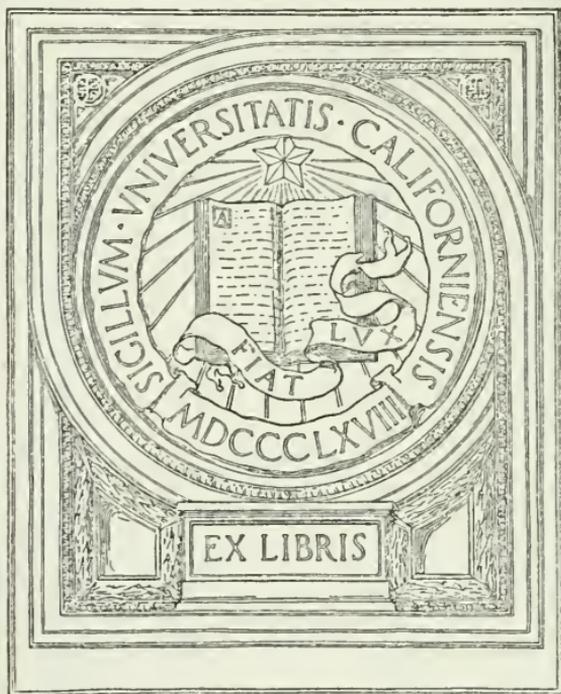




Letters  
of Travel



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF  
MAY TREAT MORRISON  
IN MEMORY OF  
ALEXANDER F MORRISON









# Letters of Travel

BY

MRS. L. C. LANE.



“ \* \* \* \* \* *Si quid tamen olim  
Scripseris \* \* \* nonnunquam prematur in annum;  
\* \* \* nescit vox missa reverti.*”

“But if ever you shall write anything, let it be suppressed till the ninth year;  
a word once sent abroad can never return.”

—Horace.



SAN FRANCISCO:

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1886.



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Inviting beam the skies of Morning lands  
To us who tarry by far Western strands ;  
The pilgrim's longings in our bosoms wake,  
From wonted task we willing respite take ;  
'Neath Southern Cross, 'neath Northern Star,  
With questioning eye and thought we wander far,  
While now fair Art and now sweet Nature woos,  
And rival lands with varying charm confuse.

Reluctant back to shores that claim our birth  
We turn, to find the fairest spot on earth  
Is home, sweet home."

P. C. L.

GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MORRISON MAR 27 '43

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# LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

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## I.

QUEENSTOWN—CORK—BLARNEY CASTLE—LAKES OF  
KILLARNEY—MUCKROSS ABBEY.

*F* there be any among us, who, after a sea voyage longer or shorter, does not bless his sole when his foot once again presses the solid earth, he must be of other than Darwinian origin,—one whose ancestry is to be traced to some beknighted Finn, or at least to the finny tribes; and, if he land in the lap of Queenstown, as she sits in her terraced loveliness, gracefully encircling the Cove of Cork, he may well be content with the beauties of earth, forgetting those of the waters under the earth.

Queenstown was formerly known by the name of Cove, which was changed to its present name in commemoration of a visit of the Queen. A half hour up the river Lee by boat, or along its banks by rail, brings us to the city of Cork. One need not wish for a more charming introduction to any country than this gives to the stranger. Indeed, nowhere else in Ireland did we find nature

so wreathed in smiles as on the picturesque banks of the river Lee, where she greeted us with an aspect as bright and cheering as the welcoming light in the eyes of a friend.

Cork, which must have been uncorked when we were there, judging from its dripping wet, offers but little attractive or interesting. Perhaps what first strikes the American here is the resemblance of the physiognomy of the population of this city to that of our larger ones, particularly of the Eastern States. This must come from the mixture of Irish blood, which the large stream of immigration has brought to us. The erect figure of the people here was somewhat remarkable, and we watched in vain to see the bent form of age. They may be crushed to earth, but they manage, nevertheless, to carry their heads high.

The local feature which, perhaps, most strangely impresses Cork upon the mind, is the Shandon steeple, of which three sides are white, being built from the ruins of the Franciscan Abbey; the other side is of red sandstone, from the ruins of an old castle. In this steeple hang the beautiful toned

“ Bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee,”

which inspired Father Prout to write the song which is sure to awaken in the memory of us all

some tone that will almost drown the Present in its magic recalling of the Past; for of all the familiar sounds of our earlier years, perhaps there is none so universally recalled, and recalled with such touching pleasure, as the wonted music from the church bells, throbbing in tune with the pulse of harmonious Nature, or vibrating with deep-toned voice through the hushed air of the city Sabbath.

“With deep affection,  
And recollection,  
I often think of those Shandon Bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.”

Whoever comes to Cork, comes as a matter of course to Blarney, or to Blarney Castle, which is but five or six miles distant. Although a pretty enough ruin, it is more romantic from the light of song than from the shades of time.

“Oh, when a young bachelor woos a young maid,  
Who’s eager to go, and yet willing to stay,  
She sighs and she blushes, and looks half afraid,  
Yet loses no word that her lover can say.  
What is it she hears but the blarney?  
Oh, a perilous thing is this blarney!

Oh, say, would you find this same blarney,  
There’s a castle not far from Killarney,  
On the top of the wall—  
But take care you don’t fall—  
There’s a stone that contains all this blarney.”

The Blarney Stone here pointed out as the "rue stone," is at the top of the tower in the wall just below the parapet, where it is clasped by two iron bands and could only be reached by hanging head downwards through the embrasure, at the risk of breaking one's neck. I have, however, good reasons to believe that we have stones of the same virtue nearer home and much easier of access. If the traveler now asks whither he shall next go, his own fancy and all Ireland will point to the Lakes of Killarney, and on to Killarney he is sure to go. The railroad brings him there three hours from Cork.

The town of Killarney, which contains upwards of 5,000 inhabitants, is the property of the Earl of Kenmare, a Roman Catholic peer. It is an untidy-looking town, offering no inducements to stop at the very inviting-looking hotel, and you are almost certain to proceed some three miles further to one of the several hotels overlooking, or in near vicinity to, the lakes.

And what a drive of wondrous beauty is this! The road, somewhat narrow, but white and smooth as a floor, is enclosed on both sides by high stone walls that shut out in a great measure the sight of the fields beyond; directly behind these walls, extend on both sides for some two miles unbroken lines of majestic trees, which stand quite close together and form overhead so dense an arch of

leafy verdure that the noon-day is converted into twilight. The peculiar beauty comes upon you so suddenly and envelops you so completely, that you begin to think of the fairies of this country, and you believe in the beauties of fairyland.

As you approach the few scattered dwellings called by courtesy the "Village" of Cloghreen, the landscape opens to the view, and on a hill at our left, a burial-place to-day as it was in the past, we see the ancient church of Killaghie, said to be the smallest in the kingdom, as is easily believed. It is, of course, of stone, walls and roof still unbroken, the former three feet thick, while the roof, half covered with wild flowers and grasses that have taken root in its crevices, looks, and probably is, equally heavy. The stone belfry is partly in ruins; the floor inside is fallen in, but at the end we see a plain marble altar, a foot or two in front of which several steps descend into a burial vault, the remains of whose tenant or tenants have long since disappeared. If they built according to their faith, the faith of the builders must have been small.

At the foot of this hill, and just fitted in size to the way-side nook it occupies, is a beautiful little modern church, which the Protestant owner of this demesne has built, and which he supports for himself and tenantry. It forms, in its architectural taste and harmony with the scene, a minia-

ture gem in the chain of magic beauty thrown around the Lakes of Killarney.

The greatest charm of Irish scenery lies in its coloring; the green is wonderful, so brilliant, so living, intense, yet delicate as a fairy's wing; and no one endowed with any degree of sensitiveness to the power of Nature, could tarry by the Lakes of Killarney without being impressed by a sensation almost supernatural in the magic effect of the hushed air, unbroken by song of bird or hum of insect, and this greenness of Nature's robe almost unearthly in its beauty, and intensified by the constant gray of the skies overhead. We felt the effect of the stillness for some days before we thought to inquire its cause, and were greatly astonished at finding its apparent explanation in the absence of birds and almost total absence of insects.

On the morning after our arrival, just at that state of uncertain consciousness when one is apt to be opening the mouth instead of the eyes, a voice called to us, "Are you going through the gap to-day?" Supposing this to be the Irish way of asking if one was waking up, we answered, "Yes;" but the experience of a day or two convincing us that the people here were not much given to being wide awake, we took pains to find out the meaning of this regular morning salutation, and found it to mean nothing else than to

ask if we were going to make the tour of the lakes that day.

After waiting for good weather and seeking in vain for some weather-wise seer, we were obliged to do as everybody else did—prepare for rain, hope for sunshine, and start. For the profit of the people hereabouts, whose only business seems to be to swarm around travelers, our trip is broken into parts, so that a large number of persons are called upon to wait on us, and thus a larger number of those “remembrancers” which one is expected to give to everyone who serves him, are distributed every day among a dozen or more persons, who find fault with a sixpence, look discontented with a shilling, and are never quite contented with one’s attempt to satisfy their “whatever you please sir.”

On reaching the town of Killarney we were surrounded by a score or more of men and boys with ponies, which they wished us to hire for our ride through the Gap of Dunloe, to which our conveyance was to carry us, and through which there was no reason it should not take us, except the principle of division of labor, or rather, of wages. It was almost impossible to rid ourselves of this cavalcade, which accompanied us more than a mile, when it began to diminish till finally it numbered two ponies to each passenger. In vain did we tell the extra ones that they were not

wanted. In vain did we explain that none of us intended to ride more than one horse at a time; each one understood himself and pony to be hired, and went with us till he despaired of being hired to turn back.

Having rode some eight or ten miles, our driver told us that was as far as the conveyance was to take us, so at his request, "remembering the driver," we left him to mount our ponies, and, by the way, the only "Irish bull" I saw in Ireland was an "Irish pony," for in length and height the pony is a good-sized horse and can only derive its name from its semi-transparency.

All the way from Killarney, after having first been accosted by the man with the bundle of shillelahs under his arm, who invited us to buy "a rifle that never missed fire," we had been followed by troops of children, who made nothing of running and keeping up with the carriage or "car" for a mile and begging all the way. "The price of a book, sir," or "a penny, sir," "do'n't be so small with your silver, sir, and we'll show you how grateful we'll be, sir;" and during our drive and ride of more than a dozen miles there could not have been a mile altogether that the cry for a gift was not being sounded in our ears; little children who could not talk enough to beg, ran by the side of the older ones till they tottered and fell. The children were clean and healthy looking, and

seemed to thoroughly enjoy the business. Their principal cry was for "the price of a book," and considering how little they cared for books, this formed one of the ludicrous features of the trip. It was of no use that we said to them, "ignorance is bliss," "knowledge is unhappiness," and other trite proverbs—they still insisted that the thirst for knowledge is as insatiable to-day in Erin as it once was in Eden.

Having reached the Gap of Dunloe, this entertainment was varied by the addition of women, awaiting at intervals of a few steps to offer us a "dhrap of the mountain dew." We were told that from the place where we took horses to the lake the distance was four miles, and the few unfortunate ones who, forgetting it was four *Irish* miles, chose to walk rather than to trust to the ponies, were sadly wearied.

We found the pass by no means equal to what we had been told of it. The grandest feature was the Purple Mountain, which rises abruptly to the height of nearly 3,000 feet. It derives its name from the dark stones with which a great part of its surface is covered, and which give a dark purple color to the mountain. Our expectations were, however, more than realized at the wondrously fine echoes at several points. Never was I more entranced by sound than when I heard the voice of the mountain take up the

bugle-notes and repeat them, first from near, then from afar, till we felt that we could stand for hours listening to the wild, soft music.

We pass a remarkable stream, which the guides call the "Hidden River;" it is apparently the outlet of a lake beyond, whose waters have become lost under the immense heap of debris of rather small stones which fill up the bed of the valley; the ear can distinguish the sound of unseen running water. Beyond this we come to a lake whose waters are dark almost to blackness, under the shadow of the overhanging mountain; it is called Serpent Lake, and tradition has made St. Patrick select it as the burial-place of the last snake which he carefully enclosed in a wooden box before entrusting it to these waters to carry it to the depths of Ocean.

Passing beyond the Purple Mountain, we emerge into the Gap as the road turns into an open country, and here we leave at our right a misty gorge extending far into the distance between two ranges of hills, through which we indistinctly trace the winding course of the Gerhameen River making its way to the waters of the Upper Lake. Here in this black valley "fairies love to dwell," and many a guide will tell you he has seen them there. Soon we come to the Logan Stone, remarkable for being so nicely balanced that it can be made to move by a

slight touch. It is much smaller than we had imagined, being only some twenty feet in circumference.

At last we reach the shore of the lake, and each of the party having "remembered" the bugler, and "remembered" the cannoneer, we now "remember" our guides, and dismissing them with their ponies, enter the boats that have been sent up from the hotel to meet us at the Lakes, the boatmen of which are to be "remembered" in their turn, although the services of all these men are charged to us again in our bill.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number and about eleven miles in length; the Upper Lake is two and one-half miles long, by half a mile in width; it is more completely shut in by the mountains that rise abruptly from its shores, than either of the other lakes; the outlet from it is by a little strait but a few feet in width, and as this is hidden by jutting rocks we seem to be entirely shut in by land, and the eye seeks in vain for an outlet. This lake is dotted by twelve islands covered with vegetation, mostly the wild arbutus tree which grows luxuriantly everywhere in this region. The strait connecting the Upper and Middle Lakes which are also known by the names of Muckross and Torc Lakes, is about two miles long, and at its lower end we reach a spot as romantically beautiful as can be found in Ireland. Here the

trees dip their branches into the unrippled water that borrows its coloring from the surrounding foliage, and the scene impresses itself upon one's mind as a perfect picture of placid loveliness. The spot is called "The Meeting of the Waters," for here at the outlet of the Upper Lake you may turn westward into a bay which opens into the Lower Lake, or eastward directly into Muckross Lake.

Here a picturesque-looking stone bridge of two arches spans the stream, making an entrance into the Middle Lake quite romantic enough to harmonize with the general scene. This lake is about the length of the upper one, and not more than a mile in width. It, too, has its islands, but the tourist's attention is more occupied with the echoes which the guide will not fail to awaken. The Muckross peninsula makes the division between the Middle and Lower Lakes.

The Lower Lake also bears the name of Lough Leane, which means the Lake of Learning, said to be derived from the fact of its shores and islands having formerly been the site of several monasteries, the ruins of which still remain. This is a very probable inference, since there is unquestionable testimony that learning flourished in Ireland in the early ages, when the rest of Europe was in a benighted condition. This lake is five miles long and two and a half miles in width.

Its outlet is the River Laune, through which the waters of these charming lakes are carried to mix with the great waves of the sea, there, like a modest maiden entering the vortex of society, to lose a charm which neither the grandeur nor the noise of their future career can ever replace.

Lough Leane makes an impression upon the beholder quite distinct from that of the other two; first, from its wider expanse, and secondly, from its shores, which, though on one side bearing in the background mountains that bespeak sisterhood with the other lakes, encircle it the rest of the distance with a low, soft landscape. The surface of the lake is broken by nearly thirty islands, among which the visitor will be most curious to see that of Innisfallen.

On this island we find no attraction wanting which this lovely region can afford, and as the gods and goddesses of Greece once loaded Pandora with gifts to make her more complete, so must the genii of Ireland have sought to endow this spot with everything to make its beauty perfect. The remains of its old abbey, said to have been founded 1,200 years ago, lie scattered in ruins. This lake, in particular, is the home of legendary lore. The rocks, many of which rising from the water present fantastic shapes wrought by the disintegrating touch of the waves, have received

names relating to these traditions, as the O'Donoghue's Horse, the O'Donoghue's Castle, etc.

The O'Donoghue was the great chief of this valley in ancient times, and to this day crosses the lake on the morning of the first of every May, the waters dividing and giving a dry path to himself and the white horse he always rides, as any one may see with his own eyes if he will get up early enough. The almost hourly fall of a gentle rain, which resembles mist more than a shower, is known as the O'Donoghue's Blessings, and is, I suspect, the secret of the brilliant green color which renders this vicinity an Emerald Isle indeed.

And now, having told so much which must command the admiration of every beholder, I come to that which was first, last and oftenest seen by me, and which, by the thoughts it awakened, has made the most lasting impression. This was the ruins of Muckross Abbey, whose stony finger beckoned, and ever beckoned me toward it and seemed to hold me under a spell. No ruined abbey or castle in all Great Britain has presented us a more harmonious picture than this. In many other cases—and usually where we had been led to expect most—either the surroundings have marred the effect or the ruins have been insufficient to support the imagination; but here was a ruin which, like the Laocoon to the hand of Art, might serve as a model to the finger of Decay.

The surroundings—the frame-work in which the abbey is set—brings the beholder into a mood to appreciate the chief figure when he suddenly comes upon it. Soft green fields stretching all around as far as one can see, and to the borders of the lake, glimpses of which, here and there, break the landscape; add to the picture long, shaded avenues of majestic giant trees, ending sometimes in thick copses which crown the rising ground, sometimes opening into fields where other leafy monarchs stand in isolated grandeur, but everywhere with their lofty tops and wide-spreading branches striving to cover this corner of the earth with a heaven of their own, and to shut out every inharmonious effect; and, having been obliged to meander far enough to be brought wholly under the influence of this landscape, suddenly the gray walls of Muckross Abbey, half overgrown with ivy, break upon the vision. The roof has entirely disappeared, but the walls are nearly complete, and the beautiful arches of door and window unbroken. The cloisters surrounding the open court within are entirely perfect, and we could seem to feel the hand of Ages leading us as we made round and round again the circuit of these stone aisles, looking out through their arches into the open space shut in overhead by the branches of a yew tree six hundred years old growing in its center, and mingling the shadow of its branches with that of the

old gray walls surrounding the unmarked graves of the monks, who centuries ago had walked as we were walking under these same arched cloisters, had looked into this same secluded spot, and had listened, perchance, to the mystic voice of this same yew tree, whose sapling branches witnessed nothing more cheerful than the enfolding in the mantle of earth those who had long before enwrapped themselves in the burial cloak of monastic seclusion.

Having wandered through the remaining parts of the convent, we enter the chapel through a doorway softly draped in ivy, and stand among the tombs of the old Kings of Munster and Princes of Desmond, whose royal remains here found royal sepulture beneath stones whose lettering has been effaced by the passing years, and from which the "gentle rain and soft-falling dew" have wiped off the proud tracery of their heraldic crest. Proud kings of olden time, little did you dream in your day of pomp, glory and power, that a not far-distant hour was to snatch your envied scepter and give it to other hands; and that the future was to witness your dust lying here unwept and almost unknown, honored only by strangers from far-distant shores! Though forgotten by posterity, Nature fails not in her homage to you, since the ivy, old of uncounted years, never ceases to hang garlands of unfading green upon the walks that

inclose and overshadow your tombs; and, still more, though unwept by your subjects, the aged and noble yew tree that has struck its roots deep into the earth near you, never forgets to drop its tributes of grief, funereal offerings, upon your grave.

MUCKROSS, IRELAND, *July*, 1874.

## II.

ANTIQUITY OF IRELAND—BOGS—ST. BRIDGET'S MONASTERY—ANCIENT DUBLIN—STRONGBOW AND EVA—PAST AND PRESENT—UNIVERSITY AND PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

**I**T is difficult for an American, accustomed to a history of so recent a birth as ours, to cease—among these old civilizations of Europe—from asking the question, “When did it begin?” and to propound to himself that more proper to be suggested, “How much longer will it last!” True to this mental index of nationality I traveled through my first European country—Ireland—and, as ruin after ruin arose on the nearer or more distant horizon, I ever asked the question, “When did it begin—when *did* it begin?”

He who delights in the ingenuity of fable, may embark on the ancient chronicles of this country, and, riding upon the waters of the flood, arrive at the antediluvian history of Ireland, which, according thereto, was first settled by one of Noah's nieces. But historians who have cast the line of investigation into the deep well of the Past, with no desire to read what the waters of the flood must have washed away, still find much to indicate

that the history of Ireland reaches far back into antiquity. Moses tells us that the isles of the Gentiles were inhabited, and interpreters generally agree that by this is meant the islands of Europe; and it is supposed by some archæologists that, before the introduction of idolatry by the Milesians from Spain, a patriarchal form of worship prevailed in Ireland, similiar to that founded on the statutes of the sons of Noah; while philologists in their turn have believed to discover that the ancient Irish language bears so great an affinity to the ancient Hebrew, as plainly to be but a dialect of the latter language, and they make this a foundation for a very ancient history to be built upon, since "if a language be ancient the people must be as old." They have asserted, moreover, that the ancient Irish language has no affinity with any known language in the world except the Hebrew and Phenician, and have supposed it to have been universally spoken throughout Europe, and to be the most original and unmixed language remaining.

But though the historical atmosphere of Ireland is as misty as the physical atmosphere of its most western limits, there is a great deal of interesting ancient tradition which may be accepted as reliable, and which one at all familiar even with Irish song, to say nothing of its superstitions, can hardly help stumbling upon. For instance, having sung

all our lives about the harp that hangs on Tara's walls, it occurs to us on seeing so many ancient castles, that "Tara's walls" may not have been a mere figure of speech or song; and lo! it becomes a definitely located capital existing six hundred years before the birth of Christ, embellished by royal residences for all the kings, queens, and princes of the different provinces of Ireland.

Modern travel is, however, but little compatible with dwelling long on any theme, either of the past or present, and we hurry across the island behind one of the queerest-looking steam engines imaginable, a squatty kind of carriage that looks as if sitting down to rest, and we are surprised that it does not stand up when ready to start, but slips along in its apparently half-sitting posture. But already we begin to enjoy that admirable regulation in this country in regard to railroads, which makes it obligatory to so construct the engines that they shall, to a great degree, consume their own smoke, and, after having from one side of our continent to the other, wiped cinders and smoke from one's face till it was almost raw, it is indeed a luxury to travel almost entirely freed from this annoyance.

Thus enabled comfortably to keep the eyes open, we curiously scan the landscape, whose first well-marked and easily recognized features are

the bogs, and we see in them the natural barricades of the country in earlier ages, which, doubtless, not only impeded the march of the invader, but stayed the progress of civilization as well.

Across Ireland from Killarney to Dublin is a somewhat pleasant ride of about eight hours, a distance of about one hundred and eighty-six miles by rail, during which the stranger is kept constantly on the alert lest he miss a single one of the many ancient castles, which are scattered around in as much profusion as if the landscape were a playground for an artist's fancy. Perhaps as interesting a town as any passed is Kildare, and that rather for its vanished past than for its present. This town is supposed to be the site of an ancient monastery founded by St. Bridget, who is said to have received the veil from St. Patrick's own hands; and there is a tradition that from her time in the fifth century till the year 1220 a sacred fire kindled by herself was kept continually burning by her successors, and, being extinguished in that year by the Archbishop of Dublin, was soon afterward rekindled and continued to burn till the Reformation.

Although I had always heard of Dublin as a beautiful city, and, for that reason, might have expected too much, I was not disappointed. There is something genial and cheery about it, like the soul of an Irishman, and its wide and cleanly

streets have a most inviting aspect, while there is a good number of fine, commodious and well-kept hotels where the traveler may find real refreshment at no exorbitant charge. Dublin is old enough to be interesting for its antiquity. Ptolemy speaks of its existence, under the name of Eblana, as early as the year 140; but although it was enclosed by the Danes in the ninth century, their ramparts did not exceed one mile. A century later it was but a poor collection of huts, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century it was one of the most miserable cities in Europe. To the traveler of to-day its charm is not that of ancient association.

From the earliest history of Ireland, Dublin seems to have been an apple of discord, the key to supreme power in the Island, the Achilles tendon at which invaders were sure to aim their arrows. The last king of Ireland availed himself of the aid of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, against his enemies, bestowing upon him as a recompense the hand of his daughter. Henry II. of England forced Strongbow to relinquish to him the regal power thus conquered. There is now on exhibition here a very large and most interesting painting of the Marriage of Strongbow. The scene is laid on the side of a hill surmounted by battlemented walls. In the center of the picture stands the priest with uplifted eyes and hands

raised over the heads of the bridal pair. Eva, with the sweetest face that ever graced a maiden of seventeen summers, modest, innocent and trusting as one who has never known aught but affectionate protection, has one hand raised to her breast, half holding the long mantle of cloth of gold whose train is upheld by some half-dozen maidens; their faces all contrast strongly with each other, and each tells of different emotions excited by the scene, while they all, as well as the warriors still behind them holding aloft many colored standards floating in the breeze, have their eyes riveted on the sweet girlish bride. Claspng her other hand stands Strongbow, his face expressing the bravery of valor, the hopefulness of youth, his helmet adorned with a laurel wreath. Beside the priest and somewhat behind Eva, stands Dermot, her father, with head thrown back and eyes widely opened, seeming to demand of Strongbow with their proud and piercing expression, "Is not this a regal reward? Have I not royally kept my royal word?" In the foreground and at either side, inclosing the whole, are the dead and dying; some writhing in the last agony, others motionless in death. Wives who have thrown themselves on the bodies of their husbands; babes forgotten for the moment, and among other figures an old harper, apparently just drawing his last breath, while the strings of

his harp, from which his hand seems to be falling, are nearly all broken.

Almost the first thing noticed by the stranger in Dublin are the beautiful bridges, seven of stone and two of iron, spanning at comparatively short distances the river Liffey, on both sides of which the city is built. The river, beautiful as it looks flowing through the heart of the city, is, however, becoming as perplexing a problem to the municipality as the Thames formerly was to London; being a receptacle for the drainage of the city, its impurities tend to endanger health and generate disease. Sackville street is one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, and makes an indelible picture on the mind. Through its center runs the Liffey, with its bridges like triumphal arches marking the progress of art and civilization. On both sides of the river the street spreads out wide, well paved, and clean, affording a splendid view of the buildings, of which some of the public ones are of almost classical beauty; and here, as if borrowing a hint from nature, does the tide of traffic and commerce daily ebb and flow.

In this street, opposite the post-office, itself an ornament to the city, stands the ubiquitous monument of Nelson, one of Dublin's greatest ornaments. It is a Grecian Doric column, upwards of one hundred and forty feet in height, surmounted by a statue of the hero, thirteen feet

in height ; a flight of stairs in its interior leads to a platform on the top, surrounded by an iron railing for the safety of such as undergo the labor of the ascent for the pleasure of the extensive view from its summit. On the four panels of the pedestal are inscribed the names and dates of Lord Nelson's principal victories, and over that which terminated his career is a sarcophagus.

Highly ornamental as it is to the city, an expression of good taste, as well as of the generosity of its citizens, I hardly derived so much pleasure from it as from a comparatively insignificant and homely one in Montreal, to the same great commander. This last one bore an inscription couched in the simplest language, and I was deeply affected as I read the words, so simple that little urchins in their earliest school years could read and understand, and thus, perhaps, drink in their first lesson in patriotism and bravery. And should not this be the great aim of national monuments, to inspire the youth of the land? And are not such plain words as they can comprehend better calculated to render the great immortal, to make their actions not only live, but live again in the future, than the more elaborate style of the nation's tongue or the scholarly record in a dead language? This latter monument presented on two sides the stories of victories without the loss of a single British ship ; the third gave the story of his death:

the fourth expressed the love and admiration of the people who had erected this monument to his memory.

Dublin University forms the boundary on one side of College Green, and is a splendid piece of architecture; inside, its walls are adorned with full-length portraits of eminent men who have been educated here; and in its library, at each pillar, is placed a bust of some distinguished person; outside in a little space inclosed with an iron railing and facing the street, are two statues, one of Burke, the other of Goldsmith. The latter stands with pencil in the right hand which hangs at his side, while his eyes rest on an open book held in his left. The face bears an expression exactly corresponding to one's idea of his character—so simple and so kindly. Poor Goldsmith! Little did he think, when a "poor scholar" of the college, distinguished by the cap of poverty and obliged to do menial duty, that he was ever to stand in glory by the side of his more aristocratic fellow-student, Burke; little did he think that the college from which he once ran away, smarting from the sting of unjust disgrace, was one day to feel itself honored by the presence of his statue placed before its doors, as if to beckon genius in future times to enter and drink from the fount that had nurtured an Oliver Goldsmith!

The Old Parliament House is now occupied by the Bank of Ireland. It is situated in College Green, its principal front consisting of a colonnade surrounding three sides of a spacious court. The columns rest on a broad platform, approached by steps; a pediment supported by these columns is adorned by three statues—Hibernia, Fidelity and Commerce—placed here since the building came into the possession of the Bank of Ireland. The interior of the building has been so altered as to adapt it to its present use. In one department we saw a wonderful little automatical machine for weighing gold. A handful or two of gold pieces being thrown in, it picks up one at a time, brings it forward, and, hesitating a moment, deflects it into one of two receptacles, according to whether or not it responds to the legal standard weight; if below, an index hand on a small dial indicates, at the instant of its rejection, the exact degree of deficiency. All such coins are sent to the Bank of England for re-coinage.

The former House of Commons is now the Cash Office. The chamber of the House of Lords is preserved in its former state, with the exception of the addition of a marble statue of George III., placed here by the Bank Directors. This stands in front of a railing separating from the rest of the room the semi-circular space formerly occupied by

the throne. In the niches on either side of the room are busts; one of George IV., the other of Nelson, with the never-omitted armless sleeve; the lost eye, however, seems to elude the sculptor's skill. On opposite sides of the room are two large pieces of tapestry faded by time; one representing the battle of the Boyne, the other the siege of Derby. The long table and chairs formerly used by members of this House, are also preserved here.

