of making other potentates and peoples tributary to him, but spoke a louder and more athletic eloquence in its recognition of Human Inventions, Labor, and Industry. And as I saw the candidates approach the throne to receive their medals, and heard the vast saloon resounding with cheers as each retired proud of his decoration, I thought of the days of the Man-killers, and welcomed the future of the Man-liberators. How much better to see toil elevated and enfranchised, genius and invention encouraged and crowned, than the customs of the past, when the monarch conceived no better destiny for his people than to use them for his pleasure in peace and for his revenge in war? How much holier to reward them for their success in the moral and material arts—their emulation in charity, in mechanics, in science—than to debase them into the slaves of their own passions, or into

the murderers of their own brethren? And as I passed out from the great Palace of Industry and saw half a million of people surging through the gardens of the Champs Elysées and along the splendid ways and walks of the great squares and Boulevards, and remembered that all this was as much a recognition of Human Labor as a French feast of pleasure, I asked myself whether Napoleon might not be *consciously* fitting even his volatile people for a genuine democratic government? A ruler with only a feeble dynasty, he may gradually be preparing to find the future sovereign of his Great Empire in the realized motto which he has inscribed, let us hope not in mockery, over the President's chair in the Corps Legislatif: "*The voice of the People is the voice of God.*"



XXXI.—TOMBS OF NAPOLEON AND LAFAYETTE.

CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES—DESCRIPTION OF NAPOLEON'S TOMB AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—ARCH OF TRIUMPH—GRAVE OF LAFAYETTE IN THE FAMILY CEMETERY.

PARIS, *July 6, 1867.*

A few days ago, lured by one of those beautiful mornings so common in France, I paid a visit to the gorgeous tomb of Napoleon the First, in the *Eglise* or Church of the Invalides, undoubtedly the most significant of all the monuments erected in his honor. The church itself was built and finished in 1706, and the tomb of Napoleon is flanked by two *sarcophagi* resting upon plinths, and surmounted by two Corinthian columns crowned with the segmentary abutments—one

dedicated to Marshal Duroc, the other to Marshal Bertrand, the Emperor's friends during his adversity. A bronze door gives access to the crypt over it, and on a black marble slab are the following words, quoted from the Emperor's will:

I desire that my ashes repose on the borders of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well.

It is impossible to describe the effect of this extraordinary combination of art. Two colossal bronze female giants stand at the entrance of the tomb, holding in their hands the sceptre and the Imperial crown. These are Caryatides, and are thus explained by the historian: "The Athenians had been long at war with the Caryans. The latter being at length vanquished and their wives led captive, the Greeks, to perpetuate the event, erected trophies in the figures of women dressed in Caryatic manner, which were used to support entablatures." The gallery running under the altar leads to the crypt, dimly lighted by funereal lamps of bronze, and adorned by bas-reliefs representing the Termination of Civil War, the Concordat, the Reform of the Administration, the Council of State, the Code, the University, the Court of Accounts, the Encouragement of Trade and Commerce, Public Works, and the Legion of Honor, all proofs of the extraordinary versatility and energy of the first Emperor. The pavement is decorated with a crown of laurels in mosaic, within which, in a black circle, are inscribed the names of his brilliant victories: Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and Moscow. Twelve colossal statues, representing as many more victories, stand against the pilasters facing the tomb itself. The tomb consists of two immense monoliths of porphyry, weighing 135,000 pounds, and brought from Finland at a cost of 140,000 francs. It covers the sarcophagus, also of a single block, twelve feet long and six in breadth, resting upon two plinths, which

stand upon a block of green granite, brought from the Vosges. The total height of the tomb is $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In the gallery which encircles the crypt is a recess containing the sword the Emperor wore at Austerlitz, the insignia he used on state occasions, the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg, and colors taken in different battles. At the furthest end of the recess is the statue of the Emperor in his imperial robes. This *reliquaire* is closed with gilt doors, and the whole is only visible to the people from the circular parapet above.

Here, standing in silent and reverential groups, they gaze down upon the magnificent memorial, and read the fervent words of the man whom one of our poets thus apostrophized in the zenith of his fame. These glowing lines, written many years ago by the eccentric Isaac Clawson, of New York, who died in Paris, under very sad circumstances, echoed the feelings of many at the time they appeared, and came back to me vividly as I saw the feeling of the French people for Napoleon, and dwelt upon his own eventful career :

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE! thy name shall live
 Till time's last echo shall have ceased to sound;
 And if eternity's confines can give
 To space reverberation, round and round
 The spheres of heaven, the long, deep cry of "Vive
 Napoleon!" in thunders shall rebound;
 The lightning's flash shall blaze thy name on high,
 Monarch of earth, now meteor of the sky!

* * * * *

Farewell, Napoleon! thine hour is past;
 No more earth trembles at thy dreaded name;
 But France, unhappy France, shall long contrast
 Thy deeds with those of worthless D'Angouleme.
 Ye gods! how long shall slavery's thralldom last?

Will France alone remain for ever tame?

Say, will no Wallace, will no Washington
 Scourge from thy soil the infamous Bourbon?

* * * * *

Pity for thee shall weep her fountains dry,
Mercy for thee shall bankrupt all her store;
Valor shall pluck a garland from on high,
And Honor twine the wreath thy temples o'er.
Beauty shall beckon to thee from the sky,
And smiling seraphs open wide heaven's door;
Around thy head the brightest stars shall meet,
And rolling suns play sportive at thy feet.

Farewell, Napoleon, a long farewell!
A stranger's tongue, alas! must hymn thy worth;
No craven Gaul dares wake his harp to tell
Or sound in song the spot that gave thee birth;
No more thy name, that with its magic spell
Aroused the slumbering nations of the earth,
Echoes around thy land; 'tis past—at length
France sinks beneath the sway of Charles the Tenth.

The marble of this monument and the entire expense amounted to 9,000,000 francs, nearly \$2,000,000. When the imperial ashes of Napoleon were transferred to the sarcophagus, on the 2d of April, 1861, having been brought from the island of St. Helena, by the Prince of Joinville, in December, 1840, his imperial nephew marked the event as a pageant of extraordinary and memorable magnificence. In selecting the Church des Invalides he seemed to have been directed by the highest inspiration, for the introduction to the altar or tomb is crowded with historic art. The interior of the church is circular, with the branches of a Greek cross extending in the direction of the four cardinal points, each having three lofty arched entrances, one of which faces the centre of the church, now occupied by a circular parapet surrounding the crypt which contains the tomb of Napoleon. Above this rises the dome, resting on four main arches, in the pendentives of which are paintings of the four Evangelists. This interior is gorgeously decorated with medallions, portraits, and statues, beginning with the early French Emperors and ending with Louis XIV. The chapels and transepts are no less splendidly decorated.

In one chapel stands the tomb of Joseph of Spain, the eldest brother of Napoleon, consisting of a sarcophagus of black marble with white veins. In the adjoining transept is a monument to Vauban, consisting of a sarcophagus of black marble, on which the figure of Vauban reclines. Two statues, representing Genius and Prudence, stand beside the hero. Next, the Chapel of St. Ambrose, in six compartments, representing as many passages in the life of that saint. Then the transept of the monument to Turenne. The last chapel, dedicated to Saint Jerome, has paintings of various incidents in his career. To the left is the tomb of King Jerome, a black marble sarcophagus resting on clawed feet of gilt bronze. Then there is an altar, behind which is seen a small sarcophagus containing the heart of the Queen of Westphalia, and to the right a monument in the same style as that of the King, covering the mortal remains of the young Prince Jerome. On one of the piers there is a marble monument to Marshal d'Arnaud, and then a high altar ascended by ten steps of white marble; the altar table is of black marble, surmounted by four spiral columns of the same material, black and white, supporting a canopy, all profusely gilt. It is by a winding staircase on each side of the high altar that you descend to the tomb of Napoleon. Although the tomb is open several days in the week to the public, yet on the morning we visited it crowds were pouring in and out precisely as if it were being exhibited for the first time. These were composed not only of strangers but of the country people, and the intensity with which they studied all these gorgeous monuments and dwelt upon the engraved inscription upon the marble tomb showed that the present Emperor's design in erecting this imposing sepulchre was completely successful.

Dwelling upon these expensive and enduring tributes to an inventive and ambitious soul, I thought of the great Arc de Triomphe on the elevation of the Champs d'Elysées, leading to the Bois de Boulogne, with its magnificent ave-

nues extending star-like to every point of the compass, some of which are called after the names of the great men who fought at his side ; of Louis Napoleon's own figure, multiplied in canvas and in marble, in battle-pieces and in groups, at his uncle's side, and asked myself how long the present line would endure, weakening as it was with the increasing years of the present ruler, and depending probably upon the life of his only son. The veneration of the French for those who have illustrated their history, however fervent in years gone by, may fail in the severer processes of modern intelligence ; and it is barely possible that the military and civic achievements of the great man who now reposes in silent, although not in solitary grandeur, may not be remembered any longer than that of the plain, unpretending patriot Gilbert de Mortier Lafayette, who sleeps in the little family cemetery of an Augustine convent occupied by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

It was afternoon when we reached the tomb of Lafayette. How different the scene from that I had just quitted ! Instead of crowds—some going to gratify curiosity and others to cultivate a national pride—we were introduced by a solitary priest, who showed us the way to the humble enclosure, and pointed out the dark tablet upon which was engraved the name of the friend of my country in the days that tried men's souls. A procession of children and young girls, clad in white, were arranging their altars in the arbors of the grounds for some Catholic festival ; and as they placed their candles and wove their wreaths for the coming celebration, few seemed to know the object of our visit, and all observed us with wondering eyes. Around the tomb of Napoleon were gathered the sculptured effigies of the great men of the past—the Emperors who preceded him in the long-gone years and the heroes who followed him in his meteoric career, by his companions in arms, by his family, ennobled by his valor, and by the saints of the Church in whose faith he died. No such grim warriors

watched over the ashes of Lafayette. Yet he was not without companions; for in an adjoining enclosure I was pointed to the remains of several victims of the Reign of Terror, during which he figured with a bravery hardly less conspicuous than his valor as the defender of American liberty. That dreadful and that stormy period! the harvest of the seed sown by the luxurious Louis XV. and his contemporaries and flatterers, and ripened in the full blaze of the struggle for American independence! Yet history calls upon us to be just and grateful, and while we remember Napoleon for ceding to us the great empire of Louisiana, let us not forget his predecessor, Louis XVI., who sent his navy to our relief in a dark hour, in response to the importunities of the young and graceful patrician who inspired the simple eloquence of Franklin, and proffered his own life and his fortune to the cause of national liberty in the New World. The contrast was healthful; and when we parted from the quiet and obliging priest, it was with real satisfaction that we accorded to his request and left our names, so that the living representative of Lafayette, who came regularly to visit the tomb of his ancestor, would know that if he was not fervently recollected in France, he was keenly and gratefully remembered in the United States.



XXXII.—CHAMBER OF THE FRENCH
SENATE.

THE SEMI-CIRCULAR HALL—INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS—THE
PEOPLE EXCLUDED—HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS—CONSTITU-
TION OF THE SENATE—DEBATES ON THE MEXICAN QUES-
TION—MAXIMILIAN'S DEFEAT AND DEATH.

PARIS, July 8, 1867.

The French Senate Chamber is better arranged, in some respects, than our own at Washington. There are no seats for spectators, but the superior accommodations for the members are evident at a glance. The hall is semi-circular, ninety-two feet in diameter, covered by a semi-spherical canopy beautifully decorated by allegories of Law, Justice, Wisdom, and Patriotism. The canopy is supported by eight composite columns. In a semi-circular recess are the seats of the President and Secretaries, approached by steps. The cupola of this recess is supported by eight columns, between which are statues of certain *orthodox* French statesmen and marshals. The tables of the stenographers are near the seats of the Senators, of whom there are one hundred and sixty-five. These seats rise gradually, and are spacious, with a neat desk before each. Prince Napoleon's seat is the first of the bottom row, near the entrance to the right, and next follow those of the Cardinals and Marshals, who are also Senators. Opposite, in a row, fronting the President's chair, are seven seats for the Minister of State, the President of the Council of State, and the counsellors appointed to support the measures proposed by the Government. Directly below the President's seat is the tribune, from which the Senators speak when they make an elaborate argument or oration. The arrangements are admirable, with the ex-

ception of the significant exclusion of the people. The light is soft, and the ventilation and acoustics (I was told) as perfect as art and money can make them. This is a historical hall. After the revolution of 1789-'93, the Directory that succeeded Robespierre had their sessions here, and when Bonaparte came in, the Consuls met here, and then the "Senate Conservators," who sat until the erection of the Chamber of Peers, in 1819. Louis Blanc held his Socialist meeting of workmen, here in 1848, but since 1852 it has resumed its old name and been devoted to its old purposes. The Senators are all appointed by the Emperor, and their sessions are secret, though the debates, like those of the Corps Legislatif, are regularly given to the public.

The late discussions, even in the Senate, and of course in the more popular branch, called out by the enormous military expenses, chiefly the result of the fatal Mexican expedition, have been so violent and so clear an echo of an angry public sentiment, that some say the Emperor may exercise his prerogative, and, for the sake of the public peace and his own safety, prorogue both bodies. As the execution of Maximilian has not been formally reached in either branch, a good deal of anxiety prevails as to how that event will be treated. Already there are some significant indications. His fate was by no means unprovoked, and the severe repressive laws of the Emperor have not restrained the publication of his atrocious order of 1865, pronouncing a traitor's doom upon all who assisted the Liberal cause, followed by the letter of the martyrs to that cruel decree. Emile Girardin, the veteran editor of *La Liberté*, and the ardent friend of our country, whose valuable acquaintance I have made, has gone so far in the avowal of his opinions on this point, that some of his friends fear he may again be "interdicted." Up to this time the feeling most prevalent is commiseration for the fate of the young Austrian, and it seems to be believed

that most of the European courts will refuse all intercourse with the government of Juarez as a rebuke of the latter—a step of supreme folly if it is taken, and one that may be fearfully avenged. For, rest assured, as the facts of the case reach the ears of mankind, the present feeling of pity for the sacrificed Maximilian will soon be lost in horror at our savageries of his own officers, and anger at the attempt to establish a monarchy in Mexico, in the belief that our American Government was destined to inevitable destruction.

That the Emperor is heartily sick of that mad venture he does not conceal from anybody; and if there is any expiation for the wrong itself, his candor in admitting his blunder will do much to affect the judgment of the world. I do not believe, therefore, that he is willing to resort to severe measures against even his own Senators, much less against so independent a journalist as Girardin, if they refuse to outlaw Mexico for visiting Maximilian's remedy upon himself. The attempt in some quarters to hold the United States responsible for the death of the usurper is simply infamous, and yet it has been seriously made. Of course the Emperor Napoleon cannot encourage an accusation so monstrous. He must know and admit that the very best thing for himself was the demand of the American people for the withdrawal of his troops from Mexico. Had that demand not been made, he would have been forced to maintain his army in Mexico at an enormous expense, to be finally overwhelmed, or to be driven out in disgrace without the benefit of a handsome diplomatic surrender, and such a course might have been followed by a war with the triumphant army of the United States, or by a fatal revolution among a people who were opposed to his experiment to force a monarchy upon a reluctant and a free nation. If Maximilian is the victim, it is surely not the fault of a Government which not only saved the French army from defeat in Mexico by inviting it to retire, but

which exerted itself in every way to save his own life from the people, many of whose native leaders had fallen under his vengeance. Frenchmen only will refuse to weigh the admonition, and seek to turn it against the American Government. And that admonition (not without a certain value to Louis Napoleon himself in his dealings with *his* enemies) is, that *he who attempts to overthrow a free people, or to force upon them a government not of their own choosing, takes his life in his own hands, and his followers have no just right to complain if he pays the forfeit of a defeat.* How long would Maximilian have been spared by the present grief-stricken England if he had led a crusade of successful Fenians on Irish soil, or how long would the present mourning France have waited if he had attempted to carry fire and sword into the Empire? Put the same question to his brother in Austria and his relatives in Germany, and you need only change the name to make it terribly pertinent and equally difficult to answer. Such an adventurer, filibuster, usurper—call him what you may—would have met the fate of Lopez in Cuba, and William Walker in Honduras, and the whole world of despotism would, as it did when they fell, shout in wild acclaim, “Amen!”



XXXIII.—THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

DRAMATIC COMPLIMENTS TO THE DEAD—HOW THE CATACOMBS WERE MADE—WHOLESALE REMOVAL OF HUMAN REMAINS—A TRUE NECROPOLIS—LITERATURE OF THE CATACOMBS—SUBTERRANEAN VISIT—VESTIBULE LINED WITH HUMAN BONES—FONTAINE DE LA SAMARITAINE—DEATH AND BURIAL IN PARIS—THE MORAL.

PARIS, July 13, 1867.

Nothing escapes the French passion for the artificial—not even death. The loveliest forms of nature are made grotesque, and the graveyard is invaded by curious dramatic inventions. If you visit *Père La Chaise*, the chief cemetery of Paris, you find the tomb of Rachel the actress, covered with the cards of daily visitors; and the railing round the base of the great monument in the Palace Vendôme, erected to Napoleon the First, embossed with the names of his veterans and his victories, is hung with garlands of *immortelles*, some of which are made with wire, as if to last forever. But nothing is at first so revolting to an American as the Catacombs. Here is, indeed, "a city of the dead." The name is given to immense quarries, under the city of Paris, from which was taken the stone used to construct the houses on the right or south bank of the Seine. They had been so long excavated as to be nearly forgotten, except by the city authorities and antiquarians. Underlying the Luxembourg, the Pantheon, and several streets, alarm was excited, about the year 1777, on account of several houses in the Faubourgs St. Jacques and St. Germain having fallen in. Measures were taken to prop up the ground, and it was then ordered that the contents of the cemetery of the Innocents and of other ancient cemeteries should be removed into the quarries. Actually the

remains of about six millions of human beings were thus exhumed. The immense caverns were solemnly consecrated, in April, 1786, and the removal of the dead was immediately begun, invariably by night, with the usual funereal rites, except that the bones were promiscuously thrown down a great shaft which was sunk, when the overlying ground or shell had been propped up. The only distinction made was that the bones from each cemetery were kept separate. In 1810, by order of the first Napoleon, was commenced the arrangement of these remains of mortality. Free ventilation and drainage were then first introduced, and numerous pillars erected to support parts of the vault roof supposed to be dangerous. Since then, as the progress of improvement and the opening of new streets made space essential, various other urban cemeteries have been closed, and their human *debris* carefully gathered into these caverns, which form a veritable Necropolis. About one-tenth of the whole city of Paris is under-run by the excavations, which are known to extend for over two hundred acres. A map of the Catacombs, to which are added numerous necessary and interesting details, has been executed by Mons. E. de Fourcy, mining engineer, and is satisfactory as a guide. In fact, the Catacombs have their own literature. The best hand-book, called "*Les Catacombs de Paris*," by M. Paul Perrey, not only gives a good detailed description, but illustrates it with a score of accurate engravings of objects described. There is no good account of the Catacombs in English.

In general, admission to visit the Catacombs is granted only three or four times a year—and then only on application to the Engineer-in-Chief, at the Hotel de Ville. Perhaps this rule has been relaxed during the Exposition, for I found little difficulty in obtaining a ticket, and, anxious that my readers should have some description of this famous Golgotha, repaired, last Sunday, in company with several American gentlemen to the principal entrance, at the old

“Barrière d’Enfer.” Here we found congregated about two hundred persons, males and females, mostly French. This year the Catacombs are opened for exhibition twice a month, and the anxiety to see them is so great that to prevent a crowd only a limited number of tickets are issued.

Placing ourselves in a line like voters on election day, only in couples instead of singly, each of us armed with half of a sperm candle, costing three sous, to light our way, we began to descend into the vast charnel-house. The downward stair of ninety steps seemed to be endless, and as the French are the noisiest, though apparently the politest in the world, their ridiculous laughter and curious cries seemed hideous mockeries to our untrained ears. When we reached the last step we found ourselves at the beginning of a series of galleries cut through the solid earth like the galleries in our collieries, and supported by huge stone pillars or abutments. Following our guide, we passed through the main gallery for at least a mile, and finally came to the octagonal vestibule of the Catacombs. This vestibule introduced us into rooms *lined from floor to roof with the bones of some millions of human beings*. The arm, leg, and thigh-bones are in front, as closely and regularly arranged together as the best masonry, their uniformity being relieved by long rows of skulls at equal distances, the skulls sometimes assuming the shape of crosses, and always acting as if to relieve the otherwise hideous monotony. Behind this outer fortress of bones are thrown the smaller bones. At intervals, in the centre of the sides of the rooms or passages, Latin and French inscriptions on white marble slabs are placed—some from Lamartine, some from Livy, some from the Bible—reminding the spectator of the end of life and the folly of ambition. I noticed tablets upon which were cut the names of the cemeteries from which the closely-packed and grimly-decorated bones had been removed, several of these bearing the last year’s date. As we came upon this revolting sight, all were silent—the silly

Frenchmen ceased their cat-calls, dog-barking, and laughter—the priests (who, like the soldiers, you find everywhere in France) crossed themselves with many a whispered *ave*, and the women huddled to the side of their protectors with a pretty pretence of alarm. It was a sight well calculated to teach us the utter folly of selfishness, falsehood, and oppression, and the priceless value of giving our best efforts to the cause of humanity, justice, and freedom.

In one of the galleries, in the centre of a ghastly room or chapel, the walls of which are built up with human bones and ornamented with skulls, is a fountain (bearing the title *de la Samaritaine*), which bubbled out, in freshness and abundance, from the blow of a pick-axe given by one of the workmen. Some gold fish which were placed in this fountain lived but did not spawn. The water is carried off by a subterranean aqueduct, and its name is derived from an inscription containing the words of Christ (fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John) to the women of Samaria, as he sat by Jacob's well.

An immense quantity of mushrooms is raised in the catacombs and sold in the markets. This certainly is utilizing the dead for the use of the living!

There is sometimes an erroneous impression that Paris is the only city in which catacombs are used for the burial of the dead. The Egyptian catacombs, in which were deposited the remains of the Theban Kings, underlie the mountains near Thebes, and were used for sepulture nearly 4000 years ago. The quarries which supplied most of the stone used in the construction of the city of Rome, whose Seven Hills were perforated with vaults, were used for burial from an early period, were largely used by the early Christians as places wherein the secret services of worship might be safely performed, and contain the ashes of three Emperors and several Popes. At Naples, the catacombs are still more extensive, and Syracuse and Malta are provided in a similar manner.

There is something fearfully calculating and hard in the arrangement of death and burial in Paris. I have tried to describe the mode of French living, the systematic devotion to pleasure, the regular disregard of what we call morality and religion, the idolatry of high art in painting, sculpture, music, decoration, and dress, and the manner in which vice is polished, not into virtue, but almost into veneration. The same elaborate order follows the human being to his final abode, and the ghastly architecture of the Catacombs is the finished *finale* of a heartless programme. *The law* takes instant cognizance of the dead, as it preserves constant guardianship of the living body. Notice of decease must be instantly made to the mayor by the relatives, or by the tenant at whose house the person died. The body is then visited by the public physician, the cause of dissolution ascertained, and no burial takes place until twenty-four hours after death. The undertaker is a monopoly in the hands of a company which pays a certain tariff to the government. There are nine classes of funerals, the cost of the lowest being about four dollars, and of the first class as high as twelve hundred dollars. The poor are buried at public expense, close to but not upon each other, and the graves are opened every five years and their contents distributed in the mighty vaults I have just visited.

As I walked through the streets of this terrible cavern, composed of the relics of several millions of my fellow-creatures, more numerous than those who fret their little hour in the gay city itself, I could not suppress reflections that must be common to all who visit this appalling receptacle. How many "Imperial Cæsars"—how many "poor Yoricks"—how many soldiers, and statesmen, and poets, and philosophers—how many beautiful women—had once looked and spoken alternate command, wit, courage, eloquence, song, sentiment, and love from these now-silent and lustreless skulls! Perhaps the head nearest me was that of the lost Robespierre, who, after filling a whole land

with blood and death, faded into utter oblivion. Around me were gathered the victims who fell in the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September, 1793, that dread carnival which hastened his own doom and opened the way for the splendid rule of Napoleon the First. And it was almost impossible, after comparing the uncertainty and uneasiness of the more enlightened government of Napoleon's relative with the terrible drama that ushered in and closed his own career, to avoid asking the question, How long it will be before another uprising of this uncertain and exacting people contributes new thousands to these skeleton millions?



XXXIV.—SUNDAY IN PARIS.

THE GREAT CATHOLIC CHURCHES—CROWDS AT THE EXPOSITION—THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—THE EMPRESS EUGENIE—RELIGION AND REVELRY—VERSAILLES—HORSE-RACES—THE MARKET-HALLS—CARELESS LABOR—NOCTURNAL THEATRICALS—THE DEER IN THE FOREST—THE GRISETTES—SATURNALIA—NAPOLEON AND THE SULTAN—IMPERIAL IMPRESARIO.

PARIS, *June 10, 1867.*

The peculiarities of the French people have puzzled the philosophers of every era, and are likely to baffle them to the end of time. Civilization may improve this people to the highest polish, but they will continue the same volatile, improvident, and pleasure-seeking race. One fair Sunday and Sunday night in June is a copy of every other in the past, save only as art and invention have added to their innate appetites. The last Sabbath but one was particularly favorable for the purpose of observation. About eleven o'clock I started to visit the great Catholic churches

of the *Madeleine*, *Notre Dame*, *Saint Roch*, *St. Eustache*, *Notre Dame la Roch*, *St. Vincent de Paul*, nearly all preserving, in their architecture, statuary and pictures, the records of a long, bloody, and revolutionary past, beginning, some of them, in the early Christian centuries. I say "nearly all," for the last named, which has an immense façade, in the *Place la Fayette*, was not opened for divine worship until the year 1844. They were crowded with worshippers, high and low, rich and poor—the very large majority, however, being female, the other sex composed mainly of English and Americans, who came, like myself, to see and study the spectacle.

Emerging from the last of these churches, we drove next to the Exposition. We were now on the other side of the *Seine*, yet the streets were crowded with people seeking pleasure in various ways. Near the *Hôtel des Invalides* a great concourse was assembling to witness a balloon ascent. The grounds and interior of the Exposition were already filled. The machinery in the English and American sections was silent and covered, but everywhere else there was far more noise and bargaining than usual. Thousands were taking coffee, cordial, wine, and cigars in the foreign *cafés*, and the roar of the engines, the ringing of the bells, the music of a dozen bands playing at the same time, and the intermingled Babel of the languages of all countries, created a discord beyond description. As I stood gazing and wondering, my mind reverted to the 14th of July, 1790 (the anniversary of the Storming of the Bastille), when this strange, dramatic people, mad with an idea of liberty which took every shape but that of common-sense, rushed to the ground upon which now stands the bright Palace of the Exposition, in one body of sixty thousand strong, and dug and built, with their own hands, an immense amphitheatre, where the population of France, of every class, and of both sexes, headed by King Louis XVI., assembled to swear fidelity to "King, to Law, and

to Nation." It is estimated that one hundred thousand soldiers and four hundred thousand people took part in this theatrical farce, so soon succeeded by the bloodiest tragedy in human records. My Sabbath experiences in Paris have not convinced me that a period of eighty years has greatly changed the French people.

It was now past four o'clock, and so we drove along the Champs Élysées and the Avenue de l'Imperatrice to the Bois de Boulogne, the famous afternoon resort of the aristocracy, and unquestionably the most superb park in the world, composed of over twenty-five hundred acres, which, after enormous labor and expense, extending through many years, is now a lovely alternation of wood and water, promenade and drive. It hardly needed the presence of her Majesty Eugenie in the countless procession of costly equipages to add to the splendors of a scene to be witnessed nowhere else. With several friends, and accompanied by the Emperor, she sat in one of the state carriages, and was easily seen. Those she knew she gracefully recognized, passing and repassing the assembled throng several times. She resembles her portraits closely, and, though forty-one years old on the 5th of May last, is still a very handsome woman.

Of the number of vehicles present I can give you no estimate, save that they seemed to be miles in extent, while on both sides of the carriage-way rode horsemen and horsewomen, attired as only French people can dress. The fact that it was a Sunday afternoon undoubtedly added to the display. All conditions contributed—the haughty old *noblesse*, who boast of their unbroken descent from Charlemagne, or claim that the line of Louis le Grand (the XIVth) will be again restored, and who refuse to recognize either Orleans or Napoleon; the soldiers of the First Empire; the new-made nobleman who won his title in the battle of Solferino; the rich Americans who abound in Paris, some of them driving four-in-hand and spending the

money of their fathers with a foolish profusion ; the expatriated rebels of America ; the dangerously-beautiful *demi-monde*, and the fast men who follow them into the valley and the shadows. A Vanity Fair indeed ! and yet worth beholding, and long to be remembered.

During all this mixture of religion and revelry the places of amusement were open and filled with spectators. The American Circus, the Hippodrome, the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, the menageries, in the afternoon ; the picture galleries and palaces in the morning ; the great Diorama of Solferino in every hour of daylight ; St. Germain, St. Cloud, Versailles, with their gardens, palaces, variegated fountains and fire-works, up to the last hour of every evening ; public music in the gardens of the Palais Royal, in the Champs Élysées, parades of the imperial troops, and private parties without number.

Versailles is arrayed in all her gala-robes on Sunday ; three Sabbaths ago seventy thousand people witnessed the illuminated fountains and fire-works, which cost the municipality an enormous sum. A gentleman who witnessed the display says he never saw so little intoxication, and such promptitude on the part of those who managed the amusements, and order on the part of those who enjoyed them. The trains to Versailles are always crowded on the first day of the week.

A great Sunday resort is the central part of the Bois de Boulogne, called "Pré Catelan," a delightful rural retreat, where the Parisians go "after church" to drink fresh milk at the "Swiss dairy," and to eat brown bread and sweet butter. The afternoon winds up with a free concert, a theatrical performance, and dancing by the visitors. The races on Sundays are always the best. They are a peculiar French institution. Four hundred and eighteen thousand francs a year are paid for the improvement of the breed of horses by the Government. These prices are enormous, and excite a fierce and extravagant competition. The

Emperor's stud is perhaps the most expensive part of the imperial household.

All the markets are open on the Sabbath day. Here you see Paris life in a new phase, and draw the distinction between the French and all other nations. The dress and manners of the customers and the salesmen and saleswomen, and the vastness and variety of their products, are never observed to better advantage than on Sunday. The principal markets are the new Central Halles, ten in number. They are called pavilions, and have already cost over six millions of dollars. The expense to the city of Paris for houses pulled down to make room for these new Halles was about five and a half million dollars. Each pavilion is 120 feet by 100, and each is devoted to particular articles. They are models of lightness and ventilation. Their roofs rest upon three hundred cast-iron columns, ten metres in height, all connected by dwarf brick walls. The roof is of zinc, with large skylights over the carriage-way. There are eight electric clocks over the principal arches, and the whole is surrounded by a broad foot pavement planted with trees.

While many stores and shops are closed on Sunday, I noticed very little difference among private and public workmen. The laborers on the new Opera House are hammering away as on ordinary days, and as I sat in the American chapel listening to the sermon I heard the noise of the masons and shoemakers in the vicinity. You will ask, when do these men rest? They rest in their cafés and on the boulevards, in the gardens and the cheap places of amusement, and very little in what we call "home" in America.

But who shall describe Sunday night in Paris—its unveiled and unblushing features—not, indeed, the secret orgies, from the publication of which you may well ask to be spared! You have seen the "Black Crook" at Wheatley's Theatre, in New York? There are two displays in

Paris, far exceeding that sumptuous deviltry in splendor, novelty, and *abandon*; the one an elaborate representation of "Cinderella," beyond any thing ever conceived of by American play-goers, and the other called "La Biche au Bois," or, in English, "The Deer in the Forest." I have seen them both, though not on Sunday; and when I ask you to imagine an army of musicians, singers, half-dressed women, curious tricks out-Ravelling Ravel, and scenery that would make even my gifted friend, Russell Smith, clap his generous palms, I hope you will remember I am only writing history, not asking you to envy these Parisians. The curtain rises on the last act of "The Deer in the Forest," at first dimly disclosing a den of real lions and tigers. The gas is suddenly flooded upon these grim citizens, and one of the heroes of the piece walks in among them and lashes them after the best Van Amburg fashion. Separated from the people by a few slight iron bars, there is something terribly exciting in the spectacle, and I confess I shuddered at the idea of these frenzied monsters accidentally loosed among the packed and half-terrified audience. The idea was eminently French, and was rapturously and lengthily cheered by the spectators. As Mr. Wheatley was in Paris and saw it for himself, he will doubtless duly import and improve upon it for American delectation.

But the Sunday night is still further commemorated. The balls of the *demi-monde* are always more crowded and brilliant on Sunday night. Every quarter has its especial saturnalia; but the Jardin Mabille and Closerie des Lilas are the most prominent and questionable. Here from eleven P. M. to three in the morning there are fantastiques that I would not delineate if I could. The loveliest grissettes with their followers gather, not by hundreds, but by thousands, and crowds hasten to witness their ecstatic exhibitions. Free they are, and sometimes far more than liberal, but not much more so than the half-nude performers in the modern ballet at Wheatley's, in New York, or

even than the artistes who frequently delight the fashionable world of Philadelphia and Washington. At the "Des Lilas," "the old Latin quarter," where the students of all nations most do congregate and live after a wild Bohemian fashion, these young Tom and Jerrys are masters of the field. Fiery of temper, and prompt to give and to avenge insult, they are a difficult set to restrain. But so severe and sleepless are the police that an outbreak among them, or any positive vulgarity on the part of the women, is very rare.

Paris is a grand theatre, and Louis Napoleon is a bold, skilful, and sleepless manager. The simile may not only be truly used, but cannot be justly complained of even by his most devoted admirers. In the last few months he has introduced a number of new actors, with an unparalleled opulence, ingenuity, and novelty of decorations and auxiliaries. These men and women, the rulers of the greatest kingdoms of the earth, have accepted his invitations, and have given a more than Oriental *éclat* to his capital. Monarchs and masters in their own realms, they have consented to play a subordinate part in his honor. But they have not been blind to the fact that the great object of the Emperor was to save himself by pleasing the largest and most exacting audience in the world. Paris has been the brilliant stage of their personations, with two millions of resident people as the spectators, and hundreds of thousands of strangers attracted to pay the cost of the entertainment. Never was there so sumptuous a series of dramas, and never, let me add, has human government seemed to be so artificial and temporary. Watching the preparations for the reception of the Sultan of Turkey a day or two ago in the Champs Élysées, the old pillars, awnings, gilt figure-heads, lamps, staging, banners, and emblems, I could not resist the belief that these were but the tawdry "properties" of a great theatre, the hollow delusions of the hour, to be seen with a momentary pleasure and forgotten among the unsubstantial nothings! And

as, yesterday afternoon, I saw the solid despot, whose diplomatic title is "the Sublime Porte," sitting side by side, in the royal carriage, with the man who well deserves the title of Modern Cæsar, and watched the countless crowds of subjects and sojourners who had gathered to behold the Imperial welcome, I involuntarily prayed that the comedy might not, like that stupendous spectacle of 1790, end in a tragedy that would again cover half the world with fire and blood.



XXXV.—THE PALACE OF THE EXPOSITION.

EXPOSITION OF INDUSTRY AND ART—CHAMP DE MARS—HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION—DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE—PORTRAIT OF MR. LINCOLN—THE WORLD'S FAIR.

PARIS, *July 11, 1867.*

When the magnificent temple, known as the Universal Exposition, long to be remembered as the completest collection of trophies of human art in the world's history, has been removed, the Emperor will keenly realize the necessity of providing some suitable substitute for the occupation of his people, and the enjoyment of the hundreds of thousands of strangers constantly flocking to his splendid capital. But the Exposition has been so successful in a business point of view, apart from the substantial benefit it has conferred upon men of science, inventors, artists, and mechanics, and upon merchants, who have brought hither the finest fabrics, from all parts of the civilized globe, that it has not been finally determined to dismantle the buildings. It has been to me a source of endless satisfaction to roam through these gorgeous spaces,

crowded as they are with inconceivable novelties. Some Americans that I could name have spent weeks in their contemplation, and many a note-book has been filled with ideas suggested by the customs, inventions, and peculiarities of other nations here collected in such wondrous variety. I felt yesterday afternoon, when I paid my last visit, that I should never look upon its like again. That my own country, in some not very remote period, when by means of the Pacific Railroad the products of the tropics, comparatively unknown to modern civilization, will be borne in great profusion to our Atlantic and Pacific shores, will probably rival European nations, I have little doubt; but such a display would be different in two respects: it would combine the triumphs of an entirely new people like our own and the trophies of races whose origin is lost in the mists of tradition.

The approach to the Palace is by fourteen entrances. Some of the streets leading to these entrances have been purposely cut down and levelled, and as you descend the broad flight of steps of one of the main thoroughfares you are struck with the singular neatness and cleanliness of the surroundings and the gorgeous variety of the flowers intended to relieve the prospect. Although hundreds and thousands pass up and down the magnificent stairs, such is the prevalent obedience to law, such the respect for every thing beautiful in art and nature, that not a plant is disturbed, although no barriers intervene between the incessant throng and the brilliant *parterre*, woven, as it were, into a floral carpet of every hue. There is no pressure, no confusion, no dissipation; and when the Palace is at the full, the system and regularity seem to be at their highest.

I have already informed you that the site upon which the Exposition stands is the *Champ de Mars*, formerly used for the manœuvres of troops and for grand reviews, but better remembered as the theatre of the National Fête de la Fédération, July 14, 1790, when the people of France

in myriads assembled, headed by the unfortunate Louis XVI., and took their formidable oath to support the "Nation, the Law, and the King." Here, in June, 1815, just before he entered upon that last brief campaign which ended at Waterloo, the first Napoleon, who knew the Parisians' fondness for splendid and dramatic ceremonials, held the Fête of the *Champ de Mai*, at which, in the midst of an audience of 200,000 persons, he said: "Emperor, Consul, Soldier, I owe every thing to the People," and then took an oath on the Gospels to observe the Constitution; the officers of State, marshals, legislators, and soldiers present taking the same obligation, after which Napoleon, still an Emperor, delivered the regimental eagles to the troops with extraordinary and imposing pomp. Here, fifteen years later, Louis Philippe, then newly appointed Citizen King, presented 60,000 of the National Guards, headed by the venerable and patriotic Lafayette, with new and splendid colors. Here, in June, 1837, was given a magnificent public *fête*, on the occasion of the Duke of Orleans' marriage, at which occurred the evil omen, as at the first *fête* in honor of Marie Antoinette, of numerous persons being crushed or trodden to death by the pressure of the crowd. Here was held the *fête* of the Republic in 1848, at which the newly-instituted Garde Mobile replaced the National Guard. Here, in May, 1852, Louis Napoleon distributed to the French army the Eagles, prohibited since his uncle's fall, which were to replace the Gallic cock; and here, too, did he dispense among his assembled soldiers the honors and rewards which they had won in the Crimean and Italian campaigns. With the exception of the Place de la Concorde, no locality in Paris is surrounded with so many historical associations as the *Champ de Mars*.

The vast temple and grounds absorb a space of thirty-six acres—its greatest length being 527 yards, and its breadth 406 yards. The outer gallery is three-fourths of a mile long. The iron pillars and girders employed in its

construction weigh 13,500 tons. The windows and skylights cover a space of 65,000 square metres, the masonry 52,000 cubic metres of stone and brick, and the woodwork 5,000 square metres of plank. Some idea of the cost of this structure may be imagined when you are informed that France alone contributed £800,000, or nearly four millions of dollars; Italy, £80,000; Belgium, £60,000; Prussia, £120,000; and England, £116,000; and all this exclusive of the enormous sums paid by private exhibitors, the competition between whom has been so great that no money was spared in order to secure the best position, as, indeed, it is confidently asserted money was freely dispensed to obtain the awards of the "Imperial Commission." The extraordinary rivalry between the two great American piano firms, Chickering and Steinway, which promises to eventuate in a prolonged newspaper conflict, is but a specimen of the intensity of the struggle between the different artists, inventors, and manufacturers of other countries.

According to agreement, the profits, if any, arising from the Exposition, are to be divided equally between the State, the city of Paris, and the company owning the charter, granted by a law passed by the French Legislature, in 1865, for the purpose of organizing this stupendous undertaking. Of course, no exact estimate of these profits can yet be ascertained, but that the enterprise has been as successful as it is a magnificent speculation, is admitted on all hands. The sale of the tickets at sixty francs, or twelve dollars each, for admission to the distribution of the prizes at the Palace of Industry, on the first of this month, produced an enormous sum. From these facts you will perceive that, if the Emperor concludes to declare the Exposition a permanency, it will be a source of continual wealth to its projectors. I know not whether there is any truth in the rumor of the day that the Emperor of Russia is desirous of purchasing the building entire, with the inten-

tion of having it removed to St. Petersburg, there to be re-erected, with alterations, as a superb Winter-Garden. Two obstacles might scarcely be overcome—first, the immense cost for purchase and removal, and next, the difficulty of transferring such a structure, in pieces, to a city so remote as St. Petersburg. It is true that the Crystal Palace, in which England held her World's Fair in 1851, was removed from Hyde Park in the year following, to form the nucleus of the present splendid erection at Sydenham, but the distance was only a few miles, and there was scarcely any difficulty in transferring the materials from one locality to another.

It is impossible to do common justice, in the limits of such a letter, to this unparalleled display. In a general way, I may state that France and her colonies occupy nearly the whole of the eastern half of the Palace. England and her colonies were allowed nearly half as much space, and near the principal entrance and avenue, as France. South and Central America had only a narrow slip, and the United States about twice as much, but only half the space given to Belgium. Our division was on the west of the Palace, and close to it were the spaces respectively occupied by Persia, China, Siam, Japan, and Turkey. A distinct lot was given to Rome, and four times as much to Italy. Then, crowded together, were the divisions for Russia, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Portugal, and Spain. To Switzerland was allotted exactly as much room as the United States was allowed. Austria, the minor German States, and Prussia, with Belgium, and Holland, had nearly the whole of the southern part of the Palace. In the park surrounding the building separate places were reserved for the various countries. It is obvious that the Emperor has taken care to monopolize for France the best portion of the Palace, but he has done it with unexampled ingenuity and skill. There is a space in the middle of the Palace occupied by a garden, surrounded by a portico with a colonnade.

Four doors give access to a large number of avenues. The principal entrance, as you cross the Seine, is directly over the Pont de Jena. It opens on a large vestibule, and extends to the central garden. This vestibule cuts in its course the circular galleries, which, on entering, the visitor sees to the right and left as large as streets. The first gallery is used for the Exposition of the Fine Arts. Here I wish it were possible for me to designate some of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the old and new masters.

In this department of productive genius Italy is not so well represented as I expected, but the German specimens are splendid. France was above all the rest in her battle-pieces, especially in those recalling the triumphs of Napoleon the First, and those of his reigning nephew. The United States sends some of the productions of her best artists, including Church, Bierstadt, and Beard. That which pained me most in our department was the worst picture of Mr. Lincoln ever painted; and when I noticed how many persons stood before it, and how universally his fame was diffused among the working classes of the Old World, I regretted that something more worthy of his virtues had not been procured. England had just twelve times the space we have in this section—admirably filled and capably lighted. Indeed, the whole fine art circle is well arranged, the pictures being seen to advantage, while the floor is covered with a good, thick matting. But that which is most numerous surrounded is a statue of Napoleon I., cut in white marble by a celebrated French artist, intended to represent the illustrious captain in the sunset of his life, when his fiery and undaunted spirit was rapidly consuming the fleshy tabernacle. The lassitude of the whole figure, the emaciated face, the sick eye, the thin hair, the drooping lips, the peculiar eloquence of the agonizing hand, which seems to speak, even to the tips of the attenuated fingers, of the slow despair that has settled upon an intellect that once mastered or

terrified the civilized world—proved conclusively that sculpture is far from being classed among the lost arts in France. The second gallery is devoted to “the Materials of the Liberal Arts”—including printing and books, stationery, drawing materials, photography, musical, surgical, and mechanical instruments, maps, and globes. The third gallery is devoted to furniture, including specimens from all parts of the civilized world, upholstery, cut glass, goldsmith’s work, and watches. The fourth is filled with wearing apparel and textile fabrics, cotton stuffs and threads, linens, worsteds, jewels, laces, clothing of all kinds, weapons, and travelling outfits. The fifth is set apart to products extracted from raw materials. Here we find specimens of petroleum; also, of lumber, vegetables, and wool-growing. The sixth gallery, which includes a vast park, and certainly the most important to mechanics and manufacturers, is devoted to instruments and processes of common trades. To this depository the great workshops of the world have contributed their best efforts. It begins with specimens from the mines, and runs through and includes farming utensils, fishing tackle, hunting instruments, steam-engines and machinery, weaving-loom, sewing-machines, coaches, saddles, railway rolling stock and models of cars, telegraph apparatus, civil engineering, and naval architecture. It is a very curious sight to notice in this vast nave (thirty-eight yards in width, twenty-seven yards in height, and running round the whole Palace like a belt) the operation of engines of all kinds attended by their workmen, and surrounded by visitors. The machinery gallery is surrounded by a wall like the exterior of an amphitheatre. The seventh gallery is devoted to articles of food, fresh or preserved. This is the restaurant department, and here you obtain a vivid idea of the food and cooking of the different nationalities. The American department is surrounded by Americans, eating ice-creams and drinking sherry-cobblers and iced soda; the Germans and English drinking

beer; the French and Italians light wines; the Turks smoking; the Chinese working and selling; and the Algerines, proud in their new French uniforms, indulging their new Paris appetites. The eighth and ninth are sections devoted to specimens of agriculture and horticulture, including hot-house, ornamental flowers, exotic plants, fruit trees, &c. The tenth group is filled with articles especially exhibited to prove the physical and moral condition of the people; schools and methods of instruction, public libraries, food of all kinds remarkable for their useful qualities, specimens of fashions, models of cheap dwellings, instruments for working, &c.

Here let me generalize a little. The Exposition comprises three parts, including, first, the Palace itself and the park surrounding it, on the banks of the river Seine; second, that called the garden, situated on the south, including all the Champ de Mars and the gardens for horticultural exhibitions; and, third, *Billancourt*, an island situated in the Seine, five hundred yards from the Palace, and set apart for agricultural exhibitions and field experiments with machines. Stretching to the right and left of this main passage are seen vast concentric avenues, as large as streets, which run round the building and are intersected by numerous passages radiating like an outspread fan from the centre to the circumference. If you make the entire circuit of this building, you would see many of the people and most of the productions of the following countries: France and its colonies, Algeria, the Netherlands, Belgium, Prussia, the secondary States of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Russia, Italy, the Roman States, the Danubian Principalities, Turkey, Egypt, China, Siam, Japan, Persia, Africa, Australasia, the United States of America, Mexico, Brazil, the Republics of Central and Southern America, Great Britain and Ireland. The park which surrounds the Palace contains in its gardens 274,000 square yards, and is laid

out on the English system. A covered promenade five yards wide gives access to the park. A small river, which rises in the south part of the palace grounds, runs from one end of the park to the other, and is used for various purposes, for aquaria, for the breeding of fish, fountains, and so forth. But the great space I have already consumed in this description only convinces me that I cannot do it justice. If I have accomplished the object in giving to my kind and indulgent readers some idea of this magnificent combination, I shall be content.



XXXVI.—IMPERIAL PRINTING OFFICE.

INFERIORITY OF FRENCH NEWSPAPERS—SCANT LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—IMPERIAL PRINTING OFFICE—EMPLOYÉS AND WAGES—VARIETY OF LANGUAGES—TRIUMPH OF TYPOGRAPHY.—PLAYING-CARD MONOPOLY—THE “PLANT”—CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.

PARIS, *July 12, 1867.*

There is nothing a tyrant fears more than the printing press. Against bullets and batteries he may oppose numbers and force, but how to grapple with invisible thought, especially after that thought assumes millions of tangible shapes, is a difficulty which in God's providence he can never remove. Hence the inferior and fettered condition of the French press, and the volatile and uncertain condition of the French people. The daily newspapers of France are a curiosity—a mingling of silly novels and demoralizing gossip: no broad views, no intelligence of the events of the day, no frank comments upon public men and public movements, nothing to elevate, enlighten, or

dignify. The home editors are not only watched, and their words weighed in the nice scales of an exacting censorship, but the words of foreign writers are as sedulously examined to prevent the circulation of what the Emperor deems unhealthy doctrines as if the sheets upon which they print were impregnated with deadliest infection. Laboulaye dare not lecture in Versailles, lest the quick antidote of his pure republicanism would dissipate the pestilence of falsehood. In that seat of classic history, where there are three newspapers, not one is allowed to publish a single honest sentiment in favor of liberty. Paris is understood to be so completely in the hands of the military and the Emperor that large credit is claimed because the bold philosopher is permitted to address his pupils on certain state subjects, within rigidly prescribed limits. Jules Favre never speaks in the Legislature what he feels, without personal danger; and Emile de Girardin rarely wields his fearless pen without feeling that he may be unexpectedly called upon to pay the penalty of his rashness. Philosophers, inventors, theorists, and all those minds which in a different condition of society (our own for instance) would be inspired by the highest and noblest thoughts, are constrained to devote themselves to æsthetic studies; and in avoiding the tempting paths, elsewhere open to all who desire to assist and elevate mankind, they excel in every acute science but that which relates to the immortal destinies of their fellow-creatures. If these tremendous intellectual aspirations were left to operate at will, none could tell what the effect would be upon the civilization of Europe. Of course the imperial hostility to and fear of a free press prevents the expansion and improvement of the mechanical printing press. I have already stated that the daily journals of Paris do not approach either in appearance or contents the newspapers of America. And this is equally true of every other nation of Europe, not excluding England. It is painfully so of Italy, of Germany, and of Switzerland. The dailies

of Brussels alone resemble, in their dash, enthusiasm, and rivalry, their American contemporaries. The cause of this almost exceptionless inferiority is aristocratic hatred of free and fearless opinion.

The extraordinary efficiency and perfection of the Imperial printing office in Paris, which I visited this morning, after having waited for several days to procure a ticket from the proper authorities, only show that nothing but a thoroughly liberal government is needed to make French newspapers and publications as enterprising and as numerous as they are in the United States. My first impressions of this famous establishment were not agreeable: the building was older and the rooms smaller than I expected. But as we got further on, I soon understood why it was classed among the curiosities of Paris.

The "Imprimerie Impériale," or Imperial printing office, was established by Francis I., in the Louvre. In 1792 a portion was transferred into the Elysée Bourbon, and in 1795 the whole was established in the Hotel de Toulouse, now the Bank of France. It was finally established in its present locality, in the Rue Vieille-du-Temple, in 1809. There is some idea of transferring this establishment to the hospital of the Petits-Ménages, in the Rue de la Chaise. At this office all the government documents are printed, including the immense number of blanks used in all the departments—police, military, civil, financial, and even legal. The *Bulletin de Loi*, or Law Register, is issued regularly from this office, together with an immense number of oriental publications. Nine hundred and fifty persons, including over three hundred women and forty boys, are constantly employed. They work ten hours a day, and the compositors and pressmen receive six francs (about a dollar and twenty cents) per diem. After thirty years' service these mechanics receive an annual pension of four hundred francs (about eighty dollars), a small portion of their wages

being deducted for a sick fund. The bookbinders receive three and a half and the women two francs per day.

The stereotyping department looked very primitive, and by no means as extensive as our great manufactories in Philadelphia and New York. Many of the processes for casting were rude and awkward. But what most interests the stranger are the alphabets of different languages, including the Sanscrit, Tartar, Chinese, and Assyrian or cuneiform characters. There are types here in fifty-six Oriental languages, and in sixteen European ones, which do not employ the Roman characters, while the latter exist in forty-six different forms and sizes. Five hundred and fifty-six reams of paper, equivalent to 9,266 octavo volumes, can be struck off in a single day. The Oriental books, with their colored margins and other unique and antique specimens of typography (not to be executed anywhere else in the world, it is claimed), are exceedingly interesting to a practical printer. Among other curiosities is a complete set of Greek matrices, the copper mould in which the face of the type is cast, which were cut by Garamond, by order of Francis I., and so perfect were they in form, that the English University of Cambridge applied for a font of them in 1692. It was at the Imperial printing office that the Emperor Louis Napoleon's life of Julius Cæsar, one of the most beautiful triumphs of modern art, was set up, struck off, bound and published. It is known that the little Prince Imperial has a miniature press, with cases and a font of type of his own, in the Palace, where he has acquired a knowledge of "the art preservative of all arts." Any work of high character, devoted to science or any of the abstruse studies, the author of which is not able to print at his own expense, or the publication of which would not remunerate private enterprise, may, by order of the Emperor, be printed at and sent out to the world from this establishment. When Pope Pius VII. visited the Imperial printing office, the Lord's Prayer was presented to

him printed in one hundred and fifty languages, and before he returned to his carriage he received a copy of the collection already bound. The ace of clubs, and the kings, queens, and knaves of all the playing-cards used in France are printed here, the number issued daily being 12,000 packs. This work is a government monopoly, and the room in which it is executed is separated by a glass partition from the other departments. Card manufacturers are allowed to print all the other cards, except those specified. This is done to secure the payment of the tax on playing-cards. There are eighty-eight hand-presses, each requiring two men, occupying two long parallel galleries and meeting a transverse one at right angles. There are nineteen steam, and twenty lithographic presses, and one hydraulic press for wetting paper. There are eighteen machines for ruling paper. The sewing, binding, wetting, cutting, and packing of the paper is all done in this establishment. The forms of types of government papers and documents, of which there are about twenty thousand on hand, are kept here after they are used. The receipts of the establishment are about 4,500,000 francs, or nearly 900,000 dollars per annum, but the yearly expenses are 4,587,000 francs.

The decorations of the Imperial printing office are a cast-iron statue of Guttenberg, in the front court, or Court of Honor; a bas-relief on the right side of the court, representing horses at a watering-place, attributed to Coustou. In the waiting-room, where visitors collect every Thursday until they reach the number of twelve, are four paintings by Boucher. The library, the ancient bedroom of the Cardinal de Rohan, contains the celebrated version of the Catholic devotional book, "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," translated into French verse by Pierre Corneille, which took the first medal at the Paris Exposition of 1855. The ornamentations of the library were directed by Lassus and Dauzats, the miniatures were painted by M. Steinheil,

and the designs in colors in gold by M. and Madame Toudouze.

But justly as the French may boast of this ancient and extensive institution, it deserves to be said that the British and Foreign Bible Society, a private institution, located in London, has at least equalled the French in the publication of the Holy Scriptures in nearly all the living languages. Their published circulars contain specimens of the languages and dialects in which they print and circulate the Bible. It is estimated that they print the sacred volume, in whole or in part, in 164 languages and dialects, and yet when this society was first established its Bible translations were but fifty; and they now claim that by the translation, printing, and circulation of the inspired writings, within the present century, they have supplied divine truths to six hundred millions of the human family.



XXXVII.—SOLFERINO AND GETTYSBURG.

ROTHERMEL'S BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—PANORAMA OF THE
* BATTLE OF SOLFERINO—A VETERAN GUIDE—A SUGGESTED
PANORAMA—UNION LEADERS AND SOLDIERS.

PARIS, *July 13, 1867.*

A paragraph in the PHILADELPHIA PRESS, just received, stating that our Pennsylvania artist, Rothermel, had been selected to paint a large picture of the battle of Gettysburg, and had just produced the first rough sketches, reminded me of a promise to visit the exhibition of the great panorama in the Champs Élysées, near the Palace de l'Industrie, representing the battle of Solferino. With no desire

to criticise the judgment which has preferred a different style of illustration of the bloody and brilliant struggle which, on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, 1863, in conjunction with the capture of Vicksburg by General Grant, broke the back of the rebellion, it seemed to me not an inappropriate hope that a representation of that battle, similar to the one I am about to describe, might be painted at no distant day.

The panorama of Solferino, constructed in 1859, under the patronage of the Emperor, attracts a constant stream of curious visitors. It is exhibited in a circular building, and covers a space of 1,500 square yards. Paying two francs at the door to a wounded soldier, who bore upon his person the medals of the various great conflicts in which he had participated, we ascended a stair which led us to a platform from which we enjoyed a perspective at first difficult to realize as confined within such narrow limits. As a Union officer, who had also seen it, said to us afterwards, we seemed to be gazing across a wide extent of country, a succession of river, town, hill, and valley. Another French veteran, also covered with decorations, was walking around the platform, followed by a crowd of spectators, describing, in loud and animated tones, the various evolutions and figures delineated on the extended canvas. The illusion was managed with marvellous accuracy and effect—down to the very spot where we stood, broken carriage-wheels, cannon balls, old uniforms, and battered accoutrements were scattered, the more successfully to complete the idea of the original. Nothing was wanting to stamp the whole picture with life but moving figures. Of course I could not understand the description until it was slowly interpreted, but it was not difficult to perceive from the excited looks of the spectators that the natural eloquence of the soldiers had sympathetic listeners, and that while the Emperor thus preserves the recollection of one of the battles everywhere illustrated for the purpose of perpetuating his own fame,

he also keeps alive the martial feeling in the hearts of his people. The battle of Solferino decided comparatively nothing; even the unification of Italy, claimed as one of the results of that achievement, with the victory of Magenta, is far from an accomplished fact, if we may judge by the discontent of Garibaldi and the fierce protest of Mazzini.

But imagine a panorama of the battle of Gettysburg placed in one of the great squares of Philadelphia, or what might be still more appropriate, in the beautiful grounds east of the Capitol at Washington, with a mutilated Union soldier, who had borne a conspicuous part in that dreadful conflict, telling to proud and grateful visitors the thrilling story of those thrilling days. The approach of the foe, his rapid advance, his infuriated attack; the doubtful and wavering fortunes of those dark and anxious hours; the headquarters of General Meade; the fiery fight that made little Round Top immortal in history, where Birney fought, where Sickles was wounded, where Reynolds died, where Colonel O'Rorke of the 140th New York fell, while animating his men; where Chamberlain pioneered his superb 20th Maine; the Devil's Den, occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters; the rocks that mark the spot where Vincent and Hazlett were struck down; the charge of the Pennsylvania Reserves; the points so bravely defended at the cost of their glorious lives by Brigadier-General Zook and Colonel Jeffards of the 4th Michigan, and by our Chester county hero, Frederick Taylor; the grove where the rebel Barksdale perished; the spot where Hancock received his wound, and the ground held with such distinguished valor by our city brigade, led by men not one of whom, as I believe, has since soiled his laurels by acting with the so-called Democratic party. In proof of this I may write their names with grateful pride thus far from home: Baxter, of the 72d, or Baxter's Zouaves; Colonel Moorhead's 106th; the 71st, or California Regiment, commanded originally by the illustrious General Edward D. Baker, and subsequently for

a time by Colonel John Markoe. Then our veteran soldier could point to Seminary Ridge, the "line of woods whence the rebels debouched, and the beautiful level fields over which they swept in their grand charge," and describe how twenty thousand men, in two or three lines of battle, rushed upon our ninety guns, planted on the ridge from Seminary Hill to Round Top, and were swept by hundreds into eternity. Here the flower of Lee's army vainly attempted to carry our position, and, losing the great venture, retired broken and cowed. The moral of the story would require few words to impress it upon every mind, for that great sacrifice saved the Republic, let us hope, for ever and for ever.



XXXVIII.—PARIS TO SWITZERLAND.

REMINDED OF HOME—FOREIGN RAILROADS—WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELDS—SWISS BARNs—DIVISION OF THE LAND—DESCENT OF THE JURA—AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION—CONTINENTAL SYMPATHY WITH THE RADICALS—GOOD RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION—FUTURE OF THE SOUTH.

BERNE, SWITZERLAND, *July 14, 1867.*

We reached the quiet political capital of Switzerland in sixteen hours from gay and bustling Paris, leaving the latter at eight o'clock last evening, and registering ourselves here at the "Hotel Bernerhoff" at half-past twelve today. It was long after nine P. M. yesterday before the twilight ended, and when the day had indicated his last farewell, a bright harvest-moon took up "the wondrous tale," so that I had hardly time to catch a few hours of uneasy sleep before early morning began to show us the grain-fields of Switzerland and the reapers already at

work to take advantage of the good weather that is too infrequent in these mountain climates. An American in Europe is constantly reminded of his country; often by what he would like to see adopted there, but more frequently by what he would like to see copied here. As an instance of the latter, how forcibly the admirable arrangements of the Pennsylvania Central and the great lines extending west of Pittsburg, and the superior night-accommodations between New York and Washington, and between Philadelphia and Washington, were recalled by the absence of "sleeping cars" and the heartless neglect of the opportunities for refreshment on the long and unbroken route from Paris to Berne! I thought of those unrivalled conveniences, and the splendid breakfast spread for the hungry traveller at Altoona, on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, with a feeling that would have been angry if the contrast had not been a new argument in favor of the United States.

Everywhere the toilers in the field were men and women—generally two of the latter to one of the former; and it was a common thing to see the female following the reaper, helping to load the heavy wagon, driving the oxen, and trudging after the plough. But if this sight did not remind me of home, I saw others that convinced me I was in a congenial country. "Swiss barns," so common in Pennsylvania, appeared in all their original forms, with the difference that in Switzerland the family residence is not only part of the enormous granary, but also the shelter for the horses and cows. With us these great storehouses stand apart from the dwelling-house of the farmer, and a curious contrast is suggested to the stranger by the diminutive size of the one and the huge proportions of the other. The next thing that reminded me of America was the absence of those deserted yet expensively cultivated estates so alarming to the statesmen of England. The soil in Switzerland (and indeed in France as well) is divided among small farmers, who either own it themselves or rent it from

others, but in all cases obtain a reasonable share of the product of their labor. Everywhere the people seemed to be happy; and the disappearance of the military and of the ubiquitous *gens d'armes*, even the guttural sound of the German language, so like my dear old Lancaster county home, convinced me that I had reached a republican country. Our daylight ride before reaching Berne gave us a gorgeous view of the Alps, as we descended the Jura; and I was easily persuaded that a region that had such gateways must possess many extraordinary natural advantages. The clean and quiet accommodations of the Bernerhoff, its generous fare and its lovely situation, so different from the artificial splendors and hollow civilities of Paris, not only realized all that I expected, but prepared me for a pleasant and profitable stay, brief as it must be, in "the miniature republic."

The progress of reconstruction in the United States is a source of constant interest to Americans, and to all classes of foreigners, friends and foes; and although we have scarcely heard whether Congress is in session (owing to the culpable neglect of the agents of the Associated Press in America, in sending absolutely nothing worthy of general information over the cable telegraph), yet we gather enough to know that all is going well. The course of Generals Sickles and Sheridan gives unutterable satisfaction to our friends abroad; and you may well suppose that I study the example of these conscientious soldiers and their associates, Pope, Schofield, and Thomas, with all the gratitude of one who never doubted where they would be found in the event of a new attempt to defeat the law of Congress. I have met many practical proofs of the utterly priceless value of their sympathy with the Radical measures during my brief stay abroad, two of which I will mention. Dining a few evenings ago with an eminent American from a border State, now in Paris, he informed me that he had just received a letter from a friend in the South, one of the largest

slaveholders before the war, and one of the most earnest advocates of and most generous contributors to the rebellion. In this letter his friend informed him that he had made contracts with his former slaves, and that they were working so faithfully and happily that the products of his estates promise to be greater than in any former year; that he was so proud of their industry and fidelity that he was putting up school-houses for their education on his plantation, and that he and his family had come to the conclusion that the act of emancipation and the defeat of the rebellion were the best things that ever happened to the South, and as for himself, had not only made him a more wealthy man, but, what was better than all, *had made him a happier and better man than he had ever expected to be.* The other was related to me by an eminent New York banker, this morning, on the train from Paris to Berne. He was a large owner of property in the Southern States before the rebellion, most of which was confiscated by the Jefferson Davis Confederacy; but since Congress had adopted its vigorous plan of reconstruction, on the ruins of the fatal "policy" of President Johnson, all his interests had been recovered and restored to him by the bold co-operation of the military commanders; "and to none more am I indebted," he added, "than to your friend General Sickles, who not only had all my property in Charleston returned to me, but made the rebels indemnify me for my losses. This I say without ever having met or exchanged a word with that accomplished gentleman." And you may be sure, when, after this unprompted tribute to General Sickles, he added that he was investing largely in the South, and that he believed in five years from to-day, if the Radicals were not fools enough to lose the next Presidency, the late insurrectionary States "would be the richest and most prosperous part of the world," that I gave him my hearty thanks for his agreeable information. I might add to this testimony, if it were necessary; but when such substantial witnesses are sus-

tained by the good news from all quarters that the cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar, and grain crops promise to be better than at any time since 1860, who will doubt that reconstruction is destined to a resistless triumph? What little I have seen and heard of Swiss opinion in regard to America is not destined, I am sure, to change these hopeful emotions.



XXXIX.—SWITZERLAND.

PALACE OF THE LOUVRE — GENEVA — LAKE LEMAN — SWISS HOTELS—ENGLISH TOURISTS—FEMALE FIELD-LABORERS—PAUCITY OF MENDICANTS—ENGLAND'S UNIVERSAL SHILLING —THE GLACIERS—SESSION OF THE SWISS LEGISLATURE—NATURE OF THE GOVERNMENT—NO VETO—REVENUE AND ARMY—ROADS — EDUCATION—SWISS INDEPENDENCE — THE TWO REPUBLICS—PENNSYLVANIAN GERMAN.

LAKE LEMAN, SWITZERLAND, *July 21, 1867.*

Just before leaving Paris I visited the palace of the Louvre, the matchless museum of ancient and modern art, which, together with the palace of the Tuileries (both having been united by Napoleon III. at an enormous outlay, in accordance with the plan of the First Napoleon), covers an area of sixty acres in the very heart of the city. These vast collections, including the master-pieces of every variety of antique and modern statuary, paintings, frescoes, tapestries, medals, many of the trophies of Bonaparte himself, with the bed he slept on, his furniture, his plate, the clothes he wore in battle, and his imperial robes, are not to be seen in a day, or a week, or to be counted by ordinary rules. It is an accepted estimate that to see them with any satisfaction you must walk through at least five miles of gal-

leries. The sight was one that first tempted, then baffled description. Every picture was a study, a human history of itself, and a marvel of human genius. When I tell you that the "long gallery" of the Louvre alone contains eighteen hundred paintings of the earlier Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, and German schools, and that there are additional galleries dedicated to living artists, galleries set apart to the Egyptian collections, galleries containing the relics and memorials of the great sovereigns of Europe, from Charlemagne to Louis Philippe, galleries of naval architecture, galleries of Chinese art, and galleries of bronze and marble sculpture, you will see the folly of any attempted delineation. Absorbed in this world of wonders, nothing was more interesting to me than the large number of persons engaged in making copies of these precious productions. Some were men far advanced in life, others mere lads, and many of them young and beautiful women; and it was astonishing how faithfully they sketched from the originals, and how little they were disturbed by the spectators who crowded around their easels. These immense stores of human intellect are opened every day in the week but Monday, free of cost to the multitude, and the visitors make up an almost perpetual procession; and how orderly, respectful, and silent! Here, as everywhere in France, the fact that every thing curious belonging to the government can be seen and not touched, inspires a sort of veneration which sanctifies the statue and the painting, and even allows the most tempting fruits and flowers to ripen and bloom in the open spaces without spoliation. That such a system will encourage and lead young ambition from poverty to fame is only natural, and hence I was not surprised to hear that "The Louvre" was a great school, its graduates were numerous and many of them distinguished in the realms of art. I saw that some of the copies were nearly finished; and as the students were giving their last touches they seemed to be marvellously accurate. They are sold for the

benefit of the artist, and often at high prices. Indeed a very important trade has grown up in the sale of the copies of the celebrated masters, ancient and modern, of France, Germany, and Italy; and in the galleries of Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden may be found hosts of young women and men, educating and sustaining themselves by what becomes not merely a labor of love, but ultimately a very passion itself.

Since leaving Paris I have enjoyed a far nobler spectacle than the Palace of the Louvre. I have seen Nature in her grandest and loveliest forms in Switzerland; although man, during long centuries, has done much to beautify what was itself originally and always beautiful. After more than a week's travel through a succession of unrivalled scenery, I find myself this exquisite Sabbath morning writing to my friends of *THE PRESS* and *CHRONICLE* from the Hotel Byron, on the shores of Lake Lemman, or Geneva, within easy sight of the castle immortalized by the noble poem of "The Prisoner of Chillon." I do not wonder that poets have sung and painters have painted this earthly paradise. The deep blue waters of the lake (which is fifty-five miles long, in some places nine miles and a quarter and in others only one mile and a half wide) stretch before me without a wave, and almost without a sail. Enclosed by mountains on the four sides, it seems more like a magical than a natural picture; but the green and silent vineyards, the bright and distant cottages and villages, the luxurious residences of the rich, the palatial hotel in which I sit, and "the sound of the church-going bell" from the neighboring town of Villeneuve (being the first distinctive Protestant music I have heard since I left England), speak the language of eloquent and significant reality. These enchanting shores have for centuries furnished themes for the writers of all nations. Voltaire and Goethe speak of them with the same enthusiasm. Within a few miles is the lovely hamlet of

Clarens, immortalized by Rousseau in his impassionate romance, *The Nouvelle Heloise*.

Alexander Dumas compares Lake Lemán with the gorgeous bay of Naples. From Lausanne to Geneva the ride by carriage, rail, or steamer is indescribably beautiful. Thousands scorn all artificial aids, and prefer to walk along these classic haunts. There is no heat, very little dust, no flies in the day, no mosquitoes at night, and such an equal temperature that figs, pomegranates, and oranges flourish in the open air; and the wine of the vicinage is of wide celebrity. The hotels, watering-places, and country-houses of Switzerland are all studies, and most of them models. Immeasurably assisted by Nature, they have been located in the most romantic spots, and surrounded with the most admirable facilities. The Baur au Lac ("The Man on the Lake"), at Zurich; The Bernerhoff, at Berne; The Güssbach ("The Gushing Water"), on the lovely Lake of Brienz, reminding one vividly of West Point and the Hudson, only sweeter and grander; The Beau Rivage ("Beautiful Shore"), on Lake Lausanne; The Schweizerhof, on Lake Lucerne; The Victoria, at Interlachen; Monnet, at Vevay; The Bellevue, on Lake Thun; and the Hotel Byron (where I am now sojourning), constitute a succession of views, so panoramic when drawn out by the painter, that if you have not seen and enjoyed their substantial advantages, you would declare them to be fancy pieces. And in my passage from Berne to Zurich and back to Berne to the present point, I have found every new scene more beautiful than the last, and every new wonder more wonderful than its predecessor.

The Swiss hotels are always full in the summer season, and the stream of travel often becomes a torrent; hence the necessity of telegraphing for rooms. The tourists are of all degrees and languages, but the English and Americans seem to be the majority after the natives themselves; my own countrymen, I am happy to say, being generally

popular because of the liberality of their opinions, the generosity of their expenditures, and the courtesy of their manners. I have not found the English either overbearing or selfish. They have been invariably polite and well-bred. Reticent they are to a fault; but when they discover their fellow-travellers as willing to impart as to ask information, they are really engaging and valuable companions. They seem to have generally abandoned the habit (if the intelligent among them ever possessed it) of underrating the Americans, and I have yet to meet the first one who does not give us credit for the manner in which we suppressed the rebellion, disbanded our army, and commenced the rapid reduction of our colossal indebtedness. Yet, large as is the travel on the Continent, and superior as are the accommodations, nothing is more apparent than that *the people* do not enjoy the same advantages in their intercourse with each other so universal in the United States. The wealthy classes alone make up the tourists; and you soon discern the difference between a watering-place in Switzerland and a watering-place in America. At the latter all is good-humor, bustle, and an absence of *caste*; whereas at the former all is cold, silent, courtly, and slow; each group keeping to itself; even Americans may live in the same hotel for a month without making or renewing acquaintance.

Switzerland is about one-third the size of Pennsylvania, with a population of 2,534,242 in 1860, of which 1,483,498 are Protestant, and 1,040,534 Catholic. At least one-third of the Republic is composed of sterile mountains, and although nowhere on the face of the earth is there a more industrious or frugal race, yet it often happens that the labors of the summer barely suffice to maintain their families during the winter. I saw very little that gave me pain in Switzerland, unless it was the custom of forcing females to undergo field, stable, and other hard labor. It was repulsive to see women rowing the boats, cleaning and

feeding the horses, carrying huge burdens on their backs and heads, following the plough, gathering the harvest, and almost living in the vineyards. The effect is to make them prematurely old, and only exceptionally handsome. The villages in some of the Catholic cantons present a sad contrast to similar communities in our own country, with their heaps of manure directly under the windows, and frequently next to the front door itself, and with the ruined walls of their churches, the broken columns of their town halls, and the general dilapidation of houses, fitly in keeping with people old before their time, and surrounded by troops of withered children.

I am glad to say I have seen but one beggar in Switzerland. This is high praise compared with our experience in England, the country which accuses "the Yankees" of an absorbing love for the "universal dollar." There the universal shilling controls. The rule was unbroken, from the expectancy of the custom-house officer who waited for his fee before he passed your baggage, to the greediness of the "lady" guide who showed you through the halls of some aristocratic castle; from the clamorous beggar on the streets to the waiter in the hotels; from the ragamuffin who insisted on opening your carriage-door to the portly messenger of Parliament. It was not much better in France, and my travelling companions speak of it as one of the worst of thousands of annoyances of Italy and Spain. And Switzerland is as clear of this pest as she is of soldiers and policemen. Even the children who followed us as we drove through the mountains offered fruits and flowers in exchange for centimes, and the women seasoned their importunities by tendering their exquisite wooden ornaments at the lowest prices. Nor is Switzerland ignorant of her superiority in this respect; for she prints the fact in her records that while one out of every eight in England, and one out of every nine in France and Holland,

lives by begging, only one out of twenty in Switzerland makes alms a means of subsistence.

There is much to make the Swiss people proud of their country. Their mountains, lakes, rivers, and glaciers, will make it an object of increasing interest to the learned and scientific, the wealthy and the wise, to "the last syllable of recorded time." I will not undertake to tell you how the proofs of the power of the Creator affected me, nor how utterly insignificant the most ambitious must feel in the presence of these gigantic natural monuments. I have been convinced anew in this brief tour, that the best way to know God is to know man, to study nature in all her forms, and that he who would learn his highest obligations to the One and his close relations to the other, should travel in his own and foreign lands. There is no volume so full of interest as that of human experience and intercourse.

When Lord Byron visited Rome, and for the first time saw the Coliseum, St. Peter's and the Pantheon, he finely portrayed the effect of opening the mind, accustomed to local or diminutive objects,* to the comprehension of other and grander things :

Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not :
 And why ? It is not lessen'd ; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
 Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,
 All musical in its immensities ;

Rich marbles, richer paintings—shrines where flame
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
 And as the ocean many bays will make
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

Not by its fault—but thine : Our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

It was with some such emotions as these that I saw, for the first time, the glaciers of Switzerland—those long arms of solid ice, resembling frozen cataracts, estimated to attain a thickness of 1,500 feet, exposing their glittering pinnacles in immediate contact with corn-fields, fruit trees, smiling meadows, and human habitations. Unprepared for any such experience by all I had read of these majestic marvels, you will perhaps share my feelings when I saw the mighty “Jungfrau,” or “Young Woman's Mountain,” at Interlachen and all along the glorious valleys of Lake Thun, exposing her snow-crowned forehead and giant limbs, all unmelting, under the hot rays of a July sun—the white brilliancy of her robe shining in dazzling purity between two other mountains, both clothed in the verdure of

a ripe summer, and one of them half-covered with a crop of growing vines. She seemed to be so near that with a glass I could see what seemed to be the fresh-fallen snow. Not less overwhelming were these feelings as afterwards I passed into one of these monstrous caves and saw a stupendous mass of azure ice of inconceivable thickness, cut into galleries, which extended far into the heart of the mountain, lighted by torches, and leading into a saloon of solid ice, where, seated on blocks of the same material, were two Swiss women playing and singing their native airs. The glacial domain of Switzerland extends from Mount Blanc to the Ortler, and the area thus occupied is computed *at nine hundred square miles!*

But the people of Switzerland have other things to be proud of; and the simplicity of their lives, the order that everywhere compels the praise of the stranger, and the absence of the want that disfigures the great centres of English population, and of the vice that degrades Paris, prove that they are not insensible to their advantages over the masses of the European monarchies. I allude, of course, to their political institutions, including education, civil rights, finance, and government generally. I have already described the legislative bodies of England and France. Last Friday I had an opportunity of contrasting them with the Swiss Congress, now in session at Berne, and also of studying the closeness of the likeness between the latter and the deliberative assemblies in America. There are three bodies, all elected by universal suffrage—every Swiss who has attained the age of twenty years being a voter. “The supreme power” is the Congress, or, as they call it, “The Federal Assembly,” consisting of the National Council and the Council of the States—answering to our House of Representatives and the Senate, the first elected for five years, one member for each 20,000 of the entire population, and the other for three years, each of the twenty-two Cantons electing two members. The

Cabinet, or "Federal Council," composed of seven members, and serving for three years, is elected by the Federal Assembly—the body nearest the people—and is always completely under its control. This Cabinet is the executive of the Republic; its President signing bills, and performing other ministerial functions, at a salary of about two thousand dollars per annum. The members of Congress are all paid by the people who elect them. Whenever any one of these members violates the wishes of his constituents, or is guilty of corruption, which is rarely the case, he is instantly dismissed. The elections always take place on Sunday, after service, in order to add to the sanctity of suffrage, and to prevent all dissipation at the polls, and every voter must sign his name on his ballot. The Cabinet meets at half-past seven o'clock and the Congress at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and when we came into the Capitol, about nine o'clock A. M., both bodies were under way, the Cabinet having already made up its report for presentation, and the Ministers were preparing to take their places for the purpose of defending their propositions and answering any questions that might be put to them. The hall of the popular branch is very much like the hall of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, only that the gallery is raised over the Speaker's chair. Everybody is admitted. There was no permit, no Life Guards, no bewigged chancellors, no sworded president, no stars and garters, as at Westminster in London; and no bayonets outside and no bells in the Speaker's hands inside, no muffling of debate on the one hand and no secrecy of debate on the other, as in France. The galleries had a few spectators, and people were passing in and out precisely as they do in our State Legislature.

The President was an exceedingly dignified person, and stated the question with great distinctness. Three languages were spoken during the debate, German, French, and Italian, all the members being able to understand each

other; and the speaker's words were taken down in such case by duly-appointed reporters. The ease, fluency, and courtesy of the speakers were noteworthy. We then passed into the other or Senate side, called here the "Council of the States," a chamber nearly a copy of the Senate chamber at Harrisburg, though smaller. The two bodies sit till about half-past twelve P. M., when they adjourn for dinner, leaving the afternoon to correspondence and committee work. The sessions last about two months every year. You will notice that the whole idea of government in Switzerland is to *confide nothing to the Executive*. A strong effort was made a year ago to clothe the Executive or "Federal Council" with the veto power, but in the midst of the movement President Johnson's extraordinary exhibitions took place and led to its instant abandonment.

The total receipts for the year 1866 were a little over twenty-one millions of francs, or about five millions of dollars, and the total expenditures a little over twenty-two millions five hundred thousand francs. To provide for the deficiency of about fifteen hundred thousand francs was the subject before the Cabinet on Friday morning last. There is no standing army in Switzerland, and no Canton can maintain more than three hundred regular troops without the consent of the republic. You have already been informed of the biennial "Schützenfest," when the best marksmen with the rifle are paid liberally for their proficiency—a volunteer army which may be instantly called into the field; but there is an armed force, called "the *Élite Fédérale*," and the "Reserve," consisting of men between twenty and thirty-four, and another body called the "Landwehr," composed of men up to their forty-fifth year, not included in the above classes. These men compose a united force of over 180,000 men. They are only drilled and kept under arms at regular short intervals, and both officers and men are compelled to undergo a severe training at the "Cadets' Institute," the West Point of

Switzerland—the main branch of which I had an opportunity of seeing at Thun, where again I noticed the same simplicity and order, the same absence of all display, so apparent in the government offices at Berne.

The splendid roads of Switzerland, the admiration of all who have seen and used them, winding around the steepest mountains, and making every stream and lake still more inviting to the traveller, are maintained by the General Government and the Cantons conjointly. Education is obligatory, the people being allowed only to say how long they will tax themselves for that purpose. In some of the Catholic Cantons, popular intelligence has been steadily opposed until recently, when its advantages are becoming too apparent to be decently resisted. The seat of learning is in the Protestant communities, and the three great universities at Bâsle, Berne, and Zürich, with their 115 professors, thirty-one private tutors, and five hundred students, together with the influential academies at Geneva and Lucerne, with their forty-five professors, all under the same influence, show that Switzerland has undertaken a work which lacks no one element to make it complete. The Protestant is the religion of the State; but the Constitution solemnly declares that every Swiss citizen of Christian faith is at liberty to settle where he pleases, and that all religious sects shall be tolerated. The press is wholly untrammelled, and many who cannot print their thoughts in France and Austria come here to prepare and publish them.

Switzerland has always been the refuge of the persecuted and the oppressed of every creed and crime. Near the spot where I am now writing repose the remains of the regicides, Ludlow and Broughton, who assisted in the trial and condemnation of Charles I. of England. On the restoration of Charles II. he demanded that they should be surrendered to him; but Switzerland refused to comply; and when Louis Philippe, in 1840, insisted

that Switzerland should expel Louis Napoleon from Switzerland, after the failure of the Strasburg movement, when he returned hither from America to be present at the death-bed of his mother, Hortense, the same spirit that formerly had declined to yield to England prompted Switzerland to decline the demand of the French monarch. It is said to the honor of Louis Napoleon that he has never forgotten this act of courageous friendship, and that, however his ambition might lead him to envy possession of the Swiss republic, his affectionate gratitude will protect her in all her isolated democracy. Many other instances may be cited to show how faithfully the sacred rites of hospitality to the oppressed have been observed by the free people of Switzerland.

There are many things to endear Switzerland to an American; and it did not require my presence here to convince me that my beloved country was the object of the unceasing veneration of her people and her statesmen; but personal experience could alone give me a full idea of their fervid affection for the United States. Our failure to overthrow the rebellion would have been their sure absorption into and division among the surrounding monarchies. They mourned over the murdered Lincoln like ourselves; for they feared that his death would be the death of a cause in which they had every thing at stake. A necessary discretion separates them from the warring factions of the military governments around them, but their philosophers do not conceal or attempt to deny that the success of freedom in the New World has opened a wider and grander sphere to Switzerland. It gives her confidence in her mission, and has reared up friends who will never see her cut to pieces to feed the ravenous lions of despotism.

I saw much in Switzerland to remind me of Pennsylvania. Berne resembles Reading in our State, and is backed by a high mountain, like the capital of Berks, though by no means so beautiful and fresh a city. As we passed through

the markets of Berne early one morning, the German tongue, so familiar to my youthful ears a generation ago, keenly recalled the market people of my native town of Lancaster. The names on the signs and the streets, the unpainted farm-houses in the gorges of the mountains, the ubiquitous barns, were only the originals from which the German counties of Pennsylvania have so frequently and faithfully copied. And as I looked out from my bed-room window, before closing this long and I fear uninteresting epistle, and saw the beautiful and quiet lake ploughed by the gay steamer filled with people going to Geneva, I did not try to resist the thought that it was to the Pennsylvanian or even to the Lancaster-county Fulton that mankind is indebted for the agency that is rapidly revolutionizing the world.



XL.—SWISS TOWNS.

PEDESTRIANS IN SWITZERLAND—INTERLACHEN—CLERICAL ZEAL—THUN—LOUIS NAPOLEON—LAUSANNE—LUCERNE—THE RHIZA—MOUNT PILATUS—LAKE AND TOWN OF ZURICH.

VEVAY, *July 22, 1867.*

It is impossible to do justice to the Swiss towns—as well those which are located among the glaciers as those which repose in simple and in sylvan beauty along these exquisite lakes. Here I am seated in the Hotel Monnet, or Three Crowns, at Vevay, a hamlet in the very midst of vineyards, in the Canton of Vaud, on the Lake of Geneva, and commanding an extensive and striking view of the Alpine range. Nothing can be more beautiful than the outspread panorama, nor more attractive than this quiet hotel and the cluster of ancient houses by which it is surrounded.

For a moderate charge you can obtain a carriage at Vevay, and ride along the border of the lake to neighboring antiquities and towns. Many persons prefer this mode of travel (especially those who have leisure), and it is surprising at how little cost a pedestrian journey can be made. I met hundreds of intelligent and prosperous people walking tranquilly through these lovely paths, resting in shady dells, making sketches of the numerous beauties of art and nature, and even wiling away their time with pleasant books, thus proving that for them at least, the bustle of the outer world had no charms, and its excitement no vexations.

It is difficult to say which is the most attractive of these Swiss towns, but if I were compelled to select, I should decide upon Interlachen, Zürich, and Thun. A broad road, about a mile in length, bordered with immense walnut trees, is considered the main street of Interlachen. On the right side are many large, well-built modern houses, generally occupied by English families, circled by tastefully laid-out gardens, and uniting all the advantages of modern country life. The Hotel Victoria, at Interlachen, although not old, has achieved a world-wide fame, because of the excellence of its fare, the moderation of its prices, and the singular advantages of its position—facing, as it does, the snow-capped Jungfrau (the Young Woman's Mountain), and adjacent to other grand and imposing natural objects. Many invalids prefer Interlachen to the more fashionable spas, on account of the purity of its air and its almost unbroken tranquillity. I met a number of Americans who had left the crowded resorts for the purpose of spending some weeks in this delightful retreat. At Interlachen, as elsewhere, I found the printed circulars of the Church of England, announcing that divine service would be held every Sunday during the season at eleven o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening. The systematic energy of the persons engaged in this work is handsomely sustained by generous contributions from tourists;

and it is a real satisfaction, even to those who are not attached to that particular Church, to enjoy the sermons which are frequently delivered by eminent clergymen on their travels.

The excursion from Interlachen to the Giesbach, opposite Brientz, by a small steamer three times a day, is delightful. The Giesbach is a celebrated cascade, formed by torrents which descend from the mountains. Every evening during the season, about 9 o'clock, this cascade is illuminated, and presents a magnificent spectacle as the different colors of the artist are reflected on the falling waters, which look like one moving cloud of variegated snow.

Early in the morning we took the steamer for Thun, and reached it after a lovely trip of about an hour. Lake Thun is in length between four and five leagues, and in breadth one league. The approach to Thun is singularly picturesque. The chateaux of the wealthy and nobility, some of them bearing the marks of centuries, and others constructed in the very best style of modern architecture, are placed in the most favorable localities, and, as the little steamer winds along, a combination is presented that has inspired many of the finest productions of genius. Thun itself is an old and romantic town. The appearance of one street is very remarkable; it is a somewhat steep acclivity, with a horizontal terrace on each side supported by low columns gradually diminishing in height, and divided into square compartments. The western part of the town is situated on an islet formed by two branches of the river, and traversed by a single street, the Rosengarten. The best time to see Thun and its environs is between nine and ten in the morning, when the mountains are lighted up by the sun, forming a panorama of natural grandeur nowhere surpassed even in Switzerland. Louis Napoleon was partly educated at Thun, and some very strange stories are told of his youthful days. From Thun to Berne the ride by rail is very short.