As we stood on this spot, how we wished that our ears might catch one echo of the eloquence with which Irish patriots have sought to save their country in the political convulsions of past years; of words which will never lose their thrilling power so long as the human heart cherishes a love of country—a love of liberty. Here did Grattan, in the year 1782, on that day whose sun rose on a nation standing in silent and threatening despair, whose sun went down on the same nation reflecting from its face the light of content and dignified joy, exclaim, "Ireland is now a nation; in that character I hail her, and bowing to her august presence I say, *esto perpetua!*" And here, less than a score of years later, when, deprived of her Parliament, he saw the threatened death of the nation whose birth he had hailed, did he utter those final words of adieu, in which he pledged unswerving faith to the

country which lay shrouded before him, swooning, but not dead.

Again, another picture arises of a most dramatic scene once enacted here, the trial of a member of this House for murder. In the gallery of the hall selected, a crowd of some seven hundred persons represent the world of fashion. One part of the floor is covered with scarlet cloth and appropriated to the Peeresses and their daughters; these seats filled, the Peers, wearing their full robes of state, enter in solemn silence; now comes the bearer of the armorial shield of the accused; behind him follows the prisoner in deep mourning, with melancholy air, and eyes fastened to the ground; next, the executioner, bearing a large hatchet painted black with the exception of its brightly polished edge; the three place themselves at the bar; over the prisoner's left shoulder hangs his armorial shield; on his right, the executioner holds the axe to his neck with the edge averted, ready, should judgment be unfavorable, immediately to turn its shining edge, at once announcing sentence and fate. The trial begins; the witnesses are called, first generally, and then by name; no one appears; according to law, the Chancellor proceeds to put the question; each Peer rises, passes slowly before the chair in which the Chancellor is seated, solemnly places his hand upon his heart, and repeats, "not guilty, upon my honor."

Finally the Chancellor arises and declares it to be the opinion of the Peers of Ireland that the accused is "not guilty." He then breaks his wand, descends from his chair, and the trial is ended.

DUBLIN, *August*, 1874.

## III.

## ROUND TOWERS—PORTRUSH—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

E turn our backs on Dublin and our faces towards "Dalriadi's Coast," passing on our way within sight of Lough Neah, Ireland's largest lake. It is twenty miles long and half as wide, and its waters are said to possess the power of petrifying wood, and also of healing, in a few days, ulcers and sores upon the body. Among the poetic sights dwelling in my imagination had been far-reaching fields of flax, bending with graceful stalk to the breeze, and lifting delicate petals to the sky to drink in a kindred azure; but of all the unpoetical smells dwelling in my memory, is that of such fields filling the air as we traveled through them mile after mile, with a stench wholly indescribable; as usual, however, with intolerable odors, the inhabitants console themselves with the idea that the tainted air is salubrious. It was the season for pulling the ripened flax, and this was mostly done by women and children.

Again we see some of the Round Towers of Ireland, a feature peculiar to this country. That

of Antrim, which we now pass, is eighty feet high; about eighteen feet from the top it tapers like a sugar-loaf; the circumference at its base is fifty-two feet, and apparently about thirty-six feet where it begins to taper. Some dozen feet from the ground is a door facing the north, with no steps leading to it, nor any appearance of there ever having been any. There are loopholes above. The walls are three feet thick, and the door and loopholes are arched with hewn stone. Sometimes these towers are found divided into two or three stories by horizontal partitions, perforated by an aperture scarcely large enough to admit of the passage of a man's body, but there are no apparent means of ascending from one opening to the other.

The history of these towers is wholly unknown. Some suppose them to have been erected as belfrys; others, but with no reason therefor, look upon them as monuments of ascetic superstition like that of Simon Stylite's; others imagine them depositories of sacred fire. Their Eastern origin has been suggested by the discovery of two round towers in Bhanguipore, resembling those of Ireland, and of which—a striking coincidence—the Hindoos possess no tradition, although the Rajahs look upon them as holy. Notwithstanding that popular belief leans to the religious origin, sacred use, and extreme antiquity of these towers,

it seems more reasonable to attribute to them no earlier date than the ninth century, at which time the Irish began to erect structures of lime and stone. Perhaps they were built by the Danes as watch-towers for observing the movements of the natives, who afterwards expelled the Danes, and who may then have used them for some purpose of their own.

Portrush is our stopping-place for the night, but let me advise all travelers, in spite of impotunity and the late hour of arrival, to push on directly some seven miles from here, where there is a commodious, sunny hotel, which is, moreover, within five minutes' walk of the great scene of attraction. Portrush is one of the dreariest places on earth; there the zenith has visibly descended, the circle of the horizon contracted, and one feels as if he had reached the little end of creation. Built on a peninsula, jutting out a mile into the ocean towards the Skerries, it is cold and bleak, the hotels are destitute of warmth and cheerfulness, and one shudders at the bathing-houses, and wonders that in such a cold, wet place they do not erect drying-houses in their stead. There is a good beach here and a range of limestone cliffs; also sand-hills evidently of recent origin. Some fifty years ago a violent storm swept away some of the sand, and brought to view the remains of an ancient town—the ruins of houses,

in which were found domestic utensils, spear-heads, etc.

We have now reached the most northerly point of Ireland, and that must be a phlegmatic temperament indeed whose pulses do not quicken at approaching the Giants' Causeway, another wonderful outburst of Nature's power, another exclamation point in Nature's book, another of those scenes which but excite the inexhaustible thirst of man, "growing with what it feeds upon," to find, somewhere in the universe, the measure of his own soul; prompted by the vast to long for the greater; humbled, yet exalted by the lofty to what is higher; softened by the beautiful, to be more readily impressed by what is still lovelier; searching in the fountains of deep waters for some source that shall find its level with the deep, mysterious impulse of his own being that throbs in sympathy with the lowest forms of life; scanning the atoms of inanimate matter, and roaming to the farthest bounds of the starry heavens, while yet he finds not the limits of his own thought. So we approach to where

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves,  
The Giant's pier the war of tempests braves,  
A far-projecting, firm, basaltic way  
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;  
With skill so like, yet so surpassing Art,  
With such design, so just in every part,  
That reason pauses—doubtful if it stand  
The work of mortal or immortal hand."

This great masterpiece of Nature can only be properly viewed from the ocean, and we therefore embark in a boat, which first takes us into the cave of Port Coon but a little distance from the shore. It seems perilous to attempt to effect an entrance among the dashing waves, whose white foam rises high on either side of the cave; but once in, we are overcome by a feeling of awe and helplessness as we listen to the roar of the waves reverberating under its symmetrical roof, which narrows and descends to an outlet much smaller than the one by which we have entered. We do not at all envy the Prince Imperial, for whom the cave was recently lighted by a display of fire-works. Nature, robed in her own solemnity, speaks to us in so grand a tone that we feel such interposition of Art would but throw upon the whole a touch of frivolity.

Emerging from the cave, we proceed about three miles along an undulating coast, rising in some places to the height of nearly 400 feet. The coast line presents a grand range of promontories indented by a series of beautiful semi-circular bays walled in by abruptly rising sides. One of these, Spanish Bay, was the scene of the wreck of some vessels of the Spanish Armada; intending to attack Dunluce Castle, whose extensive ruins are seen on an isolated promontory connected to the mainland by a natural bridge of rock, in the dark-

ness they mistook another point for it and were dashed to pieces. We were told that an organ on board one of the ships has since been recovered, and is to be seen in Dublin.

The Giants' Causeway consists of three natural piers extending in a northerly direction into the ocean ; between the piers are rounded masses of irregularly prismatic basalt. Rowing along at such a distance from the coast as to afford a fine view, we first notice the Giants' Loom, a colonnade thirty-six feet high ; next we come in sight of the Giants' Organ, about 120 feet in length and composed of sixty columns, the center ones forty feet in height, diminishing at either end ; the Organ is situated midway up the nearly perpendicular background of a semi-circular bay, and bears a striking resemblance to the instrument whose name has been given to it. The Chimney-tops make the eastern boundary of the most striking part of this coast ; they are composed of four massive basaltic columns 315 feet in height ; they are hexagonal in form and isolated in position. Near this is the Theatre, an amphitheatre of three distinct colonnades.

Having gone so far as to gain a view of the Chimneys, we turn the prow of the boat and retrace our way to the main Causeway. The sea, meanwhile, has become rougher ; we look up at high waves far above our heads, threatening to

overwhelm us; the skill of the boatmen commands our admiration. Two of them hurriedly jump to the landing and we are rowed hastily backward toward the cove behind us. The trained eyes of the men enable them to calculate at what point the wave will break, and they hold the boat just beyond its power. Observing the waves in the distance they watch for a greater space between any two, and avail themselves of the opportunity to row again towards the landing-point, in time for one person to jump hurriedly on shore and run up the causeway, chased by the breaking wave, while the boat again withdraws to land another at the next favorable interval. Half overcome by mingled laughter, fear and sea-sickness, at last we are all safely deposited on the lower extremity of the principal causeway; this is about 300 feet in length, making as it slopes upward from the ocean to the base of the cliff, a gradual ascent of 200 feet, and being much wider at its top than where it emerges into the ocean.

The whole rock formation of Causeways, Organs, Chimneys, etc., is the same, being composed entirely of columns of stone, fitted so accurately to each other that the point of a knife cannot be introduced between them—a solid structure of pillar united to pillar as close as the cells of a honey-comb. Some writer has stated the number of distinct and perfect columns to be

37.426, not including those that are broken or scattered. The color of the stone is a dark iron-gray ; it is extremely compact and fine in texture. At a short distance each pier presents the appearance of a regular pavement, the columns rising each but a few inches above the adjoining ones directly below it. The columns are composed of articulated joints, the lower convex end of each fitting into the concave end of the one below it, thus forming a ball and socket joint ; occasionally the convexity is reversed. The joints vary from six to twelve inches in length, and from twelve to twenty in breadth. Every one of these columns is a geometrical prism, and we find every form from a triangle to a nonagon ; as yet, however, but one triangle has been observed, and the prevailing forms are five, six, or seven-sided figures.

It is only within the last hundred years that scientific investigation has been turned to this natural phenomenon, and, incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that in the eighteenth century respectable authors confess themselves in doubt whether it was laid by Him who upholds the pillars of the universe or was wrought by the hand of man. Since science has been becoming popular, the common tongue is fast forgetting to lisp the old poetic superstitions—mental wild flowers—gracing with their uncultivated beauty the rugged wonders of Nature. The mind is

naturally prompted to inquire into the cause of so extraordinary a phenomenon, and in the romantic days of Fable the simple inhabitants of the coast, seeing its appearance of art and regularity and unable to account for it by any known operations of Nature, ascribed it to the hands of giants.

Fin MacCumhal, the great hero of Irish romance, and whom tradition made to attain the enormous stature of fifteen cubits, became the imaginary architect. Enraged at the predatory invasions of the inhabitants of the Hebrides and of the northern tribes who had often made the soil of Erin red with the blood of her children, he at last resolved to punish the invaders, and to that end to

“ Bridge the ocean for the march of war.”

Summoning his army of giants they set to work to construct a fabric which should span the horizon and override the thunder and the storm. They then hewed these columns from quarries on the shore, polished them, and built of them an enormous arch, reaching from Dalriadi's coast to the Isle of Staffa, on Albion's shore.

“ Deep in the surge the broad, dense base they spread,  
And raised to heaven the massy column's head;  
High rose the rock-wove arch, and o'er the flood,  
Like Neptune's fane, the pillared structure stood.”

The Scandinavians, terrified at this threatening sight, called upon Odin, their god, for help. The

gods had built for their own use a bridge between heaven and earth—the rainbow. Lest the giants should ascend by it into heaven it was kept constantly guarded by a porter, Heimdall, born of nine mothers, whom the gods had endowed with special qualities for his office. It was impossible to surprise him, for he slept more lightly than a bird, could discover by day or night objects a hundred leagues distant, while his ear was so fine that he could hear the grass grow in the meadow and the wool on the backs of the sheep.

Odin listened to the cries of his worshipers, and holding the hissing thunder in his hand, descended and stood on the arch of the rainbow, calling upon his ministers of wrath. Among the latter was Loke, the Genius of Evil. He had been overcome in a conflict with the gods and by them shut up in an underground cavern where he makes his abode tremble with his violent rage, terrifying mortals with the dreadful earthquake. Thus evoked, Loke and Hela—the Goddess of Death—set the elements in motion and shook the base of this stupendous arch, which disappeared in the yawning gulfs of ocean. A spell of enchantment was then cast over the giants, their blood chilled with terror and their nerves, bones, and limbs, turned into stone. At midnight, however, their specters flit around the former scene of their activity, and at loom and organ pursue their

former curious toils, while far aloft on some lone pillar their leader sits delighting himself in the sight. Two abutments—the one the Giants' Causeway, the other the caverned shore of Staffa, known to us as Fingal's Cave—were left standing as proud memorials of their power, and foreshadowing the skill of the intellectual giants of our day, who have

Bridged the ocean for the march of peace,

the foundations of whose wired arch, sunk far below the thunder and the storm, support a bridge like the many threaded rainbow, upon which mortals, sending to and fro the lightning as their messenger, shall yet become like gods and *their* ministers be angels of life and good.

BALLYCASTLE, IRELAND, *August*, 1874.

## IV.

GLASGOW—EDINBURGH—AYR.

**C**OLLECTING our thoughts and examining the general impression Ireland has made upon us, we find the picture carried away in our minds, to be pervaded with an atmosphere of sadness enwrapping even her rarer grandeurs, as well as her choice spots of beauty whose marvellous color we shall never forget, and from our hearts we exclaim as we leave her, "Country of sadness, farewell!"

The curtain of night falls and we see Ireland no more. By morning's dawning light we look upon the "banks o' Clyde," along which for miles the sound of busy hammers fills the air like the morning song of birds—hammers awakening the music of that great instrument of harmony—commerce—whose sounding-board is the ocean, and the nations of the earth its keys. Suddenly transported into such a scene, one's spirit expands with a feeling of pride and glory in the enterprise of man, and this increases the longer he gazes upon the seemingly endless avenue of ocean ships

and steamers in process of construction, through which he approaches Glasgow, and yet more when he considers that these monsters, fore-ordained conquerors of the elements they are to contend with, will bend like pliant reeds to the guiding hand of man.

'T is in contrast with Edinburgh, perhaps, that one gets the most distinct picture of Glasgow. Glasgow is a sort of "hail-fellow, well-met" city, and her liveliness and activity impresses one beyond her buildings, public parks, squares and monuments, in which she is by no means poor; it is the *life* of the place that makes its distinctive characteristic in one's memory. Edinburgh, on the contrary, is different enough from Glasgow to be her antipode; cold, proud and dignified, it is herself and not her spirit that is impressed upon your mind as you gaze upon her; no movement of life to spoil the perfect photograph of this city of stone, this Memnon of cities, grand and calm, whose morning note of music has been drowned to the common ear by the overwhelming noise of modern, commercial cities. There she stands among Memory's pictures just as I saw her first and always; the old town with its exceedingly tall houses crowded together, and standing on tip-toe one above the other to get a look down into the new town with its lower hills and wider streets. How tiresome I found her stony features,

unrelieved by shrubbery except in the squares, most of which are public only to private individuals. The pavement of the streets, the sidewalks, the houses, their outer steps, their inner stairways, their halls—everywhere and all-pervading—the same gray stone ; I can imagine a sensitive person becoming crazy from this eternal monotone of color.

If you want to see the appropriateness of the Scotch plaid in dress, come to Scotland, whose general aspect is far from bright, but particularly to Edinburgh, where the many-colored plaids are certainly here the most beautiful dress material ; thus teaching that for effective costume we may also study the complexion of the sky as well as that of the individual.

Here was another difference in the two cities ; in Glasgow I remember nothing of how the people were dressed, nor of their “shops,” except that the latter were busy enough ; while the exceptional brightness of Edinburgh’s windows is quite distinct.

Again, Glasgow is rich ; Edinburgh is—well, I will not say poor, because she is noted for being to a large, I might say to an unfortunate extent, the residence of people rich enough to do nothing but enjoy a cultivated leisure. But the first thing that attracts the stranger’s attention is a picturesque group of columns standing alone on one of her

principal summits, looking so much like some ancient ruin that, perhaps, in more than five cases in ten it is the subject of the first inquiry made by the stranger, to which inquiry the answer has become almost proverbial, "Oh, that is the monument of Edinburgh's poverty." Begun fifty years ago, and intended to be an exact model of the Parthenon at Athens, all her money was spent in erecting the three steps and twelve columns you now see, and the city has been unable even to raise money enough to complete the National Monument. Glasgow has offered to finish it if Edinburgh will yield to her in return the honor of being Scotland's capital; but if the one city is rich enough the other is proud enough, and will not sell her birthright or barter her dignity.

Sir Walter Scott's monument in Edinburgh is most perfect; in appropriateness and beauty it is complete, and one feels that nothing could be added or taken away without marring it. Of dark brown stone, in the open arch of its base sits a marble statue of Scott with his dog beside him. The tower is two hundred feet high, while between base and summit its elaborate carving is interspersed with niches occupied by white marble figures of the author's principal characters.

From the open ornamental grounds around this monument, one has a fine view of the old town and castle of Calton Hill, of the buildings of

the Royal Institution, etc., and as, thoroughly impatient at the monotony of the city, I sat reading one of his books at the Wizard's feet, I fairly loved him for his sympathy as I came across this sentence: "Edinburgh, which is a tolerable residence in Winter and Spring, becomes disagreeable in Summer, and in Autumn is the most miserable *sejour* that ever poor mortals were condemned to. No public places are open, no inhabitant of any consideration remains in the town; those who cannot get away hide themselves in obscure corners as if ashamed to be seen in the streets."

The round trip from Glasgow to Ayr is the journey of a day, and although a visit to the birth-place of Burns is a threadbare subject to write or read about, one makes it with as fresh an interest as if he had not read a thousand descriptions of it. The railroad brings us to

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
In honest lads and bonnie lasses,"—

and in quiet and extreme neatness. Strolling through its streets, it was quite by accident we came upon the Tam O'Shanter House, which drew us across the street by its pictured sign, representing Tam mounted on his gray mare, and drinking his stirrup-cup previous to setting out on that eventful ride. This house is said to have been the principal resort of Burns, in Ayr. Now

as then, a public house, we enter and examine its dingy little rooms with table in the center, settees around, and all the walls hung with cheap engravings of Burns. A dark, narrow stairway leads up to a room somewhat larger than the others, called the "Burns room;" here are framed manuscripts, some better pictures and a bust, and we are told, what we have as much reason to believe as to doubt—for such a haunt he surely had in Ayr—that it was by that very ingle Burns used to sit with his companions, in the very chairs before us, two of which bear inscriptions in brass plates to that effect. The party occupying the room as we enter, immediately welcome us like old friends, for the name of Burns is the open sesame to every Scotchman's heart; they will accept no refusal; we must each take a draught of Scotch ale from the Burns Cup, a wooden cup—preserved with silver bands so worn as to have been twice renewed—that has been handed down from his time. Inspired with the spot, the name, the associations and the surroundings, it is with fervid feeling, and tears in one pair of eyes at least, that the circle stand around the table, and drink to the memory of Robert Burns.

Alloway is three miles beyond Ayr; there stands the cottage birth-place of the poet, near which is Kirk Alloway, a little ruin insignificant in itself, whose belfry alone bespeaks its former

churchhood. Our driver voluntarily points out the windowsill—

“The winnock bunker in the east,  
Where sat auld Nick in shape of beast.”

A little beyond we come to the Burns Monument. Its triangular base is surmounted by a dome supported by Corinthian columns, and crowned by a lyre and wine-cup. An apartment within contains mementos of the poet, and among his books is the Bible given to his Highland Mary when, as the story goes, the lovers stood on opposite sides of a brook, dipped their hands in its running water and, holding a Bible between them, there vowed eternal fidelity to each other. They never met again. On the blank leaf of this Bible is written, “Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.”

Near by is an edifice erected for the group of statuary—Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny. The figures are in stone, life-size or larger, and there is a very fitting harmony in this most appropriate monument to the Poet of the people, being the original design and work of an obscure Ayrshire stone-mason. With faces turned toward each other there sit, “drinking divinely,” the two “ancient, trusty, drouthy cronies.” The chisel has been very faithful to the minutæ of their dress, and you can distinguish the stitches in the long-seamed stockings of the one who, with glass

half-raised to his wide-open mouth, is evidently laughing heartily; the other has rested his tankard upon his knee, and is looking at the former with a smile as if he really "lo'ed him like a vera brither." It is a perfect picture of jolly pleasure, at which "Care, mad to see men sae happy," might well indeed drown himself.

We pass out from here, and stand on the "Brig o' Doon," and a very tender feeling creeps over us as we silently gaze at the "bonnie Doon," "its banks and braes and flowering thorn," and drink in the simple beauty of the scene, bathed by the poet's song in double loveliness; and then our eyes stray to the neighboring open fields, and imagination conjures up the scene of the Burns' festival, when eighty thousand voices joined, and filled the air around with such songs as "Ye Banks and Braes" and "Auld Lang Syne."

Not to introduce the topic of Burns with his country-men, your traveling companions as you journey through Scotland, is to lose one-half the enjoyment of a Scottish tour, and the enthusiasm, especially of the comparatively illiterate, increases your own appreciation of him. Proud as they can be of Scott, Burns they love with all their heart.

AYR, SCOTLAND, *September*, 1874.

## V.

## LONDON—ROYAL INSTITUTE.

**I** SHALL never be satisfied with my arrival in London. I had known for years just how it ought to be done, and that it could be done in no other way. I was to arrive in the midst of a crowd little less than a mob; between car and carriage to be repeatedly separated from my companions. I was to guard myself from robbery; the sound of many voices was to drown my own. I mentally prepare for all this as we almost fly through the air from Warwickshire to London, knowing I should be made aware of our near approach by the seemingly long ride through such an underground tunnel as had thus far led us into every large city of Scotland and England. We have reached no such tunnel when the train stops in a large, quiet station; the conductor opens the door of our railway carriage for us to alight, but I tell him "we are going on to London." "This is London, and the train goes no further." It is quiet enough for a suburban station; unaccosted by any one, we seek for and find a store-room for our baggage, and then pass

outside of the depot, and, importuned by no cabman, select one of the carriages waiting for "a fare;" no hotel-runners, no hotel-coaches—for all we hear, no hotels in London; no crowding, no robbing, no clamour of voices.

The city, too, disappoints in the earliest days of our acquaintance with it. I had imagined a turbulent stream of life, threatening to carry the stranger quite off his feet; that everywhere were striking contrasts between palace and dwelling of poverty; that the excitement of an American city was to be multiplied by this immense population. On the contrary, we are impressed with the quiet order and the comparative uniformity of building; full as the principal streets are, no one seems excited, but instead, intensity of life here finds expression in earnestness of air and countenance in young and old.

The first thing for an American to do here is to acquire the language. You find yourself wondering what the waiter is saying; three times you ask the shopman what he is saying, and then answer at random; even to the public lecturer you must listen more closely than at home. You soon acquire a tolerable proficiency in your grandmother tongue, although after many weeks you may hesitate when the tradesman asks you if you will "avanolun," before guessing that he means "have a whole one."

Next in importance to learning the language is the learning to live without breathing, and this is the more difficult task of the two—especially for the traveler from our own bracing atmosphere, and who, between here and there has felt but ocean breath and mountain breeze. There is no air in London, and I do n't know what name ought to be given to the vile compound that takes its place. On my first arrival, waking up several nights and finding myself distressed as if with asthma, and recognizing the source of this distress to be in the atmosphere, I thought it prudent to begin to make calculations in regard to the probable length of my life, and to this end began reading the daily list of deaths. For a time I was extremely puzzled to find such a very large proportion of them raging between seventy and ninety years, but at last all became clear to me; these people had died years and years before, but nobody had found it out, for this simple reason, that, there being no air, nobody can breathe here, and consequently one great symptom of death—cessation of breath—is wanting. I have a neighbor opposite whom I have been watching for some weeks, and who I know must have been dead for a long while; once or twice a day I see her bent figure as she looks out from between the dingy red curtains of the dingy windows of her dingy house into the dingy atmosphere; her

inanimate face has such an air of dingy monotony, the conceit has come into my mind that, conscious of her demise, as yet undiscovered by others, she is peering from her window to hail a hearse should one chance to pass.

Speaking of hearses reminds me of something in London which looks very funny to me: boys stealing a ride by "hanging on behind" the carriages of a funeral procession; I believe I have yet to see them hanging on behind the hearse. In Drury Lane, for the most part the home of poverty, I one night saw a hearse before a house, in attendance on an evening funeral! What could be gloomier!

To the new-comer London is indeed an elephant on his hands; it is a closed volume with the title "What will he do with it?" He turns to its table of contents and soon his eye falls, with a feeling of family pride, upon that long list of names of those who, England's crown of glory beyond any warriors to whom she ever gave birth, stand in the front ranks of the army that wars with ignorance and spread a halo of light and of promise upon the whole human race. At first we think we must see them all; but we soon begin to think we'll see whom we can get to see, for it seems that great men are not like pearls, whose luster, as I have read, depends upon exposure to the common air and common sunshine. Spurgeon

can always be found (when he has n't the gout) at his Tabernacle ; Tennyson hides from all the world, mysterious as his wonderful power of song ; Huxley and Tyndall it is very difficult to get a chance to hear speak. At last we say, we'll hope to hear them by attending the "Lectures to Workingmen," and are informed that no one but the workingman is admitted. As the difficulty increases we become more anxious to hear these latter, and hear them soon. Tyndall who is to deliver a course of lectures on electricity before the Royal Institute, also gives the opening lecture of the Friday evening course, open only to members and invited guests ; by happy chance we fall among the latter number.

Although we have arrived an hour before the lecture, and a few minutes before the doors are opened, the halls and stairs are already crowded. We are fortunate enough to reach a front seat in the gallery, where we have a fine view of the theatre. (A lecture-room here is called a theatre, and a circus is the end of an omnibus route). We are not sufficiently acquainted to recognize many of the distinguished men in the audience ; but there is Professor Gladstone, with one of the most smiling and pleasant faces in the world ; he has just concluded the delivery in this hall of a Christmas course, suited to juveniles, on the Voltaic battery ; he evidently succeeded in interesting his

youthful audience not only by his learning but by his love of them. There is Mr. Spottiswoode, a man who has for years been at the head of the largest printing establishment in London ; science is the amusement of his leisure hours, which cannot be many, yet by his recreations he has arrived at the highest scientific honors which his country can bestow ; he is an F. R. S. and Secretary of the Royal Society of Great Britain. Yonder is Sir John Lubbock, a naturalist and an M. P., of whom a newspaper opposed to him in politics, in noticing a recent lecture of his on " Wild Flowers and Insects," thought it very well for him to go " where the wild thyme grows." Just behind the President's chair is Sir Thomas Watson, a man whose baronetcy was conferred upon him as an honorable recognition of his conquests in the field of medical science. Among the standing crowd is Liebreich, a German oculist of some renown here, with so singular a face that at first sight it almost startles you ; I do n't know how Heinrich Heine looked, but he ought to have looked like this man ; small, with long black hair partly concealing a face of deathly pallor in repose, which, weird and unnatural, you hardly know whether to recognize as a picture of dissipation or of genius ; as he converses for a moment his face lights up with a tinge of yellowish color. We turn our attention to the ladies ; it is a very

fashionable audience and a full-dress affair. There are white tarlatans and blue, white silks and light silks of every color, velvets and satins, and the beautiful heads of hair, and calm, undisturbed expression characteristic of English women. None of them are known to me, but I recognize in their midst an unlucky friend of mine who, with her usual happy way of hitting the right thing, has made her appearance in a rainy-day street suit.

We have finished our survey of the audience; the clock points to the hour of nine, and we turn all our attention to the door through which Professor Tyndall is to enter. Our first glance at him instantaneously awakens the thought, that for such a wiry form, climbing the Alps must be a comparatively easy matter; rather tall, his height is increased by the slightness of his figure; of light complexion and somewhat gray, to me his face does not bespeak the student; at least, not the student of books—the recluse of the library; its quick and animated expression indicates rather, one whose perceptive powers are keenly alive, ever on the *qui vive*, so that his quick intellect would grasp many a truth that would longer escape greater minds unendowed with equally active perceptions. In lecturing he is earnest, speaking rather quickly; apparently it would be impossible for him to do anything slowly; he is evidently anxious, very anxious, to carry his

audience understandingly along with him, and you can hardly conceive how so learned a man can have such perfect sympathy with the disadvantage under which a comparatively unscientific assembly labors.