As I have already described the political capital of Switzerland, I will bring this letter to a close by a short description of Zürich; but I cannot avoid a passing tribute to Lausanne, the capital of the Canton de Vaud, half a league from the shore of Lake Geneva, where at the Hotel Beau-Rivage ("Beautiful Shore") I passed some hours of unforgotten pleasure. The magnificent sights of Lausanne, the dresses of the inhabitants, with all the luxuries and without the vices of great cities, continue to make it a favorite with travellers from all parts of Europe.

On the way to Zürich we stopped at Lucerne, at the famous Hotel of Schweitzerhoff, which commands a fine view of the Lake of Lucerne, having the Rhigi Mountain on the left, to the top of which thousands on thousands have toiled for the purpose of witnessing the effects of the rising and setting of the sun in the extensive range of the mountains, lakes, valleys, and plains, in the centre of which it rises. Our great traveller, James Fenimore Cooper, describes his sensations when he first beheld the wonders of nature from that dazzling height. He says :

The occasion of a total eclipse of the sun excepted, I never felt so deep a sentiment of admiration and awe as at that exquisite moment. So greatly did reality exceed the pictures we had formed, that the surprise was as complete as if nothing had been expected. The first effect was really bewildering, leaving behind it a vague sensation that the eye had strangely assembled the rarest elements of scenery which were floating before it, without order, in pure wantonness. To this feeling the indefinite form of the Lake of Lucerne greatly contributed, for it stretches out its numerous arms in so many directions as at first to appear like water in the unreal forms of the fancy. Volumes of mist were rolling swiftly along it, at the height of about two thousand feet above its surface, and of as many below ourselves, allowing us to look through the openings in a way to aid the illusion.

From the same point we saw the tremendous mountain range of Pilatus, the intermediate distances being filled up

expelled from France for his sympathy with that mighty movement, he soon completed the work of conversion by his resistless rhetoric against what he called the corruptions of the Romish Church. From that day, over three hundred years ago, the influence of the latter denomination has ceased at Geneva; and although there is still a large Catholic party here, all the peculiar public observances of that Church are now sternly prohibited by law. The Swiss Government, as I stated in a former letter, is not only a perfectly free but a thoroughly Protestant one; and Geneva is one of its strongest pillars.

Necker, the father of Madame de Stael, and the famous finance minister under Louis XVI., was born here, and also the celebrated Jean Jacques Rousseau. Geneva was the birthplace of the naturalists Deluc, Bonnet, and De Saussure (the first to make the perilous ascent of Mont Blanc), the historian Sismondi, and D'Aubigné, the historian of "The Reformation," who is still living here. The geographical and historical associations of the place attract crowds of strangers, and I have been surprised to notice among the list of arrivals a majority of Americans, many of them citizens of Washington and Philadelphia. Mont Blanc, with its mantle of ice and snow, though sixty miles off, seems to be within easy walking distance, and almost laughs defiance at the blazing July sun, which (even-tempered as it is by the balmy airs of the Lake, of which Geneva is the southern extremity) pours down its fiercest beams upon the white streets of the city. Directly opposite is Savoy, the new acquisition of Louis Napoleon—a sort of present from Victor Emmanuel for the aid rendered by the Emperor of the French in the consummation of united Italy. The transfer of Savoy is a sore topic to the statesmen and people of Switzerland; and I do not wonder, for a more lovely land is not often seen than that over which the tri-color now waves in triumph. It is a domain as large as Maryland, and therefore larger

than Switzerland, and extends to the Mediterranean, with the dazzling winter metropolis of Nice, also added to France in 1860, for its chief city. The vine-clad hills of Savoy stretch away as far as the eye can reach, and Napoleon is doing his uttermost to convince his new subjects that his rule is better than that under which they formerly lived. Aware of the anxiety of the Swiss to obtain this fair and fertile territory, he submitted the question to the people of Savoy whether they desired to be annexed to France, and they decided affirmatively; but it is not denied that the influence of the Catholic Church, and the hostility to the stern Protestantism of government rule in Switzerland, were the causes that produced the majority. Immediately after this vote Napoleon began to erect fortifications opposite Geneva, which was met by a fierce opposition in Switzerland. The design that undoubtedly looked to a dangerous contingency was gracefully abandoned. In the environs of Geneva you are shown the Chateau Diodati, the residence of Lord Byron in 1816, when he composed "Manfred" and part of "Childe Harold;" the Chateau L'Imperatrice, formerly occupied by the Empress Josephine; the magnificent palace and grounds of the Baron Adolph Rothschild; the country-seat of the present Sir Robert Peel, and other abodes of noted persons of past and present times. The ancient parts of the city are composed of high, dark tenements, most of them centuries old, and streets so narrow that the occupants of opposite buildings can easily shake hands from their upper windows.

There are four thousand persons employed in the manufacture of watches alone, of which more than seventy-five thousand are made every year. The competition in this branch of manufactures by several New England houses excites a good deal of interest, for the trade with our country is of vast importance to Switzerland; and the silks of Zürich and the ribbons of Bâse, like the watches, music-boxes and jewelry of Geneva, attract buyers from

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all our great cities. But labor is so poorly paid here that it will be a long time before we can expect to compete successfully in these fabrics. Yet, in passing through the establishment of Patek, Phillippe & Co., the great watch-makers of Geneva, who employ some two thousand workmen, I saw that the genius and energy of their rivals in America were fully appreciated, and my guide informed me that not many years would elapse before watches, as perfect in all respects as their world-renowned chronometers, would be made in our country. I regret that time will not allow me to give a full description of this unrivalled manufactory.

I wish some of our American free-traders, especially those who are constantly telling our workingmen that it is to *their* interest to break down all protection of home-industries, could see how the very best mechanics are compensated in the countries where free trade prevails. A gentleman who has resided in Geneva for several years said to me yesterday that the masses of the laboring population do not get meat at their meals six times a year, and that they are almost universally kept working from sunrise to sunset in the longest days. The advocates of free trade in the United States, generally the importers of New York, are all aware that their great fortunes are coined out of what is almost the pauper labor of Europe, and they know that when the restrictions against the product of this labor are removed, the immediate, irresistible result will be an equivalent reduction of the wages of our own workmen. That so plain a proposition should be denied by any American is only to be reconciled by the fact that he is pleading for his own selfish interests. No humane or practical statesman of our country can long be misled by a doctrine so wicked and illogical as that of incorporating free trade into the laws of a Republic whose greatest triumphs have been won by her self-dependent people. *God forbid that the day shall ever come when the mechanics of*

the United States are paid, and fed, and degraded, like the mechanics of free-trade England, France, Germany, or even republican Switzerland. It surprises me that any liberal thinker in Europe, who sees the sad oppression of the toiling millions around him, should ask the United States to cease protecting her great industries, even if the solemn duty of paying off our gigantic debt did not necessitate heavy taxes upon foreign importations; and when I asked one of these men, a few days ago, to point to any civilized nation that, in the early stages of its existence, has been able to stand without protecting its infant manufactures, he was silent. Certainly this cannot be alleged of either England or France. Their past example is enough to show the insincerity of all their free-trade professions. The one which paid nearly a million of dollars subsidy to the Cunard line of steamers to maintain itself against American competition, like the other, with its vigorous monopoly of the tobacco trade, is poorly qualified to rebuke a great nation like the United States. Perhaps the very best commentary on our present position was that of an eminent German banker whom I met last week on the cars: "The example of your country in breaking down such a rebellion as that which attempted to assassinate your Government, as it assassinated your beloved Lincoln, and then in instantly dissolving a mighty army, and in immediately proceeding to pay off the principal of its great debt, has no parallel in human history; and if you did not lay heavy taxes upon foreign imports to assist you in this magnificent work, and so incidentally protect your home labor, *you would simply ruin yourselves for the benefit of your foreign enemies.*"

I cannot close this letter without a tribute to a faithful public servant, Horace Upton, Esq., the American consul at Geneva. I was prepared, from the reports of others, to find the same courteous and patriotic gentleman I had known in Washington at the outbreak of the rebellion,

when his fine estate at "Upton's Hill" was desolated by the contending armies, and especially by the traitors, who never forgave his early and continued devotion to his country. But it was only when I saw for myself his attention to the interests of Americans and to his public duties, which are neither light nor always agreeable, that I understood the full value of such a man in such a post. Poorly paid, and constrained to cultivate the utmost economy, his refined family circle is the resort of our educated country people, and his benevolent efforts are always ready to assist the distressed. In saying this much I feel that I am doing simple justice to an honest, modest, and thoroughbred gentleman, and repeating the opinion of all American travellers.



XLII.—BADEN-BADEN.

LEGALIZED GAMBLING—THE CONVERSATIONS HAUS—WEALTH AND POVERTY — THE GRAND DUKE — INFATUATED GAMBLERS.

BADEN-BADEN, *July 26, 1867.*

An invalid Englishman, travelling, twenty years ago, as he expressed it, to find "a pleasant retreat in which to die," spoke of this famous watering-place as follows :

It was with a rare audacity that the devil pitched his tent in Baden ! Perhaps, on the whole Continent, another spot could not be found so fully combining, in a small circuit, as many charms of picturesque scenery ; and it was a bold conception to set down Vice, in all its varieties, in the very midst of—in open contrast, as it were, to—a scene of peaceful loveliness and beauty.

One-half this criticism—that which refers to the organized and protected local wickedness—is beyond denial ;

but I have not been captivated by the supernal natural features of Baden-Baden. It is a charming combination of fine mountain scenery, and the town itself is interesting in its century-old houses, its modernized streets and buildings, and its quaint rural avenues, in which curious wares in wood and crystal are sold to strangers; but there are some grander and lovelier places in the United States, and certainly many in Switzerland. The chief feature of Baden-Baden is its legalized gambling-temple. This palatial edifice is called, by a strange misnomer, "the Conversation House." As a chief element and condition of all serious gaming is silence, the visitor is puzzled to know who suggested the inappropriate appellation. The Conversation House is a model of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The great assembly room, where the chief roulette table is to be found from eleven in the morning until twelve at night (Sundays not excepted), is nearly the size of the Musical Fund Hall, in Philadelphia, and its polished waxed floor, gorgeous drapery, elegant pier-glasses, and luxurious sofas are in the best styles of European art. Here the balls and parties of the élite are also given; upon which occasions the roulette table is removed to the adjoining rooms, equally splendid and ornate. In these are always to be found, between the hours named, roulette tables and the great game of cards, called in French "*Trente-et-Quarante*," and in English "Thirty-and-Forty." The other large saloons are styled the French and Italian rooms, and are connected with others equally gorgeous. The whole is set off by the most costly paintings, statues, fountains, orange, lemon, and flower trees, arranged in exquisite order. The splendid portico is adorned by eight Corinthian pillars. On the south side is a restaurant capable of accommodating two hundred persons at a time. On the north is a reading-room and bookstore for French, English, Italian, German, and Spanish visitors; and every evening an orchestra composed of experienced musicians, paid by

the gamblers, discourses delicious music from a pagoda directly in front of the Conversation House, which attracts thousands, who occupy seats in the grounds and overflow into brilliant saloons, where the gamblers ply their never-ceasing and rarely-losing trade. Without this guilty attraction, Baden-Baden would be a resort by no means as brilliant as Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Bedford, or Cape May, in the United States. Indeed, there is hardly one of these places that does not surpass it in natural advantages, and, apart from the objects of *vertu* accumulated for centuries, in artificial accommodations. At Baden, as elsewhere in Europe, *the people* are never seen, save in the surrounding villages, and farm-houses, where you find them in all the contrast of poverty, toil, and, too frequently, filth and rags. I was reminded of this truth yesterday afternoon in a short ride in the suburbs of Baden; and I gladly recalled how different a sight would meet the stranger's eye as he roves through the splendid country near Newport, Rhode Island, or the glorious region around Saratoga, New York, or the happy environs of such lovely country resorts as Bedford, Media, Ephrata, Bethlehem, West Chester, Chambersburg, Cresson, in my own State, where all are as comfortable as they are free, where every farm-house is a little paradise of itself, and nearly every man the owner of his own house.

The glory of Baden-Baden is, therefore, entirely dependent upon its gambling-houses, and the government of the city itself is mainly sustained by it. Mr. Benazet, the great head of the concern, is regularly licensed by the Grand Duke. He formerly farmed the gambling-houses of Paris, now prohibited by law. He began his double administration of gambling and the government in 1838, by giving \$45,000 for the improvement of the town, which has been followed by regular annual subsidies of equal liberality. He built the fine theatre, assisted in the introduction of gas, subscribed to the railroads, and, to use the language

of the British chaplain, Rev. W. B. Flower, who has prepared the "Illustrated Guide," "conferred very many boons upon the poor and charitable institutions of Baden-Baden." But these are his voluntary gifts. In addition, he has to pay to the government of the Grand Duke, for his privileges, 65,000 florins, or \$30,000 per annum, and one-half the annual expenses of all the public improvements, including repair of the roads, the police, the schools, &c., &c. The Grand Duchy of Baden is a narrow strip of country about twenty miles wide and two hundred miles in length; is composed of four circles and has a Legislature (elected by the men over twenty-five years of age who are not in the army), which sits twice a year at Carlsruhe, the whole governed by a Grand Duke, who possesses so large a private fortune that he ought to blush at the sale of a gambling-house license. It is easy to see that the real master of the situation is not the titled ruler, but the Emperor of the Roulette and the Czar of the Card Table; and that, however right in a moral point of view it would be to reform the little principality, the political prince is too completely dependent upon the money despot to undertake the experiment. That experiment has been tried, but in every case abandoned before the liberal advances of Mr. Benazet, who is not willing to surrender a monopoly which yields so many sure profits. Imagine a man like Hon. John Morrissey the owner of such a monopoly in the United States; and with his characteristic anxiety to show that, if a sinner in one respect, he can be a saint in many more, we should have a Baden-Baden in every State of the Union.

You have only to visit the "Conversations Haus" to understand what streams of wealth pour into the coffers of the proprietor, and why he delights in such princely and politic generosity. The publicity of the practice, and the splendid temptations by which it is surrounded, at once blind the people to its wickedness and to the certainty of

their losses, and so inflame and fire them with the gambler's passion. Heaven save my country from ever consenting to such a system, or becoming familiar to such sights! It is difficult to decide whether the people who subsist upon such bounties are to be pitied more than those who contribute to them are to be condemned. Imagine three immense halls, in each of which is a table about the size of a modern billiard board, surrounded by a crowd of men and women busy watching the movements of the gamblers who deal the cards at one of these tables and turn the roulette at the other two. There are four regular gamblers at each table, two on each side, whose duties are to deal the cards or turn the roulette, watch the players, receive the money they lose, and pay out the money they win. It was revolting to watch the players. Although the majority were men, some of them hard, impassive, and practised adepts, others young and impulsive tyros, yet every table had a number of females among the heaviest betters against the bank. Several of them were young and very beautiful; but it was easy to see in their fixed stare at the cards or the wheel, in the anger with which they lost and the joy with which they won, that modesty and refinement were no longer among their accomplishments. I noted one in particular, dressed in brown silk, with brown gloves, brown bonnet, veil, and feather, who handed her gold coins to the *croupier*, and in a long series of wagers never won a Napoleon. When her purse was empty she rose from her chair, took her parasol from the portress at the door, and walked away pale as a ghost. But even sadder than such a sight were the old-women gamblers, with their rheumy eyes, trembling hands, false hair, and paralytic excitement. Some of them belonged to the nobility, and frequent playing had made gambling a sort of necessary excitement to their declining years—a fearful preparation for the future and a terrible lesson to their children, if they had any. One of these crones had gained a great pile of gold, and as

she dropped the coins into her soiled portemonnaie she looked the very picture of a fiend—all the angel, even all the woman, lost forever. But the bank wins steadily. Its rapacious maw, always open, hungry, insatiate, is constantly fed by its absorbed and maddened votaries.

Meanwhile the fountains plashed, the orchestra played, and the gay crowd passed and repassed in the outside alleys and colonnades. The children delighted not in their natural sports on the grass and flowers, but clustered around the groups at the tables, as if to learn the vices of their elders. Suicides are not uncommon at Baden, and incidents as full of romance as any that ever taxed the brain of the novelist are told among the common gossip of the place. I had heard and read so much of this famous resort, that I resolved to see it for the purpose of reaching the truth; and I can only say, in conclusion, that if ever I felt proud of my ignorance of cards, and of gaming of all kinds, it was after witnessing the frightful reality of a day and a night at Baden-Baden.



XLIII.—FEUDALITY AND GAMBLING.

A THRIVING GRAND DUCHY—RUINS OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE
—MONUMENTS OF FEUDALITY—LICENSED GAMBLING—THE
BALL AT BADEN-BADEN.

HEIDELBERG, *July 27, 1867.*

The Grand Duchy of Baden, though very small in a geographical point of view, is susceptible of much more extensive cultivation, and contains within it more of the elements of real wealth than I supposed from a superficial glance. The ride from Baden-Baden to this point is through a country as level and as lovely as the bottom-lands of Delaware county, and the railroad from there to Heidelberg, fifty-eight miles in length, is quite a triumph in the smoothness of the track and the comfort of the cars. The towns on this route are all flourishing. Rastadt, the military station of the Duchy or Dukedom, is a handsomely fortified town filled with troops. Carlsruhe, the political capital, is one of the most attractive cities in Germany, with a larger population (25,000) than Heidelberg, and very beautiful buildings, including the Ducal Palace, where the reigning monarch resides during the session of his Congress. The plan of Carlsruhe resembles that of the city of Washington. Heidelberg is an ancient town of one street nearly three miles long, famous for its University, the oldest in Germany after that of Prague, and for its castle, the ancient residence of the Electors Palatine,—then a Palace and a fortress, and now a mass of ruins, yet, as it overlooks the town, an object of singular impressiveness and grandeur.

These old castles of the Old World, however picturesque their aspect, are the monuments of customs that can never

be revived, and are fast losing the veneration of intelligent men. In England alone they are carefully maintained. Elsewhere they are generally permitted to decay. Italy is the vast grave-yard of a once proud nobility, now only known in the poverty or profligacy of its posterity, whose great houses are sold or rented to the stranger, and whose names are rarely heard among the nobler strifes of an enlightened and innovating age. Spain is less happy in the condition of her old Castilian aristocracy, and in France, where the mighty landholders are no more, the law divides the soil among those who cultivate it, and few, save the sovereign, keep in repair those grand and costly establishments, which in other times, were alternately palaces and prisons. Germany does not care to excel in the preservation of these fortresses of the past. Everywhere you see their remains, beautiful in ruin, and marking the contrast between what is, let us hope, a better and what was, we know, a darker era. But they are not all allowed to perish. Royalty frequently stops the work of time for the purpose of keeping alive its own ancestral fame; and every petty prince, who has a domain as large as an American township, and a subservient people, devotes a part of his revenue to the repair and adornment of the castles of his ancestors.

The Grand Duke of Baden has several, in addition to that at Carlsruhe, upon which large sums are spent every year; and doubtless not a little of the wealth earned by Monsieur Benazet, of the Conversations Haus, is so distributed. The roads to two of these estates at Baden-Baden, Eberstein and the New Castle, both of them occasionally occupied by the Grand Duke and his family, are kept in admirable order, and the drives to them are much enjoyed by strangers. Winding along the mountains, you have commanding views of the surrounding country from various elevations, and when you reach the castles themselves the pictures, seen from the towers and walls, of the

outspread valley, with the neighboring rivers and towns, are beautiful in the extreme. The guide points out to you the ancestors of the Grand Duke, beginning five hundred years back, and describes their deeds in battle and in council by various statues, pictures, arms, and relics; and you leave with another lesson impressed upon the pages of your mind of the weakness of poor human nature. It may seem a little irreverent to those who value these shadows, but I could not help asking how much good all these perished mannikin-kings had done for their fellow-creatures, and how much gratitude, if they had done any, their living representative shows by consenting to subsist in part upon the proceeds of a gambling-mill, or by legalizing it as a pest-house among his simple and dependent people? It is in vain to say that prerogative can long excuse such habits. The people may be polluted by a bad example, but they cannot be permanently deceived when all the world around is inspired by liberty and intelligence. It is worthy of observation, too, that the sovereign of the Grand Duchy of Baden has not the excuse which other German princes might make, in similar circumstances. The landed property of his house is estimated at about fifty million florins, or about thirty million dollars, and the civil list or allowance paid for his use out of the public treasury of the State amounts to \$315,000 per annum. This is a large stipend from a country whose whole population is considerably under a million and a half. No wonder that so many Baden "subjects" prefer to emigrate to the United States.

Troublesome and unpleasant thoughts are always suggested, even to the doubting mind, by a visit to the old estates. In England you see millions of acres held by a few individuals, who not only do not live upon their lordly domains, but refuse to allow them to be used for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. He must, indeed, be a dull

observer who cannot anticipate the overthrow of a system so vicious, and so utterly repugnant to universal justice. In Italy, alike in cot and palace, the cry is for a radical change; and in Germany nothing can save absolutism but the fullest concessions to the liberal sentiment. Even in France, where the sovereign does so much to gratify the populace, there is an alarming uneasiness; and the sudden adjournment of the Legislature by the Emperor (predicted in one of my letters from Paris) was notoriously stimulated by the violent debates upon his fatal Mexican experiment. On Friday night there was a grand ball in the Conversation House at Baden-Baden, organized under the auspices of the head of the establishment. Cards were issued, but every well-dressed man and woman in Baden-Baden attended. The music, decorations, and refreshments were regal in style and profusion. Distinguished representatives of all the European nations were present; but the titled lady did not seem to care if her *vis-a-vis* was a renowned leader of the *demi-monde*, or the last successful "houri" of the roulette or *Trente-et-Quarante*. The diplomat was jostled by the jockey; the British clergyman by the French priest; the Russian nobleman by the Polish refugee. The whole edifice blazed with light, and revelry ruled supreme; but there was silence in the crowded gaming-rooms. The ball was given in a distant saloon, and the music was shut out from the main apartments, where the work of hazard proceeded with noiseless regularity. It was impossible to enter the ball without passing by the gamblers, and many came back to look, to linger, and to lose, until as I left it was doubtful which was most alluring to young and old, to matron and maid.

How different all this from the gay and genteel parties at American watering-places! I looked in vain for the beauty, ease, and grace—the elegance and simplicity of dress—the innocent enjoyment—that characterize the hops

of Bedford, Cape May, Newport, or Saratoga. The ball closed about midnight, but the gamblers plied their trade for hours afterwards, according to a regulation that allows them to prolong their session whenever they give a reception—I presume on the principle of compelling the guests “to call at the captain’s office and settle” on their homeward way.



XLIV.—IN NASSAU.

THE PRUSSIAN KING IN WIESBADEN—MORE LICENSED GAMBLING—IMPROVEMENTS AT HOMBURG—POVERTY OF THE LABORERS—HOSTILITY TOWARDS PRUSSIAN RULE—A GLIMPSE OF FRANKFORT—HARSHNESS OF CONSCRIPTION—EUROPE CANNOT DISBAND HER ARMIES—HUMAN PROGRESS.

WIESBADEN, GERMANY, *August 1, 1867.*

This afternoon William the First, King of Prussia, had a grand reception in what was a little more than a year ago, as it had been for a long time, the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, but what is now, like formerly free Frankfort, Hamburg, and Hanover, a fixed part of United Germany. His Majesty is seventy-one years old, and is a fine specimen of a well-preserved gentleman. Notwithstanding his white hair and whiskers, he walked with a quick military air, and politely responded to the greetings of the crowd. He was dressed in the uniform of his own guards, wore an ordinary field-cap, and seemed to be very much at his ease as he walked through the beautiful grounds of the Kursaal or gambling-house of Wiesbaden. For here, as at Baden-Baden, Homburg, and Ems, the supporting institution of the place is a licensed “hell,” to use a word

which, however irreverent, cannot be called inappropriate. It was a strange sight—the lovely walks and gardens filled with well-dressed people, gathered to see if not to welcome their conqueror, and the band of the Prussian regiment quartered here playing in honor of the royal guest, and a few steps distant the public gambling-tables surrounded with men and women, even more eager than those who offered their tributes upon the guilty altars of Baden-Baden and Homburg. In the evening there was a brilliant ball in the Kursaal, and in the open space before that establishment such a display of fireworks as you can only see in Europe, where the court-artists are specially paid to perfect themselves in the science of decorations. I was told by a citizen that all the expenses of the *fête* were paid by the gamblers—a fact that deserves credit when the hostility of the people to the project of annexation to Prussia, and the anxiety of the owners of these great establishments to retain the privilege of coining colossal fortunes by so sure a process, are considered. It is as natural that the people here should not be anxious to pay for costly honors to one they still think their oppressor, as that the gamblers should be ready to propitiate a monarch who is reported to be sternly opposed to their practices. Over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were paid to the Grand Duke of Nassau for the annual franchise to despoil the visitors at Wiesbaden, and this exclusive of voluntary subscriptions to the various institutions of the locality. A large and beautiful theatre, in the very centre of the town, was built out of their means for the public use.

It will not be so easy a matter for the old King to break up a system which has worked itself into a usage, and has succeeded in polluting the whole body of society; captivating the rich by its numerous inventions for their enjoyment, and seducing the poor by paying their taxes. King William's son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Baden, would soon lose not only a heavy item of his revenue, but the valuable

resort at Baden-Baden itself, so prolific of wealth in other ways to his coffers and his people, if the gentlemen of the roulette, the dice-box, and the card-table are expelled from their gorgeous temples.

There is something almost beyond belief in the munificence of these men. They have converted Homburg, about thirty minutes by rail from Frankfort, into an earthly Paradise. The Kursaal there is a brown-stone structure, built in the last and best style, which unites a perfect theatre and hotel, with a *table d'hôte* set out every day, great ball-rooms, and galleries for walking in wet weather, porticoes, and a temple for the orchestra, and these without counting the three brilliant saloons in which the gamblers sit every day and night, including Sunday, plying their trade. The grounds are a marvel of garden and landscape, fountain and bower, shady walk and lovely drive. There are scarcely less than eight thousand persons present every season; and as these are mostly rich Europeans, English, Russian, Italian, and French nobility, they feed the gamblers and the hotels with all the lavish generosity common to people who spend money they never earned.

At Wiesbaden, where I am now writing, the attractions are even greater than at Homburg; for here there is quite a city apart from the Kursaal, with other objects of interest to the student and traveller. When you are told that thirty-five thousand persons visit Wiesbaden every year, you will see that many others besides the parties in the gaming-houses will protest against any change in what has become an agreeable, if destructive chronic habit. That which pains the American observer is the dismal contrast between the laboring and what may be styled the luxurious classes. All around these resorts of the nobility, droves of women are seen at work in the fields—young women, with old faces and hard hands, and old women, bent almost double with toil and burden-bearing. At Homburg I saw many of these poor creatures, and some of them looked as rough,

and were, I fear, as rude, as the peasant men themselves. The difference between them and their gay European sisters at the gaming-tables was very great indeed; but it was consoling to think how both differed from the women of the two extremes of American society. An American lady at a gambling-table would be a sight as revolting as an American woman doing the field-work for the men—wheeling manure, unloading cars, following the plough, and carrying loads upon the head and shoulders.

This visit of King William to Wiesbaden is his first; and many doubts were entertained how he would be received by the people, since the fortunes of last year's war made him their ruler, added their fine territory to his dominions, and deposed the Duke of Nassau, who continues to be greatly beloved, and whose splendid chateau was sold as soon as he heard of the result of the war, and all of whose other costly possessions were confiscated by advice of the resolute Bismarck. He is now waiting events in Paris or Brussels. Although the Prussian King's welcome was neither loud nor boisterous, it was quite respectful. A more significant feeling prevailed at Frankfort, the most valuable, yet what threatens to become the most troublesome, of his acquisitions. I spent part of Sunday and Monday in that flourishing city, and found an almost explosive hostility to the Prussians. Frankfort has enjoyed a long career of nearly uninterrupted liberty, even in the time of the early Emperors of Germany, whose coronation, from the early part of the fifteenth century, took place within its Dom or Cathedral; and, from the time it was recognized as a free city by the Congress of Vienna, has wielded a large influence in creating the democratic sentiment of Germany.

The new monument to the great printer Gutenberg was peculiarly interesting, in view of the prevalent feeling that mourned the downfall of the sacred franchises of the city. The central figure is Gutenberg himself, with the original

types in his left hand. He is supported by Faust and Schæffer. On the frieze are the likenesses of thirteen celebrated printers, and in the niches underneath are the four towns of Mayence, Frankfort, Venice, and Strasburg, in which the great art was first practised. On four separate pedestals are emblematic figures of Theology, Poetry, Natural History, and Industry, and below these are the heads of four animals, which serve as water-spouts for the fountains, representing the four quarters of the globe and the universal diffusion of knowledge. As the rule of the new Power is enforced with as much sternness against free discussion and a free press as that of its great rival, France, this splendid group might be taken either as a satire or a rebuke. Hardly less suggestive is the bronze statue of Goethe, whose varied genius and inspired strains have always been among the memorials of outspoken Germany, and who was born in a house in the street called *Grosser, Hirschgraben*, which is carefully kept in repair by the city.

Frankfort is a beautiful city, and beautifully situated. Its broad streets, however, have yet to be improved by the modern composition so delightful to man and horse in Paris and some of the towns of Switzerland. They have a rough stone pavement, even to the walls of the houses, with very slight curbing. The Frankfort people contend that all enterprise has been arrested if not crushed by the Prussians, and that many projected improvements have been abandoned in consequence of the loss of their ancient liberties. I visited the lovely gardens and heard the magnificent music of the band of the 14th Prussian Fusileers, but it was easy to see that the masses heard the sweet harmonies with unresponsive ears. It is a little more than a year ago since they fell under the sway of King William and when the anniversary came, all the ladies of Frankfort appeared in mourning in sad remembrance of the gloomy event. The young men of a certain age have all been mustered into the Prussian army, and three of the best

years of their lives must be given to the service of a ruler they hate with undissembled scorn. Of course, the story of our great war, and the end of the rebellion and the dissolution of our mighty military organization, together with the rapid reduction of our colossal debt, is pondered with a keener zest as they brood over their own fate—the increase of King William's army, the suppression of free speech and a free press, and the corresponding discouragement of individual emulation and organized enterprise.

While it is but just to add that the feeling in Frankfort is stronger than in any of the other new acquisitions of the King, it is not denied that there is much discontent in other parts of Germany, and that the wisest men are full of apprehensions. But the delicacy of the German question is of itself a guarantee against Prussia taking the hostile initiative, and is, so far, a source of strength to Louis Napoleon, whose permanency can only be disturbed by a successful assault from without or a sudden explosion from within; and if the first is made difficult by the difficulties of his rivals, he will have more time to prevent the second. One thing is clear: *Europe cannot afford to follow the glorious example of the United States and disband her armies.* The course of the Prussian King in forcing his discontented population into the military service is that alternative of self-preservation which must be adopted by all the crowned heads, upon one pretext or another; and thus it stands—that from Italy on the one extreme to Ireland on the other, from Bavaria, which fears the Prussian boa-constrictor will hunger for new victims the moment he has absorbed his recent conquests, to Great Britain, which organizes her volunteers as a new element of protection against inside radicals and revolutions, the condition of Europe is that of an armed and watchful and most expensive peace. The gloomy people must be fed and flattered to keep them quiet, or they must be led against each other to promote the ambition of their jealous

rulers. There is not a court in Europe, therefore, that does not vibrate between expensive outlays to promote the lasting safety of the sovereign by military protections, and expensive outlays to promote the temporary enjoyment of the people in such demonstrations as the Universal Exposition and the reception of the European sovereigns in Paris, royal journeys like that of King William, welcomes to the Sultan like that in London, and even the vicious and fascinating orgies of the Kursaals themselves. But could any thing prove more clearly the rottenness of the whole system?

Whenever I hear of an American in Europe who studies these indications, and yet does not take comfort from the exact and overwhelming opposite presented in his own country (and there are such to be found), I can make allowance for the foreigner who flatters himself that if the situation of Europe is gloomy, that of the United States is worse. The fact is, nothing alarms the enemies of freedom in Europe half so much as our last six years experience in America; and I have never yet found an exception to the rule that this example or experience is cherished as a dear and undying hope by every civilized people on earth. Had our experiment failed in the victory of the rebellion, Human Progress would have been stayed for ages. Our success has given a resistless impetus to every righteous and reforming agency. Kings may save themselves by elevating their people, but he is a shallow observer of the course of events who cannot see that the war in America has familiarized all the world with liberty, and that the next genuine movement of the human race will not be a spasmodic revolution, but a sweeping and a thorough change. It may take a long time to consummate the inevitable consequence of our own great triumph, but as surely as that sovereigns must assist in enlightening their fellow-creatures or be ground into dust between opposing systems, so surely will self-government prevail in the old as it does in the new hemisphere.

XLV.—COLOGNE.

WAR PREPARATIONS—THE SEVEN WEEKS WAR OF 1866—
THE RHINE WELL GUARDED—PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.

COLOGNE, *August 4, 1867.*

There is no better point from which to consider the probabilities of a great European war than from this ancient Prussian Catholic city and citadel. Standing, as it were, on the frontier, the traveller from France to Belgium can easily see the massive military preparations which bristle from both sides of the Rhine, showing that when the conflict comes, King William will be as fully equipped as when he doubled up and broke the back of Austria, last year. Prior to that great and sudden avalanche, by which, in seven weeks, the Prussians startled the civilized world, by crowding Austria down among the third powers of Europe, abolishing a number of aspiring German principalities, absorbing Frankfort after the latter had existed as a free State for more than a thousand years, the daring man who projected that brief and brilliant campaign stripped the borders of the Rhine of their armaments, translating these vast engines to the fields upon which the new policy was developed in such quick and unexpected succession. Calculating, with a shrewd knowledge of events, that France would scarcely be a party to the controversy, and availing himself of all the facilities of modern communication and travel, and those great inventions in gunnery developed by the extraordinary progress of the American war, Bismarck struck the Austrians such rapid and annihilating blows that before they could recover from the first surprise they had to beg for quarter, and finally to accept the most humiliating terms. But now all is changed. It is the Rhine which is

now being guarded. It is the Rhine which bristles with cannon on both its banks; and these stupendous precautions are taken not only to repress the slightest discontent among the threatening population of the conquered or absorbed principalities, but to admonish the Frenchman that notwithstanding the recent treaty of peace, his designs are as easily read as if his open heart had been exposed to the view of the minister who watches and wields the destiny of Germany. The recent interview between Napoleon and Francis Joseph, at Salsburg, however called, means nothing less than a new combination, and the hollowness even of royal hospitalities could never be better shown than by the fact that this alliance is to be sealed even while the memories of Solferino and Magenta, and other great Austrian defeats, accomplished by the French armies, is still a fresh and unhealed wound. But if these preparations were not rendered necessary by both the great continental rivals—France and Prussia—for the purpose of maintaining their territorial supremacy, they would be forced by the condition of the peoples of these respective countries. That there is a certain degree of animosity existing between them cannot be denied, and that the gratification of this animosity would, under ordinary circumstances, hasten hostilities. But there are other considerations lying beneath and near the surface of public affairs. These are the strong aspirations for republican governments that animate and control millions who have heretofore sullenly obeyed their royal masters and reluctantly fought their battles. If these two emperors—William of Germany and Napoleon of France—do not, therefore, decide the question of superiority for their own sakes, their peoples will do so for them. Certainly the people of Prussia cannot be restrained from a popular uprising, unless they are diverted by an appeal to their nationality in favor of united Germany. This alone will extinguish their dissensions and postpone the fulfilment of their desires.

XLVI.—UPON THE RHINE.

DISADVANTAGE OF EXCESSIVE PRAISE—AMERICAN RIVERS—
THE EVERLASTING FLORIN—REAL BEAUTIES OF THE RHINE
—THE FEELING TOWARDS PRUSSIA — EHRENBREITSTEIN —
FRANKFORT—PRUSSIAN CONSCRIPTION—PROGRESS.

ON THE RHINE, *August 5, 1867.*

The Rhine, like a great many other things earthly, and especially like a great many things European, suffers from being over-praised. The reality falls so very far short of the extravagant anticipation, that you are a little annoyed at the deception. Take away the history (the best part of it traditional), and the splendid efforts of Art, aided by the munificence of princes and capitalists, to adorn every village, valley, peak, hamlet, island, railroad station and tunnel, and I can name twenty American streams, all of them surpassing it in length and breadth, and every one of them equalling it in natural beauty. The Juniata, with a dozen such pictures as that which fascinates the traveller as he approaches Lewistown on the Pennsylvania Railroad—the Susquehanna, with its superb Wyoming scenery—the Delaware, with its Water Gap—the Hudson, with its endless panorama of loveliness—Lake George and its islands—not to speak of the rivers of the South from the Potomac to the Pedee, and from Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of Mexico—are finer studies for the painter and more perfect combinations of unassisted nature. Very interesting and even beautiful is the Rhine, and so it ought to be, for never was any river at once so bedizened and eulogized. Indeed, if genius can ever spoil any thing it touches, it has spoiled the Rhine. You can look nowhere without seeing some evidences of the architect or the gardener.

The water-front of every village seems to be like the fresh scene in a new play. Every farm-house is placed at the exact point to harmonize with the general outline. Several grand old ruins, like Rolandseck and Thurnberg, are allowed to stand, but nearly all the other ancient castles have been put in repair for temporary residence and permanent exhibition—some of them occupied by the most prosaic of spectators, and others held by kings or nobles, as if to show how millions of money can be spent that might be devoted to far better purposes. The railroad tunnels on the route have gates like cathedrals, and even the telegraph-poles are arranged in a particular *pose*. The moment you land you are pestered to buy pictures of this overlauded country; and you are not fairly in your hotel before you find your table covered with the legends, the photographs, the stereoscopes, the albums of the Rhine.

Nowhere is the profession of taking sun-copies of land and water, man and beast, palace and castle, so prosecuted as on the Continent. Its improvements are numerous and wonderful. Art employs it as one of its subtlest and most fruitful agents; and a people who are absorbed in their devotion to the old masters, and in their efforts to excel in all the æsthetic mysteries, find photography at once their cheapest and most servile instrument. Yet the medal of "the Universal Exposition" was, I believe, awarded to the American photographers.

Everybody lives or seems to "live off" the Rhine—in other words, the romance to others is an incessant speculation extending to the natives, from the prince of the new chateau on the hill to the peasant-trailer of grapes; from the photographer to the printer; from the hostler who holds or watches your horses to the ultra-polite hotel-keeper who welcomes the incoming and sighs farewell to the outgoing guest; from the owner of the donkeys to the owner of the diligences; from the seller of sour cherries and dry apri-

cots on the wharf to the vendor of relics in the little shops that make up the bulk of the population of all the towns on the route ; from the priests who furnish their churches and finish their cathedrals with the contributions of the endless procession of travellers that courses up and down on the bad steamers and excellent cars that float upon and fringe this best-advertised river of rivers, to the genuine creator and shameless imitators of the inevitable "Cologne water," there never was just so curious and so constant a speculation. And then the cost of all these things ! Ordinarily, competition cheapens as it improves trade ; but here, where all are fierce to sell, all are evidently combined to sell at the highest price. The guide-books tell us that every thing is cheaper along the Rhine than elsewhere ; but the hope is a mirage, and we have yet to reach the fulfilled promise. That which the shilling of England and the franc of France procures, here commands the florin, a coin nearly double in value.

With all these drawbacks, however, the Rhine is an object of uncommon interest ; and, if one may judge from the crowded steamers, cars, and hotels, it is destined to remain so at least as long as so many interests unite to present it in such attractive colors. The towns along its shores are full of objects of curiosity to the stranger ; and whether he stops, as at Wiesbaden, to see the operations of the gaming tables, or at Bieberich, to roam over the deserted and forfeited grounds and palace of the late Duke of Nassau ; or at Johannisberg, to drink the famous wine of that name, only to be had in its delicate purity in the district where it is grown ; or at Rudesheim, to ascend its glorious hills and imbibe its historic grape-juice ; or at lovely Bingen, so worthy of the world-remembered poem ; or at St. Goar, to roam through the ruins of Rheinfels, more than six hundred years old, with the entrancing beauty of the legendary rocks, "the Seven Sisters," and the surrounding villages ; or at Stolzenfels, to see the

gorgeous residence of King William, with its portcullis, draw-bridge, moat, and castellan, and all the regal state and forms of mingled absolutism and feudalism; or at Coblenz, to examine the old and new fortresses that stand like grim warders of the adjacent frontier, and seem to say to France, as the gladiator says to his foes, "Come on! I am ready!" or at Cologne, where the Catholic faith boasts some of its grandest and most ancient monuments, and where even the Protestant stands awe-stricken before these formidable relics of the past, some of which, like the massive cathedral, are so old that the name of the original designer has faded out of human memory—at each and all the stranger will find something to instruct, to elevate, and to surprise.

At Coblenz I stayed one evening and part of a day to get a reasonable idea of the extreme Prussian sentiment, and of the vast preparations of the government, which last year, in the shortest campaign in military annals, degraded Austria into a third-rate power, and while taking large and reluctant provinces under its stern protection quickly advanced itself to the front rank of nations, and so re-adjusted the map of Europe as to become the arbiter of its future, and more than the equal of its self-appointed dictator, Napoleon. It was not hard to understand that if the feeling in Frankfort was strong against King William, that from Coblenz to Cologne is stronger in his favor; and that the moment France throws down the gauntlet, an "United Germany" will greedily take it up and as quickly sink all its internal quarrels. The fortifications around Coblenz are tremendous, making our own vast efforts during the rebellion, near Washington and Richmond, look trifling in comparison. The castle of Ehrenbreitstein, ("Honor's broad stone,") seated on an almost inaccessible mountain, and overlooking the town and valley, is the chief of these ramparts, is more than eight hundred years old, and was a Roman military post fourteen centuries ago. It is

in perfect repair, and I found it filled with troops and armed to the outer wall. It has cost the Prussian government over five millions of dollars, and can accommodate one hundred thousand men. It stands four hundred feet above the level of the Rhine, and is defended by four hundred cannon. On the topmost battlement the guide pointed out several other immense fortifications, in the same range, of recent construction, and everywhere I noticed troops drilling and heard the sound of drums and trumpets. Not only were the soldiers being trained in squads, but by the single man; and there was as much activity as if the hostile tri-color had already appeared on the not-distant French frontier. Cologne, the chief city of the Rhine, has five heavy fortifications, now occupied by over forty thousand of the finest veterans in the Prussian army.

Never before has the military organization of Prussia been so perfect. Every young man of eighteen is immediately put into the army, where he serves for three of the best years of his life. This, out of a population of twenty millions, keeps on a constant war-footing one of the largest armies in the world; although it takes from the fields and the workshops an immense number of valuable men, and compels the degradation of women to the hardest toil. There is no distinction in this conscription—it reaches peer and peasant; and the troops I saw, many of them very young fellows, were veterans already, having fought in the last year's war with great distinction, and showing their medals and badges with enthusiastic pride. The inspiration that strengthens the King, and fills the army with contented soldiers, is, that Germany must be united into one nation, like England, France, and the United States. The same sentiment will force the speedy consolidation of Italy. The frightful atrocities of the brigands, even up to the gates of Rome, and the stubborn refusal of the Pope to yield to the passionate cry of the Catholics

of Italy, added to financial complications without end, will hasten this last event; and I look for it so confidently that I will not be astonished if it is precipitated before long. The Liberals of Germany, like those of Italy, are not satisfied with the rule of their king; but they accept William as their leader in the one case, and Victor Emmanuel in the other, because these men represent the brotherhood and consolidation of two great empires. When "United Germany" and "United Italy" are consummated, spirits like Deak and Garibaldi will begin to operate for the grand and lasting reforms without which there can hereafter be no really just or permanent government in any part of the earth.

Here, again, I find another source for congratulation as an American citizen. I saw with a clearer vision and a prouder heart my own country without a slave, and almost without an enemy, after a war which shook the universe in its resistless march, and settled the grandest question of the age—a country where there are no such poor as I see every day in this Old World, and where woman, not, as here, a beast of burden, haggard and old before her time, is the equal and the pride of man—a country whose sons, not, as in Europe, the tools and footstools of kings, are offered all the prizes that can awaken and stimulate ambition, and are sovereign in the right to criticise and change their public servants. Nor was this picture present to me alone. Everywhere I can see it hanging like a precious hope in the mind of man. And as these monarchs plot, and arm, and subjugate, and kill, their people turn to the United States of America as a refuge from hardships unendurable and a reward for honest toil.



XLVII.—BELGIUM.

CONFUSION OF EUROPEAN COIN—BELGIC LEGISLATURE—BRUSSELS—MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA.

BRUSSELS, *August 6, 1867.*

Standing among a group of American travellers, yesterday, while our baggage was being cavalierly overhauled by the Belgian officials, to find if any of our purchases in Germany were subject to duty under the laws of the last government, of which that place is the frontier, I could not help reminding some of those who were loudly deploring the frequency of these shameless searches that precisely such a system, only infinitely worse, because sectional hate would have been intensified by sectional triumph, would have been established in our country had the pro-slavery rebellion prevailed. Woe to the Northern man who should then seek to pass the perilous barriers between the North and South, broken as the one would have been into fragments, and solid as the other must have been through the ever-present instinct that fears a sudden surprise. He would have been examined not only for his purchases, but for his principles; and his passport would have had to be a full certificate of his commercial as well as of his political orthodoxy. But the lesson had another significance; for, just before we fell into the hands of these border ruffians, we had endured all the vexations and swindling resulting from the mixed currency of Switzerland and Germany. Some of our company had come in from Italy, others from France, and others again from England, and we had almost as much of a Babel in coin as we had a Babel in dialect; and so, between trying to disentangle the relative values of Italian florins, French francs, English shillings, Dutch guilders, Prussian thalers, and their sub-divisions into groschens, kreutzers,

pence, and centimes, we had a keen realization of the supreme virtue of the much-abused American greenback, which circulates over a territory larger than that conquered by the Cæsars, and is convertible equally in the defiles of the Rocky Mountains and the hills of New Hampshire. And mark, also, that these annoyances are upheld by governments which are constantly quoted by certain politicians at home as so many evidences of the blessings of free trade. Their free trade means taxation of all others for their own benefit, and the right to enter their pauper-made fabrics untaxed into the dominions of their greatest customer. Never before have the injustice and suffering of European governments been so galling to Americans as at present, when these are contrasted with the priceless advantages of their own country, rescued not only from all such evils, but from the curse of human slavery besides. "Anybody that wants to be cured of free trade and be committed forever against the Copperheads, who advocate it and resist the reconstruction policy of Congress, has only to visit Europe, to contrast the workingmen here with our workingmen at home; to be overhauled by custom-house officers every hundred miles he travels; to be afflicted by the disputes and frauds resulting from an unconvertible and mixed currency, and to hear the British aristocracy denounce the Republican leaders of America." This is the language of a sensible young fellow who came over to spend the summer on the Continent; and I am much mistaken if he did not speak the honest sentiments of thousands of his countrymen.

Brussels is a great relief to those who have been passing through the narrow streets and dirty thoroughfares of the German towns, and you approach it from Cologne over an unrivalled agricultural region. The farmers were just gathering in their plenteous harvests, and the fields were fairly jocund with men, women, and children. As we came in, the noble parks, with their royal elms, making gigantic avenues and alleys of shade; the sounds of music from the concerts in the gardens, the monuments in the squares, the

high, bright houses, and the broad and busy walks of trade, gave the city quite a Parisian look, and justified the strong compliments of the various guide-books. The Belgic Government is almost as liberal as that of Switzerland, and the people seem to be quite as happy as the Swiss. The Legislature is elected by the people, the House for four years, and the Senate for eight; every two years half of the House may be re-elected, and every four years half the Senate. Every citizen is eligible to the House, but a Senator must be forty years of age, and pay a "contribution" or tax on real estate of about four hundred dollars. The halls of legislation are magnificent copies of the two halls of legislation in Paris, and there are galleries for the people, for the press, for the diplomats, and for the Crown. The mottoes in the vestibule of the Capitol are "Free Speech," "Free Press," "Free Religion," and "Free Association;" and the apparent happiness of the people seemed to show that they were not idle promises.

To-day there was a grand religious ceremony in token of the grief of the Court over the sad fate of Maximilian. The King and Queen, and all the notables, including, of course, the clergy and the military, participated, and a great crowd looked on. The American minister was not among the legations, because the tribute was to the memory of the "Emperor" Maximilian, a personage unknown to our Government; and Mr. Sanford acted properly in declining to attend. The saddest incident of the affair is the fact that the so-called "Empress" Carlotta, the sister of the present King of the Belgians, is now a confirmed lunatic in consequence of the excitement produced by her husband's ill-fated expedition. She resides at Miramar, near Trieste, her husband's former chateau; and up to this time does not realize the fact of his tragic death. The grief of his relatives and connexions is of course very natural, although his fate is only another of the thousand lessons that figure in history of the danger of violating the homely maxim—"Mind your own business."

XLVIII.—EUROPEAN WAGES.

GERMAN NAMES IN PENNSYLVANIA—RECOLLECTING A LANGUAGE—THE SEASONS IN GERMANY—TEMPERANCE OF THE PEOPLE—LOOKING TO A FUTURE IN AMERICA—WEALTH AND INDUSTRY OF BELGIUM—WAGES AND PRICES—POVERTY AND FREE TRADE.

BRUSSELS, *August 8, 1867.*

The habits, occupations, and wages of the German working-classes of the Continent have greatly interested me; and not simply because of their bearing upon great unsolved problems, which, like undying seeds, grow as they slumber in the future of Europe. I do not forget that many States of the American Union contain the descendants and relatives of these people, including Pennsylvania, whose best first settlers were Swedes, French, Huguenots, Swiss, and other emigrants from Protestant provinces, and whose family names I find in the current newspapers, signs, literature, and language. The eastern and middle counties of my native State are to this day partially under the influence of the customs and even the idioms so prevalent and controlling here. I saw the names of my own French and German ancestors more than once; and it was pleasant to hear Keller, Le Fevre, Tschudi, Hitz, Stouck, Leib, Lehmann, Laumann, Kugler, Smyser, Herzog, Ringwald, Benner, Røeder, Zimmerman (or Carpenter), Cassel, Bruner, Bigler, Bachman, Houpt, Hershey, Huetter, Landis, Schindel, Frøelig, Scherr, Everhart, Brenneman, Shriner, Kaufman, Kurtz, Kuntz, Bauernmaster, Kinzer, Luther, Wagner, Herr, Hostetter, Kønig, Kendig, Bauman,

among the household nomenclature of these far-off countries, as if to prove another of the many ties that bind together the communities of the two hemispheres; and although there is a great difference in the dialects of the many divisions of the Germanic principalities, Prussian, Austrian, Swedish, Hessian, Swiss, Norwegian and Flemish, yet is there a common chord running through the whole web and woof (like the grand march that runs through the opera of "Norma") that reminded me of the German *patois* still spoken in Montgomery, Berks, Lancaster, York, Dauphin, Lebanon, Lehigh, Monroe, Northampton, Bucks, Cumberland, Centre, Union, Snyder, Northumberland, parts of Chester, Schuylkill, Cambria, and other counties of Pennsylvania. And the children of the pioneers that planted free institutions in our great old State, scattered into Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the other progressive empires of the West, would be happy to realize the sensations aroused by such associations.

Even the little and almost forgotten German I gathered from my mother when I was a child, came back to me like a long-absent and most welcome friend, and though spoken rudely, yet the few words I recovered frequently opened the hearts of these simple people like a talisman, and proved in some cases more valuable than the unintelligible coins with which we paid our way, showing how often a lingual currency in a land of strangers helps one through. They had all heard of America through their friends and relatives, and high and low spoke of it as a precious hope for themselves, and the fatherland of their children's children. And as I heard them talk about their sons and daughters in Pennsylvania and other American States, and cheerfully answered their many questions about the price of land, the price of labor, the price of meat, the schools, the population of our great cities, the amount of the passage-money for emigrants to New York and Philadelphia, and how far it was to the West and the South,

and how much it would cost to get there, and saw their looks of wonder and joy, mingled with gratitude that their beloved ones lived in such a land, and that they in turn might possibly be able to follow them on some happier day, I thought of Ireland and her millions in the old home, watching and praying for, and hoping also to follow, their other millions in the new home. It was a cheering and a tempting thought: but I need scarcely elaborate it.

The summer months are months of harvest in all respects in Switzerland, and in many of the other German States. Winter is a hard one upon most of the people of the high latitudes, and Switzerland is covered with a mantle of snow. Debarred from the fields, and shut out from trade, the Swiss toil incessantly, and at starving wages, during the winter, making the toys and wood-work that constitute the great staple of their summer commerce. In Norway and Sweden the forage for the cattle, laid up in summer, is often exhausted before the cold weather is ended, and the fish laid up for the poor is often spoiled by the rains before the winter sets in, and as it is almost their only food, the use of it produces fearful diseases. Yet it is a happy, if not a contented race, and in some respects an exemplary one. I have never imagined that a people so miserably paid for their labor, so poorly housed, and so often angered by the irritating contrast suggested by the wealth and vices of their rulers, could be so sober, decorous, and orderly. I have noticed the Germans in their great fairs, where thousands were assembled, and in their gardens and public assemblies, and I have not met with a dozen drunken men. A distinguished temperance advocate frankly insists that it is because they reject spirits and drink the delicate wines of the country, and adds that when we of the United States have achieved the successful culture of the grape, the curse of strong drink, which has slain more noble intellects than red-handed war itself, will be lifted from our otherwise happy country--

which God send soon ! They are very devout, and follow their religious teachers, especially if they are priests, with undoubting and unquestioning faith. But that which impresses and oppresses the philosophic and philanthropic observer, is the absence of ambition in all their faces. They seem to feel that theirs is a hand-to-mouth struggle ; and that life has no opening to their offspring but that which is offered in their own laborious routine. And hence, though they have all the advantages of living among the splendid monuments of the past, and of hearing the best music of the finest masters in their festivals, you can see that their comfort is almost without an aspiration, and that when they are happy, it is simply the result of submission to a destiny that promises no probable change to them and theirs. If America were not before them as a steady promise of a way to a better fortune, their lot would be pitiable indeed.

The wealthiest of these regions is the Germanic and Latin country of Belgium, whose brilliant capital I am now visiting. It is famous for its coal, its flax, its wheat, and its manufactures of iron and cloth ; and its lace, carpets, cutlery, and cotton goods, are known over the world. And it would seem that the people are satisfied with the government of Leopold II. They have, as I have said, free schools, a free press, free speech, and a free religion. But here, as elsewhere, the free-trade policy grinds human labor under its oppressive despotism and crushes out the spirits of men. The following table, arranged after careful inquiry and personal examination, is presented for the reflection of the American workingman and the American politician. It is a list of the salaries and wages paid in the various avocations and industries in Belgium, closing with the prices of butter, flour, beef, and bread. The prices are given in francs and centimes :—five francs are nearly equal in value to one American dollar, and five centimes to one cent :

| | Francs per day. |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Stone-masons..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| Forgemen..... | 3.00 to 7.00 |
| Bakers..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| Shoemakers..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Tailors..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Tailors (cutters)..... | 4.00 to 5.00 |
| Coach-makers..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Servants (men)..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| Servants (women)..... | 1.00 to 1.50 |
| Butchers..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Glove-makers..... | 3.00 to 4.00 |
| Hatters..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Cabinet-makers..... | 2.00 to 4.00 |
| Glaziers..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| House-carpenters..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Farm servants (men)..... | 1.00 |
| Locksmiths..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Stovemakers..... | 1.00 to 2.50 |
| Book-binders..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Women lace-makers..... | 1.00 to 2.50 |
| Pressmen..... | 2.00 to 3.50 |
| Compositors..... | 4.00 to 6.00 |
| Clerks..... | 2.00 to 5.00 |
| Women shirt-makers..... | 1.00 to 2.50 |
| Watch-makers..... | 2.00 to 4.00 |
| Jewelers..... | 4.00 to 5.00 |
| Workers in brass..... | 3.00 to 4.00 |
| Harness-makers..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| House-painters..... | 2.00 to 3.50 |
| Roof-makers..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Upholsterers..... | 2.00 to 2.50 |
| Pastry cooks..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| Workers in porcelain..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Lamp-makers..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Plasterers..... | 1.00 to 2.50 |
| Laborers..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| Paviors..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| Coopers..... | 1.50 to 2.50 |
| Glass-makers..... | 4.00 to 6.00 |

| | Francs per day. |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| Gardeners..... | 2.00 to 2.50 |
| Dressmakers..... | 1.00 to 2.00 |
| Cigar-makers..... | 1.50 to 2.50 |
| Cutters..... | 2.00 to 3.00 |
| Beef per pound..... | 0.90 |
| Butter per pound..... | 1.50 |
| Potatoes (sack), 200 pounds..... | 12.00 |
| Bread per pound. | 0.20 |
| | Francs per year. |
| Chief conductor..... | 1,800 |
| Asst. conductor..... | 1,600 |
| Stoker (or fireman)..... | 1,200 |
| Engineer..... | 2,000 |

These are the rates of wages and prices of provisions in Belgium, the best of the Continental countries, and you need hardly be told that they are not higher in the other kingdoms, where labor has fewer advantages, and the demand for employment is greater, owing to climate, soil, &c. It is unnecessary to add that human beings thus compensated cannot enjoy luxuries like butter or beef; cannot dress save in the poorest clothing, and cannot travel on steamboats and railroads. Nor need I expatiate upon the hopelessness of accumulating for the future. The contrast between these data and the wages of labor in the United States will be made by the intelligent American mechanic for his own edification. At a time when the whole body of the workingmen of our country are complaining that their wages are inadequate, we have a new movement in favor of free trade originating with the very politicians who profess, as in Connecticut and in Schuylkill county, to sympathize "with the strikes," and who actually, out of this profession, secure votes from the working class themselves! It is only necessary to show how European free trade is maintained to foreshadow the condition of the mechanics and artisans of the United States if these politicians can succeed.

XLIX.—ANTWERP.

FORMER GREATNESS OF ANTWERP—TRADE WITH NEW YORK
—RUBENS—THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS—HONOR TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS DEPARTED—MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND, FRANCE,
AND GERMANY—QUENTIN MATSYS—AMERICAN FUTURE IN
ART.

ANTWERP, *August 10, 1867.*

In the reign of Charles the Fifth Antwerp had twenty-five hundred vessels at one time moored in its harbor, laden with the products of all quarters of the globe, had in circulation annually more than five millions of guilders (more than two millions of dollars), and assembled five thousand merchants twice every day in the great hall of its exchange. It is still an object of great interest to the traveller, though its modern prosperity bears no comparison to three hundred years ago, when it was the richest commercial metropolis in Europe, and had a population of 200,000. The shipping at its wharves, the strong warehouses, the broad and princely streets, with their long rows of beautiful shops and "stores," indicated large and increasing opulence, and the vast depot of petroleum reminded me of the new source of traffic that has lately been added to the wealth of Pennsylvania. Yet among all this forest of masts and steam-pipes I looked in vain for a line to Philadelphia. There were several successful steamers to New York, and a company had just been organized to put on one between Boston and Antwerp, but nothing was done or doing to open similar communication with a city of nearly 800,000 souls, which boasts of extraordinary facilities for commerce, and which, at the beginning of the century, controlled the foreign trade even to the exclusion of New York. Questions were asked of me by intelligent

business men to account for this indifference, and I could give no satisfactory answer, especially when I recollected that we had no steam communication with Liverpool itself. Boston, and even Baltimore, have their lines, and are doing well; but Philadelphia is still inert. It is folly to argue that we cannot establish a splendid line of steamers if we resolve to do it. How long do you think Chicago would have waited, with a river so near the sea, added to railroads running through valleys richer than the Nile, and extending their iron arms to grasp the priceless trade of the Pacific?

Antwerp, like all the old cities of this region, formerly known as "the Low Countries," abounds in works of art. Here the painter Rubens achieved his grandest triumphs, and here his descendants are living in great wealth and respectability. The Academy of St. Luke, for the encouragement of painting, in this city, one of the oldest in Europe, was established in 1554, by Philip the Good, and patronized by succeeding monarchs, and is regarded as the cradle of the Flemish school, of which Rubens was the impassioned and untiring interpreter. His pupil and rival Vandyck, and his contemporaries and successors, are recalled in many of their best productions, but Rubens is seen and worshipped everywhere. The labors of this one man were prodigious; and as you are pointed to the originals of his genius in every gallery of Europe, you are impressed as much by his fertility and industry as by his conceded genius. His master-piece, "The Descent from the Cross," hanging in the magnificent Cathedral of Notre Dame, copies of which you see everywhere, is always surrounded by crowds of admirers. Sir Joshua Reynolds paid it the highest tribute of praise, saying, "Rubens' Christ is one of the finest figures ever invented; it is most correctly drawn, and in attitude most difficult to execute. The hanging of the head on the shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, give it such an appearance of the heavi-

ness of death that nothing can exceed it." One of Rubens' characteristics was to paint his kindred in nearly all his sacred pictures ; and his first and second wives, his children, his father, his father-in-law, and even his uncle, are respectively made to figure as the Marys, the Infant Saviour, Joseph, the Wise Men of the East, &c. ; and in one of his master-pieces Rubens paints himself as the Centurion.

When I stood before his renowned achievement of "The Descent from the Cross," it was on a lovely Sabbath morning, and the immense Cathedral was crowded with worshippers, through whose reverential and kneeling ranks we had to thread our way to get a sight of it. The effect was inexpressibly fine. The interior of this great temple, divided into seven aisles, is three hundred and ninety feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, and the vast and lofty choir and nave, with three great divisions on each side, is very grand. The Cathedral was sacked by the Iconoclasts in 1566, when its rich altars, ornaments, and sculptures were burned or carried off; but they have been gorgeously replaced, if we may judge by the splendor and beauty of the existing treasures. Rubens came after this spoliation, and his intellect has immortalized every thing it has touched. There is a treble idolatry of the man. Before his great picture of "The Descent from the Cross" were not only admiring strangers like ourselves, and students sketching rough lines of the famous conception, but numbers of the faithful of the Church, who, on bended knees, prayed to "Mary, the Mother," and to the "Crucified Son," and it seemed as if their devotions were not less sacred because the objects of their worship have been drawn by the almost inspired pencil of their beloved Rubens. The expression of these figures and the whole idea, so full of love for the illustrious painter, proved not only that art was still alive among these people, but impressed upon my mind a lasting lesson ; and as I passed through the other churches, and saw the numerous statues

in honor of the man that had done honor to Antwerp, I forgot that most of this wealth was expended in the days of bloody religious proscriptions.

The wretched attempts or rather caricatures of art which are allowed to disgrace the noble Rotunda of the American Capitol, so often denounced by men of taste, seemed to my recollection more than ever like insults to those they aspire to typify. But this is not all the intelligent American gathers as he gazes upon these tributes to the illustrious dead in foreign lands. Rejecting the frequency with which the Saviour is represented in the most excruciating and repulsive forms, for the purpose of terrifying the ignorant and riveting the influence of the priesthood, and also the obsequious practice of preserving the features of cruel kings and sensual nobles, still we could copy one settled habitude of the Old World and profit immensely by the experiment. I mean the gratitude that perpetuates the memory of those who have done good to mankind, whether in religion, in statesmanship, in science, in art, or in arms. You meet these monuments everywhere in Great Britain. In London you have Shakspeare, Milton, Sir Thomas Gresham, Addison, Dryden, Pope, Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson, Sir Hans Sloane, Beckford, Granville Sharp, Robert Burns, their associates and successors—and the great of later generations, Watt, of the steam-engine, George Stephenson, the railway engineer, Nelson, Walter Scott, Dr. Jenner, Herschel, the astronomer, Wilberforce, Sheridan, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Wellington, Palmerston. In Paris, though the fierce fires of revolution, and changing dynasties, with changing doctrines, have dethroned many just and uplifted many unjust men, Genius, Benevolence, and Bravery are everywhere kept in reverence; while in Germany you find these symbols of public gratitude on every hand. While the Catholics excel in the memorials to their saints, the Protestants delight to honor their great leaders and champions. Luther, Melancthon, the Elector of Saxony,

William of Orange, Calvin, John Huss, Goethe, Schiller, Humboldt, and other intellectual kings, are remembered, if not as ostentatiously as the traditionary pillars of Romanism, at least as affectionately and permanently.

One of the most suggestive illustrations of the habit of honoring genius in the Old World is the story of Quentin Matsys, the Antwerp blacksmith, who, falling in love with a rich and noble painter's daughter, changed his profession, succeeded even better with pencil and palette than with forge and hammer; and, as a painter, won the lady he had presumed to love when an artizan. His fine painting in the Museum (a Descent from the Cross) is the result of his ambitious resolve, and near the foot of the tower of the Cathedral the visitor is pointed out an elegant gothic canopy of wrought-iron over an ancient draw-well, the conception and work of the same versatile mechanic. Surmounting the canopy is a beautiful iron figure of a knight in armor, and at the side of the west door of the Cathedral is a tablet set into the wall, upon which is engraved these words in Latin :

“'Twas Love connubial taught the smith to paint.”

The whole history of our own Republic, down to the terrible episode of the war for its preservation—from which, indeed, a higher civilization dates, a new and brighter future begins—abounds in objects deserving to be commemorated by the best efforts of human genius. A people who have been absorbed in the mighty task of building a refuge against oppression for the tribes of men, and before they have completed their first century compelled to meet the bloodiest rebellion against natural rights in the world's experience, have had little opportunity to imitate, much less to excel, those nations whose victories in art have been grand and numerous in proportion as their population have been kept down. Yet I cannot but long for the day when American painters and sculptors will

rise to compete with the greatest masters of ancient and modern Europe, and when their first and most successful achievements will be to copy and preserve the features and forms of those heroes in peace and in war who have contributed to the organization and to the salvation of our liberties.



L.—HOLLAND.

A LAND WRESTED FROM THE SEA—WINDMILLS—THE GREAT DYKES—COST OF MAINTAINING THEM—CANALS—THE HAGUE—ROTTERDAM—AMSTERDAM—MOTLEY'S DUTCH HISTORY—HIS CONTEMPLATED GREATER WORK—INTERRUPTION FROM WASHINGTON.

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, *August 11, 1867.*

A country as flat and fruitful as the richest American prairie is that known as Holland or the Netherlands, and no spot of earth is stranger or more instructive. After the lovely lakes and frozen mountains of Switzerland, and the ancient architecture on the grape-covered shores of the Rhine, there was something startling in the contrast presented by a vast table-land, not inaptly styled, because absolutely recovered from, "the bottom of the sea." I have now traversed a large part of this curious domain, and find it an object of intense and increasing interest. You pass for hundreds of miles over a territory without a fence, and yet the fields are carefully divided by narrow canals, which, while draining them of their superfluous moisture, at the same time protect them as successfully as strong barriers of stone. These wonderful expanses are singularly fertile; and he who prefers to peruse the present and to forecast the future of a people by the works of their own labor, will be deeply impressed by these and the other

greater proofs of human energy which abound in Holland. For that country is a monument of patient industry and unflagging perseverance; and it is difficult to decide, as we read its history, whether it is most deserving of praise for its resistance to the tyranny of the elements or to the cruelty of man. Its people have not only conquered an empire from the sea, and for centuries successfully combated the ever-nerving efforts of Old Ocean to recover the treasures she has lost, but they have made the very winds their slaves. Others employ the multiplied modern agencies of steam, but the Hollanders, for five hundred years, have adopted the windmill to grind their corn, to saw their timber, to crush the rape-seed for oil, to beat hemp, and to drain the soil, by exhausting the water from the land and pouring it into the canals and rivers. As a great writer observes: "It might be supposed that the absence of those elevations which afford shelter to other countries, would leave Holland at the mercy of every blast that blows. So far is this from being the case, not a breath of air is allowed to pass without paying toll by turning a wind-mill." I cannot describe to you the appearance of hundreds of these odd machines, moving their huge shadows all over the landscape at the same time. They are so much cheaper than steam for all purposes that, notwithstanding the mighty progress of that revolutionary discovery, they are still in universal use in this country. I have counted fifty in view at one time. They are much larger than in America. A single "sail," or fan, is often one hundred and twenty feet long, and the under part of the structures from which they wave their banner-like wings are generally comfortable dwellings. So that it may be said, if the country Swiss live in their barns and next door to their stables, the country Hollanders live in their windmills. There are several thousand windmills in this country, the annual cost of which is three millions of dollars. In fact, "the laws of nature seem to be reversed in Holland."

The whole country stands upon the most unstable foundation; and but for the great dykes that surround it like mighty fortresses, it would be swept back into the ocean from which it came; and it is confidently asserted that if human care were removed for only six months, the waves would reclaim their ancient dominion. Most of the whole country lies far below the level of the sea. The lowest part of it is twenty-four feet below high-water mark, and when the tide is driven by the wind it is thirty feet. "In no other country do the keels of the ships float above the chimneys, and nowhere else does the frog, croaking from among the bulrushes, look down upon the swallow on the house-top." The mighty dykes, erected to keep out the ever threatening and encroaching billows, are marvels of human toil and skill; and as the rivers and inland lakes, nearly all of them direct tributaries to or estuaries of the sea itself, are as dangerous as the ocean, the expense and trouble are incessant and immense. These dykes are built upon long piles driven far into the porous soil, forming the base upon which rests a heavy substratum of clay—the whole foundation being from 120 to 150 feet in width; and the front is thatched with a kind of wicker-work of interwoven willow twigs; the interstices filled with puddled clay to render it compact, while the base is often neatly faced with masonry. A fine road runs along the top, and rows of trees give it a picturesque effect. These indispensable barriers are terribly expensive, and impose a heavy tax upon the people. The sum annually expended to keep them in repair and to regulate the level of the water, to prevent the cities and farms from being submerged, is *three millions of dollars*—a burden not to be envied when we reflect that it is collected from a population not larger than that of Pennsylvania, and is only a portion of the price they pay for the mere privilege of living. It excites novel sensations to see over three millions of human beings living, as it were, under the water, and only protected from

inundation by their own unsleeping vigilance. Watchmen are stationed along these lines of artificial defence against the assailing sea during the winter season, when "the broad ocean leans against the land," and when the immense volume of water cannot find ready passage through the narrow channel at Dover and falls back upon the coast of Holland and threatens to engulf the whole country. I thought of Mr. Sumner's splendid speech two years ago, when he employed this interesting fact to depicture the dangers of the American Republic and to enforce the duty of constant watchfulness over liberties just rescued from the bloody whirlpool of rebellion, and still in peril of being wrested from us by the authors of that measureless crime.

These canals not only divide the interior country, serving the treble purpose of drains and fences—not only carry the produce from the farms into the rivers and the sea—but pass through the chief cities. It was very odd to see how they took the place of streets in Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Imagine Broad street, in Philadelphia, or Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, with a sluggish stream running through the middle, even to the curbs, and the tall houses on both sides reflected in the water, and these again crossed by other similar thoroughfares, with huge ships loading and unloading at your very door-steps, and you have some idea of the business centres of these Dutch cities. Now and then, where a solid causeway traverses the line, a beautiful bridge relieves the perspective. The shouts of the laborers and boat-hands, many of whom are women, the bustle on the narrow footpaths, the outlandish dresses and curious caps of the peasant-girls, broad-frilled and pinned close to their faces with gilded jewelry, and the great wooden shoes of both sexes, young and old, united to create a scene that looked more like fancy than reality to my American eyes. Although Holland labors under many great natural disadvantages, her wind-mills save the cost of coal and steam-engines, and her canals save the

expense of horses. Instead of loading great wagons on the fields and hauling the crops away, boats of considerable tonnage are pulled into the canals which divide and subdivide the plantations, then filled with the ripe grain or ready hay, and thence sailed to the nearest warehouse or country town for storage or sale.

The cities of Holland which it has been my good fortune to see, the Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, are prosperous and full of attractions. The Hague, at which I am now writing (three miles from the German Ocean), where the King resides, is one of the best built cities in Europe. Its streets are wide, well-paved, and scrupulously clean, its public buildings imposing, and the private houses of its wealthy citizens, many of them of brick, very like the best style of residences in old Pennsylvania towns like Lancaster, York, Reading, Easton, and Harrisburg. The sea-side resort of Schevingen, fifteen minutes ride from the city, is a favorite rendezvous of the Dutch gentry, but has a hard, bare, and inhospitable look. As I stood on the beach and watched the beer-drinkers at their little tables, and listened to the band in a wooden pagoda, I thought of the happier crowds at Cape May, Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City, and other ocean cities in my own dear country. The absence of vegetation made the contrast stronger as I recollected the glorious verdure and splendid country-seats adjoining these resorts in America. Rotterdam is larger than the Hague, and ships of the largest class, laden with merchandise from foreign lands, pass into the very heart of the town. Amsterdam, the commercial capital, is eminently cosmopolitan, abounding in Dutch characteristics, yet trading with all parts of the world, and rewards the most careful observation. Its population is estimated at 260,000, and when you are told that this great city—palaces; houses, factories, canals, and sluices—is built on piles, you will agree with Erasmus, who wrote, after seeing it in the sixteenth century, that he had reached a place whose in-

habitants, like crows, lived in the tops of the trees. In walking through the city, which contains more canals than streets, I was greatly impressed by the thrift and prosperity of the people; and as I saw its liquid avenues reflecting princely buildings, gorgeous shops, theatres, mansions, and squares, it was almost impossible to realize that the foundation of all this solid grandeur was once the quivering floor of the treacherous deep.

The conflicts of the people of Holland with savage nature on the one hand, and savage human nature on the other, constitute some marvellous chapters in the world's history. If Belgium, no matter how changed by modern research, is still a strong arm of Catholicity, Holland gratefully ratifies, in the light of a new and better age, the value of those precious Protestant fruits which she wrung from the remorseless Spaniard nearly three hundred years ago. No American can travel through her level domains and read the story of those conflicts in the books of her libraries, and the eloquent witnesses of her great churches, castles, fortifications, and ramparts, without feeling that if William the Silent had not prevailed against the Spanish Inquisition, the Western Continent would probably never have become the beacon-light of civil and religious liberty. It was fitting that this memorable event should be described by an American scholar, and better still, that it should have been prepared and published in the midst of the rebellion against our own Government; for the lessons taught during the period when Charles V. and his despotic and perfidious son plotted and murdered to establish the Catholic faith in the Netherlands, possess a special interest to one who prayed for the downfall of those who sought, by a process no less bloody, to perpetuate human slavery in the United States. I allude, of course, to the book of Mr. Motley, the late American Minister at Vienna, "The Dutch Republic," which I have read and studied for the second time, with rare pleasure, in travelling through the

country where the exciting drama took place which he paints with such enchanting fidelity. It was reserved for an American, imbued as with the true spirit of liberty, to produce the best history of that time. I felt proud to see his work not only accepted as the standard authority by foreigners, but enrolled among the "household words" of the Hollanders themselves. Even many of the English guide-books, not accustomed to speak kindly of Americans, commend it to travellers as the very best and most authentic history of Holland that has ever appeared.

The readers of these letters will do me the justice to recollect that I have carefully avoided all severe reflections upon the political leaders in the United States. I have done so because, in my absence, I have scarcely indulged a party feeling, and because I preferred to judge of things in Europe by comparing them with my own country without reference to domestic questions. But the persecution of Mr. Motley, and his removal from the high post he signally adorned as Mr. Lincoln's personal appointment, and in the midst of his brilliant labors, without any cause, save to punish his supposed sympathy with Congress, has produced an impression in Europe, as well among his own countrymen as among his learned associates and friends of other nations, that cannot be left unrecorded. The sequel of "The United Netherlands," "carrying the story through a longer range of years, and painting the progress of the Republic in its palmy days," finished just about the time Seward set his bloodhounds upon his track, and, acting upon the falsehoods of anonymous calumniators, displaced and vainly sought to disgrace him, will soon be published in New York and London, and is said, by those who have been so fortunate as to read it "in advance," to be even more fascinating than the splendid original.

But what adds to the outrage is the fact, that just as Mr. Motley received Seward's note of dismissal, he had prepared to begin the History of the "Thirty Years War in

Germany," an episode in European annals, however often related by others, which needed the classic and glowing pen of Motley, his keen research and impartial judgment, to make it useful to the great cause of Human Freedom. So anxious were the scholars of Europe that he should undertake the task, that private and public libraries, and precious manuscripts and secret archives of the German Government, were generously tendered for his use. He had, in fact, commenced his labors; and now, as the Americans in Vienna call to see their illustrious countryman, they see those evidences of the care and enthusiasm with which he had entered upon his new and noble mission. His diplomatic associates, like the learned men around him, could scarcely believe that even a man so lost to manhood as Andrew Johnson, or an intriguer so sunk in general esteem as William H. Seward, would include Mr. Motley in their round of remorseless ingratitude. Other nations would be proud to honor and to help a philosopher so qualified to honor his own Government and his race. It was reserved for the present parody upon administrations at Washington to complete its title to universal scorn by striking this cowardly blow. Mr. Motley does not attempt to deny that this blow was as mortifying as it was unexpected, and that it will forever postpone his great work by compelling him to leave the scene where he can alone successfully complete it.

It is painful to see how Seward's submission to Johnson has demoralized our foreign service. "The trail of the serpent is over it all." At a time when the policy of Congress is the best and the only policy of reconstruction, and when it is cordially supported by the Southern leaders, and with an ardor and an enthusiasm by the republicans of Europe which they never exhibited on any question, *not a voice is raised in its favor by the American ministers and consuls.* Some of these officials are worthy and patriotic men, and earnestly sympathise with Congress; but they

dare not speak, lest they may be instantly reported by the spies of Seward, who literally swarm around them, and punished by instant removal. As they are generally men dependent upon their salaries, they cannot break their silence, even at the risk of being quoted in favor of a policy they abhor from their souls. Others are not so chary, as you have seen by their published replies to the inquisitorial circulars of the Department and its hirelings. The effect of these infamous practices upon the American character in foreign lands would be appalling but for the fact that Seward and Johnson are as well understood as they are at home, in consequence of the active patriotism of the great body of American travellers, whose support of Congress is so intelligent and persistent that nobody is left in ignorance of its justice, or of the contemptible weakness and wickedness of the accidental President and his supporters. And if the outrage upon Mr. Motley has given emphasis to this sentiment, the news just received of the outrage upon Mr. Stanton intensifies it. None of our statesmen stand higher in estimation in Europe than Mr. Stanton. As the overthrow of the rebellion, with its terrible procession of victory and death, made all mankind familiar, and millions for the first time, with our country, it brought out in conspicuous relief the indomitable Secretary of War; and, with the exception of Lincoln and Grant, Stanton is perhaps the best known and most honored of all who were connected with our stupendous military operations. His character assumed a peculiar interest as the struggle advanced; and, when it ended in Mr. Lincoln's murder, upon his iron courage and, Cromwellian conscientiousness the fortunes of the rescued but broken Republic chiefly rested. This sacrifice by Johnson, in direct defiance of law, is one of the crimes which corrupt and abandoned men are too apt to perpetrate to hasten their own doom or to give victory to the oppressed. The atrocities of Philip the Second sent hundreds and thousands of innocent men

and women to their long account, and purchased the assassination of William of Orange, the Lincoln of his age. Yet Holland was saved to true religion and liberty. And Andrew Johnson is unconsciously forcing Congress to arouse the sleeping "lion of the Constitution," and thus rid our country of a curse greater than any that ever afflicted any people in the person of a single individual.



LI.—ENGLISH COUNTRY INNS.

RURAL HOSTELRIES—CELEBRATED INNS—HAMPTON COURT PALACE—"THE PEACOCK" AT ROWSLEY.

LONDON, *August 12, 1867.*

Nothing in literature, old or new, excites more agreeable sensations than the descriptions of English country inns. From the days of Shakspeare to the days of Dickens, including the fascinating memoirs of our own countryman, Washington Irving, those delicious retreats have extorted the most graceful expressions of praise. Almost every British novelist of the present time fixes one of these rural symposiums in his story; and nothing is more refreshing than to see them handsomely and faithfully illustrated in the fashionable dramas of the day. Those of my readers who have had the pleasure of seeing the "Long Strike," "Caste," "Our's," "Rosedale," "The Flying Scud," and other successful creations of the London playwrights, were doubtless impressed by the rare representation of English country life. A considerable part of the sudden and universal yet transient success of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels rested upon the manner in which she wove the threads of her romances around the rural inns. And now that I have

seen and enjoyed several of them, I can make due allowance for the raptures they have inspired.

It is easy to picture the quiet scholar, retiring from the heat and strife of the great city, to rest and think in these calm abodes, where nature seems to be constantly at peace, and where every comfort can be provided, without intrusion, at small expense. "The Red Horse," at Stratford-on-Avon, within sight of the church where Shakspeare reposes, and where many authentic relics of the great master are preserved, is a choice stopping-place for strangers and the local gentry, and a more agreeable rest in which to recall the past, crowded not simply with recollections of Shakspeare, but with many other events, could not be desired. The world-renowned "Star and Garter," at Richmond, near London, can hardly be put in the same category, though it well deserves a lengthy description. The view from Richmond Hill, where it stands, is probably unsurpassed in Great Britain. Thence you can see Twickenham, the spot where stood the house of Pope, whose body is interred in the neighboring church. Close at hand is Strawberry Hill, once the residence of Horace Walpole.

Two miles from this crossing the Thames Bridge, brings you to Hampton Court, built originally by Cardinal Wolsey, and by him presented to Henry VIII., the birthplace of Edward VI., where also the masks and tournaments of Philip and Mary and of Elizabeth were held, where Cromwell's third daughter was married to Lord Fauconberg, and where long rows of portraits of many of the beauties of Charles II.'s Court are preserved. Hampton Court is not now occupied by the royal family, and is preserved rather as a monument of other days. It is what is called "a show house," not only the grounds in which the Dutch landscape gardening of the period of the revolution is preserved, but Wolsey's magnificent hall and the fine saloons, whose walls are covered with pictures, being thrown open to the public. Several rooms are wholly filled with portraits and

other paintings by Benjamin West, the Pennsylvanian, who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy of England. Numerous suites of apartments in Hampton Court Palace have been granted by what is termed "Royal bounty" to decayed dowagers and dilapidated junior members of the peerage, who are allowed to occupy them rent free. Kew Gardens have their magnificent conservatories and wonderful variegated parterres, with different flowers, combined almost as closely and accurately as in the finest tapestry, in the vicinity. All these and many more attractions you can enjoy by a visit to the "Star and Garter," if you give an afternoon to the task; but you must not be surprised when you return to your dinner to find these beauties put into the bill; and you pay about five times more for what you get, including the attendance of the servants, than at any of the more modest, and I think more agreeable, country inns.

But among all these resorts none deserves such high praise as "The Peacock," at Rowsley, in Derbyshire, where the visitor to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth generally halts, after he has inspected the gorgeous wonders of these luxurious estates. It is kept by a charming elderly lady, and is a perfect gem in its appointments, interior and exterior. Covered in great part with ivy of many years growth, and standing at a quiet corner in the midst of a little village, which, like itself, seems to be literally sheathed in a mass of green undying verdure, extending of course to the hedges themselves, it has the appearance rather of a fancy picture than as we found it, a hospitable, comfortable, and welcome reality. Every thing was clean, fresh, and cheap, and when we returned our thanks and were about bidding farewell to our pleasant hostess, we gladly acceded to her request to enter our names in the book where she preserves the autographs and compliments of the Americans who, during a long course of years, had, in their journeyings through this historic neighborhood, stopped under her cosy roof-tree.

Here were the signatures and the writing of many now dead and gone, and of not a few still living in high and honorable position. It is something worth knowing and recording that, in the midst of the inroads of a revolutionary and improving civilization, the country inns of England remain unspoiled, though riper than ever, and all the better, because to their renowned characteristics they have added many of the advantages of modern civilization.



LII.—THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE STATE CHURCH IN IRELAND—THE MINORITY GOVERNS THE MAJORITY—MAZZINI ON THE CHURCH IN ITALY—ACTION OF CATHOLICITY—IRISH CHURCH REFORM—THE QUESTION FAIRLY STATED.

LONDON, *August 14, 1867.*

Undoubtedly the accusation most difficult to repel, and which, until it is met by a frank concession of all that is demanded, will be an indelible stain upon the character of the British Government, is the stubborn maintenance of the Church of England in the Catholic country of Ireland, in persistent and insolent defiance of the wishes of an immense majority of the people, who are forced to support it out of their own hard earnings. I have repeatedly directed attention to this subject, and now that the Reform bill has become a law, when high hopes are entertained that by means of the extended franchise thus placed in the hands of the English people, the appeals of the liberal reformers, headed by Mr. Bright, will result in the removal of this and other great wrongs, some reflections upon it may not be out of place. I am the more free to make them

because I hear that some comments of mine upon the Catholic Church on the Continent have excited the anger of certain sectarian journals in my own country. These critics, like all bigots, are only satisfied when praised; they are so much in love with their own faith that they cannot tolerate a fearless investigation into the abuses of their Church—abuses, by the way, so monstrous as to be admitted by all intelligent Catholics in Italy, and so felt by the progressive Catholic leaders in that country as to have arrayed against the Pope an extended, and what I believe will become an irresistible, opposition. The great Italian patriot Mazzini, who lives in England, in a very recent letter speaking of the condition of the Church in Italy, uses the following strong language:

Years have confirmed what I then declared: the papacy is now a corpse beyond all power of galvanization. It is the lying mockery of a religion; a source of perennial corruption and immorality among the nations, and most fatally such to our own, upon whose very soul weighs the incubus and example of that lie. But, at the present day, we either do know, or ought to know, the cause of this.

All contact with the papacy is contact with death, carrying the taint of its corruption over rising Italy, and educating her masses in falsehood—not because cardinals, bishops, and monks traded in indulgences three centuries ago—not because this or that pope trafficked in cowardly concessions to princes, or in the matrimony of his own bastards with the bastards of dukes, petty tyrants, or kings, to obtain some patch of territory or temporal dominion; not because they have governed and persecuted men according to their arbitrary will; but because they *cannot* do other even if they would.