His subject to-night was "Some Acoustical Problems." He introduced his lecture by speaking of the importance of giving to ideas, which according to Locke, are mental images, a physical basis; and that by such means uneducated audiences can receive very clear ideas of subjects difficult to comprehend. As he was to speak on the heterogeneous composition of the atmosphere around us, and of layers or strata of heated air, he would give a physical basis—a representation to the sense of sight—of the phenomena with which his discourse was to deal. By means of an electric light throwing upon a white screen shadows of the things illustrated, we were able to see the carbonic acid gas, which he poured out from a glass jar; he then blew sulphuric ether through a tube, and we saw it spreading through the atmosphere; we also saw the heated air around the blaze of a candle. He wished to show that sound is reflected, or echoed, by being thrown against, or into, an atmosphere heterogeneous in composition, or containing air-strata of different temperatures, and that such invisible components of the atmosphere and such walls or

strata had more power to interrupt the progress of and reflect sound than many opaque and visible substances. A blaze is susceptible to sound, and by increasing the pressure upon the gas, Professor Tyndall was able to make the flame at a gas-burner so sensitive that when he chirruped to it, it would answer with a corresponding flicker; he then made it still more sensitive, so that it gave a continued flicker, responsive to the ticking of a watch placed within a foot or two of it. He therefore in his experiments made use of the flames from two gas-burners, to represent the ear or the power of hearing. At each corner of the front part of his table was a gas-light, and, as the sensitive point of a flame is at the orifice where the gas issues from the burner, a glass tunnel was affixed to the burner, so that the rays of sound were thus made to converge upon this sensitive point.

On a third corner of the table, and near him, was a reed played upon by a bellows; from the reed the sound was projected through a tube; the tube was pointed at the further light diagonally opposite to it, and (the flame, of course, being made extra sensitive by pressure) when no substance intervened to interrupt the sound, the sound would set this further blaze into violent vibration; but when a substance impenetrable to sound intervened, that blaze would remain per-

fectly still, while the other blaze, at the opposite end of the table, and behind the open end of the tube from which the sound issued, would vibrate with a violence corresponding to the degree of impenetrability of the interrupting substance.

Now followed experiments on impenetrability to sound. Substances impervious to light often did not interrupt the sound wave; screens of calico held some inches apart, and added one after the other, arrested the sound by degrees, but not completely; a handkerchief folded many times together allowed the sound to pass through it, but when the handkerchief was wet and its interstices thus filled with water, it became an impenetrable wall, entirely arresting the sound; one thickness of oiled silk was much more impervious to sound than a piece of felt half an inch thick.

The continuity of sound depended not upon the thickness, but upon the density of the intervening screen. A thin invisible sheet of heated air rising from a single gas-burner held below, had more power to arrest the sound than a visible screen of many thicknesses of cloth. The arresting power of a number of streams of heated gas along the course of the sound-wave was shown; and carbonic acid gas, also sulphuric ether, mixed with aqueous vapor, all reflected or echoed the sound as could be seen by the flaring of one or the other

blaze, according as the sound was uninterrupted by any screen, or was reflected by one or more screens.

Professor Tyndall then went on to say, that he was working towards a problem, long an enigma to scientific men. In 1822 a commission, of which Arago and other celebrities were members, was appointed to make experiments in regard to the velocity of sound; in the month of June, in the same year, they proceeded to Villejeuf and Montlhery in France; between these two places the flash of cannons could be distinctly seen at each place from the other; but while every cannon fired at Montlhery, which was farther from Paris, could be heard at Villejeuf, only one report in twelve at the latter place could be heard at Montlhery, although the direction of the wind was favorable. This he explained by the nearer situation of Villejeuf to Paris, so that it was enveloped in an atmosphere of impurities and gases floating out to it from Paris and enveloping it in a heterogeneous atmosphere, which formed an acoustic cloud around it, impenetrable to the sound-wave proceeding from the cannon; and no echo was perceived, because the sound was thrown back so soon that the echo was united with the original sound. Sometimes we hear no echo, because the sound is wholly dissipated before it meets with any reflecting body. As a rule, the

distance which sound has penetrated may be measured by the length of the echo. In concluding this discourse, Professor Tyndall said: "No fact stands alone, no brick is left unaccounted for in the Temple of Science, which is but a handful in that greater temple built by a Power unscanned and unfathomable."

## VI.

## CLIMATE—MEN AND WOMEN.

**G**AZING with the stranger's curiosity at one of the London prisons, an Englishman sitting next to me, who like all the rest of them, had learned to recognize an American at first sight, politely replied to my questioning look by telling me the name and purpose of the building, and in continuance remarked, "I suppose the public conveyances of your cities are far superior to ours?" "They are indeed so," was my reply, "and I never get into one of your uncomfortable omnibuses without wondering that you put up with such awkward and miserable things." "To tell the truth, we are rather proud of our inconveniences," he pleasantly replied, and that one remark, half-jest and half-earnest, has been a key to many things in London.

The philanthropy of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts leads her to recommend, as an aid in the daily repeated modern miracle of feeding the multitude in London, the cultivating of the goat for milk and flesh, and a newspaper noticing this,

says, "The recommendation has everything in its favor save and except only that it is not of the slightest use to preach to Englishmen about getting out of the old grooves and occasionally adopting an economical notion from abroad."

In this respect, I might say in this respect *only*, is the Englishman the exact opposite of the American. In our pursuit of the better we turn to every novelty, more or less discontented with whatever we have; the Englishman is, above all things in the world, contented; what he already has is good enough for him, and if by chance he adopts some innovation, he does not think

"Tis well to be off with the old love  
Before he is on with the new,"

but weds himself to both. The very entrance to every English home proclaims this English sentiment, for somehow the more modern door-bell has crept into use, but the old-fashioned knocker is found on every door, with the inscription "ring also." At first this looked very foolish to me; if one must ring, why stop to knock first? But the Englishman has time enough for both; he hesitates at what is novel, and asks a dozen times, "Why should I?" but is slow to stop before the long-established and ask, "Why should I not?" Besides, were it otherwise, you and I and all strangers would lose the pleasure of listening to the postman's peculiar double knock, to the

approaching sound of which one so soon learns to turn a hopeful ear.

In short, considering the race to which both Englishmen and Americans belong, it would seem that originally one prominent characteristic was constancy, but by the process of adaptation to the conditions of life in the New World this organ has become so changed as to be hardly recognized; the American Anglo-Saxon is still constant, but, as the poet has it, "constant to a constant change."

London is not cheerful; by day you see yourself shut in between walls discolored by smoke and soot, which Dickens poetically calls the "London ivy," a metaphor well appreciated by any one who has seen the black soot clinging to everything, and mantling the whole city in its drapery; by night the Englishman drops the thick folds of his curtains, and you wander through the streets longing for cheerful windows hinting at social firesides. Thus by night and by day, London, in Winter especially, is superlatively gloomy, and I was struck by the remark of an Englishman, who asserted that the Londoner is indebted to his imagination alone for whatever beauty of nature he talks about; "he imagines," said he, "that he has seen the blue-eyed maiden, Spring, in her robes of delicate green," but absolutely and in point of fact, he has never seen

either the blue of the sky or the verdure of the leaf.

To know how dark London is one must have lived elsewhere, and I fully appreciated the words of Mr. Wood, who, lecturing on his own excavations at Ephesus and the discovery of the Temple of Diana, pointed out in his diagram the emblem of the sun, found carved on a stone pillar, adding that Londoners might be glad to see something like the sun, even were it nothing but its graven image. Emerson quotes a witticism describing London light to be in fair weather like looking up a chimney, and in foul weather like looking down it. I think the chimney has not been swept since the remark was first made.

It is astonishing to hear residents long here complain of the severe cold of Winter. I have seen the streets whitened but once with snow, and but one morning has there been the least sign of frost upon the windows. Comparing such a temperature with our own northern latitudes, Atlantic and even Pacific, the facts seem incredible; there are various reasons offered for this phenomenon, but it is most satisfactory to look for the cause in the development of latent heat, produced by the condensation from vapor of the almost continuously falling rain. We are just now having a little rainstorm which began on my arrival six months ago. Good old Noah became

discouraged and packed his Saratoga trunk at the prospect of a six weeks' rain, but we are more patient than Noah.

London is a wearying place, not alone from its immense distances which you are unwittingly beguiled into walking, but still more from its interesting spots and associations; it seems that the most common names have a meaning, if you can but ferret it out, and with every corner you turn, you turn the leaf to some new story of history or biography. London alone seems sufficient to have placed the English at the head of the intellectual world, for one has here but to open eye and ear, and enough enlightenment will flow in to drown ignorance, even though the intellect be not deeply stirred.

It is as if the curious mind had but to ask questions in regard to mere local names in London and thereby will be acquired a fair knowledge of English history; for instance, in our neighborhood is the Soho Bazaar, a series of shops extending within the buildings between Oxford Street and Soho Square; the name has a novel ring in your ear, and some one will tell you that the Square was formerly the residence of the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II., who, trying to wrest the crown from James, was condemned to be executed—and when you see his face in the portrait gallery of Kensington

Museum, you will exclaim, "What a pity to cut off such a handsome head!" This same Duke, a great favorite with the people, was supposed by some to have escaped, that another suffered in his stead, and that he was the mysterious Iron Mask of the Castle of Pignerol and of the Bastile. The war cry of his followers was "Soho," hence the name of the Square where he resided.

In less than ten minutes' walk from Soho Square, you come to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and with this well-known name you link the story (true or not) of Ben Johnson, who, forced by his step-father to lay bricks at the building of Lincoln's Inn, worked with a trowel in one hand and his Horace in the other. Not far away, in Gerrard Street, you come upon a house bearing an inscription stating that it was once the residence of the Poet Dryden.

Taking the wrong omnibus, I found myself one night near Temple Bar, instead of where I meant to be; my nearest way home was through Chancery Lane, and quite a romance I made of that walk. I had lately been reading a sketch of Coleridge; disappointed, in spite of his reputation for talent, in attaining college honors, in a fit of despondency and embarrassed with debts he left the University at Cambridge and came up to London, where he took the best lodgings he could afford—some door-steps in Chancery Lane.

The place was comparatively lonely as I walked through it, and as things seldom change here, I had only to add to the actual scene around me the picture of the despondent youth lurking in the shadows of the door-ways that I passed by, and to imagine the mental state which such a situation must induce in a sensitive, poetic nature.

On the same evening I had dropped in, towards the close of evening services, at one of the City churches built by Christopher Wren. The silent language of a sixpence induced the sexton to delay closing the house while I observed its beauty. A very large, square pew, with its doors bearing coat-of-arms, and one of its seats forming an arm-chair with a high back surmounted by an iron rod terminating in a crown, proved to be a pew set apart for the occasional presence of the Lord Mayor. He always attends here once a year—on St. Michælmass Day—when he wears his full robes of state, and is accompanied by his Sheriffs, Mace-bearer, Sword-bearer, etc. His principal attendants are seated with him in the pew, while his numerous retinue fills the aisle.

London seems to be at the head of the world in regard to the freedom in which unaccompanied women can traverse its streets at night. Through lanes and dirty alleys, through lonely streets and crowded thoroughfares, a woman passes unmolested and unremarked. I remember crossing

one night at about ten o'clock the somewhat notorious place called the Seven Dials, and stopping to examine the spot before I discovered its name. It is a regular shaped space, from which diverge seven streets, alternating in their divergence with the ends of seven radiating rows of houses, uniform in width with the streets; a gas light in its center illumines the space.

The police are a very fine-looking set of men, always obliging and courteous; even old residents are obliged to ask the way of them. The only shade of rudeness I have ever known in them was directed to myself one day when asking the way to Holborn, and to the question, "What part of Holborn?" I replied "Bloomsbury." "Why don't you ask the way to Bloomsbury, then?" was the rather gruff retort, to which my answer, "Because I did n't know enough to do so," seemed quite satisfactory to him.

The safety of pedestrians among so many horses is also remarkable. In six months I have never seen or heard of a runaway team, and the cabs also number more than ten thousand.

I spent some time trying to find the street railroad horse-cars, and when I did find them, they neither traversed the streets nor were drawn by horses. The Metropolitan Railway, which here serves the purpose of our street car, has a circuitous and extensive underground track

beneath the city ; the propelling power is steam, and the stations, between which of course one cannot stop, are conveniently frequent ; one travels in this way at great speed, and without its aid London could never accomplish its day's work. There is also one line of street-cars like ours, coming into the city from the direction of Stoke Newington, part of the metropolis.

I had always imagined railroad travel in this staid and well-regulated country to be comparatively without risk, but the winter's record of accidents has quite undeceived me ; so great has the number been that one abroad would hardly believe the figures ; but when one sees—especially when from one end of the kingdom to the other one has been confused by—the numerous roads, and considers the immense amount of traffic, frequent disasters begin to appear unavoidable.

As I went yesterday from here to the Crystal Palace, a distance of some seven miles, it was wonderful to see the lines and lines of rails running on either side in parallel or intersecting lines. One place is named "the network," and did not travelers learn to put more faith in railroad officials than they usually do in Providence, it would be quite terrifying to cross here ; several times there were four or five trains very near together, reminding one, as they dodged each other, of skillful skaters on ice.

There is a popular movement now to open on Sundays the museums and like places. A mass-meeting was held with that intent at one of the theatres on Ash Wednesday, on which day the drama is prohibited. The strongest plea advanced is that the people will thus be won from drinking saloons or "pubs" (public houses). One lady spoke, her principal argument being that it was impossible to induce the people to give up any enjoyment without offering another in its stead.

At first it looked rather strange to me to see women frequenting bar-rooms with the same freedom as men. I do not think they linger so long to tell stories as the other sex, but they stop in wherever they choose and call for whatever they like, and perhaps leisurely enjoy it with a cracker—or biscuit, as we say here. I do not know whether or not they have exerted any refining influence on these places. I have seen very respectable-looking women on their way from church, prayer-book in hand, entering or standing at the bar drinking. In hiring servants here one always bargains either to furnish them with a certain amount of beer daily, or to pay them a certain sum as "beer-money."

Of course I have found my own pleasure in scrutinizing the people as well as their habits and surroundings. I have always heard of the fine complexion of English ladies, and their active

out-door life as its cause ; I believe, indeed, in the former, which is absolutely lovely, but not in the latter, for I have found the English woman less active than her American sister ; walking-tours once a year are fashionable (I have even met ladies who have tried it), but I am sure that in London both men and women drive more and walk less than we do. Their good health first creates the complexion, which the climate preserves, keeping the skin soft by its moisture, and leaving it unirritated by winds and unburnt by the sun. The climate is also evidently favorable to the growth of the hair ; throughout Great Britain the beautiful hair of the women charms you, and we cannot doubt that this has always been the case, since we read that the beautiful hair of the English captives carried hundreds of years ago to Rome, was much admired. I do not, however, find the features of the face as fine as on our continent ; neither is their physique equal to our ideal of it. I have many times seen astonishingly tall women, but as a whole they look no taller than ourselves ; the women, however, are usually far too stout to have grace of figure, while many of the men are remarkable for their thinness. I have certainly seen a greater proportion of spindle-legged men in the streets of London than in any other city ; it would seem that somehow their lower limbs had melted and

run down into their shoes, there spreading out into such enormous feet that it becomes quite an art to walk the streets without being trod upon. I have no doubt that what we call English reserve is the mere habit, not of keeping people at an unsocial distance, but of avoiding their feet.

The English language is said to be lately enriched by a new word. A certain Mrs. Podgers is continually in trouble with cabmen and summoning them before courts of justice. The lady has become so well known in court-circles and cab-circles that the verb "to podger" is somewhat generally adopted, and a dishonest cabman will put on the cloak of honesty if one threatens to "podger" him. Perhaps future etymologists are to puzzle their brains in vain over the origin of this new word. By-the-way, the cabmen of London have no enviable berth. They pay something over three dollars per day for their team, and are allowed to charge but one shilling for the first mile and sixpence per mile for additional distance. As many passengers may ride for that one shilling as can seat themselves in the conveyance; at least four can ride in a four-wheeled cab. The law does not permit a cabman to refuse to take a "fare" wherever he wants to go; should he refuse, from the lateness of the hour or other causes, your redress is to "podger" him.

LONDON, *November*, 1874.

## VII.

## LETTER TO A FRIEND.

**W**E have to-day had our second fog, and I am quite unfitted by it for anything, especially letter-writing. It has given both D. and myself a sick headache and my eyes burn like coals of fire and are weighed down with heaviness. The morning, between eight and nine o'clock, was about as usual, but instead of growing lighter as it generally does, it soon became so obscure that we could only read comfortably by sitting quite near the window and also selecting large print. At twelve o'clock we were obliged to give up reading altogether, and at one o'clock the house was so pervaded with the smoke that half-way across our sitting-room we could not clearly discern each other's faces nor the color of each other's clothing. There was no moisture in the air, nor any deposited on door-steps or side-walk. Since three o'clock it has been gradually lessening.

I find London like an old curiosity shop, wherein one wanders about in a peculiar state of enjoyment, where things familiar to the imagination are constantly arising in reality before him,

and he seems to be unravelling the web which the record of English literature has woven in his mind. I am so ridiculously romantic—I suppose you will say—that just the sight of the name of some street thrills me through and through, and dull and uninteresting as its mere aspect actually may be, and usually is, some story of the past, of reality or fiction, in clearer or fainter outline, changes its aspect to one of rare interest, and its atmosphere reflects into the mind the light of mental associations, so that I roam about here, day after day, in a sort of trance, in which the visions of the fancy arise clothed in reality.

I do not care so much for the fine avenues and parks of London as for its memorable nooks and by-ways, and my great delight has been to stroll about, and when I saw some mysterious or forbidding-looking passage, to turn my steps into it; and such are, or have been in my case, the most frequent entrance to some old traditional landmark. So I found my way one afternoon into the Temple Gardens, through arched passages leading from one court to another, where the buildings on every side had each its own sun-dial with Latin motto, and finally coming out into the pleasant gardens, lying there in the quiet October sunshine as peaceful and still as if the fevered pulse of London's heart could not be felt in one of its chief arteries, at but a few rods' distance.

Another time, being in the City, I turned into a narrow street—Bread Street, which, by the way, is not far from Milk Street—and my eye happened to catch on the corner of a dingy-looking church a few lines of poetry, and under that an inscription saying that was the street in which Milton was born, and that in this church he was baptized.

The churches here are, too, a rare study, and even a sinner might not find an occasional hour in them amiss. At the Italian church, where we are to go the first fine Sunday evening, the music is rendered by a full band. The interior of some of the churches is quite in harmony with the use to which they are dedicated. Others are so theatrical in their style of architecture that one wonders if they were not built to be sold to the highest bidder, whether he might be an agent of the church or an agent of the drama, equally adapted to either use.

I have not yet made acquaintance with many of the interesting monuments of London, on account of a severe cold, unfavorably affected by the dampness of these large stone edifices, although, of course, I were no American had I not first and earliest offered the pilgrim's homage to the shrines of St. Paul's and Westminster.

It would seem from those I have visited, and others I have heard of, that you can hardly locate yourself here without being at a convenient near-

ness to some large public library ; but at any rate there are many, and many that are free. We are within three minutes' walk of the British Museum, and I think access to it one of the greatest treats of life. If I go there in the morning to read a while, I am sure to remain all day, and then feel almost impatient at the early closing in of the darkness.

We amused ourselves several evenings by visiting the meetings of a Co-operative Society in our neighborhood, and we found instruction, entertainment and amusement. One evening a very intelligent man, a spiritualist, made some remarks about compound consciousness. A rather illiterate brother member soon after made some remarks, in which he acknowledged he knew nothing of the gentleman's "confounded consciousness."

Then there are so many lectures given by eminent men—either free or at a mere nominal price—that one's only difficulty is to choose between them, and when one has been, he hardly knows whether he is more pleased with the lecture or disgusted with the uncomfortable seats, which are very often narrow, uncushioned benches without backs.

The tone of the press here is very unfair, I think, toward our country, and the general feeling among the people at large is far less

friendly than ours to the English. They do not understand that if what they say is true, and there may be some truth in it, that there is nothing we would like better than to have a little brush with them and give them a whipping, that the feeling with which we would do it would be quite fraternal, and would rather redound to the family honor. But they do not give us credit for the good-will with which the same fraternal feeling would make us stand by them, should the hour of need fall upon them. Then, too, they are continually pointing to our press and exclaiming, "See there, what a wicked country yours is!" while, really, in reading their papers, the only difference I can see is that they omit the sensational headings, and print their worst crimes in the smallest type.

I hardly know how to express to you the feeling I have toward this metropolis—it is such a rich, rare, quaint old place, such a store-house for the enjoyment of antiquarian taste, such an intellectual reservoir for the refreshment of the garden of your thoughts, that for my own part, I feel that when I leave it all my life will be sensible of a want before unknown; while on the other hand, I am so oppressed by the dim light that it is like an actual weight upon me—as if the skies were about to fall and crush me—everything is dull, dingy and dreary—and were I to

make a home here I should want my walls hung with paper covered with tiger-lilies, dahlias, hollyhocks and sun-flowers; I would dress my husband in scarlet and myself in bright yellow, to throw around us something to remind us of the sunset glow and golden sunlight; and when it is unusually dusky and dim, I sometimes find myself wondering that the inhabitants do not migrate in a body to some clime where the sky is blue, and build up another London.

LONDON, *December*, 1874.

## VIII.

## ST. PAUL'S—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*G*RAND old London, who teaches us moderns—idolaters of the Future—to bow in worshipful reverence to the Past! London has ancient monumental treasure enough for a whole world. Enter her Tower, and Time unrolls for you her scroll of eight hundred years; its walls are alive with history; your heart quickens its throbbings at this thrilling scene, shudders at that, and stands still in horror at another; and while you read the story of a thousand years' vibrations from one extreme of passion to another, you can but do homage to the nation whose power is written in such terrible lines of alternate blood and splendor. The Tower is an altar—a heathen altar, perhaps—to the national power of England.

From the Tower to the Cathedral of St. Paul—from one altar to another; St. Paul's grasps you with its giant hand and will not let you go. How I have wandered around its outer walls, repeating

again and again its circuit ; how I have lingered and gazed, and turned from it but to turn and gaze again, held as by some irresistible law of gravitation ; how I have watched the rude play of boys and girls on its steps, and wondered at such a play-ground ; how I have wandered through its spacious aisles, and gazed up into its lofty dome, lost in its reverie inspiring influence ; and here it has been to the creative power of human genius that I have done homage. St. Paul's is a grand and stately giant, proclaiming, "Worship to its creator—man."

I have stood in the aisles of Westminster Abbey. National greatness, human power vanish before this spot, this holy of holies. Among many cathedrals, never have I seen one whose roof so nearly touched the heavens, whose walls took in such grandeur. Enter and behold ! The building around you dissolves, and lo ! a temple whose picture, painted by the burning pencil of enthusiastic reverence for the great and good, shall never be seen but on the secret pages of your own soul. Through its far-stretching aisles rolls the succession of the ages ; its pillars complete in symmetry, now drawing the eye forward, are transformed into columns of beauty, planted by civilization and philanthropy along "the corridors of Time ;" anon lifting the eye upward to the majestic vault whose lines of beauty

symbolize the happy age to descend upon earth when such elevating influences as are here hallowed shall have developed "the perfect man that is to be." Go to London Tower if you would see a mighty emblem of England's power; go to St. Paul's to feel the greatness of human genius; go to Westminster Abbey to sound the depth of your own soul, to measure the littleness of man, the greatness of mankind.

He who would seek for the earliest beginning of a sacred temple on this spot, must go back to a time so early that the boundaries of history and fable not only meet but are inextricably confused. The monks of this abbey, wishing to rival in antiquity the edifice to St. Paul, forged fictitious chronicles, in some of which they make it originally a Pagan temple destroyed by an earthquake A. D. 154; other archives date its foundation as a Christian temple, A. D. 184; the ambition of others was satisfied by as early an origin as the fifth or sixth century; both of the latter make it, during the early persecutions of the Christians, a temple to Apollo. To King Sebert, whose ancient tomb is seen at the side of the present altar, is given the credit of restoring the Christian worship here. The church, or *minster*, was built on a neglected spot overrun with thorns, called Thorney Island, and situated *west* of London; hence its name. Its proper title is "The Collegiate

Church, or Abbey of St. Peter," to which saint it was dedicated.

In the chronicles just mentioned is an account of its miraculous dedication by St. Peter himself: preparations for this ceremony were nearly completed, when one dark and stormy night a fisherman named Edricus was accosted by a person who demanded to be carried across the Thames, promising a reward. Edricus took his passenger to Thorney Island, where the stranger entered the church from which issued immediately light of wonderful brightness; the air was filled with the music of celestial voices and perfumed with fragrant odors, while angels were seen ascending and descending between heaven and earth. St. Peter finally issued from the church, and so successfully restored the awe-struck fisherman that the latter did not forget to remind the apostle of his promised reward. After announcing his name, the purpose of his visit, and commissioning him to tell the Bishop to refrain from a second dedication, St. Peter ordered Edricus to cast his nets into the river; the result was *a miraculous draught of salmon*. The saint promised Edricus that none of his brethren should ever want for fish so long as they presented every tenth fish to the church just dedicated. Belief in this tale was so faithfully inculcated by the monks, that even so late as the fourteenth century fishermen were in the habit of

offering salmon on the high altar, receiving in return refreshment of ale and bread at the convent table.

Passing beyond the time of King Sebert, in the seventh century, the history of the abbey is reliably connected with the name of Edward the Confessor, the last of the Saxon Kings of England. He was the first who touched for the disease called "king's evil," and his miraculous healing power was by virtue of his great sanctity. In Edward's exile during the Danish rule in England, he made a vow, should he be restored to his throne, of a pilgrimage to Rome. Scarcely was the vow made when the crown descended upon his brow. His people, however, objected to the absence necessary for a pilgrimage, and, at their request, the Pope absolved him from his vow on condition of his building or restoring some church. Strangely enough, immediately thereupon a monk of Westminster had a dream, in which St. Peter commanded him to announce to the King that he should repair the church to which this monk belonged; thus Edward was relieved of some perplexity, and he proceeded to rebuild the church from its very foundation. It was, if I be not mistaken, the first cruciform church in England. Its building occupied fifteen years and on it was spent one-tenth of the whole wealth of the kingdom. For the present cathedral we are chiefly

indebted to Henry III., of the thirteenth century. According to the religious faith of the sovereign it has been by turns Catholic and Protestant.

Poet's Corner! Never was sacred spot christened with a more beautiful name—a name familiar to us as that of London itself; a spot to which the American heart clings with almost stronger tendrils of affection than that of the Englishman. Poet's Corner occupies the south transept, one of the short arms of the cross forming the outline of the building; it consists of a nave and one aisle, and is eighty-two feet in length by eighty-four in width; its stained glass windows represent, for the most part, scriptural scenes from the life of Christ. In point of sculpture it is the poorest part of the abbey, but in point of sentiment and inspiration, in its world-wide encircling mental and intellectual traditions, was ever spot in all the world so rich? From pole to pole, from ocean shore to ocean shore, where will you find a cultured soul that does not glow with warmth responsive to the heavenly fire with which the genius of those who rest here has lighted the world? This is not, as the name might imply, a spot dedicated to writers of poetry only. Divines, musicians, actors—all whose poetic souls have found expression in beautiful lives—may here mingle their ashes with the ashes of those who, independent of deeds, have with words flooded the world with harmony.

The first poet buried in the abbey was, most appropriately, Chaucer, who has been styled the Father of English Poetry. He died in 1400. His monument was erected in 1555. Over his tomb is a memorial window, illustrated almost entirely by the different characters in his works, chiefly from his "Canterbury Tales." One of Chaucer's poems bears this title, "A Ballad Made by Geoffrey Chaucer on His Death-bed, Lying in Great Anguish," in which each verse ends with this line :

"And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread."

It was only at my second visit, and then by accident, that I discovered the final resting place of Dickens. A grayish marble slab in the floor, over which one may heedlessly walk, bears this inscription in letters of brass: "Charles Dickens; born 7th February, 1812; died 9th June, 1870." For an hour I sat by this simple memorial, and it seemed almost sacrilege that that brain, which had known how to play upon all the keys of the human heart and make it vibrate to his touch, should lie low in the dust beneath my unworthy tread; and as the folds of my garments rested on his stony covering I would fain have softened to him, for his genius' sake, the great humiliation in dust which awaits as all, whether we be inspired masters or unworthy slaves.

Directly in a line from this stone, a dozen feet

or more distant, in the rear of a statue to Addison, are the busts of Thackeray and Macaulay side by side; near by, a plain slab in the pavement bearing the name of the latter, indicates his grave. The memorial to Shakespeare (for not all who have monuments here are here interred) was erected 125 years after his death. It is a statue of the poet in the dress of the time, holding, as he stands, a scroll on which one reads his own words :

“ The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temple, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.”

A monument on the wall bears, under his medallion, this inscription : “ O, Rare Ben Johnson;” a little further along and over a door, the medallion of Goldsmith’s homely profile. Here, too, are Spencer, Milton, Thompson, Southey, Campbell, and many others whose very names have become poems to us, their heirs. Musicians are usually buried near the choir, but Handel’s monument is in the Poet’s Corner; it represents him in the attitude of composition; in the background an organ; above, an angel playing on a harp; under his arm a pile of musical instruments; before him the *Messiah*, open at the words, “ I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

Nor are there wanting here those who have worn, not the crown of genius, but the double

crown of regality and woe. Here are Ann of Cleves, one of the wives of Henry VIII., and Anne, wife of Richard III., poisoned by her royal husband.

Among these immortal names you might smile, were not the place so grandly touching, to read on the pavement, that beneath your feet lies one who threatened to rival with bodily immortality the intellectual immortality of those who here surround him. It is the grave of Thomas Parr, who lived to be 152 years old; he saw the successive reigns of ten kings, from Edward IV. to Charles I. inclusive, and died A. D. 1635.

It is hard to tear one's self away from the Poet's Corner, but you cease not to hear in aisle and chapel a voice crying to you to "put off the shoes from your feet for the ground is holy," and surely no barefooted pilgrim ever walked in greater humility than falls upon one who here turns back the leaves of centuries and sees how few lines and how small a space suffice to tell the grandest stories of human greatness.