These are the words of a Catholic, or of one who was a Catholic, but they can no more apply to the Catholic Church in the United States than what I intend to say of the Church of England applies to the American Episcopal Church. I do not fear Catholicity in my own country. Regarding it as at this time the most powerful ally of des-

potism on the continent of Europe, whether wielded by Napoleon in France, the Bourbons in Spain, the Pope in Italy, or the priesthood in Germany, I believe that in the attrition of free opinion, and the progress of all the improving agencies, no system of religion or politics not founded upon justice and reason can endure in the United States of America. If any further proof were required, I would refer to the fact that the old Catholic territory successively purchased and conquered by the United States is rapidly and surely passing under Protestant influence. And the British Government, which claims to be the most enlightened in the Old World, cannot retain the respect of mankind while adhering to its atrocious and unjust policy in Ireland. There is something inconceivable in the stubbornness with which the British aristocracy cling to this system. A recent writer expresses the opinion that if they would cease their opposition to the efforts of the reformers, and consent to the removal of the Church of England from Ireland, "the effect would be a great moral impetus to Protestantism, and Ireland would become a more religious, more united, and more prosperous country than it has ever been since the days of Saint Patrick." It is alleged that the Protestants in Ireland are the chief cause of the retention of the Established Church in that unhappy country; and that if they would abandon their ground, Parliament would speedily accede to the argument of Mr. Bright and his associates. If this be so, the intolerance of the Protestants is far less pardonable than the bigotry of the Catholics. An alien church maintained in Ireland, in offensive hostility to the known wishes or prejudices of the people, and supported by their reluctant contributions, is a reproach—nay, a crime. As an evidence of the wrong which the aristocracy of England would perpetuate if they could, it need only be stated that the money extorted from the Irish Catholics for the maintenance of the English Church in Ireland represents the enormous capital of thirteen and a half million

of pounds sterling, or nearly sixty-eight million dollars in gold. Now, suppose this money appropriated to the reclamation of the waste land of that country, to the execution of improvements and public works—above all, to the education of the people—could a nobler mission be conceived for any government, and could a more irresistible argument be addressed to a tyrant to cause him to abandon a cruel tyranny? You may rest assured that whatever the aristocracy in Parliament may do, the Liberals, under the lead of John Bright, Goldwin Smith, and Stuart Mill, will never rest, now that they are placed on the vantage-ground afforded by the Reform bill, until they have relieved the Irish people of this burden. And I think I may say of all these men that there is not one who does not entertain precisely my own opinions in regard to the injurious tendencies of Catholic teachings and examples on the Continent. But, like genuine Christian statesmen, they do not hesitate, when they see their own nation inflicting wrongs even upon a faith which they oppose, to denounce the act and to demand its cessation. Warring upon the abuses which have crept into the administration of justice in England itself, they are too brave and too honest to close their eyes to the injustice that is heaped upon Ireland.

The position of the Church of England in Ireland may be stated briefly from parliamentary and other official returns, which, however, must often be taken at a discount, for they proceed from persons who are directly interested in painting with rose-colored tints a system which has worked very well for their ancestors and themselves, however badly it has operated upon Ireland. Considering that emigration, following famine and fever, has largely depopulated Ireland, it is no wonder that while there were 853,160 Protestants (of all denominations and sects) in that country in 1834, there were only 693,357 in the year 1861, and still less in 1867. There were 6,436,060 Roman Catholics in Ireland in 1834, and only 4,505,265 in 1861—

a number largely reduced in 1867. The members of the Catholic Church are not only the most numerous, but also the poorest people in Ireland, and they complain that, standing with the Church of England members in the proportion of about 9 to 1, they have to support not only their own clergy, but also the clergy of the minority. In some Irish parishes, where the Catholics are counted by thousands, few Protestants are to be found. An Irish friend, on whose statements I can rely, informs me that within his own knowledge, in one parish, in the south of Ireland, where there were over 2,000 Catholics, there were only eight Protestants; but there was a Protestant rector, resident at a fashionable watering-place in England during the summer and autumn, and in Paris during the winter and spring, whose light duties were performed by a curate, to whom he paid \$375 a year, a pretty balance of \$10,000 being *his* income, paid by the poor Catholics, while the Catholic rector and his curate had to live upon less than \$2,000 per annum between them, and compelled, by the humanity of their nature, to dispense charity on a comparatively extended scale out of that amount. What Ireland wants, and *must* have, ere long, is simply to be relieved from the compulsory maintenance of two Churches. Ireland demands, and certainly not unreasonably, that the voluntary system be made to supersede the compulsory, as in this country—in short, that no man shall be called on to pay his own clergyman and also to pay the minister of a State Church in which he does not believe. If every man in Ireland paid his own minister, and none other, a great good would be the result, and the immense church property of Ireland, applied to the purposes of education and the improvement of the country, would thus be well applied.

Before the formation of the "Young Ireland" party, Mr. O'Connell made an elaborate report, as Chairman of a Committee of Inquiry, to the Repeal Association, to the

effect that "the most afflicting beyond comparison of all the grievances which the people of Ireland sustain, is to be found in the misappropriation of the Ecclesiastical Revenues of Ireland." He contended that, as in England and Scotland, the ecclesiastical state revenues should be applied to the church of the majority of the inhabitants of Ireland. Instead of this, these revenues were wholly absorbed by the church of a very small minority in Ireland. The Catholics, who form a very large majority there, have to support, not only twenty-seven prelates, and over four thousand other clergy of their own, but two Archbishops, and ten Bishops of the Protestant Church, with *their* numerous minor clergy. To maintain their own clergy, and build and repair their own churches, is what the Irish Catholics have cheerfully done for over fourteen centuries, but they protest against doing this for the ministers and churches of another faith. Nor do they claim that the ecclesiastical state revenues of Ireland should be applied to support the church of the majority of the Irish people. The surplus, after reasonable payment to the Protestant clergy, might be spent, the Catholics think, in the support of the poor, in the promotion of education, and in works of charity, applicable equally, and without distinction, to all sects and persuasions. Scotland does not support the church of the minority in Scotland: England does not support the church of the minority in England: but Ireland, ever since the Reformation, has suffered and still suffers this great wrong and monstrous evil. It is notorious that the most genuine Protestantism in Ireland is to be found, not in her law-established, but in her Presbyterian churches.

It was ascertained, I repeat, by the census of 1861, that 693,357 persons were then in communion with the established church, the dissenting Protestants being 619,952, and the Roman Catholics 4,505,265. Yet the church exists for the first class only, it being the richest and most powerful, while the others, who form the mass of the people, have no

interest in it. There is *one* member of the State Church out of every *ten* persons in Ireland;—that is, nine persons have to pay the clergy of that one as much, at least, as they voluntarily pay their own clergy. The geographical distinction of the Protestants and Catholics is an anomaly. Though in a large minority in Ulster and Leinster, the Protestants muster respectably there. But they count only 80,000 members in Munster and 40,000 in Connaught, there being many parishes in these provinces in which there are no Protestants, though the Catholics have to pay the State clergy precisely as if they had congregations. These 120,000 churchmen engross, in half of Ireland, the ecclesiastical funds of *all* the inhabitants in the interest of a mere fractional portion. Thus, the State Church, the church of one-tenth of the population of Ireland, has a lordly episcopate, and a great number of subordinate dignitaries; it has a numerous parochial clergy, settled on the land, with revenues exceeding \$3,000,000 per annum, and the glebe lands so much undervalued that the revenue ought to be counted as \$4,000,000 a year. The episcopate has little to oversee—except its palaces and demesnes. The dignitaries often hold sham offices. In many places, the parochial clergy have empty churches and nominal flocks. These are facts the truth of which has been so often proved that no one ever dreams of questioning them now-a-days. That they establish a very strong case for nine-tenths of the Irish people, against a remarkably small minority, is wholly undeniable. Until the evil they involve is redressed, England will never have any real hold on subject Ireland. Perhaps it may be reserved for Lord Derby, to whom England is indebted for a more extensive Parliamentary Reform than any preceding statesman had the liberality to frame, the courage to produce, and the power to carry,—it may be for him to effect such a change in the State Church as will satisfy the reasonable and tolerant of all creeds in Ireland. Thirty-four years ago, when he was Irish Secre-

tary, he reduced the number of Protestant Archbishops from four to two, and suppressed eight bishoprics by providing for their absorption by other sees. The reduction of the Irish hierarchy from twenty-two to twelve prelates was a satisfactory measure, as far as it went, though it still left an Irish bishop's lowest income at \$20,000 per annum, besides at least one palatial residence and demesne. What Lord Derby thus commenced in 1834, he would do well to complete in 1868, by abolishing all payment to the clergy of the State Church in Ireland, with the exception of what the bounty, the piety, and the affection of their respective flocks may bestow on them in a voluntary manner, even as with us in Pennsylvania and every other State in our Union. This done, and the tenure of leased land fairly fixed, Ireland would have a chance, late though it be, of becoming prosperous, after so many centuries of sorrow and suffering, and the statesman who will create these changes will merit the gratitude of a noble but long oppressed people, the applause of his own and future time, and, better still, the approbation of his conscience—that 'still small voice' whose utterance is so impressive. It would be as much for the advantage of Protestant as of Catholic, I am well assured here by those who know Ireland long and well, if such just changes could be made, and Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli will be popular indeed, if they speedily effect them. To this reasonable result the action of Mr. Bright, Mr. J. Stuart Mill, and other able Liberals, is now rapidly leading.

An able writer in the *Westminster Review* for July employs the following language, from which it will be seen that the Reform party had begun a new mission, and the aristocracy of birth, wealth, and land must either join their ranks or yield to the pressure of inevitable destiny :

It will be long before we can pardon the injury which "good" Society, as now constituted, has done to the English name and the English character. At present, it is the very worst tribunal to which the aggrieved can appeal for sympathy, and the very best

before which oppressors can appear for absolution. Its honors are awarded to the most unworthy. By Society the indiscriminate slaughter of Hindoos was applauded as the righteous retribution for the fictitious crimes of a few Sepoys. Amidst it the Southern slaveholder found their warmest friends when engaged in their vain attempts to enthrone slavery on the ruins of the United States. The leading members of Society outvied each other in their eagerness to welcome the red-handed perpetrators of the foul deeds which have made the very name Jamaica a reproach to the Government of England in the estimation of all humane and honorable men.

As the result of the more direct and comprehensive action of the nation over its affairs, we anticipate the growth of a sounder public opinion, an opinion so powerful and penetrating that even "good" Society will be unable to resist its influence. Acting as a political unit, the people will hereafter be able to strive after a loftier and purer ideal than that which hitherto has been the object of national ambition. Until now we have taken delight in thinking that our fleets have triumphed on every sea; that our flag has been upon every soil the symbol of victory; that the sun always illumines a portion of our empire; that none of the English race and speech are ruled by others speaking another language, or sprung from another stock, while men of nearly every nationality acknowledge our sovereign's rule. Reflections like these are flattering to our vanity, but unsatisfactory to our reason. Far more praiseworthy would it be, if, as a notable American writer desired his countrymen to do, we took pride in proclaiming that "our true country is bounded on the north and south, on the east and the west, by Justice."



LIII.—ROYAL AUTHORSHIP.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIOGRAPHY OF PRINCE ALBERT—FUTURE REVELATIONS—THE PRINCE'S REPUTED LIBERALITY.—THE HEIR-APPARENT—OTHER SCIONS OF ROYALTY—A DARK FUTURE.

LONDON, *August 15, 1867.*

Since the Queen of England, as a royal author, published her private memoirs, under the title of "The Early Years of the Prince Consort," thousands of curious comments were made, and not a few proclaimed to the world. The French revolutionist and political philosopher, Louis Blanc, who lives in London and is the regular correspondent of *Le Temps*, the Paris paper, has reviewed the Queen's book with a keen and caustic truthfulness that has not been imitated by any of the English writers. The work itself has been received by the British press so favorably, and treated so generously, not to say obsequiously, that a stranger would suppose her Majesty as successful in the literary as she is amiable in the family circle. Apart from the objection that the volume is a revelation of the confidences between herself and her illustrious consort, the English Liberals anticipate that the volumes which are to follow will contain valuable information bearing upon public affairs, and especially upon the great contests soon to begin as a result of the extension of the elective franchise. They say that if the Queen is as free in speaking the truth in future volumes as she has been in that already published, there will undoubtedly be some rare developments concerning public events and public characters. That she is a woman of uncommon will, and that she intends to be faithful to the mission she has marked out for herself, is evident from the

fact, no longer denied, that many eminent persons vainly attempted to restrain her, and that she has been compelled to employ a "gentleman of the press" to assist her in finishing the work she has *determined* to produce.

The Liberals claim that if Prince Albert were living he would give his hearty assent to many of the liberal reforms, and it will be a heavy reinforcement to their designs if her Majesty should prove that he was favorable to their views, and that many of the intolerant designs of the Tory leaders were checkmated through his benign influence. Her irrec- oncilable and prolonged repugnance to mingle in public affairs, and her affectionate reverence for the memory of her beloved husband, are loudly complained of by many of her subjects, and particularly by those who contend that it is the Sovereign's duty to spend enormous sums for the purpose of cultivating luxurious habits and luxurious avo- cations among her people; yet it deserves to be said, that few of the foreign rulers have sustained so fair a reputation, and none will be more kindly remembered.

There is nothing more appalling in the aspect of Europe than the scarcity of high intellect and commanding virtue in the present and future rulers. Those who assume to know insist that there is scarcely one among the so-called "heirs-apparent" fit to grapple with the stupendous prob- lems of the hour, or equal to the duty of proffering better governments to people more or less educated in the pro- gress of these revolutionary times. It is whispered, in all circles, that the Prince of Wales certainly does not follow the immortal counsel of Henry IV. to his son :

"Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.

By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wondered at,
 That men would tell their children—*This is he* ;
 Others would say—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dressed myself in such humility
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wondered at ; and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
 And won by rareness, such solemnity."

The feeble French Prince Imperial will have to grow into a brave and stout cavalier to encounter the rude blasts of the doubtful destiny that will inevitably follow his father's death. I do not believe the volatile, unreasoning, and exacting Frenchmen will ever again accord the empire to any hands but their own, when he who now so craftily wields is finally compelled to drop the sceptre. The Crown Prince of Prussia, married to the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, is far from being popular among his father's subjects, though his wife is everywhere quoted as anxious to respond to the eager wishes of the German people for a better government. The young King of Bavaria is enamored more of objects of *vertu* than of obligations to his fellow-creatures. The Prince Royal of Holland, though not yet seventeen years old, is bitterly criticised because he prefers the gayeties of Parisian and continental life and refuses to bind himself in the fetters of matrimony. Francis Joseph of Austria is far better remembered for his misfortunes than his benevolence. The King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, does not pretend to set himself up as a model of morality, and is never defended as such by his friends. The Emperor of the Russias, in poor health and burdened with debt, seems in no state to enter

into the complications which threaten soon to convulse civilized Europe. Of the Spanish-Bourbon monarchy, the best that can be said is, that it is the worst of a long and wicked line, and probably the last. The smaller princes of Germany—those who have been left untouched by the warlike besom of Bismarck—are so insignificant that the chief subsistence of the wealthiest is upon their licensed gambling-houses. Such is the spectacle presented when civilized Europe should be strong in the persons of her rulers to meet the trying revolutions of the age. It can hardly be expected that an inquiring and restless people, overtaxed on the one hand, and ill-paid for their labor on the other, should continue to be satisfied with kings and princes who, instead of being examples for good, are simply examples for evil.



LIV.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S—DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING—CHRISTOPHER WREN AND JOHN EVELYN—THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON—OLD ST. PAUL'S—THE "RESURGAM" STONE—THE DOME—WREN'S MONUMENT—HIS WORKS AND REMUNERATION—CLASSIC MONUMENTS—NELSON AND WELLINGTON—THE RULE OF DUTY.

LONDON, *August 16, 1867.*

A visit to St. Paul's is not calculated to excite much admiration among those who have just left the ancient edifices of the Continent. Viewed from the exterior, unless you are standing on Blackfriar's Bridge or Ludgate Hill, you cannot take in its vast extent, surrounded and hemmed in as it is by other dark and inferior structures. From what

used to be the suburban heights of Hampstead, from the hill of Greenwich, or any other eminence overlooking the great city, the dome of St. Paul's ever remains a prominent and characteristic feature of London. Even when you enter, while the loftiness of the vaulting and the long ranges of columns and piers burst unexpectedly upon the sight, the apparent carelessness and want of cleanliness produce a very unpleasant feeling. There is none of the ever-present order and neatness which preside over the majestic piles in France and Germany; and when we saw it the day was peculiarly a London day—a double compound of fog and rain, weighing down the atmosphere, and carrying additional gloom into the mouldering aisles. Nevertheless the view upwards into the dome was very grand. It has been so constructed as to show a spacious concave every way, and from the lantern at the top, the light on a bright day pours down with admirable effect over the whole, as well as through the colonnade that encircles the basement. The windows are chiefly twelve feet wide by twenty-four high; the aisles nineteen feet in clear width by thirty-eight feet in clear height; the central avenues forty-five feet by eighty-four; the vestibule at the western end forty-seven feet square by ninety-four feet high; and the central space one hundred and eight feet in clear width by two hundred and sixteen feet high. At the junction of the choir and the nave the transepts intersect. Above this noble area rises the dome, its outer diameter 145 feet, its inner diameter 108 feet, with grand and imposing effect. It recedes about an inch for every foot in height. Eight large piers surround it. Each of these piers covers 1,360 square feet of ground, and the lesser ones 380 square feet each. The whole space covered by the dome is upwards of half an acre. The lantern, which is said to weigh more than seven hundred tons, is supported by a brick cone. The exterior dome contains 16,807 square feet, and is timber, covered with lead. Stone would have resisted decay

for generations; lightning or carelessness may in a moment reduce the whole to ashes. If, like our own dome and rotunda at Washington, it could have been built of cast-iron, not only greater beauty, but enduring beauty, would have been secured. Two centuries ago, however, the use of iron was almost as much unknown to architects as to ship-builders. It is unnecessary to enter into full details of this most marked feature in the architecture of London, the noblest large building in classic style in the kingdom. Yet, immense as it is, the whole combination could actually stand within St. Peter's, at Rome.

Even before the great fire of London, in 1666, Wren, the architect, had imagined a new London, with a new Cathedral, even more stately than the present, on the site of Old St. Paul's, the central point, from which various lines of broad and handsome streets were to radiate, the width varying from thirty to ninety feet. After the great fire, he presented his plan of such improvements. It was not accepted, and consequently neither the new cathedral of St. Paul's nor the restored city of London were what he designed them to be. However, he did a great deal. Very soon after his restoration, Charles the Second determined to repair Old St. Paul's, which had been sadly dilapidated and ill-used during the civil wars. Wren and John Evelyn, author of the "Sylva," and better known, in latter days, by his interesting "Diary," were made members of the commission appointed "for upholding and repairing the structure," and in a report made by Wren, he threw out such suggestions as showed his perceptions of the sublime and beautiful, greatness and boldness of conception, talent for the minutiae of practical detail, the power of raising himself to a great undertaking, and of taking such precautions as would insure its being carried on should he die before its completion. But the majority of the commissioners hesitated to recommend more than patching and repairing, and so the project flagged. Wren visited

Paris, which then was perhaps the best practical school of architecture in the world, and where skill and labor, by means of a thousand workmen, were raising the palace of the Louvre, and studied the grandeur of Versailles, and the beauty of Fontainebleau, carefully procuring estimates of cost, particulars of workmanship, and an immense quantity of plans and sections, which he called "bringing home all Paris upon paper." He was educating himself, in advance but unawares, for his great work, and was prepared for it when the time arrived.

Great part of London (the *city*, lying within the ancient walls) was destroyed by fire on September 2-6, in the year 1666, and it is recorded by Evelyn that, though his own plan for rebuilding had been placed in the King's hands, within two days of the conflagration, another had previously been sent in. His own words are, "but Dr. Wren had got the start of me." Wren was appointed principal architect for rebuilding the burnt city and one of the commissioners for rebuilding St. Paul's; but from various circumstances, including a dread of the inevitably large expense, the work of clearing away the ruins of the old cathedral, preparatory to laying the new foundation, was not begun until the spring of 1674. There was an old and generally credited tradition that the site of St. Paul's had been occupied in the time of the Romans by a temple to Diana. Wren maintained that the first sacred building on that spot had been a church built by the Christians under the Roman rule. When digging the foundation of his edifice, he found sufficient evidence of its Christian and none whatever of its Heathen origin and use. The building had been repeatedly injured, even twice wholly destroyed by fire, from the time of its original erection to its last ruin, in 1666.

The first stone of the present building was laid in June 21st, 1675; the choir was opened for divine worship in December 2d, 1697; the whole edifice was completed (with

the exception of some of the decorations, not finished until 1723, the year of Wren's death) in 1710.

Sir Christopher Wren, who was a man of considerable reputation, having been Savilian professor of geometry in the university of Oxford, before he was known as an architect, was a bishop's nephew, as well as a dean's son, and far more religious than even many of the clergy in the reigns of the Stuart family. He has himself recorded in the "Paréntalia," that "when the surveyor in person (himself) had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common laborer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish (such as should first come to hand), to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons; the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word in large capitals—*Resurgam* (I shall rise again)." This incident seems to have deeply interested the architect, as may be judged from the decorations of the pediment over the northern portico, whereon is finely sculptured a phœnix rising from the flames, with the motto "*Resurgam*,"—evidently placed in accordance with the idea suggested by the inscribed fragment of the grave-stone, taken from the rubbish so many years before.

It is worthy of notice that Wren's salary as architect of St. Paul's was only one thousand dollars a year. The great cathedral was begun and completed under one architect Sir Christopher Wren; one master mason, Mr. Thomas Strong; while one bishop, Dr. Henry Compton, presided over the diocese. The total cost was £1,511,202, and this vast amount was paid for by a tax on coal brought into the city of London—a fact which possesses a poetic significance when you see the smoky coat in which the whole pile seems to be constantly mourning. St. Paul's is the cathedral church of the See of London, where divine service is performed daily at 8 A. M. in the chapel, and from

half-past three to four o'clock P. M. in the choir. Since November 28th, 1858, an evening service has been performed on Sunday at 7 P. M., under the dome, the area affording room for three thousand persons seated.

There is a fine view of London from the outer gallery at the apex of the dome, which you ascend by 616 steps, of which the first 260 are easy and well-lighted, but the remainder dirty, tiresome, and unpleasant. The three great cities of London, Westminster, and Southwark lie outspread at your feet; the broad reaches of the Thames, covered with ships of all nations, and spanned by numerous bridges; the distant extent of green country, miles away, in vivid contrast to the surrounding masses of stone and brick; the streets crowded with carriages and foot-passengers, and all the evidences of a great metropolis, would "form a picture unrivalled as it is magnificent," according to the guide-book, if you could get a clear day to enjoy it in; but as the sun rarely shines upon London I did not undertake the task. How different to one who mounts the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and gazes over the magnificent landscape, which, though barren of antiquarian associations, unoccupied by vast aristocratic establishments, uncrowded by sweltering, struggling, and almost starving millions, proffers a theme full of surpassing interest, and strong in the aspirations excited by the presence of an athletic and purified freedom.

The monuments in St. Paul's are divided into two classes: monuments to illustrious men, made additionally interesting by costly works of art, and those exclusively so from the persons they commemorate. It may be said—in the expressive language of the Latin inscription over the entrance into the choir, the most noticeable part of the cathedral itself, "*If you ask where his monument is, look around!*"—that Wren indeed has a monument, which makes the cold frigidities of most of the surrounding sculpture almost painful to contemplate. No one, standing under the respective

domes of St. Peter's in Rome, and St. Paul's in London, can avoid recollecting that Michael Angelo raised one and that Christopher Wren erected the other. Wren, who died at the ripe age of ninety, was appropriately interred in the crypt, or vaults, a solemn and mysterious-looking place, dimly lighted by occasional beams through a side window with a small iron grating.

Temple Bar and the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford are among Wren's earliest architectural works. While planning St. Paul's, two years after the Great Fire, he completely repaired the Cathedral of Salisbury, considered one of the finest among the ancient buildings of England; planned and built the Military Hospital at Chelsea; and erected, in the rebuilt city, those fifty churches which are still much esteemed for their beauty. For the contrivance and superintendence of St. Paul's, on which he was allowed only one assistant, he had a salary of £200 a year—one-half reserved until the completion of the work, as an incentive to industry. For all the other fifty churches which he planned and built in London he had £100 per annum. Later architects certainly have fared better, inasmuch as they usually have contrived—to pay themselves!

There are forty-four marble monuments, of more or less value, in St. Paul's. That of John Howard, the philanthropist, is appropriate enough, for it tells the history of a life in the simplest and most impressive manner, by the key in his hand, the chains at his feet, and the dungeon scene in the bas-relief of the base. Dr. Johnson is there, sculptured by Bacon, not as the author of "The Rambler" or the "Lives of the Poets," but as an ancient Stoic, with such a remarkable paucity of attire as to suggest the idea that the philosophers of the Porch must either have had no mosquitoes in Greece, or have been remarkably thick-skinned, seeing that their full dress was a state of semi-nudity. There is a noble statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by John Flaxman, with a medallion portrait of Michael

Angelo on the pedestal, to which the English painter's fingers seem to point. Two Indian Bishops, Fanshawe Middleton and Reginald Heber, are honored in stone at St. Paul's: also Babington, the physician, and Sir William Jones, the linguist, translator, and poet. But the naval and military services have chiefly been honored in this Protestant Pantheon. Captain Faulkner, who fell in a naval engagement of five hours with a stronger French frigate than his own, is represented larger than life, as one of the old athletes—as if, like them, British sea-officers went naked into battle. The monument of Lord Collingwood, Nelson's brave friend, by Westmacott, is better, but disfigured by introducing "old Father Thames," of gigantic size, in a recumbent posture, thoughtfully regarding Fame, who, from the prow of the ship, reclines over the remains of the gallant admiral, proclaiming his heroic deeds. In Chantrey's striking monument to General Houghton, who is shown in the act of rising to direct a last and successful charge, there is introduced the impertinence of a Victory who comes down to crown him. Abercrombie's monument is simple, and therefore affecting. Nelson's, by Flaxman, with the loss of the right arm nearly concealed by the Union Jack, is striking, showing an English warrior in an English garb (the idea taken from *our* Benjamin West's "Death of General Wolfe"), and would be thoroughly good if Britannia and her two boys were absent. Under the dome is the grave of Lord Nelson himself, the sarcophagus of which was made at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey, for the burial of Henry VIII., in the tomb-house at Windsor. The coffin which contains the body is made of a part of the mainmast of the ship *L'Orient*, and was a present to Nelson after the battle of the Nile. Nelson appreciated the present, and for some time had it placed upright, with the lid on, behind his cabinet, and near the chair on which he sat at dinner.

But in this subterranean funeral ground, the most inter-

esting is the Wellington chapel, in the centre of which is placed the sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of the Great Duke. The sarcophagus is of porphyry of a rich reddish-brown color with yellow markings, placed on a base of light granite, each of the four corners being sculptured with a lion's head. On one side is inscribed "Arthur, Duke of Wellington;" on the other side, "Born May 1, 1769; died September 14, 1852." Upon each end and upon the base is a heraldic cross, the outlines of which, as well as those of the inscription, is in gold, producing a very rich effect. In each angle of the chamber is a candelabrum of highly-polished red granite, from which rise jets of gas to light the mausoleum. The funeral car which conveyed the remains of the Duke of Wellington through the streets of London in 1852 is still carefully preserved. Effigies of the horses that drew this car, which is a combination of funeral magnificence difficult to describe, are standing between the shafts, while all around are hung the heraldic coats-of-arms of the house of "the Iron Duke," and banners upon which are inscribed the various battles in which he distinguished himself. No character in English history promises to retain for a longer period the fervent respect of the English people than that of Wellington. The closer you get to it, the more you see of him, the better he seems to wear. He was peculiarly unselfish and single-hearted, and his magnanimity was that trait which never seemed to leave him. In whatever capacity he was employed, or consulted, he was actuated by one supreme feeling—*that of honestly performing his duty*. In the simplicity of his character and the firmness of his action he much resembled President Lincoln. He was perhaps more distinguished than any man for the eloquence of silence which gave to his words when uttered, rare value, and which made him an unconscious umpire before whose judgment the wisest could yield without loss of dignity.

LV.—THE REFORM BILL.

HOW THE ROYAL ASSENT IS GIVEN—A MEANS TO A GREAT END
—SUBSERVIENCY OF THE MIDDLE CLASS—POWER OF THE
ARISTOCRACY—CARLYLE'S POLITICAL APOSTASY.

LONDON, *August 16, 1867.*

The Reform bill is now an English statute, the Queen having given her consent, which was done according to the old forms yesterday. The process is very different from ours. Our President communicates his action upon the bills of Congress through his private secretary, but here a deputation from Commons has to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, where the royal assent or dissent is given with a great deal of ceremony, through the medium of several Lord Commissioners. On yesterday, the Commons having been summoned to the Lords, the Speaker of that body, accompanied by about forty members, headed by Mr. Disraeli, Ministerial leader of the House, attended at the bar of the Lords, where the royal assent was announced to a number of bills, among which was that which has been the cause of so much excitement and the almost complete revolution of the old system of representation, and which, however considered, must ultimately effect a complete revolution in political parties, if not in the political condition of Great Britain. It is by no means a measure of full reform, but it is the beginning of the reign of the people, and the beginning of the end of the aristocracy. There will, indeed, be many defeats before the concessions in this bill are realized, because the middle classes of England are still the courtiers of the nobility and the enemies of what are called "the lower classes;" a condition of things resulting from many causes,

but chiefly from the desire of fortunate merchants, land-owners, manufacturers, and capitalists, to secure a place in what is called "good society." The aristocracy, aware of this weakness, flatter it by occasionally admitting one of the middle station into their charmed circle; never stopping, meanwhile, in the labor of widening the breach between those who, once united, will completely control the government. As long as this breach exists, no Reform bill can work any genuine benefit. It is pitiable to see how the English fawn upon the comparative few who, by the mere accident of birth, still largely wield the destinies of the country, and it is interesting to note how these few employ their power and tantalize the aspirants for their smiles.

The subserviency of the middle classes is the strength of the upper. It penetrates everywhere, and poisons as it penetrates. It is the cause of a multitude of evils, not the least of which is the fact that it makes the nobility arrogant, exclusive, and generally insensible to all magnanimity on political questions. Reform will only begin when the controlling masses of the English people cease to be led by vanity or prejudice, and realize that there is as much true gentility among themselves as among those they have allowed to govern them. The apprehension that that day is not far distant is not concealed by the Tories, and many do not hesitate to say that the Reform bill is the precursor of a democratic government in England.

Of this class the bitter and eccentric Thomas Carlyle is a fair type. This old man, spoiled by the admiration that has rewarded his efforts to torture and mutilate the English language, long ago dropped all affection for his race, and is now as abject a toady and tuft-hunter as you can find. The last number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an article from his pen, called "Shooting Niagara: and After?" intended to show to the aristocracy that the Reform bill has carried them into the abyss of Socialism,

and that the consequences will be the sure triumph of the democratic principle. It is a characteristic performance, and has been much noticed by the papers. Full of abuse of the negro, the Abolitionists, the United States, and Mr. Bright, it is as disgusting a tirade against popular government as the extremest monarchist could desire.

That such wretched stuff should have imposed upon men of common sense as good doctrine, much less good writing, only shows what fashion will do. This tragic shriek against the Reform bill, however, proves that the Tories begin to see that the day of minorities governing the millions must soon be over, even in England. No intelligent observer doubts that the upheaval of old systems on the Continent is at hand, and that when it comes it will make clean work, and build good governments as successfully as it has remorselessly torn down and broken up bad ones.



LVI.—THE TOWER OF LONDON.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—TRAITOR'S GATE—THE BLOODY TOWER—BELL TOWER—WHITE TOWER—RALEIGH'S CELL—BEAUCHAMP AND BOWYER TOWERS—HORSE ARMORY—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ARMORY—THE CROWN JEWELS—ROYAL AND NOBLE VICTIMS—FORTRESS, PALACE, AND PRISON—LESSONS FROM THE PAST—ILLUSTRIOUS INMATES—TOWER HILL—THE TOWER RESTORED—WILLIAM PENN.

LONDON, *August 17, 1867.*

The tower of London is one of those objects which never lose their interest, and therefore, when we bought our tickets at the Lion's Gate, we were not surprised to find a number of persons waiting to be escorted through its

antique and storied passages. Founded, according to some writers, by William the Conqueror, in 1078, Shakspeare, in the first scene of the third act of Richard the Third, makes Gloster say that Julius Cæsar built it, and certainly its appearance indicates that it had a very ancient origin. The passage in Shakspeare runs thus :

Prince Ed. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,

Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince Ed. Is it upon record, or else reported

Successively from age to age, he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191, thus described this ancient place: "It (London) hath on the east part a Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation. The mortar is tempered with the blood of beasts." There is no real connection between the old monk's blood-tempered mortar, and the actual subsequent history of the Tower of London. Yet, when that history comes before us, when we enter the grim old edifice, it does not seem unnatural or incredible that the very foundations of those massive walls should be laid in blood.

The guides or warders, old soldiers appointed on account of good services, wear the yeoman costume of the time of King Henry VIII. These "Beef-eaters" repeat the same tale day after day, to different crowds, in monotonous and humdrum tones, made almost unintelligible to us, spoken as they are in the peculiar dialect of the English lower classes ; and if it had not been for an intelligent friend who had previously visited the place, we should not have been much enlightened by the confused manner in which our aged usher hurried through his task. The present Lieutenant-Governor is Lieutenant-General Lord de Ros, whose "Historical Memoirs of the Tower," published last year, are

more in the shape of essays than of delineations. He who desires thoroughly to understand the history and the details of the place, should take care first to provide himself with one of the printed official guides or hand-books to be purchased at the door.

Talking of the different historians of the Tower, we were struck with the remark of our old soldier as he carried us on, that the novels of William Harrison Ainsworth, based upon this venerable fortress, were very correct, and deserved to be read by everybody, a hint which sounded vastly like a friendly advertisement.

The fortress covers twelve acres of ground, and is surrounded by a moat, which, since 1843, has been used as a garden. On the water side is the celebrated Traitor's Gate, now approached from the Thames, through which prisoners of State were conveyed in boats in the olden time :

"That gate through which before
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,"

names planted in every school-boy's memory, and here revived in all their sad significance. Nearly opposite to the Traitor's Gate is the Bloody Tower, so called, because within it took place the murder of the young Princes, Edward the Fifth and the Duke of York, sons of Edward the Fourth, by order of Richard the Third, a deed in English history doubted by some, but very distinctly asserted and proved by the governor of the place, Lord de Ros, in one of his late essays. He says that "two children's bodies, corresponding in age and period of decay with the date of the murder, were discovered in Charles the Second's time by some workmen at the foot of a staircase about seventy yards from the Bloody Tower, and that these were the bones of the Princes." Passing beneath the porteallis which still hangs over the gateway of the Bloody Tower, you enter the Inner Bail. In the corner of the square on the left is the governor's lodging in the Bell Tower, not

shown to the public. This was the prison of Queen Elizabeth, who was a captive at the time Lady Jane Grey was in the Brick Tower, soon after the accession of "bloody Mary." This lodging contains the council chamber in which Guy Fawkes and the Romish priests concerned in the "Gunpowder Plot" were examined on the order of King James by the Lords, with application of torture.

The oldest portion of the edifice, the White Tower, was believed to have been built in 1078 by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, by command of William the Conqueror, and was refaced and modernized but not improved by Wren. It is the Keep or nucleus of this palatial fortress, but successive changes have weeded out every original feature. Only the general form and those of the windows remain ancient; every thing except the plain surfaces has been remodelled. The outer walls are from ten to twelve feet and the interior walls seven feet thick. A winding stair at the corner, at the foot of which the bones of the murdered Princes were found, leads to the chapel of St. John, long used, as well as the other chambers, to hold records; now laid open. It is one of the best preserved and oldest specimens of the early Norman style in England. Underneath is a vault, surrounded by walls seventeen feet thick, supporting the whole width of the chapel aisle, and is the "strong room" of the fortress. In the thickness of one of the walls is a small, dark dungeon, bearing the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was imprisoned in it. The Banqueting Hall and Council Chamber adjoining have flat timber roofs, supported on stout joists. Here are preserved sixty thousand stand of modern rifles, beautifully polished and arranged, adding a still more warlike appearance to this military stronghold. The Beauchamp Tower, on the west side, was the place of imprisonment of Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey, and the name of the latter appears cut on the wall. The Bowyer Tower on the north side, where the Duke of Clarence, according to tradition, was

drowned in a butt of Malmsey, and the Martin Tower, near the Jewel House, are in the same division.

The Horse Armory, built in 1826, is an extensive gallery, 150 feet long by 33 feet wide, and embodies a sort of equestrian history of England. There are twenty-two figures on horseback, clothed in the armor of various reigns, from the time of Edward the First to James the Second, or from 1272 to 1688. There is a Saracen suit, the oldest in the collection, being prior to the time of Edward the First, the greatest of the Plantagenets, and also a helmet and other arms of Tippoo Saib. Each suit is assigned, in order of chronology, to some king or knight, so that you have the reign or age illustrated in the prevalent and peculiar military uniform. For instance, you see the time of Edward the First in the hauberk with sleeves and chausses, and hood with camail and prick-spurs, while that of the time of Henry the Sixth is recalled in the flexible back and breast-plates, the sleeves and shirt of chain mail, the fluted gauntlets, the helmet armed with a frontlet and surmounted by a crest. You are thus carried through the centuries down to the reign of James the Second, and then to 1773 by a Maltese cannon of exquisite workmanship, taken by the French in 1798, and while on its passage from Malta to Paris captured by Captain Foote of the English Seahorse frigate. The caparisoned horses and arms of the warriors, their banners and other insignia, make this a pleasant way to read history, and rivet the past on the mind.

You enter Queen Elizabeth's armory (the small room under St. John's Chapel) from this interesting gallery, by a staircase and ante-chamber filled with oriental weapons, taken in the East Indian campaigns, and other strange relics and mementos. Here is the "iron collar of torment," one of the spoils of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, and "the cravat," or "scavenger's daughter," an instrument for confining at once the head, hands and feet. They

are said to have been used in the instance of the Earl of Essex, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the block on which Lord Lovat (the last man beheaded in England) was executed in 1746; and the cloak in which General Wolfe died before Quebec; with other similar relics. On the south side of the White Tower are several interesting remains of early artillery, among which I noticed a revolver, proving that that great weapon was not so much of an invention after all, though made practical by our Connecticut Colt.

But the Jewel House, containing all the crown jewels of England, is the centre of attraction to the ladies, and those in our party were soon engaged in studying these treasures, which are estimated at an almost fabulous sum. The treasures constituting the Regalia are arranged in a glazed iron cage in the centre of a well-lighted room, of modern erection, with an ample passage for visitors to walk around. Here is the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, and costing \$600,000; the Prince of Wales' crown of pure gold, unadorned by jewels; the Queen Consort's crown set with diamonds and pearls; the Queen's diadem or circlet of gold, made for the coronation of Marie d'Este, second Queen of James the Second; St. Edward's staff of beaten gold, four feet seven inches in length, surmounted by an orb and cross, and shod with a steel spike; the royal sceptre of gold, two feet nine inches in length, the staff plain, the pommel ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The coronation spoon and bracelets, the royal spurs, and the swords of Mercy and Justice are preserved in this collection. Here, too, is the silver-gilt baptismal font, in which, when used, is deposited the baptismal water for the royal children, and the Koh-i-noor diamond, the property of Queen Victoria, and one of the most attractive objects on exhibition at Hyde Park in 1851.

Of the Wellington Barracks, St. Peter's, the Church of

the Liberty of the Tower, and other interesting features, I have no room to speak; but I could not refrain from thinking of the eminent and innocent victims of persecution and hatred, interred in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, which belongs to the Tower, and here beheaded. We saw where Anne Boleyn, once the favorite of bluff King Hal, was imprisoned, and the court-yard where she was executed. We read at the same time the words of Bishop Burnett, that "her body was thrown into a common chest of elm tree that was made to put arrows in, and buried in the chapel of the Tower before twelve o'clock." Here also was beheaded Queen Katherine Howard, another of the wives of Henry VIII.; Sir Thomas More; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Margaret, Countess of Salisbury; Thomas Lord Seymour, by order of his brother, the Protector Somerset; Lord Somerset himself; John Dudley, Earl of Warwick; Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley, her husband; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned and buried in the Tower; the Duke of Monmouth, executed by his uncle, James II.; and many more.

You are not only standing in the midst of the monuments of ignorance, cruelty, and oppression, as these are exhibited in the wanton sacrifice of human life, but you are reminded of the startling difference between the days in which such wrongs were committed and the triumphs of a higher civilization, when Englishmen, however proud of all that is honorable in the past, do not hesitate to labor for a better condition of things in the future. The Tower is indeed a wonderful depository. It was the Palace of the English kings even down to the reign of Elizabeth. Here, in the White Tower, then used as a council chamber, occurred great events of English history. Here, Edward the First, whom the best historical authorities have declared to have been the greatest prince of the House of Plantagenet, and the founder of the English Constitution, witnessed certain experiments made by Raymond Lully, the

alchemist, by which he appeared to convert common crystal into a mass of diamonds, for which the plausible charlatan received a great fee in gold from the admiring monarch, who largely clung to the credulity of the time. Here, Richard the Second resigned his throne to Bolingbroke, who, as Henry IV., has been so forcibly drawn by Shakespeare. Here, subtle Gloucester bared his arm before the assembled council, accused Hastings of having withered it by sorcery, swore he would not dine until his enemy was dead, and within the hour sent him to the block in the adjoining court. Here, for nearly five centuries, monarchs revelled and reigned, lived in state and pomp, and prepared for their state ceremonials. Here, Charles the Second was dressed for his coronation. Here, under the royal eye, was the Mint, now removed to Tower Hill, the monarch claiming the right to have the issue of coin under his own nominal superintendence. Here, as another adjunct of royalty, was the menagerie—the Lion's Tower—receiving its title from three leopards kept by Henry III., and introduced by him into the heraldic arms of England; and, even within living memory, "the Lions of the Tower," since transferred to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, were the objects of infinite curiosity, every country cousin who came to London making a point of visiting *them*.