The north transept, exactly opposite the Poet's Corner, offers the greatest possible contrast in its colossal and magnificent monuments. Here lie, with many others, Lord Mansfield, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, Wilberforce and Grattan; the monuments of the first four, especially, are wonderful in size, design and elaborate detail.

Here, too, a splendid statue of Lord Palmerston, in his robes of office, seems to have arisen from beneath the slab of Aberdeen marble in the pavement covering the remains of Lord and Lady Palmerston. The whole length of the abbey, including the chapel of Henry VII., is 511 feet and from the latter place the eye can follow the beautiful lines of the arched roof from one end to the other; the floor is divided by elaborate screens into the nave 166 feet in length, and, with its two aisles, 71 feet in width; the choir, 155 feet; the chapel of Edward the Confessor and the chapel of Henry VII., 103 feet in length by 70 feet in width. In the nave, on one of the pilasters of the organ screen separating the nave from the choir, is the monument of Sir Isaac Newton. It represents him in a half-recumbent position, his arm resting on four folios; above him a globe, on which sits a female figure representing Astronomy; underneath are bas-reliefs showing his various philosophical labors, one representing the weighing of the sun by a scale, on one end of which hangs the sun, balanced at the other end by the seven planets.

Near the center of this nave a wreath, of which you see several scattered on the pavement, marking here and there the visit of thoughtful friends, attracted our attention to a stone quite covered with inscriptions. This is the grave of Livingstone, the African traveler.

The shorter end of the cross outlining Westminster Abbey is occupied by the chapel consecrated to the tomb or shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, and four small chapels around it. A dilapidated but very curious screen separates this chapel from the altar; the screen is fourteen feet high by thirty-eight feet in length, having a frieze of equal length, in which are sculptured fourteen different scenes representing as many events of St. Edward's life.

Against this screen stand the coronation chairs; homely, straight-backed, uncomfortable, wooden chairs from which all sign of ornament has disappeared; they are probably about 600 years old. At the ceremony of coronation they are placed before the altar. Under the seat of one of them is hung the famous stone of Scone, a common-looking piece of stone twenty-six inches long, seventeen wide, and ten thick. The use of a stone as a coronation seat seems to have been a most ancient custom, originating in the East; but when this stone first served the purpose is unknown. For centuries the superstition existed that wherever it was placed, there the Scottish race would reign. About the end of the thirteenth century Edward I. took it by force from the castle of Scone, Scotland, where it had been for more than 400 years, and placed it in its present position. It is said—a not incredible story—that it was first

sent to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus, the first King of Scotland descended from the blood-royal of Ireland. He was crowned B. C. 330. The Irish called it "The Stone of Fate," and kept it in the royal palace at Tara. In that country there was a superstition that if the right heir to the crown seated himself upon it for coronation, from it would issue a sound resembling thunder; otherwise it remained silent.

The Irish chronicles give its history as having been brought from Egypt to Spain and thence to Ireland, and, moreover, tell us that it is the very stone on which Jacob rested his head during the dream in which he saw angels ascending and descending between heaven and earth.

Beyond the chapel of St. Edward the abbey has been lengthened by the addition of the chapel of Henry VII., begun by him in 1503 and unfinished at his death. It was this Henry who would fain have made arrangements to have, "so long as the world should last," three masses said daily for his soul. This chapel consists of a nave and two aisles, the latter divided into several parts, and here it is that the royal mausoleums are for the most part found. The principal part of the nave was devoted, at some unknown date, to the ceremony of the installation of the Knights of the Bath, and here are still suspended on high their banners, faded and dropping to pieces with

age. This chapel could hardly be excelled in elaborateness and beauty of architecture; the main roof is an arch of ponderous masses of stone suspended in the air; they are cut in the form of conical pendants, of which there are three rows extending from one end of the arched roof to the other; these pendants of stone are so exquisitely and finely carved that they look like fine embroideries of some delicate, lace-like material, or, as Washington Irving says, they have the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb. From floor to ceiling nothing is to be seen but the rarest and richest of sculptured decorations. The columns, separating nave from aisles, form arches, above which, extending completely around the chapel, is a range of angels variously draped, supporting with uplifted hands floral designs; above these angels is another row of statues about three feet in height, each occupying its own niche, the niches being separated by the richest of sculpturing. On each side of the nave, raised some four or five feet from the ground and overhung by carved wooden canopies reaching to the sculptured stone above, are the stalls of the knights, and below and in front of these, the seats of their esquires. These stalls and seats bear among their carvings of angels, saints, heroes, oak branches, etc., many grotesque carvings also. Here are bacchanalians, dragons,

fiery monsters, a bear playing on a bagpipe, a mermaid with mirror and comb, monkeys performing various antics, a hog playing on a flute, the devil carrying off a monk on his shoulders; the whole story of the Judgment of Solomon, showing the exchanging of the dead child, the women quarreling, the executioner about to cleave the child in two, etc.; no two specimens of carving alike, yet all symmetrical and of the most exquisite workmanship. The eye can hardly rest on a spot unadorned by the artist's skill.

Underneath the marble floor is a royal vault; the names of those who have here descended to that throne from which no reverse can drive them, are plainly and simply cut in the pavement.

It would be the work of days or weeks to study the monuments to royalty in the chapel of Henry VII.; but to lovers of the romance of history, none perhaps will be more attractive than those of Queen Elizabeth and of Mary, Queen of Scots, the former in the north aisle, the latter, in the south; both were erected by James I., who has made that of his mother the more imposing of the two. Her remains were privately brought here by him from the place where they were deposited after her execution, and placed under this monument. Elizabeth and her sister, Bloody Mary, Protestant and Catholic, are the sole tenants of a single grave near the monument of Elizabeth.

For Mary, Queen of Scots, a recumbent statue rests upon a sarcophagus of marble, surmounted by a canopy supported by eight lofty, marble pillars; her head rests on two embroidered cushions, hands raised as if in prayer, head covered by a close coif, round her neck a plaited ruff, a mantle lined with ermine, high-heeled shoes, and at her feet the Scottish lion, crowned. That of her executioner, Elizabeth, though less grand, is somewhat similar; her features are those of advanced years, she is richly dressed, decorated with jewels, the Order of the Garter around her neck.

From Westminster Abbey one carries with him the memory of a mental experience bathed in a sacred baptismal flood of feeling, yet not all untinged with regret that it is not wholly consecrated to the ashes of the nobly good or the irreproachably great. One would that there were no tinge of truth in the sarcasm of Sir Godfrey Kneller—the only painter, I believe, who has a monument in this abbey. On his death-bed he sent for his friend Pope and declared to him with an oath that he would not be buried in Westminster Abbey. “Why?” said Pope. “Because they do bury fools there,” was his reply.

But even intruded upon as it is by unworthy ashes and undeserved memorials, it is a spot of such peculiar associations that we would not, if

we could, find its like elsewhere in the world, and we pass out through its portals into the world from which we have been for a while so completely withdrawn, feeling that all our future years are enriched by the memory of the hours spent in Westminster Abbey.

LONDON, *January*, 1875.

## IX.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

*M*ANY of the interesting buildings of London, which are not always open free to the public, are so on certain days of the week, and it is a pleasant sight to meet in these grand old places, museums and galleries of art, persons of every age and every class. I recall with a smile a group of the raggedest little urchins that were ever seen, making such a bee-line for the collection of monkeys in the British Museum as showed it was not their first visit. Again, a middle-aged man hands and face stained with the ineffaceable grime of toil, and surrounded by a half-grown family, all clasping hands, as, gaping with wonder, they walked along the aisles of St. Paul's, enjoying his scant holiday.

Thus London is elevating the English race, and not by her noble buildings only, but by all other educational means. There is almost no limit to the number and variety of libraries, evening schools and schools of art, opening their doors at such hours as the laboring man, woman or youth, can alone devote to self-improvement; and this

either free or at a mere nominal price, either supported by Government, or founded by some of those thoughtful men who, living or dying, have made the poor partakers of those immense fortunes so comparatively common in England, and which elsewhere would excite much greater surprise.

This winter the London population has risen *en masse* to petition that the British Museum be opened on Sundays; it is said that many would be glad to visit it instead of spending their only leisure day in places of degrading influence, and that the only way to reform people is first to provide for them some other pleasure to take the place of indulgences you would induce them to abandon. It is proposed to overcome the objection liable to be raised by employees against working on the Sabbath by appointing a corps of Jews as custodians on that day.

The free days are the most satisfactory for visiting, although it may be well to first make the hurried round with the guide and "get the hang" of the place. On these days I have always found the attendants unusually ready to converse, and then you are at liberty to roam around by yourself, to linger as long as you please, either curiously to examine architecture, paintings, etc., or to yield yourself to the spell of historical association and bring to the surface of your thought long-forgotten facts. On pay-days you are locked out

from many parts of the building, and when introduced within the closed doors by the guide, you have only time for a hurried glance, for he must return to serve the next party.

In response to the people's request that the Tower be opened to them, Parliament has granted two public days each week, but the days had not been fixed upon at the time of our visit; however, we were accompanied by an excellent guide, who was really animated in repeating his oft-told tale.

Approaching London Tower one sees such a mass of buildings that he thinks London Towers would be a more appropriate name. The whole fortifications consist of a deep moat about one hundred and twenty feet in width, an outer wall and an inner wall inclosing a central court and its buildings; the exterior measurement of the moat is about half a mile; the outer wall incloses a space nearly square, of thirteen acres. The moat was intended to be filled by the water of the Thames, on the banks of which, about half a mile below London Bridge, the fortifications are built. A raised wharf intervenes on the south between the moat and the river. Both walls are fortified by towers, and are separated by a narrow street; the inner wall is twelve feet thick, over forty feet high, and has twelve towers, most of which have served principally as prisons for illustrious persons.

The most interesting tower of the outer wall is that of St. Thomas, built over the moat. Under it is the Traitor's Gate, with its steps leading upward from the river. State prisoners were usually brought to the Tower by this entrance. This gate-way is no longer used; but as you stand looking down its gloomy arch the guide will probably tell you that when Elizabeth, then Princess, was sent here a prisoner by order of her sister, Queen Mary, she refused, until threatened with force, to enter through the Traitor's Gate, indignantly asserting her loyalty as she ascended the steps. At the top she sat down and would go no further, saying, "Better sit here than in a worse place, for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me." Perhaps she then remembered her mother who, seeing death at the end of this fatal entrance, fell on her knees beneath its arch and prayed God, as she was innocent, to defend her. The towers of the inner wall are closed to visitors, who thus fail to read with their own eyes, inscribed on stone less hard than the hearts of kings, the last thoughts of many who have earned forgiveness through suffering, or have hallowed history by their noble deaths.

As we pass along, the guide tells us the names of the towers, and points out which were the particular prisons of certain celebrated persons.

We next come to the only opening by which the inner wall is pierced ; it is an arched entrance under the Bloody Tower, the scene of the murder of his two nephews by Richard III. This arch is thirty-four feet long and fifteen feet wide. Overhead you see the openings, provided in ancient times, for pouring down death upon the heads of any enemy attempting to enter.

We now stand in the hollow square inclosed within the walls. In its center is the White Tower, built by William the Conqueror, in the latter part of the eleventh century, although the history of the spot as a fort for the protection of the city runs back to an uncertain period, far earlier than the time of the Norman ; old writers give us its traditions from the time of Julius Cæsar, and Fitz-Stephen, who died in 1191, describes it as a building "whose mortar is tempered by the blood of beasts ;". he might now add, and its soil watered by the blood of kings.

Besides the White Tower there are several other buildings in this central court, viz.: barracks for soldiers, a military store-house, the horse armory and guard-house built against two sides of the White Tower, St. Peter's chapel and the jewel-house.

St. Peter's chapel, built six hundred years ago on the site of another, its predecessor by three hundred years, is not open to visitors, though

from a little spot now inclosed and quite near its walls, many a noble head has rolled from its lifeless trunk, here to pillow itself under an unmarked tomb. St. Peter's vaults contain the remains of Anne Boleyn and of Lady Jane Grey, of the Duke of Norfolk and of the Earl of Essex; here was buried Sir Thomas More, and here are said to be the bones of Cromwell; here, too, lies the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., of whose execution we have the sickening story that only at the fifth stroke did the headsman's ax descend with sufficient force to deprive the royal Duke of consciousness.

The first building we enter is the Horse Armory, 150 feet long and 34 feet wide. Along its whole length runs a line of alcoves, each of which bears the arms of the royal family it represents and the name of the sovereign in whose reign the armor and instruments of war in the alcove were used. All is arranged in chronological order. In the center of each alcove is a mounted warrior, horse and rider both clad in armor which is of chain or of plate and sometimes a combination of both. Some of the armor is exceedingly rich, almost covered with the gold that is so finely inwrought. Many of the suits of armor have been made for, and worn by, different kings and nobles known as their owners. There are also smaller suits made for certain royal princes

from five to ten years of age. Not only is there armor, but helmets, swords and weapons from every age and country. The contents of the gallery above this are as varied as those below—trophies and curiosities without number. Among other things is a glass case in which is preserved the cloak on which General Wolfe was carried from the midst of the battle on the plains of Abraham at Quebec, to a little hollow a few rods distant, where, a few months ago, we had stood before the monument erected on the very spot of his death, from which this cloak had been reverently borne.

From the Horse Armory we pass into the main building. The White Tower is a quadrangular structure 116 feet long, 96 feet wide, 92 feet high; at each angle of its roof rises a watch-tower or turret; it is three stories high with basement, and its walls are 15 feet thick. Formerly the royal palace, as well as fort and prison, it is now a large armory, in which, besides many curious and ancient specimens of weapons of war and other curiosities, were ranged nearly 100,000 stands of modern arms ready for use.

The first apartment we enter is called Queen Elizabeth's Armory; in an alcove at the extremity of this room is an equestrian figure of Her Majesty, representing her dressed as she is supposed to have been when she went in procession to celebrate

at St. Paul's the defeat of the Spanish Armada ; a page wearing the dress of her period stands at her horse's head, and on the wall behind her is a painting of the former St. Paul's Cathedral. This room is said to have been the place of Sir Walter Raleigh's imprisonment ; two dark cells which it almost smothers one to remain in for a minute, are shown as the sleeping apartments of himself and companions ; since his time the large room has been lighted with windows instead of loop-holes, and its interior mostly rebuilt, but the inscriptions on the walls by former prisoners have been carefully preserved.

In this room we find various instruments of torture, and here, too, is the block on which Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey laid their queenly young heads—followed by the Earl of Essex and others—under the ax whose bloody history sickens us as we look at it.

The Block, of hard wood almost black in color, is some two and a half feet high, two-thirds as wide and half as thick ; its upper surface is hollowed on one edge to receive the neck as the kneeling victim bends before fate and death.

From Queen Elizabeth's Armory we ascend into the Royal Chapel ; it is quite empty, long since stripped of ornament and religious ceremony, but its double row of Norman arches, one above the other, delights the eye with their beauty. As

we mount the narrow stairway a brass plate in the wall indicates to us the steps under which, two hundred years after Richard III. had hidden away the dead bodies of his nephews, some workmen making repairs found the bones of two bodies corresponding to their ages—eight and twelve years. The bones were interred by Charles II. at Westminster Abbey in the chapel of Henry VII.

We now pass into galleries filled principally with modern arms, and here we admire the curious decorations of the walls. There are various devices all formed entirely of swords straight and curved, ramrods, caps and other parts of arms. These are arranged mostly in the form of flowers, some of them being from eight to ten feet in diameter.

There are several varieties of the lily, sun-flowers, fuchsias, etc., the three feathers of the crest of the Prince of Wales, and other royal insignia.

The last room we enter is the upper story, the former Council Chamber, and the scene of many of the most important events in English history. In this room Richard II. received the deputation from Parliament who came to demand of him his abdication in favor of his cousin Henry Bolingbroke. First requesting a private interview with the latter, the King then re-entered the Council

Chamber, dressed in his robes of State, the crown upon his head, the scepter in his hand. Of these he then formally unclad himself, and gave them into the hands of his successor Henry IV.

“I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state.”

Here, too, was the tragic scene of the condemnation of Lord Hastings, seized, tried, dragged down the Tower stairs and beheaded, all within one hour, and all because he defended the throne from the usurper.

We descend and cross the court to the jewel-house. Here are displayed five crowns all represented as set with precious stones except that of the Prince of Wales; his crown of pure gold is placed before his chair beside the throne when he visits the House of Lords. There are also half a dozen scepters, of which St. Edward's staff, carried before the sovereign at coronations, is golden, four and a half feet long; the swords of mercy and justice, and the gold communion service and anointing vessels for the consecration of the new sovereign; also a font of gold for the christening of the royal children. Instead of the Koh-i-noor there was merely a *fac-simile* of it in glass. An old woman had charge of the jewel-room, and one

soldier kept guard outside the door. It seemed as if by the aid of chloroform a second attempt like that of Colonel Blood might not be unsuccessful. Blood, disguised in the character of a parson, won the favor of the keeper's family, and pretended to wish to marry his nephew to the daughter. An interview between the two was appointed, to which Blood came accompanied by some friends. Remaining with the latter to examine the jewels, they overthrew the old man, and were having things their own way until disturbed by the entrance of the keeper's long-absent son, just returned from Flanders. Blood escaped, actually carrying away the Royal Crown under his cloak; pursued, he was overtaken when he exclaimed: "'T was a gallant attempt; it was for a crown." The end of the affair is its strangest part; whether influenced by fear of Blood's desperate accomplices, or beguiled by his audacious flattery, the King, instead of punishing Blood, took him into his favor, and no petitions were so certain of success as those presented through Blood. A poet of the time thus expresses the general indignation:

"Since loyalty does no man good,  
Let's steal the King and outdo Blood."

We pass again into the court and stand upon one of the most solemn spots of English soil, a few feet of ground near St. Peter's Chapel, where, generation after generation, was wont to flow the noblest

blood of England's aristocracy, freely mingled with that of royalty. This is Tower Green. To this spot walked so bravely Lady Jane Grey, the ten days' Queen, calm amid the sobs of her attendants. On her way from the Tower to the Green she met the headless corpse of her husband being carried away on a cart. Arriving at the bloody spot she asks the prayers of the bystanders, kneels, and repeats a psalm, arranges her dress, and herself bandages her eyes; the executioner begs her forgiveness for what he is about to do; she whispers her pardon. A friendly hand guides her to the block, which she, blinded, vainly gropes for. Kneeling, she exclaims: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit"—and all is over.

Here, in beauty as brilliant on the day of her execution as on that of her coronation less than three years before, Anne Boleyn paid the penalty of her ambition and was hurriedly hid away from the world's sight and her husband's memory. Here this same Henry put to death the Marchioness of Salisbury, nearly eighty years of age; the proud old gentlewoman refused to lay her head upon the block, declaring she was no traitor, and the executioner actually beat her to death as he followed her around the block.

Thrilled and sickened by the associations of this little spot of earth, we leave London Tower, with its eight centuries of history and nearly two

thousand years of tradition ; for five centuries the alternate palace and prison of England's sovereigns ; as a palace, more ancient by four hundred years than any other in Europe ; as a prison, equaled only by that of St. Angela at Rome ; its story made up of the extremes of splendor and woe, of courage and misfortune—a dizzy scene “ of the dance of Love and the dance of Death.”

LONDON, *January*, 1875.

## X.

## THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AND THEIR TEMPLE.

**T** is one of the traveler's rarest treats, and a pleasure seldom his, to arrive accidentally in some curious place, to whose remarkable features his past reading furnishes no key; in short, where he finds himself surrounded by mystery, and the place a riddle. Such an experience was one day mine in London. Strolling leisurely along the Strand I observe a woman disappear within a low arch of a building, and curiosity prompts me to follow. At the end of the arch I find myself in a court with a curious round church, the narrow green at its side surrounded by high buildings. Still intent on following the fast-disappearing figure, I pass through a narrower and lower arch beneath other buildings, and so continue through several plain brick courts and arched passage-ways, until I arrive at a building which I do not doubt to be another church. When just about to enter it, my eye falls on a notice that none but members are allowed to dine within. I turn away and soon come upon another building which looks like

a church, but having lost confidence in my judgment of sacred buildings, I think it safer to call this, too, a banqueting-hall. I am now in a large court with trees, a fountain, seats and lawn; on three sides are high, brick buildings, and on each building a large sun-dial of wood, that, with ground of black or of blue, and hours and inscriptions lettered in gold, indicate them to be modern substitutes for more ancient dials; each different sun-dial bears its own Latin motto, and, by the way, it is to me a matter of the greatest surprise that such a prudent, practical people as the English should be so lavish of sun-dials, where sunshine is so scarce; the fourth side stretches towards the embankment of the Thames, and then spreads out into grounds which, though by no means destitute of flowers, are rather a field than a garden.

All this lay spread out under the solemn sunlight of the declining year—for the sun did shine that day—and bathed in a strange air of quietude. Was it by magic that in three minutes I had been transported from the busiest scenes of busy London to this spot so undisturbed by the commotion of life, where old age, sunning itself, might prepare for its inheritance of eternal peace singing with the poet,

“As I come

I tune my instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do there, think here before?”

Awhile I sit here alone enjoying this remarkable solitude in London, and questioning all around me ; but neither the sun-dials staring down upon me, nor their solemn monitions in a dead tongue, nor ancient banqueting-hall, with curious roof and rich windows, nor the frequent emblem of the lamb, nor the exquisite modern stone building—the library—still farther towards the river, deign to reply, and I am forced to seek information from a pale invalid who seats herself beside me, seeking here a little bit of fresh air and sunshine, of which there was so little on hand when this part of the world was made. Her answer is, “This is Temple Gardens.” I have often wondered what kind of a place the Temple Buildings and Temple Gardens might be, for scarcely one novel of London life have I ever read that did not contain some reference to this locality ; wonder is now satisfied, and I have only to gaze.

The Strand is one of the principal business streets of London. As its name implies, it follows the course of the Thames, and there is not a very wide space between the two ; it extends from near the heart of the city of London toward Westminster, formerly a separate city ; the dividing line between London and Westminster is Temple Bar, a stone gateway built across the Strand, propped up at the present time by wooden supports, and under whose arch all teams are required to slacken

their speed to a walk ; it will probably soon be removed, on account of its insecurity. The Temple Buildings are near Temple Bar and between the Strand and the Thames ; they are occupied by lawyers as chambers and offices.

Early in the twelfth century, nine knights, pitying the outrages to which were subjected the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, which city had been recently captured from the Mahometans, agreed to unite and devote their lives and fortunes to the defense of the highways leading to Jerusalem, and to the protection of Christian travelers from Saracen attack. They were lodged by the heads of the Church within the temple on Mount Moriah, and though at first calling themselves "Poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ," were soon known as the "Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon." Rapidly increasing in numbers and wealth, they enlarged their sphere of action, and no longer limiting themselves to defending the roads leading to Jerusalem, avowed the object of their labors to be the defense of all Christendom. Hugh de Payens was their first head ; with the sanction of the Pope, he traveled through Europe to make known the existence and object of the society, and to increase numbers and funds. It was in 1128 that he arrived in London, where he formally established the first temple, now no longer existing ; soon afterwards he returned to

Jerusalem, accompanied by three hundred new brethren, members of the noblest families in Europe, mostly from France and England; all gave their whole possessions to the society.

As the Order in England increased in wealth, they bought the site of the present buildings, which, in distinction from the first, became known as the New Temple. Here they erected a church and separate residences for the Master, for the Knights, and for the Chaplain, as well as for the serving brethren and domestics; also, a dining-hall, and a chapter-house in which to hold their meetings; while their garden, extending along the banks of the Thames, served as a pleasure-ground for themselves, a training-field for their horses, and for their own military exercises. Their different buildings gave rise to the names still in use—the Outer Temple, the Middle Temple and the Inner Temple.

The rules of the house were drawn up by St. Bernard, and in 1172 Pope Alexander issued a bull in their favor. Hugh de Payens, on his departure, had placed a Knight at the head of the institution in England, with the title of Prior of the Temple; but with the new buildings and the new code of laws, the head of the house was known as *Master*. To him minor provincial institutions were subject, and it was his duty to visit and inspect them. The chief head of the Knights

Templar resided at Jerusalem, and was known as the Grand Master.

The Master was one of the Templars, elected by themselves in Chapter or Assembly. Only a Knight, or the son of a Knight, could be elected a Templar; there were, however, other classes in the society to which any one might be admitted on condition of making certain vows, and bequeathing his property to the Order; Pope Innocent III. was such a member. There was also another class in which children were educated to the service of the Knights.

A Knight applying for admission to the society of Templars, had first to declare himself free from all obligations; that he was neither married nor betrothed; that he belonged to no other religious order; was free from debt, and in good health. Introduced into the assembly he knelt before the Master and prayed to be accepted as the servant and slave of the Order. The Master would then reply to him, that from outward appearances he judged it a matter of luxury to be one of their number, but that their rules were most rigorous. "It is a hard matter for you who are your own master to become the servant of another. You will hardly be able to perform in future what you yourself wish; when you would sleep you will be ordered to watch; when you would watch you will be ordered to go to bed; when you would eat

you will be ordered to do something else." After repeated series of interrogations and many vows, the candidate was at last received with the assurance of "bread and water, the poor clothing of the Order, and labor and toil enow." The Master then placed upon him the garment in which henceforth he was always to appear—a white mantle with the red cross upon it. Again admonished of his new duties, among which were, that he was never, without permission, to receive attendance from women, that he was never to kiss any woman, not even his mother or sister; that he was also to sleep in prescribed garments, to eat in silence, beginning and ending each meal with prayer, and whenever he should hear of the Master's death, wherever he might be, immediately to repeat two hundred paternosters for the repose of his soul. The ceremony concluded by his receiving arms and equipments, three horses and one esquire as attendant.

Although bound to such strict rules, their free and roving life led to much laxity of self-discipline, notwithstanding which, disobedience was punished with extreme severity. There still exists in the solid wall of the temple a penitential cell, four and a half feet long by two and a half wide, thus preventing the prisoner from extending himself at full length; therein, sometimes in fetters, penance and confinement were enforced; imprisonment

might be perpetual. A Knight named Valaincourt once deserted from the Order, but afterward returned, offering submission to any penance that might be ordered; he was condemned to eat for one year on the ground with the dogs, to fast four days in each week on bread and water, and to be publicly scourged every Sunday in the Temple before the whole congregation.

The enormous wealth of the Order, who possessed not less than nine thousand manors, and whose income was said to be six million pounds sterling per annum, was undoubtedly the cause of its ruin. Edward II., of England, was very willing to follow the lead of Philip the Fair, of France, and by the sanction of Pope Clement V., said to be the tool of the latter, they were robbed of their possessions—which passed mostly into the hands of these monarchs—thrown into prison, subjected to torture so severe that many died under it; their kindest treatment was perpetual penance in some monastery. By one decree alone fifty-four were sentenced to be burned to death—this was in Paris. In 1312 the Pope finally abolished the Order.

The Temple of London then became the property of the King, and, during the reign of Edward III., was rented for ten pounds sterling per annum to students of law, who then for the first time formed themselves into a society. In

the reign of Richard II., their number was so large that they divided into two societies—the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple ; the badge of the former is a pegasus, of the latter, a holy lamb, and the eye continually falls upon one or the other of these emblems on wall, window, gate, and door.

The new temple was not completed till after the reverses following the first success of the Crusaders, and the re-capture of Jerusalem by the Turks. It was during a truce of four years between the latter and the Christians, that Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, came to England, accompanied by the Master of the Knights of Malta, or St. John—also called Knights Hospitallers from their Order having originated in the establishment by them, on the east side of the temple at Jerusalem, of an hospital for sick pilgrims. During this visit, Heraclius consecrated the Round Church, and until the year 1695, when it was destroyed by some workmen, an inscription over a door leading from the church to the cloister recorded the fact. There are but three other circular churches in England. At some later period an oblong addition has been made to the primitive building; but although they open into each other and form one continuous apartment, their roofs and ceilings overhead are entirely distinct. The circular portion has a diameter of fifty-eight feet, the

oblong a length of eighty-two feet ; width, fifty-eight feet ; height, thirty-seven feet.

The Round Church has an inner circle of six pillars, connected overhead with an outer circle of twelve pillars ; it is said to be a copy of the temple at Jerusalem, the model of the preceding Temple of Solomon, the idea of which, in its turn, is said to have found origin from the Mosaic ark in the wilderness. It has several times been repaired and restored, the last time at an enormous expense and with the greatest possible truth to its primitive features.

Entering through the broad but rather low arched doorway, we first notice the floor. It is of encaustic tiles, some five or six inches square ; their color is a reddish-brown, but so elaborately inlaid with gold-colored patterns that the latter color seems to predominate. The patterns vary ; on one side of us we see that each tile bears the encaustic figure of a lamb ; on our other hand it is a winged horse, the emblems of the Societies of the Temple ; elsewhere, various other animals, as lions, tigers, wolves, etc., and also some grotesque designs.

Near the center of the pavement, on either side of the aisles, is a group of recumbent figures, life-size. On one side are five of these effigies, on the other four and a coffin. These are of stone, and though time and abuse had greatly

injured them, they were most carefully and ingeniously restored at the last restoration of the building. This was done wholly at the expense of the two law societies, possessors of the premises. At that time it was found that originally they had been richly colored; one in particular having had a coat of crimson, armor of gold, and head resting upon a pillow enameled with glass; another, who was accidentally killed on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land, is represented as just unsheathing his sword. All the figures are in armor, their immense shields on their right arms. Five or six of them have the legs crossed; these were Crusaders.

The outer and inner circles of pillars form a circular promenade around the central part. As we pass into this, involuntarily we stand motionless as our eye, at but a slight elevation above its own level, follows a line of sculptured heads but a few feet apart and extending around the church. So varied and interesting is this singular feature, it might make the study of hours; here is the thoughtful face of the student, there of a beautiful woman, and again, beauty distorted by agony; a jester with leering face and tongue protruded from one corner of his mouth; another whose ear is being torn off by an animal that has fastened his teeth upon it; the proud faces of crowned kings; demons and angels; faces that tell a story

of violent anguish, others of calm despair. Unfortunately the spirit of reparation has not always been that of restoration, and many of the original pieces of sculpture have, in times past, been cast aside and replaced by duplicates of the remaining ones; but connoisseurs have thought to discover a general plan, viz.: that the usually placid expression on one side of the building was emblematic of the peace of heaven attained through the prayers of the church, while the suffering expression of those on the opposite side represents the pains of purgatory.

The oblong part of the church in comparison with the other, strikes one with its beauty rather than its antiquity. The roof is groined and supported by beautiful dark-colored, marble pillars. The modern frescoing of the roof rivals in brilliancy the ancient ceiling which, during the process of restoration, was found to have been once ornamented in gold and silver. In each groin of the roof is a circle, in alternation bearing the lamb on a red ground and the winged horse on a blue. Over the aisle these are varied by the introduction of the banner of the Templars, half white, half black, because they showed themselves wholly white towards the Christians but black and terrible to their enemies. Still later this banner was changed into the red Maltese cross on a white ground. Both of these are seen on the

ceiling, as also a third, which represents the Cross of Christ raised above the Crescent of the Saracens, with a star on each side. The latter device was copied from a seal attached to a charter dated 1320, and preserved in the British Museum.

The colored windows are very rich. Here and there on the wall are pious inscriptions in Latin and Old English, while the words of the *Te Deum* make one long inscription around the building.

The organ has a story of its own: During the reign of Charles II., the two Law Societies decided to procure for themselves an instrument of extreme excellence. Two German manufacturers were rivals for the job, and it was finally decided that each of them should build one and leave the choice to the purchasers; each made the best organ in the world except the other, each party paid the highest price to the best performers, each added improvements, and, at the end of the year, both were ruined in temper and almost ruined in purse. The choice was finally left to the Lord Chief Justice.

As we pass out from the church we turn aside from the walk leading back to the Strand into the green at the side, and there, heretofore ignorant of his last resting place, we start with surprise as the plain stone, covering his low grave,

displays, in large letters, these words--“ Here lies Oliver Goldsmith.” Thus, almost at the very dwelling he occupied in the days of the full bloom of his popularity, with nothing grander than a plain stone and the green turf, rests as should rest, the ever simple child of Nature, the foster-son of Genius.

LONDON, *March*, 1875.

## XI.

BRITISH MUSEUM—CARLYLE IN HIS HOME—THE ALBERT MEMORIAL—NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERIES—HUXLEY AS TEACHER AND LECTURER—LONDON SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

“*THE* British Museum is so heavy,” said an English lady to me one day, and ever since it has been impossible for me to walk amid the collections of Assyrian, Egyptian, and other ancient sculptures without a vague feeling of the weight as well as the size of these immense remnants of antiquity. The British Museum is one of the solid facts of the world, and I have not been in the habit of thinking of it as ever having had a beginning; there was a sort of indefinite feeling in my mind that, “in the beginning,” London and the British Museum were first created from the primitive chaos, what was left over being afterwards used to build the rest of the world around this great city.

It was on one of the marked days of life that I accidentally came upon the tomb of Hans Sloane, the founder, but little more than a century ago, of the British Museum. The former line of the street has retired backwards before the ever-

widening stream of humanity, but has left this single monument protruding into the street, its inconvenient position being all that forces it upon the notice of the passer-by. In this modest but most appropriate neighborhood lives Thomas Carlyle, and as our steps turned towards his dwelling I wondered that an occasion, the mere anticipation of which would ordinarily fill me with emotion, should to-day find an undisturbed pulse and the usual curious eye for way-side sights; yet, one might as well be calm, for what emotion could express our appreciation of him whose electric words have set in motion minds that have woven for us the modern web of science and thought, who, if he has mercilessly probed the weakness of man, has yet done it with a healthful sting, and who, if he be a hero-worshipper, is so from the innate impulse with which the fibres of his being stretch themselves out in sympathy with whatever is great.

The pictures in our country of Carlyle are not very good; he has not the wrinkled visage and thought-weary, almost unhappy expression generally seen in them, but rather the friendly, happy look, so often characterizing the old age of a well-spent life; his thick head of hair is not entirely whitened, his blue eye is bright but looks worn with use, his form is thin and feeble, and the continual trembling of his hand must interfere

greatly, if not entirely, with the use of his pen. Expecting our visit, his eyes and whole face lighted up with a smile of welcome as he entered the room, extending both hands in greeting. His first words after those of welcome, were of singular beauty and appropriateness; they were a quotation from his own favorite Ossian, in reply to my companion's congratulation on his apparent good health; "Yes, but

'Age is dark and unlovely.'

The almost solemn sadness of the tone in which he spoke the words, changed to cheerfulness as he immediately added, "But I ought not to complain," and then to vivacity, as thought and reminiscence followed each other in uninterrupted flow. It was quite wonderful to recall how much he had said in our short visit; he knew that we had come to see and hear a great man, and he paid us the compliment of putting as much of himself as possible into our half-hour with him. He ran over this and that history with apparently no mental effort, and then, touching upon the present and himself, said that the strangest thing in the world to him were the little boys and girls in the streets. Of course it would not have been Thomas Carlyle had he not indulged in a little downright scolding, and that scolding was about California. "You are doing no good there; you are harming the world. Cover over your mines

leave your gold in the earth and go to planting potatoes. Every man who gives a potato to the world is the benefactor of his race; but you with your gold, are overturning society, making the ignoble prominent, increasing everywhere the expenses of living, and confusing all things." Expressing the hope that he would live many years, to which he replied, "You need not wish it for me, but I must await my summons," we bade him adieu and passed out again into the world, which for the moment seemed shrunken and silent.

Those who find the Muses of the British Museum too heavy have the alternative of paying homage to those of Kensington. Kensington was once a separate town, but, like so many others, was long since devoured by hungry London. Kensington Gardens are to-day nothing but a continuation of Hyde Park. It is here we find the last Albert Memorial, which everybody asks if you have seen. It seems as if Prince Albert's virtues must soon give out, leaving none to commemorate, if his widowed Queen goes on setting up, throughout the United Kingdom, memorials as numerous as mile stones. Perhaps, after all, the statues of Memnon scattered through Asia, instead of being landmarks of the progress of a lost religion were nothing but a series of Albert memorials by some long-since forgotten

Queen, and that these of our day will be as great a puzzle to a future race seeking to read the history of the barbarian world of the nineteenth century. To say that this monument is rich and elegant is not to tell half its merit. One ascends to it by a double terrace of broad handsome steps. At each lower corner is a colossal group in pure white marble, representing respectively, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Each group consists of four figures, male or female, surrounding an animal typical of the grand division represented. Thus, Europe has an ox, Asia an elephant kneeling, Africa a camel in the same attitude, and America a buffalo. In each group one figure is seated on the back of the animal, while in that representing our own continent, two of the figures are Indians.

The monument itself is of pure white marble, with an open arch for a statue of the Prince; its base is an exquisite piece of sculpture, on which I counted 160 full life-size figures, in high relief, of the greatest artists and scientists that have ever lived. The roof of the monument is heavily gilded, and its arches and pillars brilliant with the various colored stones with which it is inlaid; there are carnelians, agates, and others much richer and rarer whose names I do not know, half spherical in form and some three inches in diameter. Elegant and splendid as it is, I do not

find it perfectly pleasing ; there is to me a want of harmony somewhere, like that of the right thing in the wrong place. In grandeur I find it far inferior to the tomb of Napoleon I., at Paris, and it does not express the perfection of good taste and appropriateness of Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh. Perhaps the gilding and brilliant-colored stones, contrasted with the white marble, give it a touch of gaudiness we should not feel were it covered by a temple ; perhaps there is a vague sentiment that a mere polished gentleman of high culture, who has yet bequeathed to the world no fruit of genius, has hardly a right to a Prince's place in the select circle of the world's most brilliant minds, and that though his death was a sad event in one happy family circle, the four quarters of the globe would hardly know the difference between his living and his dying.

A few rods distant from the Albert Memorial is the Albert Music Hall, an immense structure which, though it looks well enough, is still more remarkable for its size than for its beauty ; it is a circular or oblong building, the construction of whose roof was a problem for architects ; finally, exact measurements were taken, the roof was then constructed—of iron and glass, I believe—and afterward lifted and placed complete on the top of the building.

In buildings adjacent to this were held the International Exhibition of last year, and here we find the National Portrait Gallery of over four hundred pictures, one of the most interesting collections in the world, containing portraits of everybody you want to see and some besides. Here is Nell Gwynn in her rich ripe beauty; here is the very handsome Lady Hamilton looking over her shoulder directly into the face of her friend Lord Nelson, hinting that the picture-hanger had read history as well; the gentle figure of Benjamin West, and the well-known face of Benjamin Franklin are also here. Perhaps the only unworthy artistic work is a profile crayon of George Washington. Not far from this building we find the Kensington Museum, a very fine building of face brick, ornamented with exquisite columns and carvings or mouldings, one end being beautifully inlaid with the work of the pupils of the School of Art located here. This Museum is so richly filled that it would seem easier to tell what is n't here than to describe its contents. Here is porcelain enough to build a crack hotel equal to our "Palace;" antique carvings in wood, ancient tapestries, rich laces, old and new, and a large and interesting picture gallery, where, among other things, we find the famous cartoons of Raphael transferred here from Hampton Court Palace.

This building is also a center of schools of Science and Art, and of normal training in these departments. Some classes of the School of Mines are held here, among others that of Huxley, whose laboratories and class-room we find at the top of the building, up ten flights of stairs, so tiresome to ascend as to make him secure from the intrusion of idlers. It seems strange enough that two men so entirely unlike as Tyndall and Huxley should have their names so constantly associated as they are with us. Huxley has a square and rather full face, with long, thick, black hair beginning to turn grey. He looks pale and sick and has the air of a man whose health is irretrievably lost by hard work. He is the very personification of modesty, and his studious life betrays itself in his retiring, almost timid manner, and a very short observation hints at his being more at home among fishes than among men—in his laboratory than in society. In conversing with him I asked him if he did not think of some day visiting our country to see for himself his high repute with us. He thought the greatest interest he should find in such a journey would be to observe whether we really had the freedom of which we so much boast. He was inclined to think that, in fact, we had less of it than his own countrymen, and that for all classes England is the true home of liberty where each man finds

himself protected in his independent position. Ladies are seldom admitted to his daily classes, but I was so fortunate as to receive an invitation to attend one day when the subject was to be one that would not be embarrassing in the presence of ladies. He is so skillful with the crayon, that, as if involuntarily and unconsciously to himself, his hand creates, in the order of the development he is teaching, bird, fish and reptile, and by the time he has finished his lecture, without having lost one second of time from speaking, he has covered his blackboards with illustrations which seem to have grown of themselves under his hand. At the close of the lecture the students go to the laboratory, where, in everything possible, they work out for themselves the teaching of the lecture-room. The class this Winter numbered about twenty, varying in age from fifteen to fifty years. The students think it requires a good deal of courage to offer themselves for examination for a diploma in this course; and yet this is but one course of study not more rigorous than the others connected with this school, than which, I feel safe in asserting, no other institution gives a higher and more thorough education, and perhaps the school is without an equal.

Professor Huxley has given one evening lecture this season and but one, I believe, and among the many distinguished men I have this Winter heard,

none drew so distinguished an audience as he. The Duke of Northumberland filled the chair, the Chief Lord of the Admiralty was seated beside him, while Huxley, with his calm, earnest, yet fascinating manner, seemed well worthy to be the center of such an assembly of aristocratic and intellectual nobility.

In this building we also find the National Art Training School, for the systematic training of teachers in the principles and practice of Art, in its application to the common uses of life and to the requirements of trade and manufactures. The instruction comprehends all kinds of drawing, painting and modeling, and includes relative subjects, such as practical geometry and lectures on anatomy as applicable to the Arts. The tuition for a term of five months—five hours study by day and two evening hours—is but five pounds. Connected with this head department are nine district schools of Art situated in different parts of London, and in the whole United Kingdom there are one hundred and twenty-six branches of the Art school, in all of which annual examinations are held, with a national competition for prizes. In addition to the students of these schools there are over six hundred night schools instructing 20,000 students, while in 2,100 schools for the poor 238,000 children receive instruction in drawing. The school has a library of 25,000 volumes

on Art, a collection of 10,000 drawings and designs, 20,000 engravings of ornament, 35,000 photographs of architecture, etc. General readers may also be admitted to this library by the payment of a very small fee, and the books and objects in the museum are lent to the different schools throughout the kingdom.

The last school of Art that I visited at Kensington, was the National Training School of Cookery. This was established in 1874 with the following objects in view: first, to qualify persons to become teachers in other schools of cookery; second, to give instruction in the principles of cookery to any person desirous to be taught; third, to send out lecturers on cookery to such towns or institutions as may be willing to incur the attendant expense. At present the whole course of instruction requires four weeks' attendance from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. There are three grades of cookery taught: first, that adapted to the restricted means of the poor; second, to the moderate means of the middle class; third, the preparation of dainties for the rich man's table. There is a separate kitchen for each class of cookery, and a lecture-room where the pupils, ranged on elevated seats, observe and take notes of the teacher's method of preparing and mixing different ingredients. The lecture course extends through two weeks, of which each day has a

different topic, viz.: one lecture on jellies and creams, the next day on cookery for the sick-room, etc. The fee for the complete course is six pounds, concluding with a written examination and the conferring of a diploma. The following is a condensed outline of the course :

First week, making and managing of fires, cleaning of stoves, regulating ovens, cleaning of pots, kettles, pans and tins, making yeast, bread, and cheap cake, clarifying lard, the difference between boiling and stewing, etc.

Second week, simple cooking for families who are poor, such as roasting, boiling, frying, etc., and the best way of cooking canned or preserved meats.

Third week, baking of all kinds of meat, pies, cakes and puddings, boiling of soups, preparation of broths for the sick, stewing of meat, frying of omelettes, etc., and cooking of vegetables.

Fourth week, pickles, sweetmeats, sauces and dainties. Among the eighty-three questions of the last examination I find the following : In one hundred parts of potato how many are water, how many starch? What kind of fish affords the largest amount of nutriment at the smallest cost? Which is the simplest and most wholesome mode of cooking food? Of beef and mutton, which loses more in weight by cooking, which is more nutritious? If potatoes form the principal diet of a family,

what other kind of food should be taken, and why? What general rules for roasting meat—describe process and time to be allowed for a leg of mutton weighing nine pounds, ten ounces. What difference in the boiling of meat to be eaten and in boiling it for extracting soup? How would you prepare a dish of fried cutlets and potatoes? Mutton broth for six persons, ingredients and quantity of meat? Different methods of preparing beef tea, and how you would prepare it for a patient ill with typhoid fever? Describe the process of making bread, melted butter, lobster salad, puff paste, paste for the crust of a meat pie. State the analysis of a potato, a mackerel and a mutton-chop.

I read an abstract of a public lecture given by one of the teachers of this school on the cooking of potatoes. It was taught that if the skin be removed before boiling, at least one-third of the nutriment is lost, and in a country so thickly populated as England, where the potato contributes a large proportion of the poor man's diet, the saving to him of one-third in food is an item of greater importance than we, in our land of plenty, can realize. It was also taught that in washing the potato great care should be taken not to bruise the skin; it should be handled tenderly, and the use of a soft brush was recommended for the purpose. I might add that the necessity of

economy in food depends upon the large population and limited territory of England, did I not recall the almost indignant answer of a book-seller in Chester whom I asked for a small map of England. In a tone of half-rebuke and half-contempt for my ignorance, he told me, "There *could n't* be a small map of England!" The Cookery School in London has, as yet, I am told, hardly served the purpose for which it was intended, being to too great a degree, thus far, a sort of fashionable folly, where ladies who will never do the thing again in their lives, go and scrub a square yard of an already clean deal table or floor; or young ladies, note-book in hand, pass from one teacher to another asking how to make an apple-tart or a plum-pudding, and then go home with the conceit that they are intelligent and accomplished cooks, fully armed against panics in the kitchen.

LONDON, *February*, 1875.

## XII.

## AVIGNON—THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

**D**ON'T know how agreeable it is falling asleep a nobody and waking up to find one's self famous—the rare lot of a few lucky mortals—but it is certainly very pleasant falling asleep nowhere to wake up in a famous place. That was the way we awoke one morning in Avignon. We remained in London till there was great danger of our becoming heathens, fire-worshipers and idolaters of the sun; so, for the sake of body and soul, we were at last obliged to bid adieu to that dear, grand and gloomy old city, that eighth wonder of the world that doth bestride the narrow Thames like a Colossus, permitting, like its ancient Rhodian prototype, the commerce of a world to enter within the portals it so grandly guards. So we turned our faces from this place, which had been to us a pillar of smoke by day and by night, towards the blue sky of *la belle France*.

As fast as steam will carry us we hasten on our way, disdaining every temptation to stop, even that of the inviting smile of beautiful Paris, and

victorious as the Prussians, with every mile overcoming London lassitude and London smoke, we travel, till, from utter weariness, we tumble out of the cars and into the nearest hotel, scarcely knowing and caring less, at what place we have stopped. A few hours' sleep refreshes ; awaking, we turn our eyes to the window, and the first glance brings to our memory a whole panorama of mental pictures which we have all our lives been forming, of the curious narrow streets of the old cities of Europe ; the front wall of the opposite house is so near that we feel as if it were going to move right up to our own, and looking straight in at our window stands the Holy Virgin with her Babe as if ready to welcome us heretics with a blessing.

Satisfied with out-of-doors, our eye returns to the chamber within ; it is a spacious room ; overhead, the wall is divided by immense beams into three compartments, traversed longitudinally by deep, narrow rafters, giving a singular effect of light and shadow, more fully brought out by our blazing wood fire of evening by whose light we sit, while whole bookfuls of half-revealed fancies and uncertain emotions flutter in our imagination, responsive to the dancing blaze before us and mingled light and shadow above us.

But what are those curious frescoes over doors and mirrors, and hiding in recesses? Was Avignon

a secret retreat of the muses, or have the gods and goddesses taken it into their heads to give us a surprise party? At any rate here they are. From over the fire-place Jupiter and Juno, enthroned in clouds and attended by the peacock, preside at the social gathering, while Cupid as door-keeper is playing his pranks over the heads of those who enter this apartment; Aurora hovers near the windows, while Urania retreats to the opposite wall, and Minerva and Thalia offer us a choice of exit by the way of Wisdom or the way of Mirth. The uncarpeted floor is, like all in the house, of small, hexagonal bricks kept brightly colored and polished by a mixture of vermilion and wax. We pass out from our room into a long corridor, where, at night, a sort of ghostly thrill runs through me as I wander through the long passages whose stone walls and brick floors give a sepulchral feeling to the air, and whose darkness, but half-illumined by the faint light of the candle in my hand, shuts in again behind me as I advance.

It is a strange, impressive house, and, judging from its size and its faded traces of magnificence and grandeur, must have had a history; but I can only learn the fact of its having been a hotel for a hundred years. As we look at the house from the outside we are glad to see that we need not be dependent on our neighbors for a blessing, for right between the windows of our room is another

Blessed Virgin, and we are beginning to feel rather proud of our advantages in this line, when we discover another close by, and as we walk on we find almost every house ornamented by such a statue, larger or smaller, and before we have half made the tour of the city we conclude that the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne are on a pilgrimage to Avignon.

Avignon is a curious place—a labyrinth rather than a city. The passages through which we walk are too narrow to be called streets. Sometimes there is something like an elevated step taking the place of a sidewalk, but it is too narrow to walk upon with both feet, and, setting aside the awkwardness of gait, one soon tires of trying to walk with one foot a dozen inches higher than the other, and so resigns himself to the rough pavement.

The streets wind and turn in the most mysterious manner, describing every kind of line and angle ever drawn; one gets hopelessly lost in less than two minutes, and the only way to arrive at any distant part of the city is to give up the attempt and endeavor to return home. It is as delightful a Sabbath morning as ever pious poet could wish when we go out for our first walk in Avignon. Two rods distant from our hotel we come upon the market-place, a square, without roof, where are displayed all the vegetables and fruits of the season, sold by the coarsest-looking old women you

ever saw, but so strong that at night I shall see them trundling their heavy lumbering carts from out the line of wagons almost as easily as a delicate woman could pick up a feather duster. Around the market-place and in the busiest street leading from it are little tables two or three feet square, from a framework over which hang branches to which are tied various colored candied fruits and bonbons. A few sous give you a chance to win one of these. The game is gambling, the day is Sunday, and if you have your child beside you and give him the golden fruit, if he is an American he will doubtless learn a lesson; but there is not the least danger of anybody belonging to Avignon ever falling into evil ways.

It is often easier to blunder upon the best than to find it by searching; and so, either by blundering or because all the streets of Avignon finally lead to this spot, we soon find ourselves in the open space called the Place du Palais, fronting the palace built for the residence of the Popes, when Avignon supplanted Rome as the Papal seat. The palace is now used as barracks for soldiers, quite a different branch of the Church militant. It is built on the declivity of a solitary hill, whose opposite side rises most abruptly from the banks of the Rhone. Looking over the parapet on its summit your eye falls for some three hundred feet down a perpendicular wall of stone, part of the

ramparts of the city, and whose base is distant from the river but the width of a carriage road. Extensive gardens, belonging to the public, cover the summit of the hill and slide a little distance down its sides. The highest part is a mound of volcanic rocks, under which are grottoes from twenty to thirty feet in height, from whose roofs the water drops into artificial ponds ; it is ascended by winding steps fantastically cut in the rocks, from the top of which is the crowning view, unobstructed in every direction and bounded only by distant mountain ranges.

As you look the eye fills with tears at the beauty of the scene before you. On one side below you, the old city with its well-kept walls, then the smiling plain with robe of verdure broidered with winding silver streams, while

“Beyond this lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise.”

You turn to the scene behind you ; at your feet the Rhone, or as they say here, the Two Rhones, for the long and fertile island of Barthelasse divides the waters of the Rhone just opposite the city of Avignon. Beyond the further bank of the Rhone lies the old town of Villeneuve, where, when you visit it, you will find the most interesting feature to be the clatter of the hand-looms, weaving silk, heard from within the houses as you pass through its lonely streets—almost the only sound

that breaks the silence of the place. A high square tower in ruins, called the Tower of Philip-le-Bel, ornaments the town and is wholly in keeping with the *tout ensemble*. Between Villeneuve and the far, far horizon of snow-clad mountains stretches a rich and fertile valley, while in the nearer distance the undulating hills show whole forests of olive trees, alternating with vine-clad slopes.

At the border of the gardens and between them and the palace, is the church of Notre Dame de Doms, whose legendary history connects it with the name of St. Martha, sister of Lazarus the friend of Jesus, and who, "the legend saith" brought the Evangel of Christ to Avignon and founded a church on this spot. But though profane history contradicts this poetic fancy by proving that the light of Christianity did not dawn on Avignon until the fifth century after Christ, we know, nevertheless, that this church has seen better days, inasmuch as it has occupied the position of rival to St. Peter's at Rome. Its tower is surmounted by a gilded statue of Our Lady, crowning not only the church but also all the landscape around, and whose open hands are stretched out as if to drop blessings on her faithful people. In front of the church is a "Calvary," a round enclosure, where, high-uplifted on a cross, is the crucified One, with four angels kneeling at his feet.

Within the church many paintings are to be

seen, some of rare excellence. On the two sides of the gallery are exceedingly fine portraits of the ten Popes who reigned here, averaging seven or eight years each. The furniture of the altars is very rich, and all their wealth of gold and silver is displayed.

As we are about to leave the church we meet at its porch a procession of children which we soon begin to think includes all the children in France. As they pass into the church and before its brilliantly lighted altars without stopping, we follow them without, when lo! from the long, broad and winding flights of stone steps leading up to the church we look down on a sea of heads filling the Place du Palais where, half an hour ago, a scattered dozen were passing hither and thither. This crowd is entering the square from two different directions. What does it mean? It is the first procession of the Year of Jubilee, which, occurring once in twenty-five years, gives plenary indulgence to all who join in three processions, each time visiting four different churches.

For an hour or more we stand and watch them winding slowly up the hill; it is one of those quiet days when heaven and earth are hushed and Nature becomes a poem. The morning breeze holds its breath, the sweet-scented flowers fill the air with fragrant incense, and the trees of early Spring gently drop their tributes of beauty; Nature listens

in silence to the voice of worship, and tunes herself in harmony with the scene. But the silence is not all unbroken ; the hushed breeze trembles to the sweet voices of a hundred maidens breaking into joyful song, and, as the music swells louder and louder, the heavens seem to rejoice in the gladness of youth ; anon the gentle voices of a sisterhood of nuns mingle soft chant and holy praise, and as they pass, you look upon them half envying the peace they seem to have found, half regretting for them the joys they seem to have missed. Schools of hundreds of sturdy urchins marshaled by Holy Brothers—their instructors—repeat song or prayer in unison ; pious women, friends and acquaintances, walk side by side, each for herself telling her own beads and saying her own prayers ; religious societies of men, forgetful for the hour of the world and its business, have donned the garb of their society to join in the solemn ceremony of the day ; here are the Black Penitents, the White Penitents and the Gray Penitents, each enveloped in the domino of the color of his order, the hood of the domino forming a long pointed mask falling over the face and reaching to the waist, and perforated only by two round openings for the eyes. Rising above the heads of the procession at short intervals are banners, statues, crucifixes and other religious emblems. It was a striking scene, this our first introduction to Catholic Europe, and

one never to be forgotten. Eye-weary we at last turned our steps homeward, through streets lined with the still onward advancing procession which that day numbered upwards of forty thousand persons.

AVIGNON, *March* 1875.

## XIII.

## AVIGNON—LETTER TO A FRIEND.

**I**T was by mere accident that we first stopped a few hours in this place to rest on our way from Paris to Montpellier—the charms and resources of which latter place are principally to be found in gazetteers. It is sufficient to say that going there with the intention of remaining a month, we came away at the end of two days, perfectly satisfied with what we had seen, the sense of smell having greatly aided that of sight in establishing in our minds the fact of its antiquity. Pleased with the impression Avignon made upon us in the few hours we had given to it, we decided to return and here await warmer weather in northern France. The whole city—streets, people and houses—is a museum and also a monument, one face of which is inscribed with the story of its Papal magnificence, when Avignon was the Rome of the world; the other is a souvenir of the loves of Petrarch and Laura.

Of course it is impossible to remain here without learning much of the ancient history of the Church,

still more without hunting up all the local traditions of the great poet. It seems almost as incredible that Petrarch daily walked the streets we are walking, and looked with a poet's eyes on this lovely landscape of the valley of the Rhone, as it is difficult to realize that we are in a city founded six hundred years before the creation of the Christian world.

I have spent many a pleasant hour perusing the memoirs of Petrarch which abound here. The inhabitants treasure his name and memory with the greatest pride, and however well authenticated, reject everything which does not redound to his honor.

Thus you will not doubt that in so delectable a place, whose walls are of religion and whose atmosphere is love, we find life very charming, and the Old World richer in enjoyment than my untraveled mind had pictured. The climate here is very much like that of San Francisco, with rather greater extremes of heat and cold, but reminding us of home by a little too much wind as well as by its dry atmosphere and bright clear skies. As for the people, when I tell you that the children have time to play and to study religion, that the young girls are all handsome, the women indifferent to fine clothes and that the men apparently lead unanxious lives, with large incomes of ease and leisure, I am sure you will think it a California in the moral

world—a golden state of society—and I only wish it might tempt you to seize your hat and dictionary and hastily come to see for yourself.

It seems as if the fashionable character foreign travel assumes in our day, somewhat veils from us its greatest pleasures; yet learning to enjoy more and more every day its hard-earned pleasures—for travel is labor—and strongly as I would urge you to come and see how rich this Old World is, were I to return as an apostle from Europe, it would be to protest against foreign travel in some of its phases, when young children grow up robbed of home and country for the sake of speaking with proper accent the language of other lands—their birthright sold for a mess of pottage. You feel something like disgust in hearing Americans boast of having lost all national tastes and characteristics; but your patriotism is at first moved with indignation and then trembles with apprehension—when parents proudly tell you that their children can neither speak nor understand a word of their mother tongue—lest one day our country totter, no longer upheld by the love of her children.

But I did not mean to say all this, but rather to tell you how our quiet life in this quiet place passes in quiet delight. According to French custom breakfast is not served until noon, which gives us a quiet forenoon (after an early cup of coffee brought to our room) for reading and study.