There are solemn lessons to be learned at the Tower, by those who care to apply them. Not only in those that perished, but in those that were confined here do we read the sad story of human injustice and crime. The Tower, for many centuries, has been the great State Prison of England. Kings, queens, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, poets, martyrs form an almost unbroken line of illustrious captives for five or six centuries. In almost every great event of English history this terrible edifice looms in the distance. There is scarcely one ancient family of distinction in England to which the Tower has not bequeathed some fearful and ghastly memories. Among the earliest captives

whose names are recorded were Ralph Flambard and Hubert de Burgh, respectively ministers of William Rufus and Henry the Third. Here, in the time of the First Edward, Baliol, the Scottish King, and the flower of his nobility were held in durance vile, and a little later, Wallace, who is still revered by the North Britons for the patriotism and gallantry which deserved a better fate than a cruel death with many aggravating circumstances of infamous barbarity. Here, Edward the Second detained Lord Mortimer and several of the Barons, which led to his own death and Mortimer's execution. Here, King David Bruce, captured by Edward the Third at the battle of Neville's Cross, endured eleven years imprisonment, and then had to buy his liberation at a great price. Here, after the victory at Poitiers, John, King of France, with four princes of the blood, eight earls, and a number of lower but still important personages, made prisoners by the Black Prince, were kept in strict confinement; the King, soon after, being transferred to the Savoy (the chapel of which palace is to be seen at the foot of Waterloo Bridge), though he was not liberated, on paying a heavy ransom, for over three years. Here, Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was confined for three years as a fierce Wickliffite, during which he wrote his prose work, "The Testament of Love." Here, the Earl of Huntingdon, Bolingbroke's brother-in-law, was a prisoner for the few hours which immediately preceded his execution, without trial, on a charge of treason. Here, at several different periods, the son of Owen Glendower, and James the First, of Scotland, poet as well as King, were imprisoned. Here, Lord Cobham, leader of the Lollards, was in chains, tried and convicted of heresy, condemned to the flames, escaped from his bonds, was recaptured four years later, and burnt to death for his religious opinions. Charles of Orleans, a well-known French poet and prince, with his brother John, Count of Angouleme, were also imprisoned in the Tower. Here, Henry

VI., as well as two of his predecessors (Edward II. and Richard II.), were held in captivity, and, history reports, secretly murdered, the last-named in Pontefract Castle. Here, Owen Tudor, grandfather of Henry the Seventh,—that Earl of Richmond who won the day on Bosworth Field,—was confined on a charge of conspiring with a witch to destroy the King's life. The wars of the Roses filled the Tower with a succession of distinguished captives. Clarence, brother of Edward the Fourth, was reported to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey, his favorite liquor. The poet Surrey, Perkin Warbeck, the Sir William Stanley who helped to crown Richmond on Bosworth Field, and King Henry's two ministers, Empson and Dudley, were unwilling state-guests, and quitted its walls only for the scaffold. Henry the Eighth, besides sending hither two of his queens, Anna Boleyn and Katherine Howard, also committed numerous other persons to the Tower—most of them to perish under the axe, as these women did. Among these were Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and the Duke of Buckingham. The attempt, on the death of Edward the Sixth, to place the crown upon the head of Lady Jane Grey, filled the Tower with inmates, and so did Wyatt's insurrection, a short time after. In Elizabeth's reign the gloomy prison-fortress had its usual quota of state-prisoners—one of them, confined in the Beauchamp Tower, was Robert Dudley, afterwards known as the Earl of Leicester, who was the Queen's unworthy favorite in later years, when he gave her that world-famed reception and entertainment at Kenilworth, which Scott has so brilliantly brought before us in his novel. Elizabeth herself had been a prisoner in the Tower, which she entered through the Traitor's Gate, which opened for Anna Boleyn, her mother. Here Sir Walter Raleigh was three times a prisoner, once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, on account of his marriage, and twice in the reign of King James, where he began his *History of the World*, where he amused himself with chemical

experiments, and where his son, Carew Raleigh, was born. We were shown the dark, unlighted cell or cave in which he spent most of these years and performed most of his labors. Here, during the reign of the Stuarts, many prisoners were received: Lady Arabella Stuart and her husband, Mr. William Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset; the Earl of Strafford; Archbishop Laud; Henry Martin; Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle, for having effected the Restoration); Sir John Eliot; the Earl of Strafford; Felton, who assassinated the first Duke of Buckingham, and, later, the second Duke himself; the Earl of Shaftesbury; Algernon Sydney, and Lord William Russell, in the reign of Charles II.; the Duke of Monmouth, and the seven Bishops, in that of James II.; Harley, Earl of Oxford, and William Shippen, a member of Parliament, for saying, in the House of Commons, of a speech from the throne of George I., "that the second paragraph of the King's speech seemed rather to be calculated for the meridian of Germany than Great Britain;" Lords Lovat, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Derwentwater, and other adherents of "the Pretender," in 1746-7; John Wilkes, Lord George Gordon, Messrs. Horne Tooke, Thelwall and Hardy, and Sir Francis Burdett, in the reign of George III.; and the Cato street conspirators, in that of George IV. There has not been any state-prisoner in the Tower in the time of William IV. and Queen Victoria, and, indeed, the death-doom for treason, unaccompanied by bloodshed, is virtually abolished in England, as it legally was repealed in France, in 1831.

The high ground outside of the Tower, called Tower Hill, is the spot upon which, until within the last one hundred and fifty years, stood a large scaffold for the execution of traitors and transgressors. The motto to be inscribed over the Tower gateway might be that which Dante declares to have been written over the infernal portals,—*Renounce all hope who enter here.* On Tower Hill were executed Sir

Thomas More, 1535; the Earl of Surrey, 1547; Thomas Lord Seymour, the Admiral, beheaded, 1549, by order of his brother, the Protector Somerset; the Protector Somerset himself in 1552; the Earl of Strafford, 1641; Archbishop Laud in 1644; Sir Henry Vane, the younger, 1662; Viscount Stafford in 1680, convicted on the perjured evidence of Titus Oates and others; Algernon Sydney, 1683; Duke of Monmouth, 1685; and Simon Lord Lovat, 1747, not only the last person beheaded on Tower Hill, but the last person beheaded in England.

A list of *all* the victims of tyranny, caprice, envy, avarice, cruelty, lust, revenge, and other vile passions, would fill more space than I care to occupy with such shameful, saddening records of power misused. But, under every circumstance, it must be conceded that no public building in England brings back so many memories and associations of the past as does this old Tower of London. True it is, that recollection is busy as you make the tour of Westminster Abbey, pausing longest in the Poet's Corner, wherein are crowded tangible memorials and monuments of the illustrious dead. The Palace of Westminster, scarcely yet completed and confessedly inadequate for the main purpose (that of legislating in) for which it is erected, is gorgeous but new. The Royal Exchange of London is also new and does not bring back many memories of the time when Sir Thomas Gresham, a merchant prince, erected a bourse in London, after the model of that of Antwerp, and presented it to his fellow-citizens, Queen Elizabeth herself not disdaining to attend in person and bestow on it the name of "The Royal Exchange." But that original building was destroyed by the great fire of London, two centuries ago, and its successor, opened in September, 1669, was also burned down in January, 1838. St. Paul's Cathedral, grand as it is, has not been completed quite one hundred and fifty years. On the contrary, the Tower of London is one of the most ancient edifices in England, for though Cæsar may

have built one of its towers, there certainly existed something like a fortress on its site, long before *his* time. As a fortress, a palace, and a prison, the Tower of London will ever be visited with interest. It may be said tangibly to realize British history

There was a great fire in the Tower, on October 30, 1841, by which the old armory and 200,000 stand of arms were destroyed. It was then suggested, but not acted upon, that it would be wise for the Government to sweep away all that encumbers and destroys the edifice, and restore it to what it had been at some given period of British history—say in the time of Richard II.—or to let people see, as far as possible, what royal state was three, four, or five centuries ago. In the White Tower, one room could be fitted up as in the days of Henry III.; another as in the times of the wars of the Roses; and another as in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. “The Queen’s Garden” of 1599 to be restored; the ancient courts, upon which are now crowded mean buildings, to be formed again, to show how power was obliged to hem itself round with defences, how its commonest recreations were mingled with fears and jealousies, which could never be removed till constitutional government was firmly established. To restore the Mint, the actual coining of money within the Tower would be inconvenient, but one of the old towers might be fitted up for the display of the implements in the manufacture of money, and for the exhibition of British coins and medals, from the Saxon penny to the marriage token of the Princess of Wales. The opportunity of such restoration was lost, and the buildings which supplied the burnt armory, and were completed in 1850, are as common-place as an ordinary bonded warehouse, and so entirely modern as to be quite out of character with the venerable Tower to which they are clumsily appended.

There was not a spot I visited in England which did not recall my native State, Pennsylvania, either in the names,

the manners, or the religion of the people. A thousand things heretofore unaccountable, happening in every community, and almost in every household "at home," have been explained during my observations. After passing out of the door the veteran yeoman, our guide, who knew that we were Americans, discovering that we came from Pennsylvania, reminded us that William Penn, the founder of our Commonwealth, was born in 1644, near Tower Hill, within a court adjoining London Wall. The empire which he planted in his prime of life has not yet completed the second century of its existence, and yet there is not a district in Europe in which the substantial arts are more successfully cultivated, the blessings of civilization more equally diffused, and the happiness and liberty of men so completely secured.



LVII.—THAMES TUNNEL.

SUNDAY IN LONDON—A ROUND OF VISITS—UNDERGROUND RAILROAD—THAMES TUNNEL—INFERIOR RIVER STEAMBOATS—BILLINGSGATE—A FOREST OF MASTS—TUNNEL TURRETS—THE TEREDO NAVALIS—THE TUNNEL PROJECTED BY BRUNEL—PRECEDING FAILURES—THE OBJECT—PROCESS AND PROGRESS OF EXECUTION—COMPLETION OF THE WORK—COST—ANECDOTES—DESCRIPTION.

LONDON, *August 18, 1867.*

This, a warm Sunday in London, is probably a very hot one in Philadelphia, and I cannot help thinking of the hundreds and thousands of my fellow-creatures at home still cruelly deprived of those facilities of cheap and pleasant travel enjoyed in nearly every other city of our own and foreign countries. I will not cite the profligate ex-

ample of Paris, where the Sabbath is a day of revelry instead of rest, nor even of those Continental capitals which have no higher ambition than to imitate Paris. But, if any stronger argument were asked than the simple fact that the population of Philadelphia would be immensely benefited by the enjoyment of these facilities, let us take the example of London. I have only now returned from another ride over the underground railroad, after an interesting inspection of the celebrated "Rag Fair," in Houndsditch, the Jews' quarter of Old London, the Friends' Meeting-house in the same section, the great Wesleyan Centenary building, the Greek Church, and the gorgeous new station of the North London Railway, just finished at an expense of millions of dollars. Of "Ragged Fair," to enter which every one, Jew and Gentile, must pay a fee of one halfpenny, I need not speak in detail, but it was worth noting that the Hebrew Sabbath was not prohibited in Protestant London, and that the proscribed race which has given some of the ablest orators, poets, and statesmen to civilization, and which is powerfully represented in all the liberal parliaments of Europe, maintained its peculiar tenets and prosecuted its peculiar trade side by side with the leading establishments of the London quarters, within a stone's throw of the chief dissenting organization which is making such heavy inroads into the Church of England, and almost next door to the Roman Catholic and Greek temples. All these churches were crowded, and the great body of the worshippers had reached them by omnibus and the underground railroad.

These lines run regularly and always full, the only exceptions being that the railroads stop from eleven A. M. to one P. M., or during divine service. You will recollect that while we were imploring the courts and the Legislature of Pennsylvania to allow the cars to run on the city railroads on Sunday, it was proposed to suspend travel during church hours, but nothing could induce the over-

pious opposition to yield. The underground railroad company issue tickets for the use of the working classes at one shilling or twenty-five cents *a week*, including Sundays, which entitles one person to a daily ride to and from his home. The effect has been to warrant the erection of cheaper lodging houses for the laboring people on the outskirts of the city, and of course to improve the general health by breaking up those close and filthy "stews" and "mews" where so many have suffered and pined away in former years. If Sunday travel were stopped in London, it would breed a riot. The most earnest protests would come from the dissenters and their great preachers,—Hall, Spurgeon, Binney, and Conway, whose immense tabernacles would be empty in bad weather, and hundreds prevented from hearing the Word of that God who never designed that his creatures should be denied light and air on the Sabbath day. When I told one of the dissenting leaders that Philadelphia, with streets seven and eight miles long, leading from below the Navy Yard to beyond Richmond, had neither omnibuses nor railroad cars for public use on Sunday, he was amazed; and when I added that for advocating the use of these indispensable conveniences on that day I was denounced by a number of clergymen, most of them Presbyterians, he said that they took an odd way of showing their Christianity. "Why, sir," he said, "if the poor people of London could not ride out on Sunday, there would be twenty funerals where there is now but one." The underground railroad is the poor man's preferred conveyance; and it is a most profitable improvement.

The Thames Tunnel, which, wonderful as it is, has been a great loss to its projectors, owing to the fact that it must be reached by a steep and tiresome stairway, has been purchased, and is soon to be added to the subterranean line. It will cost an immense sum to prepare that line for travel, owing to the great number of houses that must

be levelled and paid for to open the way; but, once finished, it will produce an endless harvest of profit. I saw this remarkable work of human ingenuity on the day before yesterday for the first time, and was surprised to find so few persons enjoying its safe and pleasant walks.

A foreigner whom I met on the cars in Germany expressed his surprise that I had not visited the Thames Tunnel when I was in London, assuring me that visitors from the Continent rarely allowed many hours to pass without gratifying their curiosity, for it is generally considered by strangers to be the eighth wonder of the world. I have not been disappointed now that I have seen it, and shall endeavor to communicate what I have learned of the history of its construction, its destined purpose, its projector, its vicissitudes, its cost, and its appearance.

The best way to reach the Tunnel is to go to London Bridge, where it is at once to be noticed that the steamboats plying thence down the river are much better than those which pass "between the bridges," as the journey from London to Westminster is usually designated. They are by no means so good as the ordinary steamboats on the Delaware and Hudson-river ferries, and not to be named on the same day with the floating palaces on the Hudson, between New York and Albany.

A little below London Bridge, on the left or north bank of the Thames, is Billingsgate, the great metropolitan fish-market. Further on, upon the same side, is the Custom House, a very unimposing building, beyond which, in gloomy grandeur, stands the Tower of London. The Thames is literally so crowded with hundreds upon hundreds of ships from all parts of the world, that only a comparatively narrow channel is left for the usual and necessary traffic of steamers, barges, and boats. An immense fleet of colliers from the north of England indicate one source of the vast revenue belonging to the Corporation of the City of London, there being a local tax upon every

ton of coal brought into London, sea-ward. What must be the consumption in a damp climate by a population of over three millions? Better for England than the diamonds of Golconda or Peru, the gold of California or Australia, is the dull, dusky, dirty produce of her immense coal-mines. They have made her a great manufacturing power.

Below the Tower, on the left bank of the Thames, stands a plump, turret-shaped building of gray stone. Right opposite, on the Surrey side of the river, is another stumpy tower. They are said to resemble the donjon-keeps of some old fortress in upper Austria. These turrets are the respective gates of the renowned Thames Tunnel, constructed by the late Sir Isambert Brunel, a Frenchman, who made a good living as architect and engineer in New York city, towards the close of the last century, but finally settled in England, where he made reputation and fortune by inventing machinery for cutting the blocks used in the rigging of ships. While he was employed at Chatham, perfecting his marine inventions, he heard of an attempt which had been unsuccessfully made to tunnel the Thames, and expressed a belief in the practicability of such a scheme. In the year 1814, he observed that part of the keel of a vessel which had been sawn longitudinally exposed to view the perforations of a sea-worm, commonly known as the "Teredo Navalis." Each insect, he noticed, had made a small tunnel, and found, on examination, that its auger-shaped head had bored through the wood,—that when the excavation was effected, the sides were secured and rendered impervious to water by a calcareous secretion with which the insect lined its passage,—and that too near an approach to the water had been carefully avoided. On these principles he invented a large iron "teredo" with which to form a subaqueous tunnel, and finally cut such a tunnel under the Thames.

Not until the year 1823 did Brunel, then fifty-four years

old, apply himself to form a company for accomplishing this purpose. It was no new design, for, exactly twenty-five years before, an engineer named Ralph Dodd had proposed to tunnel the Thames from Gravesend to the opposite shore in Essex, where the river is very broad, but all the funds that had been collected were spent in trying to sink the shaft. Seven years later (in 1805), an Act of Parliament was obtained to incorporate the "Thames Archway Company," for the purpose of forming an archway or tunnel under the Thames; and a shaft, 315 feet from the river, was sunk at Limehouse, from which the excavation began, but it was found impossible to carry on the work through sand and water. After this Mr. Trevithick (the engineer, who, as early as the year 1802, took out the first patent for a steam-carriage to travel on common roads, and subsequently tried to make it run on an iron-way), who had superintended the works in the last experiment, sunk a shaft on the Surrey side, from which he carried a driftway under the river's bed for over 1000 feet, being within 200 feet of the opposite shore. This driftway was five feet high, three feet wide at the base, and two and a half at the top. The river broke in on the works in January, 1808, and no attempt was made to withdraw it.

The object of Mr. Brunel's proposed tunnel, which consists of two arches, each fourteen feet wide, seventeen feet high, and twelve hundred feet long, was to supply the place of a bridge (the erection of which would have materially impeded the navigation of the Thames and thereby materially injured the commerce of London), and permit traffic beneath the water. This was a practical object, and it was contended that its execution was correspondingly practicable.

Mr. Brunel commenced the works, at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side, two miles below London Bridge, in February, 1825. His difficulties were great. There sometimes was a stratum of only six feet between the river and

the crown of the arch. Sometimes the workmen had to pierce through and build solidly in a layer of quicksand. Though great precautions were used, the water broke in five times and several lives were lost. The funds supplied by the shareholders became exhausted just at the time when, after one great breach, the Thames flowed into the incomplete tunnel. At the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington, Parliament granted a loan. The whole of England took a lively interest in the concern. Fresh machinery was invented. Fresh workmen were employed. A second shaft was sunk, at Wapping, on the north side of the Thames. At last, on the 12th of August, 1841, both excavations were joined, and, after sixteen years of perseverance and anxiety, Mr. Brunel walked through the Tunnel, from the Surrey to the Middlesex terminus. Much more had to be done, however, before the work could be opened to the public. This was done on the 25th March, 1843, on which occasion, the contractor, then seventy-four years old, was knighted and became Sir Isambert Brunel. His son was the engineer of the Great Western Railway of England (the great broad-gauge line from Exeter to London, via Bristol) and of the Great Eastern Steamship.

The cost of the Tunnel, though large, was not so much as, under all the circumstances, might have been expected. The shareholders sank £180,000. The Parliamentary loan (the payment of which has never been required) was about £275,000. From various other sources, £50,000 were spent in finishing it. Total, half a million sterling, or \$2,500,000, half the cost of Waterloo or London Bridge.

Several characteristic anecdotes relating to the Thames Tunnel are current at or about the stations at Wapping and Rotherhithe. At the former classic locality it is said and firmly believed that scarcely any Frenchman leaves the Tunnel without saying, or thinking, that though English money had constructed it, one of his own countrymen, and not an Englishman, not even a British subject,

had designed and completed it. At Rotherhithe, where Mr. Brunel resided, close to the shaft, while the work was in hand, some of the men actually engaged upon it relate with great *gusto* not only their own hair-breadth escapes from the accidents which occasionally occurred, but one of which Mr. Brunel was the hero. The first accident occurred after the men, having been over two years at work, had nearly lost all dread. At a distance of over five hundred feet from the shaft, the water broke in, and with so much violence that in fifteen minutes the tunnel was filled, and the men escaped only by a rapid scamper for their lives. Nine months later, when the tunnel had been made about half way across the river, the water again burst in with great violence, and six men were drowned. Mr. Brunel, the only other person there at the time, was carried on by the torrent into the shaft, and, floating as that was rapidly filled with water, reached solid land in safety but much bruised. After this accident there was a stoppage of the works for seven years, at the end of which time the Duke of Wellington induced Parliament to make the necessary pecuniary advances. There were five irruptions of the Thames in all. Every two hours, the men working day and night in relief-gangs, a memorandum of progress was taken to Mr. Brunel, and he soon fell into the habit of awaking regularly at the stated intervals at night:—so much of a habit had this become that in the seven years during which the work was suspended, he awoke as usual every two hours. It was mentioned to me as a fact, which is very singular if true, and the person who told it to me had it direct from himself, that in a few weeks after the Thames Tunnel was completed and the responsibility and anxiety of superintendence off Brunel's mind, the constant habit of waking every two hours sensibly declined, and was wholly ended within three months. Sir Isambert Brunel died in 1849, at the ripe age of eighty.

The Tunnel, reached through one of the shafts, shows a

double pathway, well lighted by gas, and in little side arches, vendors of small and portable articles have small shops or stands, Sunday being the only day on which these people may see the day-light. On week-days, many barrel-organs, by which the poor Savoyards pick up a mere livelihood, are to be heard. There is a panorama, too, literally on the *lowest* manner of art. Very few Londoners visit the Tunnel—even fewer than those who visit the Tower, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey. The curiosity of foreigners is great, and next to these, strangers from the country like to be able to say that they walked under the Thames from one side to the other—that they ate, drank, talked, sang, and perhaps flirted under the river.

As a work of science the Tunnel is a great achievement, but no one latterly thought it could be utilized, until the Directors of the Under-ground Railroad determined to avail themselves of it for the public accommodation. The great business-thoroughfares of London are so crowded with vehicles of all sorts, and generally so narrow, that the subterranean railroad is a great relief. On the bridges the crowds literally appear engaged in a ceaseless struggle, through which transit is difficult, if not dangerous. The obstacles referred to, however, and the ocean of human life that alternately struggles, surges, stops, and quarrels, along and on the bridges that span the Thames, will be relieved by the route under the Thames, which promises to be one of the most agreeable methods of intercommunication in the world. New York, always overrunning her glutted highways, will be finally forced to tunnel her streets; but before doing so she should take a leaf out of London experience, which has cost so much brains and money.



LVIII.—CHESTER AND EATON HALL.

OLD CHESTER—ANTIQUITY—THE “ROWS”—CIVIC WALLS—
 EATON HALL—MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER—EXTENSIVE
 HOUSE PROPRIETORSHIP—A PALACE OUT OF TOWN—ENTAIL
 AND PRIMOGENITURE—GROUND-RENTS AND HOUSE-RENTS
 —THE NAME OF “GROSVENOR”—A DOOMED SYSTEM—
 POPULAR RIGHTS AND AGITATION.

CHESTER, ENGLAND, *August 19, 1867.*

You can read history without books in the relics of this ancient city, which is sixteen miles southeast of Liverpool, by railroad. “First, the ancient Britons, then the conquest and colony of Imperial Rome, then the favorite city of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, then the camp and court of the Norman Conqueror, then the key to the subjugation of Wales and to its union with the English Crown;” and now again one of the centres of modern civilization. This was the British *Caerleon*, the Saxon *Legecester*, the Roman *Déva*, and was the station of the Twentieth Legion, *valeria victrix*, which they quitted towards the close of the fifth century. The city wall was built nearly a thousand years ago. Its first Earl, nephew of Norman William, rebuilt its Saxon castle, within twenty years of the battle of Hastings. The Danes had ravaged it a century before. As it is one of the most ancient, so is it also one of the most picturesque of English cities. You look back along the vista of the ages and trace the story of human ambition from a period anterior to the Christian era. Like much that you see in these old countries, the past is far more interesting than the future. “Eighteen hundred years,” says the local guide, “have rolled away since Julius Aquila and his legions held sway over Chester, and yet ever since then,

notwithstanding they have long since lain in the dust, scarce a year has passed without the encroachments of the builder or the researches of the antiquary bringing to light some hidden but valuable relic of this extraordinary people." A community which existed before the birth of our Saviour and fifteen recorded centuries prior to the discovery of North America, and proves its age by authentic vestiges of all these vanished times, becomes a still more agreeable object when its historical reminiscences are compared with its present unique surroundings. Here are houses the foundations and walls of which are more than a thousand years old, and for whole squares you pass under their overhanging porches, and view the rich shops hidden within their eaves. I can liken the whole affair to nothing better than to a continuous paved portico, divided so as to leave two long walks, the one below and the other along the middle. The lower portico is sixteen feet high, and the covered gallery over it would be continuous, if there were not occasional steps down to the street below. The best shops, or "stores," in the city are all entered from the upper gallery; the inferior shops and warehouses are below. Here it may be remarked, that, throughout the British Islands, the word *shop* is used where we would call it *store*. The idea here is that a warehouse, wherein articles are laid by in quantities, alone ought to be called a *store*. The antiquity of these "Rows," as they are called, is very great, and the most accepted belief is that they were built by the Romans alike for recreation and defence. Their resemblance to the Italian *vestibulæ*, and the fact that there was recently a street in old Rome bearing a close analogy to them, sustains this view. The two main streets, in which these "Rows" abound, cross each other at right angles, and were cut out of the sandstone by the Romans, several feet below the level of the houses already built above. The greater part of Chester is surrounded by ancient walls, seven or eight feet thick, nearly

two miles in circuit, having four gates, shaped like an oblong quadrangle, and now forming a fine promenade, with parapets, where two persons can easily walk abreast, as at York. From these city walls you behold the loveliest scenery and many of the modern improvements, and can scarcely fail to recognize them as proofs of Roman conquest and skill. Earlier fortifications were probably erected there by the ancient Britons; but those rude warriors were no masons, and their barriers of mud soon fell before the Romans, who, having taken possession of the territory, built in their stead a circle of stone, strong, compact, and symmetrical, which is standing in great part to this day, wonderfully preserved.

For three or four centuries the Roman conquerors kept watch and ward; and when they retired the whole island was shaken to its centre by alternate conflicts between the natives and their new invaders, the Piets and Danes. In the succeeding centuries the Roman walls constituted the defences of the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans; and finally, in the great civil war, when Chester was held by the army of King Charles the First, that profligate monarch from these walls beheld his army defeated on Rowton Moor, by the forces of Cromwell, on the 14th of September, 1645. I mounted the crumbling turret, where he stood and saw the Puritans put his curled cavaliers to ignominious flight, and thought of the glorious harvests which had been gathered alike in England and America from the seeds of that bloody sowing.

The walls are the favorite promenade of the people of Chester, especially in the evening, and the stranger's attention is pointed among other things to a bridge over the river Dee, which has a span of two hundred feet, said to be the largest yet made in stone. He can notice many objects reviving the long gone past, as he paces their pleasant round.

Not so venerable in years, but next in importance, is the

Cathedral, founded originally A. D. 660, but finally begun and finished by one of the ancestors of the Marquis of Westminster, the Norman peer whose splendid estates near the town, and whose boundless possessions in other parts of England, have made him one of the wealthiest men in the world. This ancestor was the Earl Hugh Lupus, nephew and favorite of the Norman Conqueror. Having lived a life of debauchery and excess, he compounded for his sins by building the Abbey of St. Warburgh, from which the Cathedral rose. As Lady Morgan says, in her great work on Italy, of the contemporaries of this fierce penitent: "The factious chiefs of many a fiery feud competed in holy extravagance of shrine and altar, and lavished thousands upon votive chapels and gorgeous tombs, which now lie ruinous or spoliated. The purchase and decoration of a chapel or an oratory, in one of these great churches, was sometimes the monument of a crime, sometimes the testimony of a pious ostentation, and always a price paid on account of salvation." And again, "The founder of the Inquisition, the exterminator of the Albigenses, the persecutor of the Vaudois, has shrines and churches raised to his honor all through Christian Europe." But in the time of Henry VIII. the Cathedral at Chester, passing from the possession of the Catholics in the sixteenth century, became a great Episcopal temple, and, magnificent though rather ruinous, is still used for the daily services of the Church of England. There are fifty more extensive and splendid ecclesiastical monuments on the Continent, but all of them are Catholic; yet there is not one that tells so eloquent and chequered a story of the changes of government and religion as this dusky and crumbling pile. There are many other ancient mementos in Chester, but the most natural transition, after a visit to the "Rows," the Walls, and the Cathedral, is to the modern splendors of Eaton Hall, the vast estate of the Marquis of Westminster, whose great ancestor finished the Cathedral, and much of whose lordly

domains were, as I have said, acquired by that ancestor under the Norman Conqueror.

These extensive domains, seventeen miles in length and seven miles in width (a larger space than is occupied by the District of Columbia, and nearly as large as that included in all the boundaries of the consolidated city of Philadelphia), are almost within the limits of Chester, a good part of which is also the property of the same nobleman. His tenantry are variously estimated from five to seven hundred; but notwithstanding the portion of his lands under cultivation, we rode for hours along the woods that enclose his palace, grounds that are left untilled and fallow, save where the gardens and conservatories are tended for the use of his family and servants. For eight months in the year the Marquis and his household are absent, enjoying themselves in the royal pleasures of London (where he owns miles of ground covered with squares and streets of houses, and known as "Belgravia," from the fact that Viscount Belgrave is one of his titles), or residing at some of his other great estates; and during all this period the Cheshire estate is left in charge of the stewards, whose time is occupied in watching the buildings and grounds, and in showing them to strangers.

The hall in which the Marquis resides when he is here, and where are preserved the gorgeous memorials of his lineage, and the luxurious objects of *virtu*, purchased at fabulous prices, is four hundred and fifty feet in length, exclusive of the stables and outbuildings. The whole splendid pile covers a space of seven hundred feet in front. As the local guide-book says :

Erected and adorned regardless of expense, tasteful and grand in design and execution, this princely pile—gothic in every material characteristic—is a model of all that is rich and elegant in domestic architecture. Look up for a moment at the gracefully light yet massive structure, at the sculptured niches, its crocketed pinnacles and embattled parapets, its windows filled with gorgeous

tracery, every available space upon its surface bristling with shields charged with the heraldic crests and quarterings of the Grosvenor family, and say if the sight, rich even to profusion, and almost indescribable, savors not more of a palace of fairy land than of the house and home of a retiring English nobleman!

I should weary you with the description of the interior of an establishment which is in keeping with the useless and nearly Oriental extravagance of the exterior. I could tell you of the floor of one room, less than forty feet square, which alone cost eight thousand dollars—of groined ceilings—canopied niches with mailed warriors, representing the ancestors of the noble owner—of marble vases and statues—of the great corridor, five hundred feet in length, enriched with portraits of the family—of the chapel, with its bosses, monograms, stained glass windows, and sacred medallions—of the regal dining-room, with its sumptuous decorations, and of the saloon, or reception-room, which the obsequious guide-book describes as follows:

Measuring nearly eleven yards square, the graceful arches intersecting the angles invest it with quite an octagonal appearance. From these, and the walls, springs the roof, with its majestic dome of dazzling splendor—a matchless epitome of all that is rich, chaste and beautiful in decorative art. The prevailing colors are crimson, blue, and gold, and these so judiciously blended that the eye never tires in its fascinating mission; but still gazing upwards, allured and bewildered, finds new beauties and richer charms the longer one remains in this wondrous saloon. From the marble base springs a lofty fretwork of painted mosaic, in close imitation of the Ambassadors' Court in the Alhambra Palace—that peerless relic of old Moorish magnificence. Higher still range panels and medallions, apparently in high relief; but this curious effect is a mere illusion of the painter, for the whole of the walls are perfectly flat.

The windows of the saloon are in perfect consonance with the apartment itself, and contain six handsome figures, representing “William the Conqueror” and his uncle “Odo, Bishop of Bayeux;” “Sir Gilbert le Grosvenor,” nephew of King William, and an im-

aginary portrait of his wife, "Sir Robert le Grosvenor" (of Scroope and Grosvenor notoriety), and "Joan Pulford," his wife. The view from these windows, which open out to the terrace and cloistered arcade on the east side of the hall, is one of rich and varied beauty. In the foreground we see the elegant terrace, gardens, and lake; and just beyond, catch here and there a glimpse of the "tortuous Dee." Between yon avenue of trees, and some sixteen miles away, the landscape ends with the towering, ruin-clad hill of Beeston, and the noble baronial Castle of Peckforton.

Next we have the drawing-room, second only to the saloon in the splendor of its decorations. Fifty feet in length—its ceiling sparkling with heraldic shields, and honeycombed with tracery in cream-color and gold—its walls hung with rich crimson silk damask; its superb niches, vases, and chandeliers; its marble chimney-piece and mirror; its glorious original pictures of the "Wise Men's Offering," by Rubens; the "Battles of the Boyne and La Hogue," by West, and other celebrated works of art—all invest this room with a halo which no words of ours can possibly do justice to. It must be seen to be appreciated; and, to be admired as it deserves, must be closely scrutinized in all its bearings.

From the drawing-room we proceed, along the corridor, into the library, a spacious apartment at the southern extremity of the hall. This well-proportioned room measures sixty-two feet by fifty feet—a range of pillars on either side adding symmetry and strength to its richly-groined ceiling. Three bold gothic windows—facing south, east, and west—shed a fine flood of light into the room, the oaken bookcases of which are filled to overflowing with the richest and rarest works of ancient and modern literature.

From the south window of the library, we look out upon a beautiful garden, stretching away to a considerable distance. In the immediate foreground is a large stone reservoir, filled with a constant supply of water, within which innumerable gold-fish play their gambols in the sun. A massive dolphin fountain rises from the centre of the basin, and throws up a crystal stream of water, which, returning to the reservoir below, keeps both the pond and its inmates in incessant motion. Four large statues, in Portland stone, ornament this portion of the grounds, viz.: Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Engueulph le Grosvenor, Joan, the heiress who brought Eaton into the family, and Sir Robert le Grosvenor.

Turn we now to the grand staircase, a portion of the hall which

may vie with any we have yet visited, whether for beauty or variety. A flight of stairs running up from the centre, continued again towards the right and left, conduct to the second gallery, and to the private apartments on the higher story. Opposite to us, on either side as we ascend, are two Egyptian statues in colored marble, within rich gothic niches. The decorations of this staircase are sumptuous in the extreme, blue and gold being the predominant colors—the whole producing to the eye of taste a grand, impressive, and lasting effect. Among the paintings embellishing this staircase and its vicinity are the “Leicestershire Hunt,” by Fernely; the “Grosvenor Hunt,” by Stubbs; and another of the “Cheshire Hunt,” all three introducing portraits of the Grosvenor family, either of the last or present generation. Another picture deserving our notice is that of a “Brood Mare and Foals,” painted also by Stubbs. The private sitting-rooms of Lord and Lady Westminster, which, with other apartments, adjoin the great corridor, are not exhibited to strangers. Numerous pieces of statuary, family portraits, and racing pictures, many of them of great interest, arrest our attention as we move along the corridor; but having now returned to the entrance hall, we must beat a hasty retreat from this scene of enchantment, and emerging from its portals, bid farewell to Eaton Hall, the palatial home of the Marquis of Westminster.

Before we do so, however, if provided beforehand with tickets from “our publisher,” we may take a turn round the spacious gardens on the east side of the hall. Passing through the stable or court-yard, we arrive at a gate-way, through which we are straightway ushered into the beautiful private grounds of the mansion. Though time and space alike forbid us to enlarge upon their charms, the gardens of Eaton will amply repay the careful inspection of every admirer of “Nature, art-adorned.” The rich groves of trees—the rare shrubs and flowers, with their attendant perfumes—the crystal conservatory—the massive statuary—the dolphin fountain—the Roman altar dedicated by the Twentieth Legion to the “Nymphs and Fountains”—the fairy lake—the verdant lawns, the walks of “sweet umbrageous beauty”—each and all combine to invest these gardens with a charm peculiarly their own. Gladly would we linger all day in this sylvan retreat—but we must away!—and exchanging our barge for a cab with a party just ar-

rived (cabmen and boatmen first of all consenting to the arrangement), we are soon out of sight of the "Palace of the Dee."

Moving rapidly along the avenue, past yon herd of timid deer, startled into flight at our approach, we soon flit beneath the archway of a lodge which marks the boundary of the park. A ride of two miles, through a serpentine avenue of "old hereditary trees," now remains to us; and from this we emerge only to behold the Grosvenor Gateway, with old Chester in the distance. The Grosvenor Gateway was erected in 1838, on the site of Overleigh Hall, once the manorial seat of the Cowpers of Overleigh. This lodge is a copy of St. Augustine's Gate, at Canterbury, altered (some say improved) here and there by the late Mr. Jones, architect, of Chester. Built, like the hall itself, of white freestone, enriched, too, with a profuseness of carving and heraldic sculpture, this entrance lodge to the Eaton estate forms a fitting introduction to the magnificent mansion we have just quitted; of which, in conclusion, we may truly say that—

Take it for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon its like again!

And these are but part of the possessions of one member of the ruling classes of England, whose income is only a guinea or five dollars a minute, in gold, and whose wealth is constantly increasing with the growth of London, where so many of his possessions are found. According to the law of entail, his estates, like those of other rich landlords, whether nobles or commoners, are reserved for his eldest son, whose brothers and sisters can inherit only their parents' personal property or estates which are unentailed. In fact, this non-alienation of real property is the basis of the law of primogeniture,—a law still retained in the British empire, but almost universally abolished, as by common consent, in other European countries, as well as in the United States. The operation of this law of entail has built up the colossal fortune of the Marquis of Westminster, who boasts not only that the founder of his family "came in with the Conqueror," (the usual boast of the highest English nobility!) but had flourished in Normandy a hundred

and fifty years before Duke William invaded England, and that his own surname, *Grosvenor*, was derived from that ancient soldier and some of his ancestors having held, in the Roman Duchy, the high office of *Le Grosveneur*—supposed to indicate gubernatorial station. Towards the seventeenth century one of the Grosvenors, a baronet, married a Middlesex heiress, by whom he acquired large tracts of land in and adjoining London. As that city stretched westward, this land came into demand for building, and, being entailed by marriage settlement, could not be sold. It is let, however, in building-lots, for ninety-nine years, at the end of which lease, the land, with whatever buildings had been erected upon it, revert to the house of *Grosvenor*, which obtained a peerage over a hundred years ago. The difference between the small amount of yearly ground-rent and the immensely greater house-rent is a constant and increasing source of income to the Marquis of Westminster, and as he owns the land upon which Grosvenor Square, Belgrave Square, Eaton Square, and scores of streets in the west or fashionable end of London, it would appear that, *should such a condition of things be allowed to continue*, the income of this fortunate nobleman may rise from one million pounds sterling a year, at which it is estimated, to five, ten, or even twenty times that amount.

Considering all these details, which were stated to me by a very intelligent and apparently well "posted-up" gentleman whom I had the good fortune to meet at Chester, I could understand why John Bright and Goldwin Smith, and their compatriots, oppose what they call the territorial aristocracy of England. Under the laws of primogeniture these vast domains may be held in defiant perpetuity. The legal division of the soil in France and Switzerland has saved those countries from incalculable evils; and Italy and Spain groan under no load, after the insufferable supremacy of an army of priests, so grievous as that of the proud and enervated nobility who hold her great estates.

There is no such system now possible in the United States, though we had it once, and it lingered latest in Virginia. The habits, alike the interests of our people, necessitate the general distribution of the lands, and so increase the general prosperity. The attempt to destroy the Union proceeded from the land monopolists of the South—the barons of slavery; and when they fell, their policy of exclusion ended, not only because the spirit of a rescued Republic opposed it, but because there was endless advantage to themselves in the transition. How long the English aristocracy will contrive to preserve a system which is so adverse to the general weal, is a very grave question. The late reluctant concessions of Parliament to the people will compel many changes. Such revolutions never go backward; and as Englishmen have never before had such opportunities as those they have bravely wrung from an imperious aristocracy, it is to be hoped they will employ them with equal resolution and wisdom. They have already begun a systematic agitation to confirm and obtain their rights; and, if they are not divided by the nobility, they will soon be in full possession of the situation. When they are, the duty of dividing God's earth fairly among God's children will undoubtedly be fearlessly discussed, and the Marquis of Westminster may perhaps find that the question of giving any sort of compensation to him, and such as him, will not even be discussed. Primogeniture is near its last in England.



LIX.—PEOPLES AND PLACES CONTRASTED.

FOREIGNERS' PECULIARITIES—EUROPE AND AMERICA—ENGLISH AND FRENCH—CHEWING ESCHEWED—PROVINCIAL DIALECTS—LIBERTY OF SPEECH—MR. DISRAELI'S HISTORICAL PARALLEL—PARIS AND LONDON OMNIBUSES—LONDON CHOP-HOUSES—DOLLY'S—SIMPSON'S—THE SHILLING DINNER—WAITERS' FEES—PARISIAN RESTAURANTS—FRENCH CURRENCY AND COINAGE—MONEY UNIFICATION.

LIVERPOOL, *August 20, 1867.*

The peculiarities of foreigners are the source of constant amusement and amazement to Americans; and if Mr. Dickens was so shocked and surprised at certain things he saw in the United States, that he could not restrain the impulse of strongly marking his opinions in his "Notes," and of repeating them in another and more studied production, many more excuses must be made for our countrymen when they speak candidly of the curious things they see in their travels through these olden lands. Mr. Dickens could roam over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, through France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and fail, even with his sharp and cynical eyes, to see many things which assume fantastic shapes and excite violent laughter among Americans. When he was translated to our shores, where every thing was fresh and new, he was perhaps a little too ready to give way to sensations that could not be aroused in his bosom among objects and scenes in Europe, far more strange and novel to us, simply because the latter were more familiar to him.

The very worst side appears first in the United States. In Europe all the outer surface is polished and fascinating;

and he who travels quickly has little time, and often less inclination, to break through the glittering shell. When he does he is filled with consternation at the sufferings of so many millions of his fellow-creatures. Everybody travels in our portion of America; and the intelligent foreigner, especially one who journeys for the purpose of using his eyes and his ears, and who examines nothing without some ulterior object of criticism, is perhaps not to be blamed when he gives way to his prejudices at the odd habits which in this way astonish him on every side. Had Mr. Dickens remained among us long enough, or had he allowed his really fearless nature to understand that the people he satirized some twenty-five years ago were not yet in the gristle of first manhood, and were bound upon confessedly the greatest mission ever started for the relief and the rescue of mankind, he would doubtless have revised many of his earlier impressions, and have evolved a more practical philosophy from that more careful observation. Coming over here, fully accustomed to all the things which excited the risibilities of Mr. Dickens, I have not attempted to restrain my own surprise at much that I see, and if I were to undertake to make an elaborate record of this experience you would generally sympathize with me.

The peculiarities of the English and French, both of them violent contrasts to our own, even as these are drawn by the facile and fertile pen of the great British writer, are also indescribably different from each other. Every Englishman carries an umbrella; every Frenchman a cane. The Frenchman smokes everywhere; the English gentleman not often, except in some isolated den, in his own house, and hardly ever in public places. If Mr. Dickens and our last English censor, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his "New America," were properly disgusted at the too-prevalent practice of chewing tobacco in the United States, may not an equally just judgment lie against the universal habit of smoking in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy? The strong

complaints of foreigners who visit Washington at the appearance of huge wooden spittoons in the chambers of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the very general custom of Congressional expectoration, which have more than once seemed to me foolishly hypercritical, were accounted for as I sat in the gallery of the British House of Commons, and in the gallery of the French Corps Legislatif, and saw four hundred persons in the first and nearly two hundred in the second, not one of whom indulged in the American practice of spitting. I called the attention of several Americans around me to the fact, and all agreed that it accounted for much of the prevalent ease and cleanliness. It is undoubtedly the universal avoidance of chewing tobacco that explains the absence of all impurities on the stairs, landings, walls, columns, and statues of the public buildings in Europe. Of course, where a good habit becomes as it were the fashion, it is generally very usefully imitated. The saddest contrast to all this is very easily found by any one who visits the English masses in the hovels of their agricultural districts, the holes and dens of their manufacturing centres, and the purlieus of their great cities. Here vice and filth reign so triumphant in their most glaring forms, that we soon cease to admire the outside varnish that hides the reeking inside rottenness.

Our English critics speak most disparagingly of the nasal tones of the American dialect, but they never admit the fact that the large majority of their own people constantly spoil and drown their own language in the most savage jargon. Nothing is more agreeable to me than to hear our language spoken by an accomplished English gentleman or lady. Their cultivated voices, their delicate and exact pronunciation, and the charming avoidance of all clamor in conversation, are inexpressibly agreeable, yet the same may be said of the cultivated classes in our own country; but when the masses of the people of England and America are compared, no fair judge will deny that our common tongue is

much better spoken by the latter. In fact, the lingual intercourse between the working people of England is so uncouth and barbaric as to sound more like the vernacular of Indian tribes. No Englishman, however censorious, can fail to understand an American, however ignorant; but my ingenuity has been frequently taxed to understand a single word of the incoherencies of men and women who were talking to each other in some of the rural districts I visited in Great Britain. There are at least a dozen different dialects, formed by variations in pronunciation, in England alone, while the distinction even of counties is so strongly marked in Scotland and Ireland that an accustomed ear will soon distinguish between the barbarous sounds, in conversation, by the natives of Aberdeen and Fife, of the shores of Lanark and Berwick, and a native of Ulster is as equally to be distinguished from his neighbor in Connaught as the semi-Anglican pronunciation of Dublin instantly strikes the ear as different from the peculiar tightness of utterance in Cork. I was informed on the authority of an eminent philologist, who had made the subject of dialects one of his particular studies, that a thorough Lancashireman, indulging in his country's habit of nipping some words and extending the sound of others, would scarcely be understood by an ordinary Londoner or Cockney, who, in turn, by changing his *v* into *w*, and removing the *h* from where it should and placing it where it should not be sounded, would almost speak an unknown tongue in the north of England, where there are curious varieties of intonation. There is what is called "a burr" in the pronunciation of Northumberland, in the northeast, and also in Cumberland, in the northwest of the Island. The two counties actually join, yet the natives pronounce so differently that the Cumbrian is not readily understood by the Northumbrian, and *vice versâ*. Lancashire has not only a dialect of its own, but, as I hear, even a literature of its own, many books (badly spelled, to show the peculiar

pronunciation), emanating from the local press every year, to the great delight of the native population. In the southern county of Dorset, there also is a particular literature, composed in the local tongue, as difficult to understand, without previous knowledge or close study, as that of Lancashire. The peculiar habit of the west of England, and particularly of Somersetshire, of giving the sound of *z* to the letter *s*, is balanced by the habit, in the eastern counties, of sounding *i* as if it were *a*. I was informed that it would be practicable to get a dozen Englishmen together, from various localities, who, for some little time at least, would understand each other as little as if they had never belonged to those

“Who speak the tongue that Shakspeare spake.”

There is no English and French peculiarity that stands in such painful contrast to the United States as that which prevents the people from freely commingling with each other. In England the difficulty is not so great as in France, but the efforts of the Reformers to hold monster assemblies were only successful through the courage of such men as Mr. Beale, and the fear of the authorities that the attempt to suppress them might lead to fatal consequences. It is reported, I know not on what authority, that when Mr. Walpole, the amiable and able but timid gentleman who then was Secretary of State for the Home Department, proposed that the Government should issue a proclamation absolutely prohibiting the holding of monster meetings of the Reformers, he was reminded by Mr. Disraeli that most probably the last Revolution in Paris, which overthrew the Orleans dynasty, would probably not have taken place, but for Louis Philippe's having acted on the advice of Guizot, his minister, to interdict the reform banquet which the leaders of the Parliamentary opposition had announced. The dinner, which was to have taken place on the 22d February, 1848, (was there design

or accident in the selection of our Washington's birthday?) was prevented, but, on the following day, on swept the surging waves of that Revolution which cast Louis Philippe and his family out of France, and ended in the restoration of the Empire and the re-establishment of the Bonaparte dynasty. The truth of this historical reference persuaded even Mr. Walpole himself; the Reformers held their great meetings without opposition or interference by the authorities, and after some able speeches had been made, the multitude peaceably separated, without the peace of London having been disturbed or endangered.

In France it is still impossible for any number of gentlemen to congregate without express permission from the police authorities, and when the Americans celebrated the last Fourth of July at the Grand Hotel, in Paris, they were repeatedly admonished by some of the worshippers of the Empire, that unless they sent word of their intention to the Prefect of Police, their patriotic enterprise would be frustrated; and, I believe, that nothing but the fact that the Emperor was not unwilling to let our countrymen say what they thought in a respectful manner, prevented the success of these sinister predictions.

You have already been informed of the moderate charges of cabs in London and *voitures* in Paris, but you have not been told about the omnibuses. There are in Paris thirty-one lines of these conveyances, which convey about eighty millions of passengers per annum, for six cents inside and three cents on top. Inside passengers may procure an exchange ticket on different lines without additional cost. The new charter of this omnibus company runs to the year 1910; it pays the city nearly two hundred thousand dollars per annum for the right of driving five hundred omnibuses. The company is bound to keep special omnibuses for the conveyance of workmen at the option of the municipality, and, when required, to furnish carts for the removal of ice and snow, or to convey sand or other materials to places

on the public ways. In London there are about 3,500 omnibuses, which employ about 12,000 persons, and 35,000 horses. It is estimated that, in the course of each year, as many as 300,000,000 persons ride in these conveyances, which were in use in Paris, where they were invented, long before they were adopted in London to supersede the heavy and expensive hackney coaches. The omnibus fares vary, according to the distance, from three to six pence. They have been as low as one penny, in some cases where opposition vehicles have been put upon a particular line.

Nothing interests a stranger more than the restaurants of Paris and London, and here I can say that, having tried many of them, I met nothing to compare with Delmonico's, in New York. This is somewhat surprising, considering that the whole population of Paris literally live in the cafés; but herein I believe I speak for all our countrymen. There are some six hundred chop-houses or dining-rooms in London which supply dinners, and nine hundred coffee-houses, which supply tea to the stranger, and there is a place in the Strand, called The Divan, where, for one shilling, you have the entrée of a handsome room, a cup of coffee and a cigar, and the use of periodicals, chess, &c. Some of the London eating-houses are distinguished by the peculiarity of supplying only one particular viand or description of viands, cooked in a superior manner. For instance, Dolly's chop-house, near Paternoster Row, the centre of the English book-publishing trade, has been distinguished for more than a century for its mutton-chops and beefsteaks; Garraway's, near the Royal Exchange, was famous for its sandwiches; the Cock, near the Bank of England, for its ox-tail soup; and the Ship, in Leadenhall street, for its turtle; and close to Billingsgate is a sort of hotel where, in rather a rough manner, a dining ordinary is held twice a day, at which, in addition to every luxury in fowl and flesh, an infinite variety and abundance of the finest fish that can be procured is supplied for eighteen pence. I was informed, but had no

opportunity of personal knowledge, that in one of the great city thoroughfares, near the Exchange and Bank of England (I have forgotten the name of the street), two houses stand together, in which, for over a century, fortune after fortune has been made. In one of these is a butcher's shop, where he who intends to dine gives eight pence for his steak or chop, of superior quality, and conveys his purchase, very daintily, in his hand on a piece of white paper into the next house, which is a licensed tavern. There, in an immense kitchen, kept as "clean as a new pin," numerous small tables, neatly covered, are to be found, at one of which he takes his seat, while a buxom cook-maid, who presides at an immense fire at one end of the apartment, cooks it for him, the charge being one penny, which includes pepper, mustard, salt, &c. A further outlay of two pence obtains bread, mealy potatoes, or some other vegetable, the actual cost of a good and remarkably well-cooked dinner being eleven pence, which rises to a shilling (twenty-four cents) by a liberal donation of one penny to the "neat-handed Phillis" who waits upon the guest. If vinous, malt, or spirituous liquor is desired, which is almost always the case, the bar supplies it, at the usual rates. But the fact exists that a well-dressed, well-served, and excellent plain dinner, consisting of as much prime meat as can satisfy a reasonable man's ordinary requirement, can be had in this London kitchen for one shilling. Bankers, merchants, brokers, in fact, the various classes who do business in "the city," take their early dinner in this and other eating-houses, and the richer they are, the less likely are they to go to a higher expense than the single shilling, which includes the waiter's penny. So accumulative are these pennies, as many as 1,500 to 2,000 persons severally disbursing them each day in one house, that the situation of head-waiter is sometimes rented out, and, though a number of assistants have to be provided and paid by him where the guests are numerous, the head-waiter in a popular

eating-house in "the city," sometimes makes net profits amounting to over five hundred pounds a year.

In Paris there are nearly 3000 restaurants or eating-houses—some of which are extravagant enough, and no really elaborate dinner can be had for less than eight to ten francs, but there are houses where tolerable dinners are served for two francs, including wine. In some a dinner can be procured for thirty-five or even thirty sous. It is difficult to fancy any thing more tastefully brilliant than the cafés on the Boulevards, when lighted at night; The effect whether seen from within or without is perfectly dazzling; chairs and small tables are placed outside where both sexes enjoy the cool of the evening and witness the animated scenes around them, while within you see yourself reflected by mirrors remarkable for their size and number. You are bewildered with the blaze of light, and the confused glitter of gilding and glass. Nearly all these places furnish chocolate, coffee, tea, ices, liquors, &c.

There is nothing of which the French may so justly boast as their coinage, as he who travels through Germany has often confessed to his sorrow. All accounts in France are kept in francs and centimes; the gold pieces are 100 francs, 50 francs, 20 francs, 10 francs, and 5 francs; the silver coins are 5 francs, 2 francs, 1 franc, and pieces of fifty centimes (half a franc) and twenty-five centimes; the copper coins are two sous, one sou, and one and two centimes. Paper money is never used in small amounts; the notes issued by the Bank of France are of fifty, one hundred, two hundred, five hundred, one thousand, and five thousand francs, convertible into silver at the bank at par. It is a remarkable and a somewhat humiliating fact that at this moment the Bank of France has accumulated a fund of seven hundred millions of gold and silver coin, and that of England has collected over four hundred and ten millions of the same kind of bullion.

The efforts of our Government to unify the coinage of

the world, cordially met by Louis Napoleon and coldly received by England, will eventually triumph. Each nation will preserve its own distinctive vignette, but the values of the leading coins of the civilized nations will be the same everywhere, thus saving the tremendous losses under the present system, consequent upon the necessity of exchanging coins of different weight, purity, and style.



LX.—FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

ANGLO-FRENCH FREE-TRADE TREATY—EVIL OPERATION IN ENGLAND—CONTINENTAL MANUFACTURING PROGRESS—THE CREED AND WILLIAMS' PAMPHLET—ITS APPLICATION TO THE UNITED STATES—TENDENCY OF FREE TRADE TO REDUCE WAGES.

LIVERPOOL, ENG., *August 21, 1867.*

The English free-traders are getting restive under the too practical and severe application of their own remedies to themselves. In the midst of their appeals to the United States to adopt these remedies as the only sure cure for all the ills of trade, they are brought to the public confession in a manner which cannot fail to produce a marked effect upon labor in every part of the world, and especially upon the great American industries. The honors still paid to the memory of Richard Cobden for arranging the free-trade treaty between England and France, in 1859, have been supplemented by a pamphlet headed "Handicraftsmen and Capitalists," just issued, being a republication of certain articles that originally appeared in the *London Times*, written in the interest of the ironmasters of England by Messrs. H. Herries Creed and Walter

Williams, Jr. This celebrated treaty, inspired in the interests of free-trade England, and intended mainly to promote her own manufactures, bids fair to result in her ruin, because it left open the door to a fatal competition, which, as the pamphlet in question proceeds to show, enabled other countries to underwork, and therefore to undersell, Great Britain in certain important manufactures. Alarmed at the evidences of this startling fact and at the combinations in the large manufacturing districts, and indeed among all the handiworkers throughout the United Kingdom, in favor of higher wages, these two gentlemen were sent to Belgium for the purpose of inquiring into the causes which enabled the iron producers and manufacturers in that country to underbid their English rivals in the great markets of Europe. The pamphlet before me is the product of their investigations. Circulated also as an argument against Mr. Bright and his friends, who, while advocating free trade on the one hand, do not hesitate to advocate universal education on the other, and who, for doing so, are mainly held accountable for the disturbances among the working men, the pamphlet in question assumes a valuable consequence when it is read in the light of the appeals to the people of the United States to adopt free-trade doctrines. If the authors of this pamphlet had reflected what a double-edged sword they had forged and sharpened, they would have withheld their reflections from the world. The sum and substance of their investigations is, that *the only way to enable Great Britain to recover her supremacy as the great workshop of the nations is to keep her people in ignorance, and to reduce the wages of labor down to a level with those of Belgium.* First, as to the present condition of the iron interest of Great Britain as a result of free-trade policy, observe in the extract which follows, and particularly in the italicized sentences, how much the iron interest of England gained by our civil war, and how, now that the rebellion has been crushed and that

we are falling back into our former prosperous condition, British manufacturers will lose in the long run, and be finally distanced, not only by the United States, but by their Continental competitors. Let the confession of the pamphlet tell the story :

We are in presence of a real danger while these people are looking at one of which there is only a shadow, and that, as we believe, a shadow created by imagination, and not that of an existence. We are face to face now, at this moment, with the greatest obstruction that British industry has ever been checked by, and unless we can remove it, and remove it promptly, the supremacy which we have held in production and manufacture will be transferred to wiser and harder-working nations. *The civil war of America and the political condition of Germany have stayed the progress of those countries, and have checked the advancing foot that was treading on our heels. We have again widened the before narrowing distance between us, and we again hold our own in the production of textile fabrics and many other industries. But in the meantime Belgium, which has enjoyed even to a greater extent than ourselves the advantage of being a neutral power, and France, whose great hoarded wealth and hitherto insufficiently appreciated powers of production have been receiving rapid as well as continuous development from the application of the wonderful administrative ability of her Emperor, have been steadily overhauling us at a pace increasing daily. And they have been doing this most remarkably in the very industry in which, above all others, we ought to have been able to set competition at defiance. In cotton we were dependent on another nation for the raw material. In the case of iron every description of raw material required in aid of its manufacture is the produce of our own soil. It is under our feet. And yet, with all this advantage, with the additional advantage, too, as we are told, of possessing the best and most advanced skilled workmen in the world, Belgium and France have been thrusting us out of foreign markets to an extent which the public will hardly credit, and of which the trade itself is scarcely aware. They have in Russia grasped with extraordinary energy and success the trade in all matters of manufactured iron for railway purposes. They have been making the rails; supplying the locomotive engines, the roofs*

for stations and the pillars that support them, and building the carriages. Russia is now in the first stage of railway development. For a long time to come she will be the best customer in Europe for iron in all its various forms of manufacture, notwithstanding her present exceptional produce in that high-class material which even we ourselves occasionally buy of her for the manufacture of steel. And yet in this market, great and remunerative actually, greater and more remunerative in promise, the Belgian and the Frenchman hold the principal position, and are in a fair way of obtaining an absolute monopoly. A like state of things obtains in Spain. There, again, England is thrust aside, defeated by Belgium and by France. *We cannot compete with their producers either in price or in continuousness and certainty of supply. Nor is this all. Even at home, even within our own boundaries, these industrious and pushing people are challenging our supremacy, and that not unfrequently with success.* In bar-iron, in rails, in engines for agricultural purposes, and even in locomotives for railways, they have lately been obtaining orders even in our own market here at home.

How and why is this? How is it that our position in so great an industry has been slipping from under us? It is a question of grave import, and these are facts calculated to create great anxiety, not only to the capital which embraces in its operations eighteen English counties, besides the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish districts; but to a large population of special habits and industrial skill, dependent upon the maintenance of our mines and our ironworks in full activity and progressive development. To these latter the question which we have asked is of far greater moment than it is or can be to either the State or the capitalist. The State may lose and yet exist, and carry on with loss more or less; the capitalist may be compelled to make as a sacrifice in converting his fixed capital into movable, but he can carry that diminished capital and his undiminished reputation and administrative ability to Belgium, to France, to Spain, or to Russian Poland. There, in any and in all of those countries, he will find great coal-fields of excellent yield, upon or near which he can establish ironworks, where, with the appliances that his capital can command and his administrative experience manage, he will, with the aid of native labor, cheerfully furnished, at a comparatively nominal rate, far outstrip the hampered efforts of his country, seize for himself that

profit of which a large proportion would have been public property, and leave the discontented and combative artisans of England a burden to the country and a difficulty to themselves. *To the artisan of Great Britain, to the Unionists of her manufacturing districts, this question is of the extremest importance. Their life or death hangs upon its prompt solution. Transfer of themselves is simply an impossibility. Foreign nations have a superabundance of labor, with which, untrammelled as they are by legislative restrictions, they can, with the aid of the improved processes obtained by them from us, proceed independently and triumphantly in the path on which they have entered so promisingly, and which, unless we can cross it, must conduct them to monopoly.*

Deeply impressed with the prospect of the disastrous consequences which must ensue from a longer continuance of this state of things, and of the magnitude of the danger which is even now at our very door, we proceeded to Belgium, in the hope of being able, by personal investigation and by personal inspection of her mines and ironworks, to give an answer to this question of "How is this?" and that we might either ourselves be able to suggest some mode of solving the problem now under discussion between the employer and the employed, or at least to give to the public information, the use of which might result in the evolution of ideas from others. We have taken the utmost pains to procure information as to the statistics of the productions and trade of Belgium, as to the social condition and habits of the workmen engaged in her mines and ironworks, and the relation existing between them and the proprietors or companies who employ them, including the control claimed and exercised by the government, and we have taken no less pains to verify the information placed before us by personal investigation.

The subjoined summary of their labors will be found worthy of the careful examination of our statesmen and people:

The following tables, which may be entirely depended upon, will give a sufficient idea of the rate at which the industry of Belgium has been advancing from the year 1850 to the year 1863, both inclusive. These tables include coal mines, iron ore, and other

metalliferous mines, pig-iron establishments, foundries, forges, and mills :

TABLE I.—COAL.

| | 1850. | 1863. |
|------------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Acres worked..... | 326,000 | 331,500 |
| Nominal horse-power in use..... | 28,000 | 50,820 |
| Hands employed..... | 48,000 | 79,187 |
| Tons (Belgian) raised..... | 5,820,588 | 10,345,350 |
| Undertakings..... | 310 | 289 |
| Value raised in round numbers..... | 47,000,000f. | 105,000,000f. |

TABLE II.—IRON ORE AND OTHER METALLIFEROUS MINES.

| | 1850. | 1863. |
|-------------------------------|---------|---------|
| Establishments..... | 804 | 668* |
| Acres opened..... | 118,000 | 125,000 |
| Workmen employed..... | 5,695 | 13,122 |
| Tons of mineral produced..... | 472,883 | 156,190 |

* Of which 124 were open works.

TABLE III.—PIG-IRON ESTABLISHMENTS.

| | 1850. | 1863. |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|---------|
| Establishments..... | 337 | 348 |
| Coal and coke furnaces..... | 25 | 46 |
| Charcoal..... | 16 | 6 |
| Nominal horse-power..... | not given | 18,300 |
| Workmen employed..... | 12,932 | 27,059 |
| Produce of furnaces, in tons..... | not given | 392,178 |

TABLE IV.

| | 1850. | 1863. |
|--|--------|---------|
| Foundries..... | 78 | 142 |
| Produce of foundries (tons)..... | 17,000 | 61,505 |
| Produce of forges and mills (tons)..... | 61,970 | 255,183 |
| Produce converted (tons)..... | 10,738 | 24,562 |
| Workmen employed in reworking iron into manufactured articles and machinery..... | 516 | 1,454 |

We may here properly state that of every 1,000 hands employed below the surface 733 are men, 83 women, 135 boys and 49 girls under 16 years of age; and of every 1,000 above the surface 688 are men, 149 women, 88 boys and 85 girls under 16.

If our readers will follow us through these figures they will find that there may be deduced from them the following results. They will find that, while the extent of acreage under operation has remained nearly stationary, the produce realized and the hands employed have increased in the following ratio:

| | Per cent. |
|---|-----------|
| The product of coal has increased..... | 100 |
| Ditto, of minerals..... | 100 |
| Ditto, of forges and mills..... | 300 |
| Ditto, of foundries..... | 250 |
| The amount converted. | 130 |
| The number of hands employed in coal mines has increased.... | 55 |
| Ditto, in raising minerals..... | 130 |
| Ditto, in blast furnaces..... | 110 |
| Ditto, in forges and mills..... | 220 |
| Ditto, in foundries and in reworking iron into manufactured iron and machinery..... | 180 |

Can any thing show more conclusively the enormous augmentation of power in the labor of men and the work of machinery, but especially in the labor of men, which Belgium has daily, with untiring industry and earnestness, been bringing to bear upon this great branch of her resources?

We hope our own workmen will look at and think over these facts. They ought to find in them a valuable lesson.

They can scarcely avoid seeing that it is mainly the application of rude labor, abundantly and perseveringly given, at an average of wages which we can assure them does not exceed, in the best-paid districts, 2s. 8d. a day for men, 1s. 8d. a day for women, and 1s. 2½d. a day for boys, *that has enabled the population of Belgium so effectively and successfully to compete with England in the markets of Europe.* We find Belgium now meeting us at every turn a pushing and dangerous rival. We shall find her more dangerous and powerful still. As she receives fresh accession of aid, and becomes endued with augmenting power from increasing skill,

so will the advance of our rivals become continuously more rapid, and the market for the labor of the British workmen become from from day to day narrower and less remunerative.

The following letter and tabulated wages statement affords very complete means of comparing English and Belgian rates of earning:

AVONSIDE ENGINE COMPANY (LIMITED),
ST. PHILIP'S, BRISTOL,
December 14, 1866.

Messrs. H. Herries Creed and Walter Williams, Jr., British Embassy, Brussels:

GENTLEMEN: YOUR very interesting letter in the *Times* of the 11th inst. has opened up a very important question, and one which, in the course of my vocation, has forced itself prominently upon my mind as requiring a distinct solution.

I have been much abroad over the last ten years, and have delivered many locomotive engines to the Continent; but, dating back, say seven to eight years, have been rarely successful in competing for foreign supply of locomotives. *Speaking generally, I should say that a class of locomotive engines for which English builders have given in £2,700, has been taken by foreign houses (Belgian and French) at £2,340, the English price leaving a very moderate margin of profit. One of the great causes of difference is naturally wages, which are not only higher in England per day or week, but the days or weeks are abroad of longer duration. The week with us is 58½ hours; at Manchester, 57½; whereas in France it is, I think, 65 hours—a difference of 10 per cent. Then there are the interferences of trades-unions, &c. If I have correctly apprehended the nature and scope of your mission, the rates of wages will form an important element in your inquiries. I venture to forward my rates of wages paid to upwards of 900 men and boys, as a convenient form for comparison with those of foreign manufacturers; for averages are quite useless, and an exact comparison impossible, unless in some such form as that I have given. If it should come within the scope of your inquiry to elicit such facts as those contained in my enclosure, I should be very glad to have them placed before myself and fraternity, and leave it to your discretion to make use of the rates I have given in exchange for those which you may be able to obtain. In any case, I leave you*

an entire freedom in dealing with my facts. Wishing you every success,

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

EDWARD SLAUGHTER.

P S.—The main features of my form are, that the *numbers* as well as rates of wages are given for each class of men employed.

It is unnecessary to continue these extracts, for the ordinary reader can easily perceive that while the writers attempted to conceal their object, their conclusion and remedy are as I have stated them, viz. : *in keeping the working people of England in complete ignorance, and in reducing their wages to the level of those of Belgium.* But the great truth is nowhere admitted in this pamphlet that the reason why the working people of Belgium are happier than their English fellow-laborers, even under their reduced wages, *is, because they enjoy more rights than the latter, and are allowed the advantages of a thorough common-school education.* The comfort and happiness of the people of Belgium, compared with those of England, have impressed every traveller, and it is doubtless owing to this fact that the Belgian manufacturers have been enabled successfully to compete with their former irresistible English rivals. The authors of the pamphlet do not hesitate at the outrage of boldly charging the present prostration of business in England to the efforts of Mr Bright and other Liberal statesmen in favor of popular education, and to the combinations among the workingmen to protect themselves against still lower wages as the sequel of these efforts. A more candid confession would be that if England has fallen off in the great struggle for supremacy among the manufacturers of the world, it is because the poisoned chalice of free trade has been returned to her own lips.

It is not the efforts of her people to protect themselves against still lower wages, or to insist upon better wages, nor yet the appeals of her enlightened statesmen for popular education, that threaten to place and keep her in the

rear, but because she has thrown open the doors to a fatal European competition. The question arises whether the United States is willing to follow an example which is here confessedly bringing ruin upon Great Britain? There is but one of two remedies for the English manufacturers and nobility: either to guard themselves against foreign competition by a protective policy, or to *reduce the wages of their workingmen to the Continental standard*. And it is exactly this latter remedy that the pamphlet before me was prepared to favor. Mr. Bright and the Liberals propose a higher and a purer relief, that of elevating the people; but this is indignantly rejected as the panacea of a false philosophy.

Meanwhile, is it not strange that with this extraordinary confession, circulated by thousands throughout England, the English free-traders should be appealing to the United States to adopt their principles? It is unnecessary for me to repeat my sincere sympathy with the laboring millions of my own country, nor to add that I have at all times taken the initiative in sustaining their appeals, even when they assumed what others declared to be an unreasonable shape. I cannot, therefore, avoid directing their attention to these significant confessions, as not only a warning against allowing themselves to be misled by the arguments of the Democratic politicians at home who have engrafted these free-trade arguments into their own platform, but as an argument against all combinations which are not founded upon intrinsic justice.



LXI.—FOREIGN STEAMBOATS.

STEAM-TRAVEL BY LAND AND SEA—INFERIOR EUROPEAN RIVER STEAMBOATS—ANTWERP TO LONDON—THAMES STEAMBOATS—LOW FARES—MISERABLE CRAFT—LOWERING THE FUNNEL—NOISY NAVIGATION—FLIBBERTIGIBBET ON THE THAMES—SIGHTS ON THE RIVER—COSTLY BRIDGES—LONDON AND PARIS IMPROVEMENTS—THE SMOKE NUISANCE—STEAM-FERRIES ON THE MERSEY—A HINT TO BARNUM.

LIVERPOOL, *August 21, 1867.*

If, as a general thing, we must concede the superiority of the English, French, and German railways and cars—always excepting the absence of those comforts which make travel on long lines so delightful in America, and especially the system by which you can take an imperial state-room at New York, and travel direct to Chicago, St. Louis, or even Leavenworth, in Kansas, enjoying the blessings of sound sleep and excellent refreshments, without leaving the train—there can be no comparison between European steamers and our own. If they surpass us in many respects on land, we leave them immeasurably behind on the water. Making all allowances for the fact, that they have no such interior lines of river communication as the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio, no intelligent traveller who has visited both hemispheres has failed to be impressed by the surpassing and exceptionless elegance and swiftness of our American steamers. Indeed, it is claimed that within a very few years, ocean travel will pass from British into American hands. All that is necessary to secure this desirable result is greater care in the building and greater caution in the commanding of these leviathans of the deep, by their American projectors and officers.

Nothing can be more miserable than the ferry or pleasure-boats on the Thames, the Seine, and the Mersey. I recalled the airy, graceful, and crowded vessels that cruise across and along the Delaware and Hudson, and the numerous other ferries on local streams, and I sought in vain for the slightest resemblance to their rare advantages. The lack of these accommodations, painful as it was, would have been unaccountable if I had not recollected that the European masses cannot afford to travel as they do in our country, and hence probably no company will undertake what might simply be an expensive experiment.

The disparity is utterly incomprehensible when you compare the steamers that run along the coast, corresponding with those between New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and the various sea-board towns North and South. Here at least every thing should be of the first order, because such enterprises, patronized by wealthy foreigners, ought to be very profitable; but I think I speak for thousands when I say that nothing could be worse than the European method of river transportation. The Rhine steamers are almost beneath contempt. Crowded frequently to excess, the accommodations of all kinds are of the smallest and meanest. The boats themselves are diminutive and slow, and the refreshments inexcusably common. An American company, encouraged by the constant and increasing foreign travel (for little or nothing is gathered from the patronage of the natives), would rival some of the ornate private residences on the banks with the elegant and even gorgeous structures that would soon float along under their inspiration.

I had an opportunity of trying an English coasting steamer from Antwerp to London. I assure you that nothing relieved the voyage from being disagreeable to the last but the splendid weather. Worse interior arrangements it was impossible to imagine. The ship itself was good enough, but who shall ever describe the horrors of

the table, and the really scandalous conduct of the servants? Rude, careless, foul, they were fit ministers to one of the worst entertainments ever offered to man or beast. It was here that I saw the English character at its worst. We were the only Americans on board, and it seemed to give special delight to a number of the passengers to abuse our country in loud and offensive tones. Had Charles Dickens been present, I think I would have employed that graceful pen of his, long ago so facile in describing the shortcomings of Americans, to hold up to deserved reprobation the shameless insolence of these ill-mannered Englishmen.

When we reached London we found the wharf opening into a stable, and this stable leading to an alley where the passengers were landed, and where they had to wait for more than an hour before they could secure conveyance to their hotels. How different from the splendid floating palaces that steam between our great cities, with their saloons, state-rooms, music, exquisite meals, attentive servants, agreeable company, and moderate fares.

The small steamboats, plying on the Thames, between Westminster, which may be said to represent the aristocratic, and London Bridge, in the centre of the business locality of the metropolis, are so immensely profitable that the different companies that own them must be looked upon as extremely mean in not having better. They start every three minutes, at very low fares; many for two cents the whole trip, though some, familiarly called "ha' penny boats," are still cheaper. These small boats might be called water-omnibuses, and are very much used, though it must be confessed that besides being mere cockle-shells in size and strength, they are filthy to a degree, and rather dangerous, from the general ignorance of their commanders. These boats have nothing like a cabin, unless a small, ill-lighted, badly ventilated, and never-washed square

orifice below deck, not much larger than the inside of a street omnibus, can be allowed that title.

The passage "between the bridges," as the route from Westminster to London Bridge is designated, is not to be neglected, however, by the inquiring stranger, for it gives him the opportunity of observing not only the bridges but the wharves, on both sides of the Thames, which river, throughout that line of transit, averages the width of the Schuylkill at the Market-street Bridge, in Philadelphia. If a little wider at some points, it is narrower at others.

The course of the Thames for this extent is rather serpentine. The boats—under-sized, small-engined, and paddle-wheeled tubs—have their funnels so constructed that in passing under bridges they can be easily lowered; a process which emits a vast quantity of thick smoke, none but bituminous coal being used for the engines, which is the reverse of pleasant, palatable, or wholesome. There is a law providing that all the Thames steamboats shall consume their own smoke, but this seems to be "more honored in the breach than the observance."

Another peculiarity of these small Thames steamers is the perpetual noise and tumult with which they are navigated. A passenger from Philadelphia to Camden, from Jersey City to New York, hears none of this noise, as he sits down in a handsome deck-cabin, on a comfortably-cushioned bench, lounge, or sofa. The Delaware and the Hudson are crossed, without any word of command being heard, the steering being done out of sight, signals so minute and noiseless that the passengers cannot perceive them, directing the men in charge when to slacken or advance speed, when to stop, at what moment to change the vessel's course, and precisely when to run her into her position at the pier, or the wharf. But the commander of one of the cheap Thames' steamers stands on a bridge from paddle to paddle, during the whole of each trip, and, "looking a-head," gives his orders, by a motion of his

hand, to an attendant, in the shape of a dwarfish boy, who evidently is not likely to be personally affected by any increase of the tax upon soap, and, as his appearance would seem to intimate, probably sleeps, at nights, upon a bunk of ashes, or among the coal below. Quick of eye, sharp in mind, and distressingly loud in voice, this attendant-imp, the very Flibbertigibbet of Thames navigation, watches, catches, and interprets every motion of the hand which his master, "the Captain," makes. Accordingly, never taking his eyes from the "ancient mariner" on the little bridge, he shouts with a shrillness which is a trifle less piercing than that of a steam-whistle, certain phrases by which the man at the wheel, taking careful heed, guides the boat. "E-saw," as the lad expresses it, means "Ease her," while "Sto-paw" may be interpreted "Stop her," and so on through a strange vocabulary of which only these two compounds have clung to my memory.

Starting a little westward of London Bridge, which is the first artificial obstacle there reared by the power of man to oppose the onward progress of ocean-vessels into the heart of the country, the little steamers pass under Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Hungerford, and two suspension bridges, before they reach Westminster. The sights in this journey are numerous. Beyond London Bridge looms the Tower, and not far from the point of departure the Monument points upwards, a memorial of the great fire, in the reign of Charles the Second. Southwark, like London and Waterloo bridges, was erected from designs by an architect named Rennie. London Bridge is constructed of Aberdeen granite, at a cost of \$5,000,000. Southwark Bridge, including the expense of making the approaches, cost \$4,000,000, and its three arches, made of cast-iron, span a clear water-way of six hundred and sixty feet; the Thames being narrower at this point than at any other during its passage through what is called London, but actually consists of that city and of Westminster on

the north, and of Southwark ("the Borough") and Lambeth on the south of the Thames. Blackfriars Bridge is in course of erection, and is darkly overlooked by St. Paul's Cathedral, nearly half a mile distant. Waterloo Bridge, which Canova, the sculptor, said it was worth while visiting London expressly to see, is built of stone and cost over \$5,000,000. Westminster Bridge, with the new Houses of Parliament on one side, and venerable Lambeth, the city-palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury on the other, has been finished only a short time, and is as solid, well-constructed, and handsome as Waterloo. Between these two bridges is now in course of progress the immense and costly improvement known as the Thames embankment, whereby considerable space will be gained from the river, on each side of which a solid line of quays, constructed of granite, will be formed like the fine street which lines the banks of the Neva, in St. Petersburg; but, compared with what Napoleon has done in Paris, during the fifteen years of his reign, London improvements must be considered comparatively slow and scant. It is accompanied, too, with the perpetual drawback of architectural beauties, however great, being soon soiled and spoiled by what is called London smoke. In Paris, as in most of our American cities (I fear that Pittsburg has to be regarded as the usual exception to the general rule), public buildings, monuments, and statues of white marble remain unsullied and uninjured by constant exposure to the atmosphere. In London, and indeed in every city and town in England, the smoke from the bituminous coal not only blackens marble or stone, but actually injures it—getting into its pores, so to say, and, by disintegrating the particles which compose its solidity, speedily decays it. Even such modern buildings as Buckingham Palace and the new Palace of Westminster (the Parliament House), are already in this transition state. The smoke, which holds acrid oxides in suspension, has got into their marble and stone, the

outer surface of which peels off in flakes. In fifty years, at the present rate of deterioration, all the beautiful and costly carvings on the Palace of Westminster will be undistinguishable. To mitigate the evil, the outer walls of the two palaces have been saturated with a strong solution of silica, which is expected to arrest the progress of premature decay. This is merely an experiment, the result of which cannot be known for some time.

The local steamers on the Thames appear almost innumerable. The city route extends from Richmond to Woolwich (a little lower down than Greenwich), and, owing to the windings of the river, this route is eighteen miles long. The fare is twelve cents, but for shorter intermediate distances, it graduates from that amount down to two cents. The various city steamboats usually ply from sunrise until after dark. From London Bridge to Gravesend, the entrance of the port of London, a distance of thirty miles, there is at least one boat every hour, running the distance in two hours, at a shilling per head. A few of these boats have sixty-horse engines, and are fitted up with some regard to neatness, cleanliness, and comfort. From London Bridge Wharf to Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover, popular summer-resorts by the sea-side, numerous vessels start every forenoon, and are fitted up (on a small scale, it is true) as floating-taverns. Some of the Londoners have a fond idea that these are rather superior to our magnificent steam-palaces on the Mississippi, and fancy that an American who tells them the latter are six times larger must be quizzing them or drawing the long-bow. Though the steam ferry-boats between Liverpool and the line of towns and villages on the opposite Cheshire side of the river Mersey are only a shade better than the miserable penny boats on the Thames, no native resident in this great commercial town appears to have any idea that they are very badly adapted for their purpose. This is the usual way with the English. They think every thing of their own

as good as can be required, and are slow in making changes, even when these are certain to be valuable improvements. If Mr. Barnum should at any time desire to astonish the good people of Liverpool (who have given themselves the inexplicable title of "Dickey Sams"), let him take a Brooklyn and New York steam ferry-boat or such a Delaware river steamer as the "Edwin Forrest," lay her alongside of St. George's Pier, announcing that *this* was thence to convey passengers to Birkenhead, Woodside, Seacombe, Eastham, or New Brighton (all opposite Liverpool), and the general belief would be that instead of a ferry-boat he had brought over an ocean steamer, with which he was attempting to "humbug" the English!



LXII.—FOREIGN CAPITAL.

CAPITAL COMING WESTWARD—OPPORTUNITY FOR PROFITABLE INVESTMENT—FREE TRADE A FAILURE—EDUCATION AND COMPETITION.

LIVERPOOL, *August 22, 1867.*

Plenty of money, a wealthy aristocracy, languid manufactures, and a discontented working population, are the public aspects that demand the consideration of the British statesman. Add to these the necessity for constant military preparation, and the chances of a general European war, and you have some idea of the situation of affairs. When capital, fearing foreign investments, is almost exclusively expended upon home or domestic enterprises of all kinds, you have an explanation of the extraordinary durability of the British railroads and all other public improvements, including the magnificent buildings connected with them. You look with wonder upon these

massive combinations, and your wonder increases when you are told that many of them have been most unproductive, and not a few of them ruinous. Continental Europe, full of excitements of all kinds, offers no temptations to the owners of these enormous fortunes, and there is but one country to which they can look with any ordinary expectation of any sure returns. I mean, of course, the United States. That the Tory aristocracy hate our country is a truth unnecessary to deny, but that men of large wealth in the United Kingdom are directly interested in the preservation of our Government, is just as true as that they are dissatisfied with the present European rates of interest and prices of money. No English traveller in the United States, since the war, has failed to come to the conclusion that he who desires to invest his money with a view to safety as well as profit should encourage our securities, national and corporate. Therefore it is that the Pennsylvania Central, the Illinois Central, the New York Central Railroads, and the stocks and bonds of the general Government, are almost as carefully looked after as the consols themselves. Facts like these go further than free-trade theories, especially in the face of the alarming poverty, vice and dissatisfaction of the millions who contribute to the profits of the British manufacturers. Free trade is now proving itself not only to be a failure, but a calamitous failure to those who clamored most loudly for it, and it only needed the efforts of Mr. Bright and his friends in favor of public education, which can never be enforced without destroying a system that rests mainly upon the ignorance of the toiling people, and the successful competition of the Belgian manufacturers, whose low wages are simply tolerated because the government contributes to the intelligence of the workingmen—it only needed this double experience to show that the gigantic fortunes of England must look elsewhere for compensation.

LXIII.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

OCEAN STEAMERS—THE IRON VESSELS—EMIGRATION—CUNARD MAIL LINE—RECEIPTS AND PROFITS—THE CARRYING TRADE—AMERICAN ENTERPRISE—SUNDAY AT SEA—ADVANTAGE OF FOREIGN TRAVEL—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMER PERSIA, *September 1, 1867.*

Any one who has ever felt like questioning the fact that a locomotive engine is among the marvellous creations of human skill, should study the mammoth machines which propel immense ocean-steamers like the *Scotia* and *Persia*. There is something awful in this ponderous iron anatomy as it throbs and sobs in the bosom of these huge leviathans. You have only to know that the engine of the *Persia* works up to three thousand horse-power, consumes one hundred tons of coal daily, and employs sixty-two engineers, firemen, and laborers, to form some idea of its enormous dimensions and capacities. All this mass of metal and of men, with seventeen hundred tons of coal (at the starting), is hidden away from the passengers, who, however they may long to reach their destination, and watch the hourly record of ocean travelled, rarely take the pains of descending into the Plutonian caves to see and study the stupendous triumph of human genius which is driving a ship of three thousand four hundred tonnage through the stormy and treacherous sea. On my outward voyage I frequently conversed with the chief engineer of the *Scotia*, and it has not been one of the least interesting ways of lessening the anxious and weary hours of my homeward passage to study the tremendous "works" of the *Persia*. And well have I been repaid for my pains. You have frequently, on shore, passed a forge, with its great hammers

and red flames and half-naked men, looking like fiends cooking some infernal alchemy. Imagine a fiery laboratory like this, at ceaseless labor, day and night, in the bosom of one of these floating palaces, and you will have some conception of the perils of a modern steam voyage, and of the extraordinary experience and courage demanded of the officers of a steamship like the *Persia*. The immense composite of wood and iron, in which I am now writing these lines, rests upon an under or outerplating of iron, not more than a quarter of an inch thick, and the heavy engine itself whirls its remorseless rounds and burns its unceasing flames between these thin partitions! I confess to an involuntary shudder when the friendly chief-engineer reminded me, as I walked through his subterranean quarters, and saw his men torturing the intense furnaces with their long tongs and feeding those insatiate craters with incessant feasts of coal, that we were within a second of the whales, sharks, sword-fish, and other humane citizens of the deep! Yet ocean travel is now not only safer and swifter, but a thousand times healthier, than it was in the days of exclusive sailing vessels. In those days the poor emigrants suffered unimaginable horrors. Packed away like herrings in tiers, and fed on the poorest rations, they were subjected to all the distress of a long and tedious voyage, and landed disheartened, foul, and sick. Their general condition was not much better than that of the stolen Africans in the floating baracoons which conveyed them into endless servitude. Now, thanks to steam and the vigorous laws of the American Government, the emigrant buys his passage to Philadelphia for about twenty-five dollars, in good, stout steamers, and at the end of about two weeks lands at our wharves, clean, happy, and well, ready to take the Pennsylvania Central cars for his new and independent home in the far-off West. This incalculable advantage is even greater to those who take the lines that do not carry emigrants. But regarded

simply for its effects upon civilization in the transportation of these new citizens of our Republic, apart from a thousand other blessings, the invention of steam has become an irresistible evangelizer.

The Cunard Royal Mail Line has now been twenty-seven years in existence, and I chronicle its great prosperity in the hope that our people, particularly those of Philadelphia, will accept the fact as the best argument for the commencement of a thorough competition for that priceless trade which should be controlled, as it is mainly contributed to, by Americans. The Cunard company bought four ships to start with, and they are now the owners of twenty-four splendid ocean steamers, built out of their large profits, after paying splendid dividends to the stockholders. As a specimen of their prosperity take the present cargo. We have on board two hundred and eighteen first-class passengers, who pay one hundred and fifty-five dollars apiece, making a total of \$33,790 in gold. The freight is estimated at nearly \$10,000. In addition, they receive some \$9,000 for carrying the mail (which is included in their annual subsidy from the British Government). Their expenses are about \$15,000 the single trip, not more. These figures, nearly exact, foot up a very large profit. It is only necessary to add that at least two hundred of our two hundred and eighteen passengers are Americans, to show whence these gains are derived. Now, while it is true that the English can build ocean steamers for much less money than the Americans, owing to their cheap and mainly pauper labor, and the ease of obtaining money at low interest, we must not forget that the carrying trade between Europe and the United States must in a few years be greater than it has ever been. The English, Germans, and French have so much confidence in these auguries that they are rapidly building steamers to anticipate this trade. The overthrow of our rebellion, the success of free labor in the South, the unsettled condition of Europe, the anxiety of capitalists for sure investments, and the

constant increase of emigration, are as clear to them as to us, and indeed clearer, than to many bigoted politicians, who refuse to admit and to take advantage of the glorious destiny of their country. The British Government, feeling that the Cunard line needs no more "protection," in view of such a future, have decided to withdraw the annual subsidy of nearly a million of dollars on the 1st of January, 1868, and thus give a new invitation to competition. A grave question is here presented to our statesmen, whether the whole of the American trade shall be carried by foreign ships; and I hope the next session of Congress will grapple with it. There are many ways by which our ship-builders may be encouraged to resume the proud position they occupied before the war. Meanwhile these facts ought to be carefully weighed by the merchants of Philadelphia. They should not wait a moment. A bold and comprehensive movement will not only restore them their lost commercial supremacy, but arm them with the mastery of a future commercial position. When I think of the dazzling destiny that will reward their great enterprise, the Pennsylvania Central, and remember that New York city is reaping almost millions by our loss of these means of intercourse with foreign countries, it seems impossible that Philadelphia should longer stand in the gateway of her grandeur, only to help others forward to the ascendancy which belongs to herself.