About two o'clock we go out for a promenade of some two or three hours, when we sometimes amuse ourselves by getting lost in the curious narrow streets, and discovering some new old church, or we go out beyond the walls of the city and get the breath from green fields, or we read awhile in the public library, or sit there and look at the old fogies who seem to be its only visitors, or visit the museum or picture gallery, or find some novel entertainment in these ancient by-ways. After dinner we spend the evening practicing French with our charming landlady and our charming landlady's pretty daughter, in whose modest little parlor a circle of neighbors nightly gathers. By the way, I do not find French so universal a language here, as I expected—the babies cry in good plain English—a hint from Nature that the English tongue is to become the common language of the world; and although the *patois* of Provence is charmingly musical, the purity of its accent is very different from my own.

AVIGNON, *March*, 1875.

## XIV.

## AVIGNON—HISTORY.

*W*ONDER if any one once entangled in the snarl of streets which make up Avignon ever got out. At any rate, we are fairly entrapped, and patiently wind our way in and out and roundabout, reading the wonderful history of the strange old place. There is no exaggeration in calling it old, for Avignon was in the prime of life when modern Europe was born ; it had reached the respectable age of five hundred years when Julius Cæsar visited it, and if it possessed a spy-glass it doubtless examined the features of Hannibal as he passed near by, crossing the Rhone with his elephants and horses on his circuitous route from Carthage to Rome.

So here we are, sitting quietly down by the walls of this ancient relic of the past, listening to the tales she tells us, with that sort of reverence which a grandam's reminiscences inspire—and, indeed, like a veritable and venerable old grandam she is, seeming to have naught to do but to say

her prayers and tell her stories of the past ; and those stories are thrilling ones.

Is it hard to realize that the old man who daily walks with measured steps before your door has had a hot and fiery youth and a manhood of sturdy resistance ; that between the golden sunlight which colored the locks of the youth and the silver starlight now reflected from those same locks, there has been an iron age, when the iron has been heated red and white, and molded by the hammer of Destiny into the fixed form before you which shall never change but in breaking? No less hard is it to realize that this hushed and quiet place has had a history equally remarkable, and its experience seems to have been but the longer story of a human life. It has a story of its own in politics, in religion and in love, each and all carrying us to the very height of the region of romance.

The breath of life breathed into her nostrils when Avignon was born must have been from the lips of Freedom herself, and bitter and bloody have been the struggles with which through centuries her ever-republican spirit inspired her to resist the powerful hands of various covetous masters. Sometimes leading a separate and individual political existence, sometimes divided between different owners, sometimes uniting in revolt, sometimes yielding under the hammer of internal

revolution to the besieging army who had in vain battered its walls from without ; in the latter half of its history taken by the Saracens, besieged by Charles Martel, and ending an existence of 500 years as a republic by passing under the sovereign rule of Toulouse and Provence, from whom it was bought in the year 1348 by Pope Clement VI. for 80,000 florins in gold, and finally, in the year 1797, relinquished by the Pope, it became a part of the French Republic.

Its religious history rivals its political history. First the Polytheism of the natives, which gave place to Druidism brought here by emigration from Asia ; here and there through the neighboring country we still see the old Druid altars. The latter religion took so strong a root that even to this day, after so long a reign of Christianity, old druidical superstitions still attach, in the simple minds of the peasants, peculiar virtues to certain spots, and give rise to certain superstitious practices.

The next religion seems to have been one where people worshiped themselves, for there was developed a sort of military aristocracy which abolished Druidism, and the Druid bards entered into the service of these chiefs and sang their praises. Under their control Avignon became so formidable that it was able to arrest the first Roman invasions of Gaul. Here too were built

temples to Hercules and Diana, and heathenism finally gave way to Christianity about 1,300 years ago.

At the present day Avignon appears veritably one of the most religious spots in the world. Here religion is the business of life. The churches, of which there are thirty, are never deserted, while mass, vespers and benediction are pleasures not willingly neglected. You cannot walk far without coming upon a church, and if in company with Avignon friends they will be sure to ask you at least once during your walk to enter with them while they kneel in prayer. Drive with them, and often the word will be stopped on your lips as you notice by their crossing themselves that they are religiously improving the temporary silence. Sit with them in the house, and during the momentary lull of conversation your friend beside you has slipped her beads from her pocket and is filling in the odd moments with prayer. If not at your own hotel, very likely at the neighboring one, at the early morning hour you will see the mistress of the hotel and the whole body of her servants going in company to mass. Religious observances have become second, or rather first, nature with the people of Avignon, and few are the people more thoroughly believing in their religion, so consistently industrious in its practice.

The principle of obedience inculcated by the

Church is felt in society. "Will you sing the *Marseillaise*?" I one evening said to some friends who had been singing to us the songs of the troubadours. "*C'est defendu*," was the reply, and I did not find it strange that the firing off of that song in this nitro-glycerine nation should be prohibited. Another time I asked, "Have you read any of Dumas' novels?" "*C'est defendu*," was again the answer, ending with the question in a tone of astonishment, "Is it not prohibited among *you* to read Dumas?" Now I want you to believe that I held the reputation of my own country too dear to tell these innocent people that with us the surest way to secure the reading of a book would be to prohibit it. Fortunately for the sale of Dumas' works *men* are allowed to read them.

Avignon is a fortified city, entirely inclosed by a wall about three miles in circumference, pierced by nine different gates of entrance. The citizens take great pride in these walls which they maintain in perfect repair, and which are said to be the most complete specimen of the military architecture of the fourteenth century. The present walls were built by the Popes during the Papal occupation of Avignon, and were the labor of twenty years. But at a very early period, long before the building of these walls, Avignon was strongly fortified, and even Rome herself believed it impregnable. It is owing to the long and terrible siege which it

sustained against Charles Martel, who had recourse to every known engine of war to reduce it, that its Roman monuments have mostly disappeared, but yet its Museum contains a goodly collection of Roman stones and statuary preserved, or from time to time discovered beneath the foundations of buildings. It seems very strange to be in a museum of Roman antiquities collected from the streets we are daily walking, and we begin to think we are indeed getting near the borders of the Old World.

Another curiosity, a most picturesque one it is, is the remnant of the first bridge built across the Rhone; originally it was 782 feet in length and was composed of nineteen arches, reaching from the walls of Avignon to the walls of her opposite neighbor, Villeneuve; its width was only sufficient for horsemen. It was built in the twelfth century and was the work of eleven years. Time, neglect and the Rhone have almost destroyed it. Since 1669 there remain but four arches, which are now kept carefully repaired; the whole bridge was of stone, and its arches are very beautiful; from the second arch is a small Roman chapel projecting into the river; in this chapel was buried St. Benézet, its builder.

Tradition loves to strengthen its hold on the human mind by fringing itself with superstitions which entangle our fancy and knit together

imagination and memory. Thus embellished comes down to us the history of this bridge. Benézet, afterwards canonized, was a shepherd youth who became the chief of a society of Frères Pontifes, and who undertook and superintended the building of this bridge. Tradition adds, that, tending the sheep of his widowed mother on the Isle of Barthelasse, he had a dream commanding him to demand of the authorities of Avignon a bridge across the river. To test the divinity of his commission he was ordered to lift an immense rock upon his shoulders and carry it to the river's bank. As he accomplished this feat which seemed a sentence of death, his dream was accepted as of divine origin and obeyed.

In remote heathen ages of antiquity there were societies or brotherhoods whom some one has named the First Free Masons; they devoted their lives to the building of bridges or *pontes*, and they were called "Pontiffs;" these "pontiffs" always commenced their labors by solemn religious rites, and thus the building of bridges came to assume a sacred character. After the birth of Christ and the establishment of the Romish Church, the latter very wisely copied the useful industries of Pagan ages and thus instituted like societies of monks, who were to devote their lives to the building of bridges and keeping them in repair; they journeyed along all the great rivers,

dressed in a long white mantle, on which a bridge was embroidered in colored wool; they were named *Fratres Pontifici*—or Pontiff Brothers—and in memory of these humble workmen we have to-day the Pontiff of the Church of Rome; thus the Church has borrowed one of its highest titles from Paganism.

Though war with its terrible pen has badly scratched the records of the Roman Empire, those of the Romish Church are still plainly legible. During the greater part of the fourteenth century Avignon, instead of Rome, was the residence of the Pope, and here stands the Papal palace-fortress. This enormous mass of stone was the work of thirty-four years, and the historian of the Cathedral of Cologne calls it the largest and most complete monument of the Middle Ages, while an historian of those Ages calls it “the strongest building in the world.” Rich as was its interior, its exterior presented but plain walls of stone wholly without ornament; indeed it seems that, as in the colossal Memnon, ornament would detract from its grandeur. On one side of the palace, and winding round into the lower part of the town, is a street hollowed out many feet deep in the solid rock. In building the palace an arch was thrown across a part of this defile, and a portion of the palace raised upon it. It is, perhaps, from this passage that one gets the most impressive view of the

palace ; but look at it from where you will you are overwhelmed by its expression of massive strength. There is no regularity in its architecture except that of plainness ; its towers are unequal ; its windows follow no regular line ; the stairways pierce their way through the solid wall hiding secret prisons in its thickness.

But what days it has seen, when its interior blazed with the gold of costly decoration and displayed the colors of the masterpieces of the great artists of the world ; when the Papal Court made of Avignon a center of fashion and literature, to which flowed a large population of every class, seeking to enjoy the splendors of the Court or to profit by the favor of the Pontifical Sovereign.

By the interior of the court of the palace one reached the hanging gardens of Clement VI., upon which opened superb saloons, and here he was wont to receive the beautiful and noble ladies of his Court.

It was dismantled of all these beauties in the revolution of 1793, when such horrors were enacted within its walls as those of *La Glaciere*. This was a part of the palace, where victims, after a mock trial, were dismissed through a door in the seventh or eighth story of the building, from which they stepped into empty space, and their bones were destroyed by the action of a bed of lime prepared to receive them.

To-day, in these once splendid halls, we see but the rough furniture of the soldiers' barracks, and at the windows, instead of the benign face of the priest solemnly blessing the people or bestowing an unexpected pardon on some condemned criminal passing to the execution of his sentence, we see hung out to dry the parti-colored undergarments of the soldiers.

Who would not feel the power of historical association as he stands on this hill? Once the site of the Temple of Hercules and of the habitations of its pagan priests, it looked down on the Roman theatre built against the rocky side of the hill, and the hippodrome whose actual site has been traced by its ruins. Next we see it wearing the crown of Rome and drawing to it the eyes of all Christendom, as it shines, now resplendent in war, now in luxury and splendor. To-day a picture, curious still, as, standing before its ancient Cathedral surmounted by its colossal gilded statue of the Virgin, you look down upon the exercises of soldiers drilling, drilling, drilling from morning till night; and as you travel through Southern France and see everywhere this same persistent, untiring military labor, you easily fall with the people into a serious, thoughtful frame of mind, your lips close in silence upon questions of the future, but you think and think, and you feel that every man around you is thinking.

AVIGNON, *April*, 1875.

## XV.

SAVOY—URiage—MT. CENIS TUNNEL—ITALY.

“**W**E are going to Savoy,” said we one fine morning to our friends in Paris, and we said it with a feeling of self-complacency mingled, I fear, with a tinge of self-conceit, as if—about to do something aside from the usual line—we were showing a little originality and a great deal of good taste. “To Savoy?” said a friend, whose kindness, refined taste and mental culture had made his society charming, “then by all means stop at Uriage—it is at the entrance of Savoy, the door of Paradise. Uriage is a valley whose charms are indescribable, so unique in character as to be incomparable. When the hand of God scooped out that lovely valley, at His divine touch sprung forth everywhere life and beauty; the mountains which surround it are an unbroken picture of verdure, where vine, field and wooded height rival each the other’s attractions; there, far above your head, the cattle feed, and at your feet are springs of life and health. In the valley you remember, and love

more than ever, all your friends ; on the heights you converse with God. When the disgrace of Sedan mantled my brow with a blush of shame which would not fade ; when, desperate and exhausted by fruitless labors in my own humble sphere, and no longer able to restrain my indignation against those who no more merited to bear the name of Frenchmen, I sought the plateaus of the Alps—it was only at Uriage—where in solitude, day after day, from morn to night, I climbed the highest summits as if there I might come nearer to God—that I at last found the calm of which I had so much need, and the courage to again take up life's duties and carry them to the end. By all means, then, stop you at Uriage, and permit me to offer you for reading there some verses which the spirit of the scene inspired me to write."

Thus we bade adieu to beautiful Paris with much less regret than we could have done had our anticipations been less enthusiastic ; and all the way on our two days' journey we felt thankful that the pleasures of the traveler were ours. On the afternoon of the second day, as we were congratulating ourselves on the commencement of our mountain travel, a tempest arose ; the thunder rolled, rolled, rolled, from mountain to mountain, and of course we had to quote Byron, who had told us all about it, and our enthusiasm was not at all dampened by

the heavy shower. At last we arrived at Uriage, and there we stayed three days, waiting in vain for the pouring rain to cease and the clouds to lift their impenetrable veil from the mountains. We had a large, damp and uncomfortable room on the ground floor of a house, whose original purpose I am not sure of. I only know that the light entered only by a glass door, outside of which were barn-doors that we used to shut at night. On the mantelshelf was the fine French clock which you find everywhere in France—even in the most ordinary places. It is, however, never running; this always annoys me, and I have made it my regular habit in going up and down, and back and forth, through the country, to wind up and regulate all the clocks in France, until I begin to be afraid of being a sort of rival to Old Mortality. Besides the clock there was an unpainted table, a bed and two chairs, all at straggling distances from each other; and the boards of the floor looked aghast at the solitary deer-skin, which seemed to dwindle to the size of a mouse. Twice a day we waded through mud and rain an eighth of a mile, to the house where the table was spread, and once we ventured to the baths—for Uriage is a watering-place famous for its saline springs—and we thought we had never seen a better, since it watered all the time. From four o'clock each morning until nearly noon, every half-hour a covered carriage stopped at our door,

to convey visitors to the baths, and we were awakened by the voice of the driver shouting, "*En voiture, pour l'établissement, en voiture, pour les bains!*" as if it were worth while to *pay* for being soaked in that place. In vain we longed to see those inspiring summits, those mountain walls in verdure clad, where our friend had tasted of the healing plant; the monotonous sound of the rain was the only divine whisper we heard, and the persistent cloud shut out the heaven we longed for. What should we do? There we were, armed and equipped with our poetry furnished expressly for the occasion, and no prospect of our being able to make use of it for days or weeks to come; for we found on inquiry that the weather had been the same nearly all Summer; moreover, we were told by one of the guests—whom we had vainly tried to persuade from her belief that the howling of a dog was a fatal prophecy, but who most decidedly answered that it must be true, for the thing had happened in her house—that a famous astrologer of Marseilles had foretold that the storm was to continue nine days longer. Already we believed in the astrologer, and, lest we should get to believing in a good many other things, we concluded to take our poetry and go in search of some place where it would fit.

A few hours by rail brought us to Chambery, which, though seen (or unseen) mostly by night,

made its own photograph in our mind. Our hotel was built on the quay, the carriage-road, only, intervening between the river wall and the house. The river was the Laisse ; swollen by the recent rains, yet smooth for so rapid a stream, its black waters as they rushed by seemed almost to shout their music in our ears the whole night long. Early morning brought me to the window, almost astonished that with such swiftness the river had not run itself dry ; but there it still was, illustrating the old simile, as, self-absorbed, it, hastened with unslackened speed to the valley beyond. A week later, however, the black, noisy river had shrunk into a shallow, narrow stream, and had it been by the Laisse that the classic sluggard laid himself down to wait for the river to dry up that he might cross, he would not have been so foolish after all.

The not distant neighborhood of the Mont Cenis tunnel allured us from Chambéry into Italy. It is with an uncertain feeling of timidity or awe that one enters upon his first passage through the grand tunnel of the Alps. The engine labored slowly up the steep acclivity, and miserly views opened into wonderful valleys beyond and snow-clad heights above, rendering us speechless as the train almost staggered up the dizzy path. At last we reached the Tunnel.

As we entered its darkness I took one hasty, daylight glance around me, and as I looked at my

opposite neighbor his presence inspired me with more courage than that of my right-hand neighbor; for was not the former a fine old priest whose profession bespoke safe passage through the deepest and darkest of tunnels, yet who showed that he merited this world too, by the good use he made of it; for did he not lovingly hold in his embrace a goodly knapsack from which protruded the necks of two well-filled bottles, and did I not recall to myself as I looked at him the story of the wise virgin who took her oil with her? From the priest and his wine-bottles my eye wandered to a notice over his head, cautioning passengers against alarm at any explosion they might hear, as, the tunnel being under repairs, torpedoes were placed on the track to warn workmen of the approach of the train. The rest of the passage I spent in bracing my nerves against the expected shock, and was almost disappointed at not hearing a single explosion. We were just twenty-three minutes in passing through the tunnel, and the first five were longer than all the rest. The first warning we had of having nearly completed the passage was the sight of a red glowing furnace through a semi-circular opening; immediately afterward we flew by another furnace, and then we knew—though the illusion was the same in spite of our knowing—that those red-hot furnaces were but glimpses of the sun-lighted earth.

At last we emerged from the tunnel and looked for the first time in our lives on fair Italy beneath us. It would take another pen than mine to tell you of that wonderful descent of the Alps; we were without words, and could but clasp each other's hands in silence. Soon tunnel followed tunnel, near together as if to keep each other in countenance for daring to be tunnels after the great one we had just left; sometimes they so nearly joined each other that we had but a short glimpse as we hurried over some mountain torrent, foaming and leaping almost perpendicularly down, down, down, whither we could not tell; next we tremble as the yawning chasm beneath the bridge we cross frowns and threatens with the blackness of its immeasurable depths. And so for many a mile we rush through tunnel after tunnel, over chasm after chasm, and mountain torrent after mountain torrent, till closing day finds us far down the Italian Alps. As we descend, it is the heights above us rather than the laughing fields below that draw our eyes with irresistible power. It was our first sunset in Italy; the mountains lifted their snowy caps to salute the retiring sun; the dark shadows slowly rose higher and higher, till their giant forms rivaled the mountains in height; the soft clouds hovered in gentle beauty—half of earth and half of heaven—and when the sun, reluctantly and slowly, stooped and imprinted its final good-

night kiss on earth's brow, they blushed, and blushing, hid in roseate beauty the now lonely mountain top.

TURIN, *August*, 1875.

## XVI.

## MILAN—PALACE AND CATHEDRAL.

**D**ID you ever, when a little boy, find yourself drawn right towards the place where all sorts of things pleasing to the taste appealed to the only two senses the old-fashioned boy was supposed to possess, taste and smell? And did you ever in your impatience snatch at some delicious morsel and bite into it only to drop it from your mouth and run for a draught of cold water? That was the way we last week took a taste of Italy. It was so inviting, and, taking a generous bite, our teeth came right down on the Milan Cathedral. It was a luscious morsel, but very hot, and we dropped it from our mouths and are running away as fast as we can in search of a draught of cool air. Italy is one of those places of which one always hears so much that one doubts if its charms be not exaggerated, and I have always thought I should be quite content to visit Europe without seeing Italy; but now I should be almost content to visit Italy without seeing the rest of Europe. To be sure we saw the little we did see in the perfection of its natural beauty; everywhere its full harvests just on the eve of ripening, everywhere the unusual rains

having preserved a Spring-like verdure ; and then its sky is all that poets say. Our California skies have a brilliant clearness like the sparkle of a diamond, but here, though clear, the same charming softness that envelops the earth pervades also the sky ; landscape, sky and atmosphere seem to be tempered with a poetic ideality wholly indescribable.

Doubtless the contrast with France heightened this impression, for the latter country, through which I have three times traveled from north to south, is of comparatively tame scenery, which the gala costume of Spring flowers greatly improves. I hope to be pardoned for finding a comparison between the country and the people of France, and saying that each owes a greater charm to Art than to Nature.

“ Art is man’s nature ere the earth he trod.”

In every other nation I have found some striking physical beauty, as the complexion of the English, and the almost universal perfection of the teeth of the Italians, but the French seem to have done with their men and women as with their fabrics—sent their choicest specimens abroad. At home they are all homely, for the most part even to ugliness ; but here comes in the charm of artificial grace, and their perfect manners captivate you and blind you to their want of beauty. A Frenchman is born polite, and I have no doubt the first thing

a French baby does when a hat is put on his head is to raise it. A French woman is born with all the graces which more awkward nations must acquire by years of training.

The Italians, on the other hand, are a very handsome people; but here I may be prejudiced, for had they not spoken I should have thought myself among Americans, so much do they resemble us. In northern Italy it is not the black, but the blue or gray eye that predominates, with dark hair and medium complexion. The first Italian word I heard was "signora," and I thought it the prettiest appellation that ever woman was addressed by. The different titles of address make one of the curious features of travel. I was amused in Ireland at being called "your honor," the English "missus," seems vulgar, the French "madame" has an offensive resemblance to some English monosyllables, and the Italian "signora" is very musical.

Our first stopping-place in Italy was Turin, Victor Emmanuel's Capital when he was King of only one corner of Italy. It is a clean and pretty enough little city; one of its principal features is its large, paved and unshaded squares, which, though they must be much healthier than the usual narrow streets of Italy, are very uncomfortable to cross in the heat of day. The King's palace is one of the roughest, homeliest and

most unpretending buildings, on the outside, that ever was built for a palace, hardly handsome enough for a stable; its interior is rich. The apartments looked rather small for a palace, but the frescoed ceilings and paintings were beautiful, while the wood-work was, for the most part, elaborately carved, and all of it was entirely covered with gilding. One room—the private salon, I believe, of the father of the present King—had its walls entirely composed of panels fitted together of Japanese inlaid work, like the beautiful tables, cabinets, etc., so common with us; the heavy silk draperies of the windows were woven expressly to match the paneled walls, and the white drapery underneath was of silk, delicate and transparent as lace; the beautifully frescoed dome which made the ceiling, completed the original style of the room.

The most memorable event of our stay in Turin was an evening spent with Moleschott, or Professori Moleschotti, as he is called here, the great German physiologist and apostle of modern rationalism, author of the "Kreislau des Lebens." He is a splendid-looking, corpulent, fair-complexioned German, with so charming a family that you wonder he does not believe in immortality from the mere strong desire of loving and being loved by them forever. He impresses you as a man of immense intellect, but of still greater heart and

kindness, and I am sure he practices the profession that he loves beyond aught else, with a tenderness and sympathy which many a physician lacks.

Milan is a larger and finer place than Turin, and we found it, too, a great deal hotter. We selected a hotel near to the great Cathedral, in order to see as much as possible of it during our short stay there. Of course it is useless for me to tell you what it is, for everybody has read some description of this marble wonder of the world with its two thousand marble statues on its exterior walls; and if, by chance, any one has not read of it, I should shrink from attempting its description. I can only say that, however other edifices have overwhelmed with their grandeur or transformed themselves by the great associations connected with them, this is the first structure I have ever seen that represented the very spirit of poetry, embodied and vivified; it is the ideal realized, and imagination can conceive nothing more beautiful, more perfect.

Although it was Sunday and mass was being said, the custodians of the treasures of the Cathedral were in attendance upon strangers, and we were not obliged to await the close of service. After seeing the treasures, of which I only remember two life-sized statues of solid silver and several busts of the same metal, all richly inlaid with precious stones, an immense cross several feet in

length of solid gold, some carved ivory dating from the fifth century and thereabouts, and any quantity of sacred implements and treasures in gold and silver, jeweled and without jewels, we descended into the tomb or subterranean chapel of St. Carlo Borromeo. The dimensions of this I must guess at ; its walls must have been some eight or nine feet in height, of which the upper three feet were a cornice of solid silver, wrought by the silversmith into pictures in high relief, for the most part scenes in the life of the saint, one representing him in his ministrations among the dead and dying at the time of the plague ; vertical pilasters of silver separated the pictures and descended nearly to the floor ; a silver altar stood before the silver sarcophagus of the saint, and we examined the whole by the light of candles in the silver candlesticks of the altar, and by torches held in the hands of the two guards who accompanied us. After examining the walls and altar, the custodian, by turning a revolving handle at the side, caused the wrought silver front of the sarcophagus to descend, and there was seen the coffin of plates of crown glass, with silver trimmings, and the body of the saint inside ; outside were hung strings of rings and jewels offered by visitors, many of royal rank ; among other things a golden cross, the offering of Cardinal Wiseman. The body presented the appearance of a brown

mummy, the features crumbling into decay. It was dressed in magnificent robes of cloth of gold, gloves upon the hands, a large topaz ring on one finger outside of the glove. Jewels upon jewels, sacred and regal insignia, glittered around and upon the body. Over his breast was suspended a cross some five inches in length of large emeralds set in gold and valued at five millions of francs. Over his head was suspended a rather delicate crown of gold set with large rich pearls, said to be of inestimable value. The work of the silversmiths, we were told, was given as a tribute of love; and without counting the labor, and the value of the emerald cross and the crown, we computed the value as given to us of the solid silver and the other jewels, to be about three millions of our dollars. As we paid our five francs and ascended again, we found something inharmonious in such costly decoration of the tomb of one who, when alive, sold all that he had and gave it to the poor. We spent the sultry evening in the open square before the Cathedral, without bonnet, shawl or gloves, fanning and cooling ourselves with ices as we watched the moon rise and shed its silver light on the white glory of the marble roof, with its hundred turrets and numberless statues glistening in purity and beauty.

MILAN, *August*, 1875.

## XVII.

MILAN—GALLERIA VITTORIO—ITALIAN LAKES.

**N***EXT* to that great poem in stone, the Cathedral of Milan, the object of most interest to us there was the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele, and this interested the more as I could not help thinking how well such a promenade was adapted to the climate and wants of our own city, inasmuch as it would shelter from the wind and dust, be as light as the open street, and serve as a brilliant evening promenade. The Galleria is a section of two streets crossing each other at right angles, having thus the form of a Latin cross; it is entirely roofed over with glass, and at its four entrances are arches ornamented with statues and surmounted with frescoes representing respectively Science, Industry, Art and Agriculture. It is the grandest and most beautiful crystal arcade in all Europe, and its cost was about a million and a half dollars of our money. There are, in all, twenty-four statues; the arcade is three hundred and twenty yards in length, and is, of course, for pedestrians only; its pavement is a

mosiac of blocks of various colored marbles, laid so as to represent a variety of designs ; the width of each of the four promenades radiating from its center is forty-eight feet ; the glass roof being at a height of considerably over two hundred feet from the ground ; the center of the Galleria is an octagon formed by the four arms of the cross alternating with four intervening buildings, whose elegant fronts are richly ornamented with statues and surmounted by elegant frescoes which cover the whole surface of the semi-circular upper stories of the buildings, and represent respectively, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The designs of these frescoes were all good, but of course that of our own land interested us most. Of this the central figure was America crowned ; at her left hand an Indian with bow, arrows, etc. ; between these two a medallion bearing the profiles of Columbus and Washington and their names around the margin ; the face of America is turned toward the sea to which her right hand points, and on whose shore two negroes are rolling bales of cotton into an open boat, while near them are growing sugar-cane, tobacco, cocoa-palm trees, etc. The whole picture is lighted by the rays of the setting-sun seen in the distance beyond the open sea which forms the horizon of the picture. Over this central octagon rises a glass dome one hundred and eighteen feet in height, and here it is

illuminated by a close line of gas-jets forming eight arches of light around the base of the dome.

The off-branching streets are not less brilliant, there being two thousand gas-jets in all. The streets are lined on each side with buildings four or five stories in height, with elegantly ornamented fronts. The lower two stories of these buildings are occupied as shops for articles of elegance and luxury and as restaurants. Around the central space under the dome, and also in front of all the restaurants, are chairs and tables, where you may seat yourself, and, sipping your chocolate, coffee, or ice, watch the gay promenaders and enjoy the out-of-door life of an Italian city.

From Milan we turned our faces again northward, to the lakes Como and Maggiore, and here we were drawn in by some circular tickets that we supposed would be as convenient as other tourist-tickets which we have sometimes found to save much trouble. We tried to ascertain who gained and who lost—those who traveled with them, or those who traveled without them—and finally decided that those who bought circular tickets paid the most, while those who did not buy them saved nothing, and the only advantage on either side was that if you had not the tickets you could stop where you wanted to, but if you had them you could stop where you did n't want to.

It is impossible to describe the effect of these Italian lakes, and I did not before know that earth could be so beautiful ; only to see them makes one feel " this is worth being born for ; this pays for having lived ; after such a dream of beauty it is easier to accept the dreamless sleep which comes to all." Were I to speak of the one impression above all others which this beauty made upon me, it would be of its unrealness. The wonderful, indescribable softness and peculiar light, made me feel as if the whole were some optical illusion, and that were I to seek the opposite shore there would be nothing there ; while the water before me was not water but some mysterious element unknown to human chemistry ; and were I to write a poem here it would be of some mortal gazing and drinking in the strange beauty before him until he changed into an ethereal being, and becoming one with the scene, hovered evermore on the other side of the boundary line between the real and the unreal, luring each soul who came to drink of this beauty to leave the realm of reality to forevermore embosom himself in this loveliness, and dream himself away into the spirit of eternal beauty and eternal mystery. Doubtless this extreme beauty is not a constant picture, and at this time was the effect of excessive heat on the atmosphere.