The American ocean steamers *Fulton* and *Arago* have lately become very popular, and have made quick and successful trips. Many of our passengers, who have tried them, compare them favorably with the *Persia*, and insist that they are superior in several important particulars. The Inman and the French and English lines are running nearly full; but all these facts only show the necessity of more domestic competition, and the eagerness of foreigners to monopolize trade that ought to be mainly in our hands. The subject is one, indeed, of national consequence, and

concerns more cities than Philadelphia and more States than Pennsylvania. We should strain every nerve to recover the carrying trade we lost by the rebellion. The very fear of England and France that we may recover it, is perhaps the best reason why we should address ourselves instantly to the duty Congress can do much; and I have no hesitation in saying that the most generous aid should be extended to those who are willing to embark in new American lines of ocean steamers. Call it what you please—protection or subsidy—we have only to remember that the free-trade nations always protect *their* great interests when it is necessary, and that by a liberal policy in this respect we not only revive great international enterprises, *but by doing so gratify a large influence that has loudly complained that domestic manufactures have been benefited while commerce has been crippled.*

September 4.—The *Persia* is steaming towards New York as I close this letter, though not my correspondence. If any thing can make a sea voyage tolerable to those who are eager to return to their native land, the general comforts and safety of such a ship as the *Persia*, and the kind relations of a company of well-bred passengers, would be sufficient. We have many pleasant and several very distinguished people on board. Hon. Justin S. Morrill, Senator in Congress from Vermont; Hon. James G. Blaine, Representative from Maine; W. C. Bryant, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, the eminent physician, Professor Fordyce Barker, of New York; William Bond, Esq., vice-president of the celebrated Almaden Quicksilver Mining Company of California; and Mrs. H. N. Beers, authoress of the renowned Sunday-School Hymns, are among the number. On Sunday, English service in the ladies' cabin was attended by nearly all the passengers and crew, and the well-pronounced sermon of Rev. Addison B. Atkins, the esteemed Episcopal clergyman at Germantown, Philadelphia, was full of practical reflections, fitted to the times

and the occasion. Captain Lott, of the *Persia*, is a genuine English seaman, frank and generous, yet full of honest prejudices, which he does not attempt to conceal. With the present trip *he has crossed the ocean three hundred and forty-five times*, commencing his service on the Cunard line, twenty-four years ago. He has sailed the *Persia* for some eleven years, and never had a serious accident. Like the veterans of his school, he has in this long experience seen danger in many shapes, and mingled with all sorts of people. Seated at the head of his table in the main saloon, or giving the word of command on his upper deck, he is like a king on his throne, and possesses more absolute power than many who claim to rule their fellows; and if he speaks with oracular force in the social dining-room, it is because he is accustomed to be obeyed.

The inquiries of American statesmen in Europe have always resulted in good. From the beginning of the Government, our leading minds have regarded a knowledge of foreign habits and doctrines an essential part of political education. Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams spent a considerable period in Europe when the passage was long and dangerous; and the great men of the succeeding generations, Clay, Randolph, Webster, Van Buren, and Winfield Scott, found much that deserved to be seen and remembered in their foreign travels. Now that a sea voyage is much easier, cheaper, and quicker, there is hardly an excuse for any thoughtful American refusing to follow these illustrious examples. Senators Morrill and Sherman, and Representatives Washburne (of Illinois) and Blaine (of Maine), and others, have made good use of their time abroad, and have collected much useful data bearing on important interests; they will appear at the November session not only in better health, but better prepared to sustain the great Republican cause.

There is something significant in the general anxiety to get to New York; but, common as it is in those who have

long been absent, it is interesting now as proving that love of country is as fervent as ever in the American heart. We have a number of Southern people on board, and not a few who helped the rebellion; but, though some of the females show a silly dislike of "the Yankees," and occasionally drop a taunt against "the nigger," they are generally free to say that their foreign experience has only made them prouder of their country. Indeed, as I have repeatedly said, the best way to make an American more loyal is to give him a fair insight into European society, the vices and intolerance of the aristocratic and wealthy, and the despair and wretchedness of the poor. I have not met an American resident anywhere in England or on the Continent who does not either express exulting pride in our Government and example, or look forward to the day when he shall dwell and die in the land of his fathers. Even the expatriated rebel leaders, with a few contemptible exceptions, express the same sentiment. Men have never been so heavily punished for a causeless crime. I have not met one of them who did not look as if he had drained the cup of sorrow, if not of repentance, to the dregs. Bitterly indeed have they realized their offence, and in nothing so much as in the *heartlessness of foreign sympathy for men in distress*. A stranger in a strange land, without money or friends, presents a picture feeble in comparison with the present condition of these exiled secessionists. And if I were their most envenomed foe, I should say that they have been sufficiently punished. I do not, I cannot speak of them with bitterness, when their miseries and their confessions awaken all my humanity. And you may be sure their experience has not been lost upon those who followed, nor yet upon those who disdained their counsel. So that if my brief absence from home had been productive only of the reflections suggested by the situation of these misguided men, it would have been well employed. But I hope it has been more profitable. It has convinced

me that every intelligent American should visit the Old World at least once in his lifetime; and I have not hesitated to advise every intelligent foreigner I have met to see and study our country in return. Those who have visited us must go back as much surprised and enlightened as I have been by my short experience. Others need not fear the contrast. While they will gather much they could not glean from books, and unlearn many prejudices, the European who visits our country will be equally rewarded by a candid and careful examination of our people and our institutions.

CONCLUSION.

I had some idea of the feelings of one who had been absent from home and friends for a long time, as, on the 4th of September, 1867, I caught the first glimpse of the stars and stripes floating from the quarantine grounds, when the *Persia* gracefully and rapidly neared the beautiful scenery and handsome country-houses that make an ocean entrance to New York so agreeable to the traveller. The broad and heaving bay, shining in the rays of the autumnal sun, busy with outgoing and incoming ships, was not unlike the Irish Channel when, on the lovely morning of the 10th of May last, we approached the town of Liverpool. But the emotions with which first I beheld the British coast were of a far different character. Four months had been the limits of my wanderings, and much as I had witnessed, and greatly as I was instructed in that short period, I was as happy in my return as if these months had been years. And, although a trip to Europe is a far more profitable lesson to a thorough American than such an experience was during the war, or even before the war, for that very reason the American who now studies the people and the institutions of the old countries is sure to come back to his own with his patriotism confirmed and his affections increased. As I have attempted to show in these desultory letters, indifference to or ignorance of the United States was the prevailing sentiment in Europe before our terrible struggle for self-preservation startled mankind to a keen sense of our existence, and awakened a keener curiosity to understand our system of government. Hundreds—the Aristocracy—hated us, and thousands—the People—loved us; and, although the hate of the one originated in fear that our example might prevail, and the love

of the other in the undefined idea that the success of that example would be their deliverance, yet it was painful to notice how comparatively little was known of the United States until slavery flew to arms and failed to overcome our free institutions. The ever-present sense of the fact that we are now generally, if not universally, appreciated, adds a rare savor to an American's experience in Europe. It was something to realize that if our republicanism was in a large degree the reproduction of the best of the old philosophies, the success with which we have adapted and improved those philosophies was gladly recognized and seized upon as the happy harvest of indestructible truth. The seed has produced not ten, but ten thousand fold, and it is wonderful how public opinion in Europe, alike the leaders who follow and the tyrants who fear it, has gathered hope and courage in the light of American triumphs. Had the conspiracy of the slave-traitors been crowned with success, human freedom everywhere would have been fatally postponed. There would have been no Reform Bill in England, by which more than half a million have been added to the voting population—no prospect of relief from the nameless horrors prevailing in the agricultural and manufacturing districts of that country—and no hope for Ireland. Switzerland would have been absorbed by the surrounding monarchies; Italy, falling a prey to her internal dissensions, would have been crushed under the weight of her colossal debt; Germany would have relapsed into a vast military power; Russia would never have emancipated her serfs; and France would have become the victim of ultimate revolution and absolute rule.

But, as we dwell upon the fact that the triumph of the Union arms has given our country a new influence, and has contributed incalculably to the encouragement and elevation of our fellow-creatures everywhere, are we not ourselves in the forefront of another peril, even more perilous than the rebellion itself? If, in presenting ourselves to

other nations as the best living example of free government, our toleration of and exultation in human slavery subjected us to the jeers of the despot, and to the reproaches of the philanthropist, how long can we expect to retain a potential sway over the minds of men, if, having destroyed physical servitude, we hesitate to complete our mission; and, fearing to punish the murderous rebel, deliberately doom four millions of loyal citizens to a new and still more humiliating degradation? This was the question which I asked myself as, on landing in New York, I found the great political party, which had chiefly assisted our brave soldiers to conquer a gigantic treason amid the admiration and amazement of mankind, in another and still more desperate struggle with the same enemy for the preservation of the fruits of their perseverance and fortitude. When this important question is finally solved we shall then really understand whether Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant on the 9th of April, 1865, or whether Ulysses S. Grant surrendered to Robert E. Lee.

J. W. F. —

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ADDENDA.

LETTERS BY J. W. FORNEY, JR.

THE TIMES OFFICE.

LABYRINTHINE APPROACH—IMPOSING-ROOM—TELEGRAMS—PROOF-READING—COMPOSING-ROOM—OLD-FASHIONED CASES—EDITORS AND REPORTERS—LIBRARY—RESTAURANT—SICK-FUND—NOT IN THE UNION—COMPOSITORS' EARNINGS—STEREOTYPING—PAPER-WETTING MACHINE—PRESSES—STEAM-ACTION MACHINES—KONIG AND APPELGATH—HOE'S LIGHTNING PRESS—CIRCULATION OF "THE TIMES"—ECONOMY—PRIVATE TELEGRAPH LINE.

LONDON, *June 2*, 1867.

I left the Langham Hotel last Friday night, shortly before eleven o'clock, on a visit to the office of that world-renowned newspaper, the *London Times*. This establishment is situated in Printing-House Square, between St. Paul's Cathedral and Blackfriars Bridge, and the approach to it is through a number of narrow dark lanes. It is, indeed, as the guide-book says, "One of the most labyrinthine recesses to be seen in London." My friend and myself rode there in a "Hansom," for to have attempted to find it ourselves would have been a waste of time. Armed with a card from Mr. John Walter (who holds the largest number of shares, and owns the entire printing office and machinery), without which none are admitted, we presented ourselves at the small door of a very old building, and handed that card to a person seated behind a desk. After carefully examining it, he carried it into an adjoining apartment, and presently returned with one of the under managers. It was evident that Mr. Walter had left word that we should be shown through the office, and have every thing explained to us.

We were told that we were now in "the imposing-room," or

room in which the forms of *The Times* are made up. This apartment is on the ground floor, and is entirely separate from the composing-room, which is in the fifth story. The door from the street, or rather lane, opens directly into the imposing-room. At one end of this room the advertisements are imposed, and at the other the news. The imposing, as *The Times* stereotypes, is done upon stones, and in flat chases. Of these stones there are eight—one for each page of the journal proper. Upon long tables, stretched across the room, were placed galleys filled with such advertisements received that day as could not appear the following morning. Each galley may be called a column, and as there were forty-eight galleys, that number of columns of fresh paying advertisements were left over for the purpose of "getting in" the news. There were doubtless besides these many galleys of miscellaneous items, which had also to be postponed. In this lower room all the telegraphic news is received, and after passing through the hands of a gentleman who takes an account of it, it is sent up stairs to the editors, who prepare it for and send it to the foreman in the composing-room. It is then put in type, proved, read in the reading-room, corrected, revised again, again read and then sent down by a machine in galleys to the imposing-room. Every line which appears in *The Times* is read by proof-readers, of whom there are eight, six or seven times, before it is considered ready for the forms. Notwithstanding all this care, errors will now and then creep in. An old printer is therefore especially employed, whose duty it is to read the entire newspaper each morning, and to report every typographical mistake. The proofs are then examined, the authors of the blunders fined, and the amount thus obtained placed to the credit of the "sick-fund," of which more presently.

Nearly the whole of *The Times* newspaper, comprising usually seventy-two broad columns, or about 17,500 lines, is reset every day, and for that purpose over one hundred compositors are employed. The composing-room is, as I said before, on the fifth story. It is neither very large nor well ventilated. In fact, this important feature cannot in any way bear comparison with the large, airy apartment devoted to the same use by the PHILADELPHIA PRESS. The men of this London journal work at the old-fashioned wooden stands and cases, and without the newly-invented brass galleys. I could not but mark the comparison between the clumsy, worn-out

affairs all around, and the light and suitable metallic ones in use in the office of THE PRESS, at Philadelphia. The reading-room is on the same floor with the composing-room. There are in it two long tables, running from side to side, at which the proof-readers and copy-holders sit. When we entered all were at work, and though many were reading aloud no one interrupted another. There is a head proof-reader, whose word here is law.

The Times employs eighteen reporters, and a corresponding number of editors. The reporters' apartment is large, well furnished, and well lighted, and is altogether a model of its kind. Desks are placed around the wall, and at each seat there is a gas jet and shade. In the centre is a table for various uses. In this room is the library, in which can be found files of the newspaper since the first number—edited, published, and owned by the grandfather of the present proprietor—appeared in 1788. These files are neatly bound in yearly volumes.

A restaurant is connected with the establishment, and food is cooked there for all the attachés—*i. e.*, for three hundred persons. Every thing save beer is sold at cost price. Here many of the employés take all their meals. They are not, however, required to do so. The restaurant has two rooms—one on the ground floor and one adjoining the reporters' quarters. The former is for the use of the compositors, pressmen, feeders, boys, &c., and the latter for editors, reporters, and heads of the different departments. In the lower saloon the charges or bills are paid with little cards, upon which is written what each person has had, and the amount is taken out of his wages at the end of the week. The persons in charge of the eating-rooms are compelled to show a weekly balance, and if they cannot they must give their reasons. The profit is put to the credit of the sick-fund.

Here let me explain what is meant by the Sick-Fund. *The Times* can be said to rear its own workmen, some of whom have been in the office thirty years, the majority of them twenty, and one of them forty. They come there when young, and remain until old, or in some cases until they die. Each is compelled to agree to three things: *First.* That he will keep an account at a savings' fund, and will produce it and allow it to be looked over at any time the proprietor of *The Times* or his manager may desire to see it. *Second.* That he will subscribe to the Medicine Fund. (This fund provides the hands with a doctor when they are sick.) *Third.*

That he will also subscribe to the Sick-Fund. (This fund is for the purpose of maintaining those unable to work on account of illness.) The above, it should be understood, does not apply to either the editors or reporters, though many of them can also be said to have been brought up in the office. Whether or not this system is a correct or just one, I will leave to the reader to determine.

Although there is a Printers' Union throughout England, not one of its members is at work in this office. In the time of the father of the present Mr. Walter, an attempt was made by his compositors to have the rules of the Union enforced in his office. The attempt failed. The typos of *The Times* are, however, paid better than those of any other establishment in London; and when I state that a first-rate compositor cannot make over five pounds (twenty-five dollars) a week, it will be readily seen that, as the rates of living here are almost if not quite as high as in the large cities of the United States, our American printers receive much more for their labor. The amount stated above is not, be it understood, the average pay, but the highest which can be made in one week, and is only realized by four or five. The compositors are not paid here by the thousand, as with us, but by the line, and one man was pointed out to me at *The Times* office as a wonder because he could set fifty lines of minion an hour.

The stereotyping apartment is immediately adjoining the press-room, and as the process differs very little from that of my own country, it would be useless to describe it. Suffice it to say, that I do not think a plate is obtained here quite as quickly as at home. *The type from which The Times is now printed has been in use eight years, and has never been touched by the press, and will from all appearances last ten years longer.* I carefully examined it in the form, and failed to discover a letter the least damaged. This establishment claims to have been the first to stereotype.

The Times does not manufacture its own paper, but is supplied by four of the largest mills in Great Britain on condition that the mill furnishing the best quality, at the most reasonable rates, shall receive the largest order. The paper is sent to the office in large stacks, each containing ten thousand sheets. The sheets are held together by a board at the top and bottom, and fastened by stout ropes. The wetting-machine is a curiosity, and unlike any thing of the kind I have ever seen or heard of in America. It may be called an invention of *The Times*. It will wet in twelve hours from

one hundred and forty thousand to one hundred and forty-six thousand sheets.

There are four presses—two of R. Hoe & Co.'s patent, New York (ten cylinders), and two made by Applegath, an Englishman. The Hoe presses were manufactured, according to a date upon them, in 1858, by G. J. Whitworth & Co., Manchester, England, who are or were entitled to make them by virtue of some arrangement with the patentee. These presses, having been built in 1858, have none of the recent great improvements which can be seen upon the wonderful machine a short time ago set up in the office of the PHILADELPHIA PRESS, or upon those elsewhere erected within the last two or three years. It might be well, while upon this subject, to say that no press built by the Hoe Company exactly resembles any previous one. The Applegath machines are unsightly affairs, and compare in appearance with those of America as a rough cart-horse compares with the thoroughbred, graceful racer. Neither are they as reliable, as fast, or as unlikely to get out of repair as those of which we are proud that an American invented and brought to their present perfect state. *The Times* people understand all this, and give the race-horse the larger share of the labor. For instance, the night we were there the outside or four advertising pages were being "worked off," and the Hoe presses were doing it, while those of Applegath stood silently by, as if looking on and envying their more powerful neighbors. The Applegath presses have no "flies," and as the printed sheets come off they are received and piled up by hand.

The Times was the first journal printed on a steam-propelled machine. As far back as the year 1790, Mr. Nicholson, editor of the *Philosophical Journal*, in London, took out a patent for what much resembled cylinder-printing. This was followed by the substitution of inking rollers to supersede the old process of inking by stuffed balls. In 1804, Mr. König, a German mechanic, went to London, and produced a small machine, in which were combined the cylinders and the inking-rollers, and, on exhibiting this to the first Mr. Walter, that gentleman engaged him to erect two machines for printing *The Times* by steam-power, and supplied the necessary funds. In *The Times* of November 28, 1814, an announcement appeared that the number of the journal for that day was the first ever printed by steam-propelled machinery. The new press produced 1,800 impressions an hour, a great improvement on the

former printing by hand at a common press, whereby 300 sheets per hour were printed on one side. In 1827, Messrs. Cowper and Applegath invented a four-cylinder machine which was erected in *The Times* office, and immediately superseded König's two machines, which were taken down, and printed from 4,000 to 5,000 sheets per hour. In 1848, the present Applegath vertical machine, which I have already mentioned, was erected, and, though clumsy in appearance, produced 10,000 impressions per hour. By Hoe's ten-cylinder machine as many as 20,000 copies of a newspaper can be printed in an hour, and by taking a stereotype cast of the forms when ready for press, which can be done in a few minutes, two sets of types can be produced, from which the impression can be duplicated.

The circulation of *The Times* is about fifty thousand copies daily. The paper is generally made up in twelve large pages, but, during the parliamentary session, when reports of the debates occupy much space, what is called "a double Times," consisting of sixteen pages, is generally printed thrice a week. The price of a single copy of *The Times* is three pence (six cents), but it cannot pass through any post-office unless it have on it a two cent stamp or the ordinary "Queen's head." The "outside" or advertising pages go to press shortly after ten, the second about half-past two, the third and last about half-past four, and not long after seven the whole edition is off. Each press has its own pressman. The boilers, of which there are four, and the two engines, were all built in England. Two boilers and one engine are used; the remainder are kept in case of accident. The engines are upright and are together about seventy horse-power. A machine shop is attached to the office, where all the necessary repairs are made. Printers' ink, which in most newspaper establishments is scattered so profusely around, is here kept altogether out of the way. It is received in barrels, taken to a small partitioned-off compartment in the cellar, and, as required, emptied into a metal box, whence it is passed, when wanted, directly into the fountains of the presses.

The great system throughout the entire establishment is what most surprised me. Nothing is allowed to go to waste. A card is kept by the different pressmen, and on it is marked the cause of any spoiled sheet—whether it was the fault of the paper-maker, the feeder, or the press. The very rags with which the machinery is wiped are counted, and those who use them cannot receive clean

ones until they return the dirty ones. The latter are then washed by a washing-machine in the office, and it is said that this small operation saves yearly one hundred and fifty pounds. *The Times* appears every morning, Sundays excepted, and prints no evening edition. Portions of it have been made up, for many years, into a tri-weekly called *The Evening Mail*, which has a large country circulation, but this will soon cease to be printed at or issued from *The Times* office.

I have now, I think, given you all the main points connected with the publication of one of the most prominent and influential newspapers in the world. There is one fact concerning the journals of Europe which may seem somewhat strange to the American reader, which I will mention without comment: the editors are always invisible while at the office, not receiving people as readily as we do. And another: no London journal displays so much energy and enterprise in procuring news as the newspapers of even the interior cities of the United States. The Atlantic cable, which was put down at so great an expense, is almost entirely ignored by the London papers, and little other telegraphic matter appears in their pages. Where they print lines we publish columns. The reason of this is evidently the expense; nothing more. They show that they feel an interest in matters abroad by their great number of foreign correspondents. Steam is cheaper than electricity. We use both.

Mr. McDonald, the business manager of *The Times*, is a gentleman of great ability and tact, and has our thanks for kindness shown us when we visited this wonderfully systematized printing house.

I had almost neglected to mention that telegraph lines run into *The Times* office—one from what we would call the Associated Press, and the other from the House of Commons. The former is used for the transmission of news. It saves time, and the cost and the uncertainty of an errand-boy. The other is *not* to send reports of the proceedings of Parliament, but to communicate with the reporters, as is often necessary. Parliament generally assembles at four o'clock in the afternoon, and often sits until nearly morning; it is therefore of the greatest importance to know how matters are going on.

The counting-room of *The Times* is small, but well adapted to its purposes.

THE SCHÜTZENFEST.

THE SCHWYTZERS—GESSLER'S CASTLE—THE HOPLÉ GASSE—DEATH OF GESSLER—LAKE SCENERY—ALTORF—THE TELLEN-PLATTE—WAS TELL A MYTH?—THE SCHUTZENFEST—SWISS SOLDIERS—MILITARY EDUCATION—THE FESTIVAL—AN AMERICAN SPEECH—PRIZES.

SCHWYTZ, SWITZERLAND, *July 14, 1867.*

From the town of Lucerne, down the lake whose natural beauties are the boast of Switzerland, or by an excellent post-road, there is easy access to Schwytz, which, though only a village with a population of little more than 5,000, is the capital of a canton bearing the same name, located nearly in the centre of the Confederation. Tradition, which, particularly in this country, frequently assumes the authority of history, declares that the very existence of the Schwytzers, who are shut in between lakes and mountains, was not generally known in Europe before the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the monks of Einseden, concealing the fact that the country was inhabited, obtained from the Emperor a grant of the territory, as waste and worthless land. The Schwytzers, not relishing the idea of being disposed of in this manner, resisted the reverend gentlemen, and a contest ensued which continued, in a desultory manner, for nearly fifteen years, when, about the time of Magna Charta being signed by King John, in England, it pleased the Emperor Frederick the Second to acknowledge their independence.

In this canton, near the village of Küssnacht, just at the foot of the Rigi, is a ruined wall, called Gessler's Castle, which is said to have been that which he was repairing when shot by William Tell. The identical spot where that catastrophe is said to have occurred is near Küssnacht, and is called the Hoplé Gasse, or Hollow Way, and is a narrow lane, with high banks on each side, surmounted by lofty trees; the post-road runs through it. Tell having escaped, by jumping out of Gessler's boat in the storm-tossed waters of Lucerne (as related in the page of history and in Knowles's drama), waited in this hollow for the coming of his

enemy, and put an arrow through him, from behind a tree, as he was riding along. At the end of the Hollow Way, on the roadside, is a small building, called Tell's Chapel. It dates earlier than his time, however, and was originally dedicated to "The Fourteen Helpers in Need" (our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and the twelve Apostles), but is now associated, from its locality and name, with that memorable deed of blood which is reported to have liberated Switzerland. High mass is periodically celebrated in it; the canton keeps it in repair; and there is a fresco on its outer wall, representing the death of Gessler.

The Biennial "Schützenfest" (shooting festival) is this year celebrated at Schwytz. Anxious to see one of these characteristic gatherings, we took the boat William Tell yesterday (Saturday) morning, and after a sail of surpassing beauty reached Schwytz about five in the afternoon. I could easily conceive why this stupendous combination of the wild and lovely in nature had aroused the genius of the poet and the valor of the soldier, and why a people born and raised amid such scenery could never be held under the oppressor's yoke. It was our first fair view of the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, and I cannot deny that we have nothing like such scenery in America. It is "itself its only parallel," differing from the bold grandeur of Niagara, which has no likeness on earth, the all-terrific forms of the Rocky Mountains, the peculiar magnificence of the Alleghanies. These Swiss hills and lakes have been immensely assisted by art and wealth. My companions remarked that our passage along these lovely waters, beautified on the levels by the residences of rich foreigners, many of them English gentry or Austrian nobility, and along the steep ascents occupied by the huts of the humble herdsmen or vine-growers, was not unlike a sail along the Hudson, above the Palisades, only here it was one continuous and uninterrupted succession of the wonderful. Range after range of these mountains rose before us as we advanced—one above the other, until those in the rear seemed to fade away or mingle with the clouds, the white gleaming glaciers showing themselves defiant of the hot sun that blazed at intervals from between the mists.

Reaching the little town of Schwytz, in one of the few Catholic cantons in the Republic which have heretofore resisted the progressive determination of the majority of the Protestant or Liberal party, but is now surely yielding before them, we took a carriage

and drove to Altorf, in the canton of Uri, where tradition has fixed the scene of Tell's refusal to take off his hat to Gessler the tyrant, and where he is said to have hit, with his unerring arrow, the apple that was placed on the head of his darling son. It is a very rude village, and the event that makes it interesting is perpetuated by yet ruder art, but the spot is not less dear to the people and interesting to strangers, who visit it in crowds.

On our return we stopped at another of Tell's Chapels, where, according to the same tradition, Tell escaped from his foes. This chapel is approached either from the steamer or by a very long and winding path, is at the very foot of the mountain, and is built on the Tellen-Platte, on the verge of Lake Lucerne, where Tell sprang to shore out of the boat in which Gessler was conveying him to one of the dungeons of his castle near Künsnacht. Modern doubt hints that, on strict investigation into the archives of Künsnacht, it has been clearly ascertained that the ruin now called Gessler's Castle never belonged to Gessler. But Tell's Chapel, on the Tellen-Platte, was erected by the canton of Uri, only thirty-one years after Tell's death, and in the presence of one hundred and fourteen persons who had known him personally. This affords cause for a strong presumption that the historical incidents with which his name and fame have been associated for five hundred years are actually true in the main. Modern doubt also has alleged that what Tell did in Switzerland was performed by a hero named Toko, in Denmark, in the tenth century. No evidence would shake the Swiss belief in Tell. So lately as the year 1715, the deputies of the three ancient cantons of Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Uri (whence came Werner Stauffacher, Arnold an der Halden, and Walter Fürst, the bold triumvirate, pledged at Grütli, to liberate their country or die), met in the little chapel, on the Tellen-Platte, to renew their allegiance to liberty and their oaths of eternal union. At the battle of Morgarten, in November, 1315, when the three cantons defeated Leopold of Austria, and freed their native land, the men of Schwytz so greatly distinguished themselves, that thenceforth the whole country was named Schwytzersland, after them.

We spent the night at Schwytz, having first a look at the preparations for the next morning's ceremonies. The Schützenfest is to the Swiss what the Fourth of July is to the Americans—a national holiday; possessing, indeed, a practical significance in the extra-

ordinary rivalry it excites among the people by the valuable premiums offered for the best marksmen with the ordinary and modern rifle. A custom of early origin, it has been sedulously cultivated since the last attempt to break up the Republic in 1848; and now it is so interesting and popular that when the day arrives voluntary representatives of the whole nation, including men, women, and children, soldiers and politicians, young and old, hasten to it as to a great family centre. Even if there were no military schools and trainings for the people, therefore, you will see that the preparations for the biennial "Schützenfest" are calculated to make every man and every youth in the twenty-two cantons an adept in the use of firearms. When you are told that Switzerland has no standing army, no military tax, and no armed police, and yet, in a few hours warning, can put over three hundred thousand of the best troops in the world into the field, you will admit, perhaps, that she is pretty well able to defend herself, and that she has been no idle observer of the progress of the age.

The soldiers which Switzerland can rally round the flag are the "Bundeszug" or Federal army; the army of reserve; the "Landwehr" or militia; and the "Landsturm" or army of defence. This last includes all men over forty-five, consists of 150,000 men, and would only be called out in an extremity. These four classes make up a total of 339,926 of as fine soldiers as can be found in Europe. They are divided into infantry, including picked riflemen, cavalry, artillery, and sappers and miners. In order to provide for the defence of Switzerland, every citizen has to bear arms, the children are taught at school how to manage the musket, this part of their education beginning at the age of eight, and to test their skill and excite emulation, they have to pass through constant exercises and public reviews. There is no compulsion used, but the children voluntarily avail themselves of this military instruction. Not the infantry exercise only, but practical gunnery is taught. The Federal Government supplies the necessary rifles and also two and four pounder guns. From this, the importance of shooting well may be implied, and the national as well as individual interest in public competitive exhibitions.

The present "Schützenfest" had been a week in progress when we arrived, but the feeling excited by the event seemed to be on the increase, judging by the crowds that came upon the same boat with ourselves, and who continued to pour in all night, their shouts

and songs being kept up far into the small hours, and yet there was hardly a drunken man to be seen or heard in the entire concourse. As the night advanced the mountains were lighted with beacons, and every house seemed to be crowded with welcome guests. The hotel where we tarried over night, "The Golden Eagle," was overrun with customers, and yet a neater country house, with its waxed floors, clean beds, and healthy food, I never enjoyed as I "took mine ease in mine inn."

Taking a carriage about 11 o'clock this morning (Sunday) we set out for the place where the "Schützenfest" or festival was being held, about ten miles off. All along the route the houses, trees, and arbors were decorated with evergreens, the national Swiss flag, and those of the twenty-two different cantons; here and there were seen mottoes in German or French, setting forth the love of the people for freedom and their Faderland. As Schwytz lies in the Muotta valley, nearly surrounded by hills, we had no lack of much and varied mountain scenery. Temporary *cafés* had been erected along the way, and were, from all appearances, doing a good business. Carriages and pedestrians, some going to the festival, and others returning, thronged the road. The spot selected was a valley nestled in among the high mountains, which towered above, forming a sort of amphitheatre. I can give you no fair idea of the wonderful magnificence of this charming spectacle. After a ride of about twenty minutes we reached our destination, and, alighting, were soon in the very midst of the festivities. Booths for the sale of cigars, trinkets, mementos of the occasion, dancing and singing houses, were placed around. Those present, and there were, I should think, between fifteen and twenty thousand persons on the ground, made up a most curious and picturesque collection of persons. Each of the twenty-two different cantons was represented, and many of the people wore the old-fashioned costume which still prevails among these mountaineers, differing, however, in each commune. It was near the dinner-hour, twelve o'clock; we therefore repaired at once to the dining-hall, a large building, situated at one side of the field, and which was already nearly filled with people.

Each canton was here allowed tables according to its population, and above these were hung placards bearing the name of the canton and the date at which the festival had been held there. Some of the cantons had three, four, or five tables, and others but

one. It should not be understood that all who participated in the ceremonies were citizens of, or even constant residents in, Switzerland. There were persons present from almost every clime, including my own dear land, America. The Swiss from abroad had sent their representatives to join in the festivities of their native home. A band was in attendance, and, throughout the meal, which was marked by great order, played most beautifully the national airs of Switzerland. A tribune was erected in the middle of this vast hall, from which short speeches were made during the dinner by a number of the distinguished men of the little Republic. The constitution of this country declares that there shall be three languages acknowledged as national—that is, German, Italian, and French. The remarks of the speakers were sometimes in one and sometimes in another of these tongues. The Swiss people seem to understand and speak each of these equally well, only now and then blending them all together, thus forming a most curious mixture. The President of the Republic had been there and spoken the night before, and while we were sitting at the table, the Vice-President or President of the Senate addressed his people. My father, who had been invited to attend the festival, was introduced to the vast assemblage by an orator who spoke the German language, and when the shouts which greeted the announcement had subsided, he ascended the tribune. His allusions to Tell, Winkelried, Washington, Lincoln, Sumner, and Steyens, were soon appreciated, showing that those illustrious men were well remembered and known by the republicans of Switzerland. He said:

I cannot call you countrymen, but I hail you as brothers and friends. In my boyhood days, the name of William Tell, your traditionary hero, was as dear to my heart as to any of you; and when on the mimic stage I recited his thoughts, as they were translated by Sheridan Knowles, I never afterwards forgot the emotions they excited, however little I expected the day when I should see you, his countrymen, face to face, in the very vicinity of his heroic exploits; and this day there are many additional reasons why an American should be proud of Switzerland. We remember that you were our exclusive friends, and that your government alone, with but one exception, sympathized with us in all our bloody struggles. I know that if we had failed you would have failed, and that if the banded slave tyrants of America had overthrown our republic the banded despots of Europe would have absorbed you. Hence, as we fought you prayed for our victory, and thousands of your Swiss aided us to win it at last. When our beloved Abraham Lincoln fell, the voice of the free cantons of

Switzerland sent us sweet consolation ; and now that we are progressing to a grander liberty your applause is not less valuable because our success is your strength also. We have a thousand memories and interests in common ; we are bound together by the ties of civilization, of religion, of commerce, of kindred. There is not a spot of America where the Swiss citizen is not honored and respected. In my own native State I see your Republic almost every day in our Luzerne, our Zurich, our Berne, as these are repeated in our counties and townships, and in the familiar names of your people repeated in our own. Your Tell and Winkelreid are ours ; our Washington and Lincoln are yours. Our Sumner and Stevens advocate the same truths that are precious to your statesmen, and your press, like our own, is fearless and free. Switzerland's sole representative at the capital of my country, General John Hitz, now before me, is the witness to the justice of my tribute, for he knows full well how much we venerate and study your example ; and if I may be permitted, I will say that no country has ever been more faithfully served than Switzerland in her honest, practical, and unwearied Consul General at Washington. Other governments send their ministers and plenipotentiaries, but you prove the purity of your republicanism by appointing one who, without title or ceremonies, can best defend your interests, and best illustrate your principles. When I return to my country, my friends and brothers, one of the most pleasing of my duties will be to represent to the American people the interest of this grand occasion, and, above all, the enthusiasm of this imposing welcome to one of the humblest but most devoted of her sons.

The shooting commenced at one o'clock, and to what may be called the gallery we made our way immediately at the close of the dinner. This gallery was a long, narrow, wooden structure, open at both sides. The shots were fired at targets placed at the bottom of a field from out this building, the distance being one thousand feet. All along one side were stalls, each one being set apart for a different kind of rifle. Rifles of almost every kind were used, and each one being thus practically tested, the result was taken note of for a report afterwards to be made to the government ; for these festivals, be it understood, are, as I have said, not only for pleasure purposes. The Swiss government pays a certain amount of the expenses, receiving in return for the outlay statements concerning the merits of various rifles, and the education of its subjects as marksmen. Though Switzerland has no standing army, and seldom has in time of peace over five thousand men in arms, yet every boy is taught the use of a gun as well as the use of the pen. Leaving the shooting-gallery, we proceeded to the circular

structure almost in the centre of this natural amphitheatre, and there examined the various prizes to be given to the most skilful marksmen. Here were cups, silver and gold; purses of money, watches, medals, pictures, &c., to a very large extent.

It was nearly two o'clock this afternoon when we reached the "William Tell" at the wharf, which was already full of passengers waiting to return to Lucerne and the other cantons, and as I surveyed the curious scene before me, and once more drank in the inspiration of these glorious mountains, I felt well compensated for my day's visit.



PAVEMENTS, COACHES, AND CABS.

STREETS OF PARIS—ASPHALT PAVEMENT—HOW TO MAKE IT—PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—EUROPEAN ROADS—PARISIAN STREETS—CARRIAGES—FARES AND REGULATIONS—LONDON CABS—HANSOMS, BROUGHAMS AND CLARENCES—CHEAP LOCOMOTION—THE TOLL NUISANCE.

LONDON, *August 16, 1867.*

Among the most remarkable features of the city of Paris are the streets. The majority of these thoroughfares, pavements and carriage-ways, are covered with a solid substance, mixed with gravel, which supplies a surface as smooth and almost as durable as flag-stone. It is quickly laid, soon hardens, is not expensive, is easily repaired, and vehicles, while running upon it, do not make that deafening racket which we of America are compelled to endure in our large cities. It is commonly called the Asphalt Pavement, from the principal vehicle which binds together the materials of which it is composed. Asphaltum is a bituminous substance, found in various parts of the old and new worlds—very largely in the Island of Trinidad, also profusely on the shores of the Dead Sea (where the Arabs call it *Hajar Moura* or *Mosert Stone*). It also occurs in various parts of Asia, South America, France, Germany, the British Islands, and the United States. The asphaltum got from the Pitch Lake in Trinidad has been long and largely used for ships' bottoms, and it has been extensively applied

to coat wooden houses, and to preserve that part of wooden pavements which, from being sunk into the ground, has a tendency to decay. It was used by the ancients as a cement, and the walls of Babylon were built with it. It was used as a covering for roofs long before the late Dr. Ure, an English practical chemist, recommended that it should be applied to form a coating for side-walks, as a substitute for coal-tar, mixed with gravel and sand, which had long been so used in parts of England. Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Ure's suggestion was largely adopted in several of the English cities and towns, but was soon abandoned, because its wear and tear was too considerable, and also, because, in very hot weather, it became softened, and almost sticky. It was prepared by heating the asphaltum in portable boilers, in the street, and when thoroughly melted, by mixing dry sand, gravel, or powdered limestone with it. While still hot, it was spread on the place prepared for it (usually a brick pavement, such as is common in American towns), and when cool, it became solid and hard. About the time that the asphaltum pavement was being partially adopted in England, there arose quite a *furor* for it in France, where several varieties of the principal material are found. To this day, it is used in that country for roofs, terraces, walks, &c. You see it on the Boulevards, and the Place de la Concorde is covered with an asphaltum pavement, ingeniously composed of various colors to make it resemble mosaic.

About thirteen years ago, the asphalt process was introduced, on a large scale, into Paris. The asphaltum, which is a bituminous mastic, is heated to expel the water and volatile oils, which have a tendency to make the compound crack, and about four parts of bituminous limestone finely powdered are stirred into one part of the boiling asphaltum, until a homogeneous mixture is produced. This is spread, while still hot, upon a flat surface especially prepared, consisting of a concrete of gravel and cement, which must not have *set* but also be thoroughly dry before the asphalt preparation be put upon it, to the thickness of one and three-fifths inches. Or, the heated preparation is poured upon sheets of paper surrounded by a wooden frame, and even spread by a heated iron roller, sand being sprinkled upon the surface. When cool, the sheets thus covered are laid on the prepared place, be it road, street, or foot-path, and are soldered with a hot iron. The heated roller which finally gives it an even surface weighs about

1600 pounds. In a few hours after the asphalt pavement is thus laid, it can be used. It produces neither mud nor dust, and wears remarkably well, the wheels of carriages and other vehicles producing no apparent effect for a long time. The motion of a carriage over this pavement is smooth and pleasant, and it makes scarcely any noise. This, indeed, is one of its drawbacks, for pedestrians wanting to cross the street must be more than usually vigilant, to prevent being run over, as they can scarcely hear the sound of vehicles.

Whether this composition is affected or not by heat and cold seems to be an undecided question. That it is, is urged by some; principally, however, by those interested in other kinds of roads. On the other hand, it has been well tried in the French metropolis, and has, to all appearances, given entire satisfaction. Some years ago it was laid in London on a few of the streets as an experiment, but was soon taken up, not being able to withstand the wear and tear of the enormous freight-wagons constantly moving through almost every part of this great city. The authorities of the American cities have spent enormous sums in endeavoring to discover a substance with which they can make smooth, durable streets. I would not say that this French composition has all the qualities which would be considered necessary for a street-covering by the municipalities of Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and Washington; but that it would well repay these governments to send across the water commissions of scientific, *honest* gentlemen, to inquire into this matter, there can be no doubt. Such commissioners would be welcomed by the French, who, with their proverbial politeness, would gladly give all required information. Europe, everywhere, excels America in streets. Even the country roads, and especially in Switzerland, are as smooth and as even as a polished floor. Therefore, not in Paris alone would these commissions find work; they would learn much in any European city.

London and Paris set us another example it would be well to follow: cheap cabs. In Paris there are three different kinds of carriages for hire. First, the *voitures de remise* (glass coaches) taken by the day, month, or year, with coachman and footman, or only coachman. The price of these is from twenty-five to thirty-five francs per day (from five to seven dollars), from five hundred to seven hundred francs per month (from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars); and from four to six thousand francs per

year (from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars). These carriages are, it should be understood, engaged at the livery stable. Second, the cabriolet or *voiture de remise* which you hire by the "course" or hour. These stand under cover, and are numbered with red figures, to distinguish them from the common *voiture de place* which are numbered with yellow figures. They charge for the course one franc fifty centimes (thirty cents), for the hour two francs fifty centimes (fifty cents), and a small *pour boire* for the driver. The "*pour boire*" is a fee in money over and above the regular fare, is not according to law, but it is according to custom, and is always paid. It averages about twenty centimes (two cents) for every fare, and twenty cents of your fare. Third, the *cochere de place*. These are the cheapest cabs of Paris. Fare by the course one franc twenty-five centimes (twenty-five cents); by the hour one franc seventy-five centimes (forty cents), and the driver's *pour boire*; at night, and when you go outside of the fortifications, half a franc (ten cents) is added to the above fares of the second and third class, of which classes I will speak for the present. For every package which you cannot put inside the carriage four sous (two cents) is charged. After the first hour, you pay for the portion of the hour you have the cab, but if you engage only by the hour, and only use it for five or ten minutes, or for any time less than an hour, you are charged for the full hour. Upon entering, the driver hands you a card, upon which are printed his number and the scale of prices, and which tells you at what hour night is considered to commence and end. The numbered ticket it is usual to keep, so that if you leave any thing in the cab you can recover it at the station by declaring the number. Upon starting, you tell the driver whether you wish to take him by the course or hour; if you do not, you are charged by the course. Until very lately all the cabs in Paris were under one company; others have, I understand, recently been started. Drivers are severely reprimanded for any dereliction of duty, and yearly rewards are given them to encourage them to leave at the general stations any article they may find in their cabs. When you go beyond the barriers, you pay all the tolls. It is usual, to save time and prevent disputes, to pay beforehand, when going to a railway station or a theatre. It is estimated that there are constantly on the go in Paris over three thousand of these different cabs, and that sixty thousand of these vehicles, public and private,

are in daily motion, carrying some two hundred and fifty thousand people. There are 120,000 horses in Paris. The fares of the first-class public carriages have been increased a little during the Great Exposition.

The cabs of London are not as well managed as in Paris, and they charge higher. Although the drivers are not so particular and determined upon the "drink-money" matter, they are unwilling to, and seldom do, go by the published rate of fares. A brougham and pair taken from the livery-stable will cost almost if not quite as much as the same kind of establishment would cost in Philadelphia. The prices of four-wheelers, holding four persons, and of the Hansoms, holding two, are published as follows: Two shillings (fifty cents) an hour for one or two persons, and sixpence (twelve cents) for every additional quarter of an hour. The drivers, however, will not go by this scale, and if you insist upon their doing so will crawl along at a snail's pace. It is not unusual, however, to hire a cab or a Hansom (called after the man who introduced that vehicle) by the hour. There are one-horse carriages, but the horses in England are larger and more powerful than those generally used in harness in the United States. The general practice is to pay by the distance, fixed by law at only sixpence (twelve cents) per mile. This price is so low as to be scarcely remunerative, for no London cabman can make any thing for himself during the day until he has cleared twelve shillings for his employer; on the remainder he gets a percentage. But, in fact, very few think of paying him less than a shilling per mile. Latterly, I believe, the legal fare has been raised a little. As a matter of course, the cabman is never satisfied with his legal fare. The Hansom cabs are universally well-horsed, go rapidly, and are driven by a higher class of men, at least by men better dressed. But even a shilling a mile, which the British legislature thought an extortionate price, would be accepted as a boon in this country. Twice that fare would not be complained of in our great cities. Neat, light, and roomy four-wheeled carriages, each drawn by *one* horse, might advantageously supersede our large coaches drawn by *two* horses. The London cab, when it has a single seat for two passengers, is a "Brougham," when it has a double seat, so that four can be conveyed, it is called a "Clarence." Whatever the name, the reality is a great and economic conveyance which, some time or other, is sure to be adopted in America. Properly

“worked,” the cab system would be found profitable there. I noticed, that within the now very extended circle of London, including the actual metropolis, north and south of the Thames, not a single toll-bar is to be found. I wish the same could be said of Philadelphia. In Switzerland and in Ireland, the public roads are toll-free, being kept in repair out of the public treasury.

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