One can make the trip through Lake Como by

steamer in about four hours; at the same time it is one of the most alluring places to spend days, and the arrangements are admirably convenient for such loitering. Fine hotels and beautiful villas ornament the encircling shores, which are one continuous garden draped in the mingled gray and green of the olive and the vine; they rise more or less abruptly from the bosom of the lake, from hundreds to thousands of feet in height, dotted far, far up their slopes, often in seemingly inaccessible places, with houses whose warm, soft tints so harmonize with the landscape that it seems as if the architect had stolen the moonlight and dipped it in Italian glory for their coloring. The steamer is continually interrupted in her course by boats bringing passengers from the shore, or coming to take others who wish to land, or for the mail which I saw sometimes consisted of one postal card and nothing more; thus embarking and landing, landing and embarking at will, the trip may be lengthened from hours to days, nor even then seem long enough. Here, it being the fashionable season, we saw the *elite* and aristocracy of Southern Italy, more particularly of Milan, passing from villa to villa in interchange of visits, charming their fellow-passengers with their gracefulness and refinement. The Parisian taste in dress does not excel theirs, and their quiet ease and elegance of manner is very attractive. Their personal

beauty, however, did not on the whole, seem superior to that of the common classes.

It was on Lake Lugano, a small lake between Como and Maggiore, that I saw the most charming effects of light, even more beautiful than on Lake Como; it was over this lake that I saw the full moon rise and seem to hang stationary for hours, as if even the planets stood, themselves arrested in their course, to marvel at such a scene. The little boats skimming back and forth over the surface of the lake made a wonderfully pleasing feature in the picture as I watched them from the balcony of my hotel on the shore of the lake; they were cushioned with a brilliant red, and bright red flags floated from their stern, while the motion of their oars made them look through this atmosphere, which appeared to hang like a veil of magic softness and fairy texture, as if moving by wings of light from which dripped liquid emeralds.

On the diligence-road across the country from Lake Lugano to Lake Maggiore we saw our first Italian way-side chapel, although way-side shrines—niches with images of the Virgin—had become a not infrequent sight. As we rode along in the burning Summer heat, at the side of the road a group of large trees made a thick, inviting shade; a floor some two or three yards square of stone, a rear wall against which was erected an altar, a roof supported by pillars, one or two benches, and at

the side, falling from the rocks above and making the cool shade yet cooler, a mountain stream of water, crystal-clear. What weary foot-traveler could pass such a shrine nor stop to pray or praise?

Lake Maggiore is, as its name implies, the largest of this chain of lakes, but I did not find it the most beautiful; indeed, for my own taste, I always find small lakes the more charming. The larger ones lose their lake character and take on an ocean aspect. It is not the traveler who always finds the sublime unmingled with and far apart from the amusing and ridiculous; and thus, on this lake, while my eye was charmed by the former, my ear caught a strain of the latter. The unusual sound of English words arrested my attention, and, turning, I saw a fine-looking, gentlemanly, and evidently well-educated Mulatto talking with one of the fairest blondes I ever saw; the latter was proclaiming the merits of homeopathy and the immunity from fever which one might enjoy in Italy by the use of her "big box" of remedies. Her gentleman acquaintance, who, perhaps by the law of contrasts, evidently admired her fairness as much as I did, said that he found himself quite yellow and thought he must be bilious and asked her advice as to the use of her remedies in his case. A friend at my elbow who has no great faith in Hahnemann's creed, suggested that all the white homeopathic powders in the world, dissolved

in the multitudinous waters of Como and Maggiore, would fail to change his bilious complexion to Caucasian clearness.

The Borromean Islands of Lake Maggiore, which all the guide-books hold out as a tempting bait to travelers, present nothing which allured us to stop; artificially terraced gardens which we could see very well from the steamer, and chateaux with inferior picture-galleries, tend to make them a sort of catch-penny affair for the benefit of the boatmen and hotel-keepers, but unworthy of the attention of any one but the excursionist of a day or two. In Italy at this beautiful season, merely to live is a luxury beyond description; there is no prompting to effort, for one can wish for nothing more; resting in elysium he breathes in bliss, and for the first time knows all the meaning of *dolce far niente*.

LAKE MAGGIORE, *August*, 1875.

## XVIII.

## SWITZERLAND—LAKE LUCERNE—LAKE GENEVA.

**A**S long as the world has a Switzerland, so long will men be travelers; and whatever other routes may be opened and become “the fashion,” Switzerland will never be neglected, even though its inhabitants do their best, or worst, to bring about such a result. Once having seen Switzerland, you wonder not that the Switzer sometimes dies of homesickness, but rather that he ever outlives it. It is not in the unrivaled beauty of each separate feature of the country, but rather—considering first its lakes, which are indeed to a landscape what the eye is to the human countenance—in the perfect combinations covering, unbroken, so wide an extent; for Switzerland, small as it is, is not seen in a day, and nowhere does the eye rest on tame or commonplace scenery; beauty becomes the rule instead of the exception, or rather both rule and exception, for it covers the whole ground, and at last the eye feels itself satiated with beauty. There were so many lovely spots here where I wished I could spend a Summer,

that I might as well have wished life to be all Summer and know no end. I was several times asked in Switzerland my opinion of the relative beauties of our country, more particularly of Yosemite and Switzerland. I found that Californians particularly had done us justice, indeed to such an extent that I could afford to tell what I truly thought; and as I am only one in many, and as there must always be two sides to a story, I frankly acknowledged that I should rank Switzerland first.

At Chambéry we saw a fountain, original in design, that had been erected to a native of the place, who, having made a large fortune abroad, returned home to divide it with his fellow-citizens; the central column, of considerable height, was surmounted by a memorial statue, while from the four sides issued four elephants, half of their bodies being in sight and each throwing a stream of water from his trunk.

From Annecy to Geneva we took our first ride in a genuine Swiss diligence, and at the time we thought it better than rail or boat; but the shady side of the vehicle and the roads freed from dust by recent rains, made the journey unusually agreeable. As we entered Geneva we could not help smiling at the sign of "Christ, Tailor," even after our Parisian experience, where, besides the "fur store to the Infant Jesus," there are thousands.

of others of every kind, each dedicated to some saint.

It is of no use to tell of the blueness of the water of Lake Geneva, for however blue you may think it, and that in your bluest mood, when you come to see it you will find it still bluer than your thought. It is so blue that it almost seems to reflect a tint of its coloring upon the surrounding landscape. An excursion on Lake Lemman was one of those disappointments which the European traveler thinks himself unusually lucky to escape, and the freedom from which is, one of these days, going to make California the tourist's paradise. There was a pouring rain, and the clouds almost entirely obscured the shores, while the mountains did not even wink at us. By the time we reached Chillon the weather cleared up, but I lost my visit to the Castle of Chillon by switching off, in as Byronic a manner as possible, all alone on the wrong train. As I was without money or credit I could do nothing but get out at the first station, and wait for reinforcements. Meanwhile I made the acquaintance of an old lady from Berne. As I was placing some flowers between the leaves of my guide-book she asked me if it was my Bible. I felt tempted to tell her it was the traveler's Bible, the light and guide of his life. She had learned considerable touching the war of the *dis*-United States of America, as she called them, and she

explained to me the great sufferings of the negroes since deprived of the protection of their masters ; but when I told her how much more her son, the depot master—of whom she was very proud—could earn in America, she began to think it would not, after all, be so bad, were it not for the hyenas, tigers and lions in the streets of its cities. I thought she already knew enough, so I said nothing of our San Francisco bulls and bears.

By the time we reached Interlaken, so often called the gem of Switzerland, we had lost all power of comparison between beauty and beauty ; we felt that we ought to get up a little extra enthusiasm, but we had long since been filled to overflowing with all that springs from the contemplation and enjoyment of natural scenery, and we could only return a calm assent to Nature's continued appeal to our admiration. The Falls of Giessbach, just beyond Interlaken, did not tempt us to tarry, particularly as we had a pretty good view of them from the steamer, and saw by the volume of water that, like many of the famous waterfalls of Europe, it was made more of land than of water. Near Killarney, in Ireland, was one waterfall without any water at all ; it was kept locked up beyond a gate, and at the time of our visit its keepers showed the rocks over which it fell when there happened to be any water, as they assured us there sometimes was.

From Brienz, on the opposite shore of the lake from Giessbach, we crossed the country to Lake Lucerne, by the mountain road of the Bruning Pass. Going in a little open carriage, we enjoyed through the whole distance an uninterrupted view in all directions; and had we the picture of this single drive by itself alone in memory, it would be sufficient to refresh the weariness of many a labor-filled day. As we neared the summit, the Jungfrau smiled upon us in great benignity; one can see she is getting along in years, for her snowy curls rivaled in whiteness the purity of her brow; and she looked as serene and bright as some of her mortal sisters, so many of whom we all know and love, those *alte Jungfrauen* sharing and dispensing their sunshine, but generously veiling from others their darker and sunless hours.

From Lucerne we made the ascent of the Righi. Three-quarters of an hour by steam-boat carried us to the Righi side of the lake, whence we took railroad up the mountain. The road is built on an average ascent of one foot in every four feet, and the trip to the summit is made in about an hour and a half. To each engine there is attached but one car; this has the sides almost wholly of glass and it carries about seventy persons. In ascending, the engine follows the car and pushes it up; descending, it holds it back. Besides the ordinary wheels, there are wheels of cast steel running

under the middle of the car; these wheels are cogged, catching into corresponding cogs of an underlying cast steel rail, thus holding the car and making its progress sure and safe. The engine stands at a very slanting angle, giving the impression that it keeps late hours. The traveler's feeling of security is mingled with a satisfactory touch of awe as he crosses two or three deep and wide ravines yawning under the seemingly fragile iron bridges. The mountain is six thousand feet high, and the view becomes finer and more advantageous on account of its isolated position at the extremity of a mountain spur. From its summit is a view three hundred miles in extent, and here

“Where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
We sat us down a pensive hour to spend,  
And, placed on high above the storm's career,  
Looked downwards”

on one side upon the country spread out like a map whereon the distant rivers were drawn in distinct lines, the woods and forests contracted into black patches, and thirteen blue lakes looked up into our eyes, the nearer ones reflecting back the clouds over our heads, while the steamers on the lakes looked like miniature boats. On the other side the view is entirely different, for here you look across and upwards to the pinnacled mountain tops, whose sierrad ridges surprise you with their sharply-cut lines; many of the summits are covered with snow, while between

them in their higher depressions, five or six glaciers spread out their fields of everlasting ice.

Once more at the foot of the mountain, we strolled around the Village of Vitznau which gave us one of the prettiest little incidents of our travel. Entering the quiet church, which of itself was quite original, we startled two little birds that had built their nest over the arch in front of the chancel; they flew hither and thither in the greatest dismay, twittering forth notes that sounded half-appealing, half-remonstrating. It was almost wicked so to alarm them, and we staid but to repeat with the poet :

“Gay, guiltless pair,  
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
 Ye have no need of prayer,  
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

“Why perch ye here  
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
 Can your pure spirits fear  
 The God ye never could offend?”

I wish I could finish my letter by saying that in this land of beauty man is superior to Nature, but instead, I have only to repeat the universal cry of tourists against the dishonesty of almost everybody into whose hands one falls, from the landlord to the bootblack and the porter. We met several parties who said their whole tour in Switzerland had been spoiled by the annoyance of continued imposition, and two or three parties who had

made the trip around the world said they had nowhere found anything to equal it. The American Consul at Zurich told us that he himself had been connected with several lawsuits where sufferers had determined to sue for justice from the legal authorities, but that in no case was it possible to obtain it, for every Swiss will swear to anything his next neighbor demands, and in a court of law the word of the meanest villain native born, is believed in preference to that of the most respectable foreigner. He told us of one man, who, on remonstrating against a very exorbitant bill, was kicked down the stairs, bruised, and his clothes torn; going to law he was put off week after week till the adjournment of court, when he again returned to the charge, only finally to be refused redress; at the time we were there he was still in town, armed with a club, watching for a chance to take at his own hands the redress he had vainly claimed at the hands of the law. For our own part we had the experience, after hiring a carriage for a certain place at a certain price, of being told by the driver when he had gone three-fourths of the distance and had reached a point where we could not help ourselves, that he would go no farther unless he were paid more than the price agreed upon. Having a trunk with us there was no help but to promise compliance; arrived at our destination we sought protection from the

imposition, but were told by the local authorities that if we dared to bring the case to trial, we should have it decided against us and be made to pay a great deal more. It was for this reason that we applied for information to the Consul and were told by him that in Switzerland justice does not exist.

GENEVA, *August*, 1875.

The Swiss Government expressed great indignation at the first publication of the above facts; it is to be hoped their indignation extended to the *facts* themselves, and that in the years since intervening, the relation between tourist and resident has been established on a more honorable basis. Switzerland's scenery is her business capital; she has built the finest roads, the most elegant hotels; from these she must gain in three months of the year enough to support her population twelve months; hence, tourists *ought* to pay a larger tax on their pleasure here than elsewhere; this they willingly do; in return, they demand as average fair-dealing as human nature is capable of with the unequal conditions of leisurely business plans of the host at home, and of haste and quest of pleasure of the guest abroad.

## XIX.

THE RHINE—COLOGNE—BERNE—STRASBURG—HAMBURG

**I**F you are comfortably settled at home and want to visit Europe for nothing more than to see the Rhine, take my advice, stay where you are, shut your eyes and imagine it to yourself; and if your imagination does not allow you to build more castles than the Rhine ever had, and if they do not fall into ruins more complete than those of the Rhine ever did, your experience must have been exceptionally free from illusions, and your landed estates far from Spain. I acknowledge that three preceding nights devoted to entomological pursuits, and a cloudy, windy day, do not best fit one to do justice to any landscape; and, seen directly after Switzerland, the banks of the Rhine lose by comparison; it should be seen first. But if nothing but its actual sight will satisfy you, by all means come within the next hundred years, for the finger of Decay and the tooth of Time are fast destroying these antique ornaments which the river has for ages

been so proud to wear as a girdle, and in a century from now the tourist on the Rhine will hardly be able to discover even the ruin of ruins. But one only of these castles, so far as I know, has the hand of man sought to reclaim from the ravages of Time ; this is the Castle of Stolzenfels, restored by the Prussian Government and converted into a museum. The castles are less numerous, though hardly less picturesque, than I had thought ; and, though there are many spots whose wildness impresses, and many more whose beauty charms, yet I must say I found the Rhine not equal to its reputation.

As wild a spot as any was the Lorelei, where the river, between two abrupt turns that it makes, forms a sort of parallelogram, on one side of which the land rises high and very steep, and on the other an almost perpendicular rock some five hundred feet or more in height. The echo naturally reflected from this rock has given rise to the poetical fiction of the siren dwelling here and singing such enchanting strains that he who listens lingers, and he who lingers is lost ; lured by the weird music, he throws himself into the bosom of the river, as if it were into the embrace of the enchanting spirit.

But if the scenery around it was somewhat inferior to what I had imagined, the river itself was superior. It is a grand old river, and worthy

to be called Old Father Rhine ; but here, again, it fails to find in me a worthy praise-giver, because I so little love the water that the less in body the more beautiful is it to me, and if the Atlantic Ocean were not more than half as wide as it is I should like it much better ; and I believe there are many others whose fancy it would equally satisfy. We followed the Rhine from its falls—the Falls of Schaffhausen—to Cologne. To see the Falls of Schaffhausen you are not to go to Schaffhausen, because there are no falls there, but to Neuhausen, where are a number of hotels, with beautiful grounds near to and overlooking the falls.

One who knows our great American waterfalls will hardly find grandeur in anything of the same kind in Europe ; but the falls of the Rhine, divided into three parts by isolated pillars of rock, extending from bank to bank between two-hundred and three hundred feet, and falling over seventy feet, are not insignificant even to an American, while they have a more than usual softness and gracefulness of character which wins your admiration, as does a womanly woman, whose loveliness and grace make her complete nor leave room for you to wish her greater or stronger, bolder or more ambitious.

Voyaging down the Rhine we passed Bonn about sun-set ; the wharf was decorated with banners, and full-loaded boats were steaming away

to the salute of cannons on shore. It was the celebration of the victory of Sedan. It is, I believe, as yet hardly decided on which of two days this anniversary shall fall, consequently we found Cologne the next day in the same holiday attire ; the streets were almost invisible from the number of flags extended across them from house to house, and very beautiful was the sight of the many different banners, and very prominent was the black eagle of Prussia. We tried to find out at the hotel some particulars of the day's programme ; the waiters did n't know ; they guessed it was a celebration, because the flags were all out ; they certainly did n't care much whether it was a celebration or not, and they did n't care at all what it was about. We went outside and made our inquiries, going to Cook's office for tourists, where different languages are spoken, and where it is their especial business to know whatever of interest to the stranger the place presents ; but they knew as little as the others. Perhaps there was going to be a procession ; perhaps there was going to be a meeting and speeches ; perhaps there was something in the newspapers about it ; and we thought, perhaps among such a stupid set of people a celebration would not amount to much, and we would trouble ourselves no more about it ; but we also queried to ourselves whether, in this

Catholic city, some want of sympathy with the anti-Catholic government might not have something to do with this indifference.

Seeing a notice of an international horticultural exhibition, we took a ferry-boat across the river to the Winter Gardens. These are admirably arranged; they are large houses of glass and iron, surrounded, of course, at the present season by beautiful Summer grounds. Within the glass houses, besides a bountiful display of smaller plants, are large trees and galleries with railings draped in growing vines; from the roof are suspended large crystal chandeliers; in the galleries are places for bands of music and spectators; on the ground floor, extending nearly around the inclosure, are long tables for refreshments, where we were served with as fine a dinner as the best hotel could afford. Near us at the table sat two twin sisters with their husbands, evidently twin brothers; the sisters looked so much alike you could hardly tell one from the other, while the resemblance between the brothers was almost as great. To make the sight more striking, the sisters had the most peculiar, bright, carrot-colored hair, as brilliant as a glowing furnace; added to their natural abundant locks they seemed to wear false hair also, which I am sure each must have cut off and sold to the other, for all the hair dealers in the world could never

match it. After they had left the table, a German sitting opposite said to his friends, "A single pair of twins is nothing, but two such pairs is *ganz net*."

The horticultural exhibition was the rarest assortment and most perfect collection of plants I have ever seen, and I never expect to see another equal to it. There were contributions from every part of Europe; every plant, even the most delicate, looked perfectly healthy and vigorous, and there was not one fading leaf. I cannot think of the houses of ferns and of tropical plants without wishing every lady in the world could have seen them; for these latter plants the glass houses were almost covered with blue paint, thus producing a shade almost like that of umbrageous tropical groves.

Of course we saw the Cathedral of Cologne, for we could not leave our hotel without almost stumbling upon it. Why some Woman's Rights Convention does not bring up this Cathedral as an instance of man's incapacity to work alone, I do not know; but here these men have been at work six hundred years building one house, which is not yet finished, and it looks as if it would cost more to replace the stones first put in, and now decayed—a work of repair which has been extensively done and is still going on—than to finish the building, which is approaching completion. Its

outside looks immense, and it is advantageously situated, isolated and on rising ground, but its interior, though vast, seemed so much smaller than its exterior that I could hardly believe I was within the colossal structure I had been gazing at from without.

Since having seen what a long job this has been, and that it is likely to last some time yet, it has occurred to me that the line learned when a child,

“Satan always has some work for idle hands to do,”

referred to the work on the Cologne Cathedral, and the legend connected with it warrants the idea. Its first architect applied to Mr. Satan for a plan superior to any other that should be produced, promising his soul in payment; according thereto the plan was furnished by the said S., but the Church hearing of this transaction felt itself much scandalized and sought redress at the Court of Saints. St. Ursula, on being consulted, advised that the thigh bone of St. Peter be brought from Rome, asserting that whenever the devil should claim his due, by striking him therewith he would retire abashed. Whether it is always the case or not, it seems that for once this person was near when his name was mentioned, and, getting angry at what he heard, as many a listener since has done, he snatched the plan from the architect, declaring to the latter that his name should never

be known in connection with his work, and that no man should ever be able to carry out the plan. Since the last two things are facts—namely, that the first architect's name is unknown and that it has been the puzzle of centuries to decide what plan of completion would harmonize with the commencement of the cathedral—it is probable that the whole story is true.

In recognition of St. Ursula's services Cologne has built a church to her, and in it you may find her bones mouldering away in company with those of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne.

Before reaching the Rhine we went to Berne, the Capital of Switzerland, and of course saw the bears, from which animal the city is said to have been named, and several of which have for hundreds of years been kept at the public expense for the public amusement. A stranger coming here is not supposed to have seen Berne unless he has seen the bears of Berne, and it looks as if half the contents of every shop in the city was bears ; bears daintily carved in wood, bears rudely cut in wood, bears in gold, bears in silver, bears in gingerbread, bears in candy, bears for charms, bears little, bears big, bears on the churches, bears on the fountains, bears everywhere. Around the open subterranean inclosure where the bears are kept, and into which one looks down from the street, are women who make their living by selling to visitors morsels of

food to throw to the animals. Berne has also a puppet show on its clock tower. The tower is a square massive structure, once forming part of the ramparts of the town but now in its center, and the rotary toy-works upon it look about as much in character as would a jumping-jack in the hands of a respectable, staid old giant. The performance occupies some three minutes, terminating with the striking of the hour. First a cock flaps his wings and crows, then a procession of bears issues from the tower and passes before a central figure, probably Old Time himself; then something else occurs, and finally, as the clock strikes, the figure on the throne turns the hour-glass in his hand and gapes at each stroke of the bell.

The older portions of many of the old cities of Europe are built with arcades; that is, the second and upper stories of the houses project over the sidewalk even to its outer edge, being supported by columns. Thus the sidewalk is a covered promenade, on a level with the ground floor that is usually occupied by shops. One peculiarity of the ancient city of Chester, in England, is that the houses have two stories of arcades, and thus two streets of shops, one above the other. In the arcades of Berne the front wall of the upper stories is supported by arches unusually low, the buttresses between which are very massive; this must render the shops and walks generally gloomy

and dark, but in a bright, hot Summer day, like the weather during our visit, it is delightfully cool and refreshing to walk through them.

We should hardly have cared to look at the Cathedral of Strasburg—cathedrals are getting to be such common things—had we not been anxious to see what injuries it had sustained during the Franco-Prussian war. At the first glance we said, "Why, it has not been injured at all;" but a higher glance upward discovered empty window-frames and shattered pinnacles, though not to the extent we had anticipated.

At "fair Bingen on the Rhine" we were interested less in the banks of the Rhine than in the Bank of California, the news of whose failure we learned there. We would have taken out our purses and counted our money had we known how, but all we could do with money there was, when a bill was presented, to take out money and tell people to help themselves. Prussia has adopted a new decimal monetary system which is very simple and is to become the only currency. Such was the coin we had, but it had not yet come into use in this part of Prussia, and the people knew the value of our coins as little as we knew theirs. It seemed quite consistent with her years when one puzzled old woman said to us, "Ah! the old way of doing things was much better."

On the opposite high banks of the Rhine,

overlooking Bingen, a fine allegorical monument is to be erected in commemoration of Germany's victories during the late war.

From Cologne we pushed forward to Northern Prussia as fast as steam would carry us. Bremen peeped in at our car window with a clean, bright, smiling and inviting face, but we shook our heads and pointed to Hamburg.

At Hamburg the first thing that struck us was the air and manner of the people, which we put down as the characteristic manner of a commercial sea-port. The people did not, as elsewhere, stare at us as if they wondered what strangers were doing there, but, if they regarded us at all, it was rather with an abstracted, self-absorbed air, as if accustomed to think of things far distant, while their brisk, quick gait and business manner was almost American. Hamburg is a beautiful, handsome city, and everything in it impresses as belonging to a wealthy city that has at her command all the luxuries, refinements and pleasures of modern civilization.

It was at nine o'clock in the evening that we left Hamburg to take the cars for Kiel, whence a midnight steamer was to take us further northward. It is one of the delights of traveling that you can always start at any hour you do not want to, and it is the fashion up here in the north of Europe to put to sea at the twelfth hour ; another

of these delights is that one can eat at almost any hour except when he is hungry, and as for sleeping, he is a poor traveler who cannot sleep in any position or catch a nap between the cup and the lip. Walking from the hotel to the railroad station, Hamburg presented one of the prettiest of scenes by gaslight. We passed by coffee-houses and beer-gardens, with their occasional music and colored lights, and then came to a bridge crossing a large basin of water formed by the Alster, a small river on which, as well as on the Elbe, Hamburg is built. This sheet of water is an irregular square over a mile in circumference; handsome stone quays form its banks on which are built fine hotels and palatial residences, many of which were brilliantly lighted, the lower stories particularly, which came down near to the water's edge and were so bright as to look almost like a wall of fire. The water was as smooth as glass and, mirroring the whole scene and revealing the little steamers and boats hiding away in its shadows, was like an illuminated lake. Though enjoyed only during our hurried walk, the scene made as distinct a picture in our minds as ever the sun's rays photographed, and Hamburg as she looks by gaslight we shall long remember.

HAMBURG, *September*, 1875.

## XX.

DENMARK—COPENHAGEN—THE OLD MARKET PLACE—  
THE HOLMENSKIRCHE.

“*HERE'S* nothing rotten in Denmark; it's sound all around and healthy at heart,” is what you would have said had you traversed it with me by land and by water. In a little more than twelve hours we made the journey from Hamburg to the capital of Denmark. Leaving the former place at nine P. M., we arrived by rail in Kiel in time for the midnight steamer, which brought us to Korsor, on the southwestern coast of the island of Zealand, in half-a-dozen hours; thence we again took rail, and before noon had crossed to Copenhagen on the opposite side of the island. No country we have traveled through has made a stronger impression upon us than Denmark, and this, not from its physical character, which is wholly wanting in marked features, but if I may so speak, from its moral character. We had come direct from the Italian lakes robed in supernal loveliness, as if the painters of Paradise had accidentally spilled their colors,

which, mixing themselves with kindred light, fell, touching the earth just here with a beauty which melts into the human soul and dissolves it in ineffable emotion; from Switzerland, whose heaven-reflecting lakes and snow-white summits are an eternal sermon of innocence and purity; from the grand old Rhine begirt with romance; from all these we had come direct to Denmark lying low and unpretending by the sea; and yet, with all this disadvantage of contrast, with one bound, as it were, did she nestle close to our hearts, and we loved her. What is her charm? It is the charm of *homes*, and the contrast is but that which the wanderer feels, when, satiated with the sight of grand old temples and fallen palaces, he enters within old familiar walls shining with an unpretending light more joyous and cheering than is reflected from the foreign splendors of all the world beside.

Denmark is like a snug, comfortable home, or rather, like thousands of homes cemented together in the closest and most harmonious bonds of family and kin. As we journeyed mile after mile, there appeared to be no waste-land, everywhere well-cultivated fields, everywhere "Little farms well tilled," everywhere "Little barns well filled," and, I doubt not, everywhere "Little wives well willed," as they ought to be. It was indeed like Sunday morning in a well-kept house, so snug and so tidy,

like the orderly cleanliness after the Saturday's "putting to rights." It would seem that generation after generation build upon the same spot; for, although the houses were not old, nor many of them very new, almost every one we saw was surrounded by a cluster of grand old trees crowned with the growth of many years. Again our eye was attracted by the almost universally clean and white-curtained windows filled with pots of house-plants; and I have learned to look upon this apparently insignificant sign as a starting-point where indoor enjoyment and the cultivation of the home spirit begin—it is a national flag of social health. So far as my observation goes, the cultivation of flowers most prevails where the people are the happiest and the most moral, and a land of cheerful fireside-homes is almost sure to be a land of cheerful flower-potted windows.

Our forenoon was enlivened by railroad gossip between two gentlemen, who, I am sure, never imagined that either of those two silent foreigners, who certainly could n't understand a word of English, would ever put them in print. The one was a most remarkable specimen of octogenarianism—nearer ninety than eighty, in fact, as he told with legitimate pride. His skin was unwrinkled, his hands fair, smooth and steady, his thought quick, only his step somewhat uncertain, willingly borrowed the aid of a staff. Of

course such robust old age, iron framed and tough-sinewed, could only belong to an Englishman; he had served in the English army through all the more active years of his life, had something to tell of his experience in the Peninsula war, and for the last twenty years had spent his Summers on his farm in the south of England, and his Winters in Copenhagen, which word he rolled out with the deep, full voice of a younger man. The gentleman conversing with him gave first his own history, then the history of his business, and, had the journey been long enough, I think we should have had the history of the world. Himself was of Italian parentage, by name Count ——, which title he, however, modestly kept to himself till the old gentleman, at parting, asked his name; born in England, educated in France on account of religion, his wife and children living in Italy on an estate most beautifully situated, according to his description, in a house, which he less modestly spoke of as one of those “built by fools for wise men to live in.” Beginning with a few interesting remarks touching the Suez Canal and the Mont Cenis tunnel, he went on to speak of the submarine tunnel between England and France, which he said was already commenced—a fact we were before ignorant of. He stated that it was expected to be finished in six years; that the depth between the bottom of the sea and the roof of the tunnel

was to equal the depth of the water above—I forget the figures he gave ; that one great impediment which might arise was that the bed of the sea, thus far of chalk formation, might become more sandy in character. He said that the English were very wary of being taken in by any speculation, fearing such might prove a swindle ; that English subscriptions were sought, and sought in vain, for the Suez Canal project, if only to lend respectability to the enterprise ; but, he added, when an Englishman is caught in a swindle, or in the making of one, it is sure to be the biggest swindle in the world. He also described a visit he paid to Napoleon after his reverses ; the latter called the attention of the Empress to what they were saying—*Voilà, ce que l'on dit de nous* ; he described the ex-Emperor as being then in a state of weakness even to trembling, and said he was sure as he left him that he had but a short time to live.

Copenhagen is the most respectable city in the world. It is overflowing with respectability. Streets, houses, people teem with it, and the very atmosphere breathes it. You see here, at first glance, nothing great and nothing small, nothing splendid and nothing squalid, nothing modern and nothing ancient. I do not know that I have seen a really elegant house here, but all look like family homes of a few generations, and you picture to yourself their interiors filled with comforts, but

comparatively destitute of ostentatious elegance. The windows here, as in Norway and Sweden, are all what we call French windows, but opening outwards like outside blinds, and as I look at them, row after row thrown half back at right angles with the front of the house, and offering such a splendid target for stones, I think to myself what respectable little fellows Copenhagen boys must be, for not one window is broken. As for the people, who thus seem to have learned that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, there is a wonderful air of decency and sobriety about them; but, as I look at them, I cannot help questioning if this very absence of excitement, amounting almost to lack of animation, does not betray a corresponding want of character; they do not look spirited nor are they a strong-looking people; indeed, I never saw in one city so many bloodless faces. Perhaps this dispirited air is but the influence of the terrible reverses which befell them early in the present century, when England, to her shame, grand old nation as she is, reduced Denmark from one of the first maritime nations in the world to a state of maritime beggary. Without even declaring war the capital was bombarded. The day before the attack, the city had unsuspectingly victualed and provisioned the British fleet which on the morrow opened fire upon her while she was in an almost defenseless condition, the Danish army being

absent in Finland, and but five thousand men, mostly militia, at home to protect her. At the end of three days she was forced to yield and England took the whole Danish fleet; Denmark was annihilated as a maritime power, and is but now beginning to rise from her misfortunes. The Danes love their king very much although he came to them unwelcome as a German, against which nation there is a national prejudice; they rather pity him too, because, as they say, he is so poor. Well, I thought he was when I saw what a looking old rat-trap of a palace he lived in. I asked a man, in whose shop we were looking at the king's photograph, if he ever came there. "Oh, yes; particularly about Christmas when he comes in like any ordinary customer to buy presents for his children." "And does he ever ask you to take less than your price?" "No, not he; but his servants, the purveyors of his household, try to make good bargains in their department, but then they must—the king is so poor." We told him he had more than our king whom we did not consider poor at all. Judge of our surprise, at this distance and by a foreigner, to be reminded in reply, of the back-pay-matter and increase in our President's salary.

I believe the Danes are an intelligent and well-educated people, but I thought their spelling terribly twisted when I had to pronounce *Kjoebenhavn* Copenhagen, and some of their proper names

look quite improper to English eyes. The old Market-Place with its open market presents a peculiar picture. It was comparatively deserted when I passed through it late in the day, and the most curious feature were the fish-women; there was a long line of them seated on low seats, each with a large, high basket before her. All wore the same head covering—a plaid gingham kerchief, which, by means of a piece of pasteboard or other stiff material loosely sewed in around the face, formed a sort of sun-bonnet. As I passed along, the whole company, a hundred or more, each held out a fish at arm's length towards me; the row of kerchiefed heads, the row of arms and the row of fishes, all for one solitary possible purchaser, was quite a comical sight. Close to the bridge along which the fish-women had their place, were moored together several small schooners, some dozen or twenty; a flight of wooden steps led down to these, where on boards running the length of the boats, were displayed long rows of cheap earthenware; above, on the opposite bank, were vegetables, fruits, etc. Were I to select any one scene as an original, characteristic picture of the Danish capital, I would take a corner of the Gammeltorv with its bridge, its fish-women and its floating crockery-mart. Not far from this spot is the Bourse, a curious-looking building, handsome, too; it is very long and comparatively low, but its

steeple is one of the land-marks of Copenhagen; put it in any picture and it will at once tell what city the rest of your scene should represent; it is a twisted spire rising from the center of the long roof of the Bourse, and can be seen at a great distance; it represents four dragons resting, head downwards, on the roof of the cupola, and it is their uplifted tails twined together that gives so original a character to the spire. In this vicinity we found the *Holmenskirche* or Seaman's Church, but one of the last places, I imagine, where one would find a congregation of sailors. It is a wonderful place on account of its fine wood-carving. One might think the pulpit and overhanging sounding-board enough for one city; but the carving behind the altar so far surpasses these in quantity, though not in execution, that I cannot find words to describe the amount of work and its wonderfully exquisite and minute perfection; this piece is in the form of a Greek cross corresponding in form with the church, but the space between the arms of the cross is so filled in that at first sight it seems almost an ellipse; in size it reaches from the altar to the ceiling by no means low, and is nearly as wide as the chancel; the center of the cross, from below upwards, represents the last supper, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the Trinity; the horizontal arms bear the apostles and prophets. Many of the figures are of

considerable size, but the artist, or artists, have not availed themselves of the larger figures to spare labor, for behind them, as in every part, the finest and most elegantly finished carving meets the scrutinizing eye. The galleries and pews of the church are likewise carved.

Expressing my admiration to our landlord of this, which I supposed to be an unequalled masterpiece of carving, I was told I should visit a church some two hours distant, which, though smaller, is much more wonderful. He told me, and I could believe him after what I had just seen, that in this other church there was hardly a place so large as one's hand not covered with the same fine carving, an approach to whose excellence I have nowhere seen. He said it was in some parts inlaid with silver and was entirely unique in character. It was not from want of appreciation that I did not visit it, accepting his statement that Europe has not a second such church.

We had the good fortune to have stopped at a second-rate hotel with a first-rate landlord; he has the most winning way, not of taking strangers in, but of taking them out, or rather of sending them out and insisting upon their staying till they have done justice to his city. You may tell him you are in a hurry to "get on" to some other place, but he tells you in such a persuasive manner that "Copenhagen has to be seen, too,"

that you yield ; and when he says to your " No," " But you must," you go straightway and do what he tells you and always have to say to him afterward, " You were quite right, sir ; I would n't have missed that for anything." His house is called the Union Hotel and ought to be easy to find, being just opposite the office of " God's Expedition," according to the sign I read from my window.

COPENHAGEN, *September*, 1875.

## XXI.

COPENHAGEN—THORWALDSEN—HIS LIFE—HIS WORKS—  
HIS MUSEUM.

**F** ever there was a city whose whole atmosphere was but the emanation from the genius of one man alone, if ever there was a man the folds of whose garments covered a whole city with glory, that man is Thorwaldsen, that city is Copenhagen. Commerce and politics no more exist for the visitor to this classic city of modern art—classic through the work of one man; this is no more one of the great sea-ports of the world, the capital of Denmark and the home of her king; it is Thorwaldsen's city and he is its immortal ruler and possessor. Copenhagen is sometimes called the great sculptor's monument, but I would rather call it his descendant and heir animated by the spirit of his genius. What a pity it is that great men's biographies have to be written! Why not put an end to the business by burning every biographer on the funeral pyre of his own works and thus leave some heroes, some ministers of Art to worship? What a pity to be

continually shown that the difference between a greater and a lesser man is often but in the wearing of his cloak—the one with glory without and rags within, the other shabby without but lined with homespun decency. We strike the balance between the two, and lo! the former scarcely turns the scale against the average humanity of the latter. But Thorwaldsen's very weaknesses were but the downward tending roots of his genius, and the rents in the inner side of his garment were torn by his passion for the divine outlines of physical beauty which the Great Sculptor, perhaps as compensation to inferior bodies, sometimes neglects to animate with a beautiful soul. Thorwaldsen's portraits at different periods of his life, bear the impress of a great, loving, genial and benevolent nature. He was born at sea between Iceland and Copenhagen. His long life, filled with the faithful use of the talent given him, extended from the year 1770 to 1844, and nearly one-half of it was spent in Italy. His father was a carver of the figure-heads of ships. The son's first school was the wharf of Copenhagen where he worked with his father. As one of the seafaring population of Denmark, he was entitled to education by the Government, and thus, at eleven years of age he entered the Royal Academy of Art, where not till after six years' study, did his gaining of several prizes draw that attention towards him which

resulted in the fostering of his talent by men of influence.

It is wonderful to see how thoroughly one man can take possession of a city and people; here is hardly a spot where the scope of one's vision does not take in some mark of his influence; the many statues ornamenting its streets and squares, its multitudinous shops filled with statuettes, busts and copies of Thorwaldsen's works, to suit every purse, continually tell of him, and one feels the greatness of the man almost as much in the cheap plaster casts in the poor man's home, as in his pupils' faithful marble copies of the master's inspired visions.

Our first introduction to Thorwaldsen was in the Frauenkirche. One gets very tired in Europe of visiting churches, and yet it is in vain for him to declare on leaving a country that he will never visit the churches in another. Let him stop where he will, in nine cases out of ten the first building he visits is another church, for they are all show-places. But it is worth paying the penalty of a visit to all the others in Europe to enjoy the privilege of seeing the Metropolitan Church or Frauenkirche of Copenhagen. The exterior, with the exception of its front, is plain and rather homely. At either side of the portico are two statues, one of Moses writing the law upon the tablet he holds in his hand, the other of David

leaning in inspired mood on his harp. The space in the pediment over the portico is occupied by a sculpture, in demi-relief, of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; this consists of some fifteen figures, of which he is the central one having one hand upraised while the other grasps a cross; children, youths, women and mature men sit, recline or stand in careless attitudes but with interested faces. Standing within the building and looking around, one thinks never did sacred building more beautifully illustrate the foundation of the Christian religion, the story of which is told by the speaking marbles that gaze upon him. No need of preaching here—the place itself is a sermon. The unostentatiousness of the religion taught by Christ is expressed in the beautiful simplicity of its architecture. Its grace and beauty breathe from the marble forms around you while the almost total want of color fills the place with an atmosphere of purity akin to heaven. It is the perfection of Art. As a building consecrated to Him whose lessons were purity of life and grandeur of soul, the Frauenkirche of Copenhagen is perhaps the most perfect church in Europe. The interior of the building is a long parallelogram, with arched roof and semi-circular chancel. The dome of the latter and the ceiling of the main body of the building are quietly beautiful but unostentatious in ornamentation and

color. The gallery running the length of the two sides, does not project, but recedes within the walls behind a row of pillars; the walls are almost white, tinged only with the least possible shade of gray; the lower half of the wall on either side consists of seven arches, above the arches a cornice; above this are pillars half the height of the building which support the roof; behind them is the gallery. In the middle of the gallery is the royal pew, with crimson velvet canopy, hangings and cushions. All the other churches here have also a royal pew, but it is in the Frauenkirche that the King of Denmark usually attends public divine service.

Once within the doors one involuntarily stands still, impressed by the original effect of the whole; then the pleased eye gradually takes in the whole line of statuary—the twelve apostles, six on either side, (only Judas Iscariot has found a substitute,) while in the chancel over the altar stands the arisen Christ, and in the center of the chancel is a kneeling angel holding in her hands a large shell also of marble; the latter is the baptismal font. The apostles stand on pedestals some five or six feet high. The figures are all somewhat more than life size, and of the finest marble. Some of them are the work of Thorwaldsen's own hands, the others the work of his pupils, after his own designs and under his own direction. Nothing

can surpass the exquisite beauty and effect of the kneeling angel; the wings nearly touch the ground; the face and look is upwards. Each statue is a study by itself, each face betrays the individual character, and each figure bears some sign of that apostle's calling. Matthew stands with one foot on his bags of money, the knee thus raised supports the tablet on which he has been writing, but from which he now is looking away, and at his side a kneeling angel looks up into his face. Doubting Thomas stands absorbed in reverie; his face, with downcast eyes, rests on one hand, in the other he holds a carpenter's square. Paul is in the attitude of preaching, his face animated as if speaking, one hand pointing upwards, the other resting on his sword. John, with book and pencil in hand, looks heavenward, lost in inspiration, at his foot an eagle. Peter, with stern face, grasps the keys in his hand. Equally in all the others are read character and calling. In the two chapels at either side of the altar are two bas-reliefs, one of the baptism of Christ, the other of the Last Supper. The latter is original in design; instead of being seated around a table as usually represented, Christ is standing holding the cup, while before Him, in irregular order, kneel the apostles, all looking towards Him, some with uplifted hands, some with hands upon their hearts. Judas, with face partially turned

towards them, is hurrying from their midst. Extending all around the upper part of the chancel is a bas-relief representing the procession of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem.

The remains of Thorwaldsen were first placed in this church while awaiting the completion of his final resting-place. Thorwaldsen died as he had lived, without relatives or family. The State, whom he had made his heir, had already commenced a special building to receive his works; this, begun during his life after designs approved by himself, was not completed till two years after his death. Its exterior is most peculiar; it certainly does not seem beautiful at first sight, but its originality renders it easy to be remembered, and once having spent a few hours within, you would not for the world change anything without.

To me its atmosphere was that of the dwelling-place of the Spirit of Harmony and Peace; I felt better and happier for being there, and the remembrance of the mood which there fell upon me, has even yet a kind of strange mesmeric charm.

Thorwaldsen's Museum is a nearly square building, less in height than in breadth; it is surmounted by a chariot of Victory drawn by four horses. Its style is mingled Etruscan and Pompeian. Its exterior is mostly covered with

cement, painted principally in black, dark red and dingy yellow—the dark colors predominating. Around three sides these colors present a sort of panorama of Thorwaldsen's triumphal reception by the people on his return from Italy with his art treasures, after an absence of eighteen years. It is all of life-size; boats filled with people waving handkerchiefs and shouting, immense cases being landed from boats, etc.; it is a very good memento of the fact, but far from beautiful. The edifice is built around an open court; its walls towards the court are of the same colors as the other walls—black, red and yellow—but the designs are antique; yellow palm trees on a black ground, flying chariots, etc. The ground of the court is covered with cement—white center surrounded by a very broad black border—and here, in the center, without other monument than the building and its contents, Thorwaldsen's body is buried; his grave, nearly square like the court, is surrounded by a stone base about a foot high, on which is inscribed the dates of his birth and death; the top is a bed of ivy. The interior of the museum consists of two stories; these are divided into long corridors looking upon the court, while surrounding the corridors toward the outer wall the space is cut up into smaller or larger rooms, of which there are forty-two. All these rooms and corridors are filled. Many of the smaller rooms

are only large enough to contain some half-dozen pieces, and these generally harmonize in subject. Besides Thorwaldsen's own works, both in marble and plaster, the building also contains the collection made by him of ancient and modern works of art. His library and paintings are also here, and in a corner room of the upper story is the furniture of his living-room during the last years of his life. In this last room are two pieces left unfinished at his death; the one a bust nearly completed, now placed within a glass case, the other a crayon portrait-sketch, in a very confused, incomplete condition. Here is also a very interesting little painting representing him seated in the midst of a gallery of his works. There are several portraits of him, and a very fine statue of himself in his working-frock, mallet in one hand, his other arm leaning on the head of a half-completed piece of statuary—the figure of a young girl. Thorwaldsen is as famous for his portrait-statues and busts, of which there are many here of his own time—Humboldt, Napoleon, Walter Scott, Byron, and others—as for his ideal pictures; besides there are many of his bas-reliefs, and they are all so beautiful that I do not know why they have not become as common as his world-wide known *Night and Morning*. Among the bas-reliefs is one of which the idea is remarkably pretty and pleasing; it represents Love at different stages

of life; at the right hand a young maiden has just uncovered a basket filled with cherubs, and from them has lifted out the infant Love; Psyche, the mother of Love, a goddess with butterfly wings, takes her child and passes it to a kneeling maiden who stretches out her hands to take it; the next figure is a maiden hugging the infant Love to her heart and kissing its lips; in the next she is carrying him along as she walks, the arm that carries him carelessly swings at her side, but she wisely holds him by the wings; the next figure is a man sitting on the ground, his bowed head rests in the hand which his knee supports, and his form is bent under a weight, which is but Love, who sits perched on his shoulder with roguish face; last, with face turned to the others, stands an old man bent over on the staff which supports him; his other hand he reaches out to Love, who is flying from him and saucily looking back to the beseeching face and outstretched hand of the old man, as he laughs and flies away.

Another is of exceedingly touching beauty—it is Priam begging of Achilles the dead body of his son. These two are the central figures; behind Achilles two attendants, “stupid with surprise, yet seem to question with their eyes;” behind Priam two followers bring costly gifts. The young and godlike Achilles sits, while the venerable old Priam,

whose face tells his woe, kneels, embracing Achilles' knees, clasping his hand, and looking into his face with entreaty.

“ The king his entry made,  
 And prostrate now before Achilles laid,  
 Embraced his knees and bathed his hands in tears.  
 ‘ Ah, think, thou favored of the powers divine,  
 Think of thy father’s age and pity mine !  
 In me that father’s reverend image trace,  
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face,  
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person see—  
 In all my equal but in misery.  
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise,  
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes.  
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,  
 The best, the bravest of my sons is slain !  
 Him, too, thy rage has slain ! Beneath thy steel,  
 Unhappy, in his country’s cause, he fell ;  
 For him through hostile camps I bend my way,  
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;  
 Large gifts proportioned to thy wrath I bear ;  
 Oh ! hear the wretched and the gods revere.  
 Think of thy father, and this face behold ;  
 See him in me, as helpless and as old,  
 Though not so wretched—there he yields to me,  
 The first of men in sovereign misery,  
 Thus forced to kneel, thus groveling to embrace  
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;  
 Suppliant my children’s murderer to implore,  
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore ! ”

COPENHAGEN, *September*, 1875.

## XXII.

COPENHAGEN — FREDERICKSBERG HAVE — GARDENS OF  
TIVOLI AND VAUXHALL — DENMARK'S SCULPTORS.

 *W*E have lingered in this quaint old city till we are getting really to love it, and since it is neither young nor handsome this must be, I suppose, because it is so good, and we would call it a dear old place had we not too often before been forced to apply the same words to other cities, but with quite a different meaning. In one of our first walks we accidentally came upon the residence of the King. This is situated in *Frederik's Plads*, an octagonal space whose four alternate sides are formed by four palaces; between these are four grand portals as high as the palaces themselves, each forming the entrance-way into a broad thoroughfare. The square is paved with stone, and the only verdure to be seen is a scant growth of grass springing up here and there between the pavements, giving the spot a desolate air. In its center is a fine equestrian statue of Frederick V. The palaces, which are occupied respectively by the King, the Queen-dowager, the Crown Prince and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, are uniform in size and style; they are old, gray

stone buildings with rickety windows and wholly unpretentious in character; many an American would refuse to hire either as a residence without its being a good deal renovated. Beyond one of the portals a garden-like view drew our steps thitherward. We came into a grassy field with trees; it was skirted by the rear of houses—or their fronts, for really it is pretty hard in Old Europe to tell a back door from a front door. But the wonder of the place is a ruin which looks a little as if newly built to order, and, so far as beauty goes, it is, perhaps, the prettiest spot in Copenhagen. This is a roofless, circular building, between whose two massive, circled walls of stone is a curved, broad walk withoutlined arches prophesying undeveloped grace; the handsome pillared portico is nearly finished, some of the columns already crowned with their capitals, others incomplete, broken at varying heights. All around was in harmony with the building; the field covered with an uneven growth of grass which seemed to have been left to its own sweet will to grow by fits and starts, the branches of the trees hung negligently, and the lazy leaves forgot to frisk about and play with the winds. As we stood in the centre of the building within its perfect circle, the mosaic of grass and wild flowers beneath our feet, the dome of clear blue sky above our heads, we thought that man had done well to stay his hand where he did,

and that Nature had finished the work with a perfection beyond that of Art. This building is Copenhagen's marble church, and the winds and the rains and the sunshine of a hundred years have planted and nourished the hanging verdure growing here and there out from between the stones of its high walls, thus contrasting Nature's handiwork with the sculptor's chiseled scroll and leaf. The staid old city began this work in a freak of extravagance ; her funds gave out and the work was suspended. Later it was found that the swampy soil forbade its completion, and hence it has always thus remained, more beautiful I believe in its incompleteness than ever architect's design could have made it.

The environs of Copenhagen have some of the most beautiful pleasure-grounds in all Europe ; they are accessible by horse-railways, and, indeed, most of them are within the compass of an agreeably long walk.

Fredericksberg Have is the Versailles of Copenhagen, an extensive park of wonderful beauty. Its slot (palace), an unhandsome structure and no longer a royal residence, is on elevated ground, its portico overlooking Copenhagen, the harbor, and I might add all Denmark, for Denmark is so level that a very low hill affords a very extensive prospect. But the grounds are indescribable, and with the exception

of its want of fountains, are, to my taste, far beyond those of Versailles, though reminding one of the latter by some of the far-stretching views over lawns and lakes through thicket-openings. Here are woods seemingly of primeval growth, broad alleys arched over by grand old trees, winding dreamy walks, groves with clean-swept grounds and inviting seats where the shade is so dense that twilight reigns at midday and the solitary wanderer who sits himself down and opens the volume he carries, refuses to strain his eyes by the dim light, closes the book, and launches his thoughts on the wave of his own meditation, and in this leafy obscurity forgets the near and the actual and delivers himself to poetic dreams in which the real before him rhymes harmoniously with his most fantastic imaginings. If the spot be such a paradise to the old, what must it be to youth and love? Here, too, are islands with picturesque summer-houses and gayflower-gardens all duplicated in the surrounding waters; meandering streams spanned by ornamental bridges, and broad, open, grassy fields; and all on so extensive a scale that the park seems endless.

Between Fredericksberg Have and the city are the Gardens of Tivoli and Vauxhall. We had the good fortune to see the former on a gala occasion, which happens not more than once or twice a year, although it is always a much frequented Summer

evening resort. It was Sunday evening, and twenty thousand visitors thronged in so close, one after another, that the unfortunate one, who was not like ourselves luckily warned beforehand but put down more than his entrance fee, was forced on through the turn-stile without getting his change. How shall I recount the amusements of these extensive gardens? Theaters, concerts, fire-works, restaurants, acrobatic performances where the ropes were stretched from tree to tree high up among their branches, and the scene lighted by Bengal lights below; lakes with illuminated water-lilies floating upon their surface—altogether it rivaled, or more than rivaled, the gay Champs Elysees of Paris. The water illuminations were by means of small, flat oil-lamps placed inside of tumbler-shaped lanterns not much larger than a common drinking-glass. Each lantern was of one color—red, blue, green or yellow—and was made of tissue-paper covering a wire frame; those in green formed the leaves of illuminated trees, some of them fifteen or twenty feet in height, which stood near the banks of the lakes and streams; they covered the whole frame-work of bridges which looked like paths of colored fire; Chinese pagodas and Turkish kiosks two stories high, had their walls covered with a mosaic of light which traced architectural design, windows and doorways; and all trees, bridges, and fanciful buildings were

mirrored in the still waters which seemed the marriage scene of water-sprite and flame. Then there were gardens fenced with rows of light, flower-beds bordered in the same way, and again whole flower-beds of illuminated tulips of various colors; all were made by gas pipes on the surface of the ground, winding and twisting about to form low hedges, or knotted together, as it were, into flower-beds, the thick-set jets each furnished with a flower-shaped glass shade. The broader and narrower alleys were arched overhead with similar colored lights, which often varied from regular lines into fantastic combinations and figures.

But wonderful as were the grounds, the people were no less so; such order and decorum as everywhere reigned was remarkable in so large a public gathering; not an oath, (at least in English,) not an insolent stare, rude gesture or unmannerly shove; it was well-behaved propriety, so very proper that one might have doubted its being a festive occasion, had not the uniform expression of happy content lighted every face. It all recalled to my mind anecdotes I had read of Danish morality; of the high judicial officer who complained that his office was a sinecure, he had absolutely nothing to do, and of the drinking-glass which had stood unchained for over ten years at the side of a drinking-fountain in the open highway.

Copenhagen is very rich in other museums as well as in that of Thorwaldsen, and besides the latter she has also had other great artists, but none so favored. Before him, a worthy predecessor was Wiedevelt, who in a moment of despair threw himself into the sea to escape his life of poverty.

In the middle of one of the streets of the city is a monument—an obelisk and pedestal—erected to Frederic VI., by the peasantry, as a thank-offering for the freedom then conferred upon them. Around the pedestal of this are four marble statues, said to be the work of Wiedevelt. One of these represents Denmark ; she stands with hand upon her heart, and sad, tearful face, looking in the direction of the spot where the sculptor drowned himself and his misery. Now, they say of this statue that it weeps and mourns him forever, and that it is doomed always to stand with face turned towards the fatal spot.

Contemporaneous with and surviving Thorwaldsen was Bissen, to whom the former bequeathed the completion of many of his works, and Bissen again had a rival in Zerichan. As remarkable museums here are the Ethnographic Museum and that of Northern Antiquities; the former is one of the richest of its kind in Europe, and the collection occupies thirty-five rooms. The Museum of Northern Antiquities is said to be the finest of the kind in the world and of great value in the study

of the history of civilization; it contains over 40,000 objects chronologically arranged; among other curiosities are runic inscriptions, which he that runs may read just as well as if he were standing still. This may, indeed, be called a National collection, for the nation has, in a great measure, been its collector. Whenever a peasant has turned up with sword or spade any antique coin, ornament, or any relic whatever, he has carried it to the owner of the land, to the pastor or to some officer, to be forwarded to the Museum of Antiquities; he has received on the spot its full value, and if the object were one of special interest he has been paid an extra premium for his contribution.

COPENHAGEN, *September*, 1875.

## XXIII.

FROM DENMARK TO NORWAY—CHRISTIANIA.

“*How* long from Copenhagen to Christiania?” we asked landlord, steamboat-clerk and captain, and captain, steamboat-clerk and landlord all replied twenty-two hours, which in our innocence or ignorance we believed. It was a splendid day when, with trembling stomachs, we went on board the steamer that was to carry us from Denmark to Norway. As from her beautiful harbor we looked back towards the quaint old city of Copenhagen, lying there in the midst of bright blue waters, verdant with her grand old trees and fragrant with the name and fame of her Thorwaldsen, she looked like a beautiful flower dropped from Olympian Gardens, and clasping the girdle of the goddess of the sea. Yet, beautiful as is the picture she thus makes, and more so to him who has learned to know and love her than to the approaching stranger, she would doubtless have gained in perspective beauty were there rising ground on which to lift up prominent buildings, or had Nature surrounded her with a background of hills.

To go to Denmark and not to think of Hamlet would be like studying English literature and leaving out Shakespeare. As we sail northward through the Sound we soon come to Elsinore, and at this point the coasts of Denmark and Sweden so nearly approach each other that a genuine old-fashioned giant could readily step across from one country to the other. On a point projecting out into the Sound is the fortress of Kronberg, the very castle on whose platform Hamlet interviewed the ghost. As we sailed by we began to question whether, after all, we had done wisely to refuse ourselves a visit to the spot, to Hamlet's grave and to the fountain of Ophelia, which, it is said, has so little water that she could only have drowned herself in it by the aid of some friend to forcibly hold her head therein. It is very foolish to question the authenticity of such places, for the sight-seeing traveler who doubts is lost—or loses his labor, and illusions are, for the most part, more charming than realities. But we visit *real* scenes of *real* persons and think we are going out of curiosity to see the places; we find afterward we went for the *thrill*. One of the greatest pleasures the traveler reaps is his remembrance of such visits. How well I remember my experience among the scenes of Stratford-on-Avon. I arrived there in a pouring rain, *blase*, as it were, with travel, weary of sight-seeing, and, I thought, with emotional

susceptibilities worn out; I left with my whole being throbbing with emotion, and with a feeling of solemnity akin to that with which one turns from the spot where he has just left, hidden away from him forever, the mortal cast of a loving and beloved friend. To this day the thought of that visit—so many months, so many miles between—never fails to thrill me with emotion.

Elsinore and its castle is a chosen spot for spirits, for not only Shakespeare has peopled it, but dear old Hans Andersen, too, and here he finds the home of Holger Danske, the god who watches over Denmark, and who is seen to walk here whenever danger threatens the country he guards.

Losing Elsinore from sight we turned our thoughts from Denmark and toward more northern lands. We next came into the Cattegat. I repeated to myself the old familiar school-day words, "Cattegat and Skagger-rack," recalling with a smile how glibly, as a child, I had repeated the easily-remembered names, with but a vague idea of whether they were land, water or rocks. Beyond Elsinore we turned toward the Swedish coast to put in at Gotheborg, where many of the passengers left to go direct to Stockholm, *via* the celebrated Gotha Canal and Lakes Werner and Wetter. We were now twelve hours from Copenhagen, and as yet not fairly out into the open sea. We began to ask again, "How long from Copenhagen to

Christiania?" "Thirty hours," was now the answer, and as at later repetitions of the question the time was continually lengthened, we finally refrained lest we should never arrive, and, indeed, so delightful was the voyage we should not have been impatient to do so had we not regretted the loss of such fine weather for land-travel. The sea was very smooth, no wind, pleasant sunshine and moonshine, and the steamer so steady that, for the most part, we were quite unconscious of any motion. This, to be sure, was not much to be unconscious of, for of all the slow-going sailers that ever put to sea, this one was certainly never equaled, unless by the *Gute Frau* in which the Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island sailed from Holland. The *Gute Frau*, I believe, was round, so that she could sail forwards or sideways equally well; our vessel was not exactly round, but it was not much longer than it was broad, and the engine was of about sufficient power to turn a family coffee-mill. One of the wonders of this voyage was the moon, who, so far away from home, was acting a most whimsical, fantastic part; no one seeing such vagaries could doubt her lunacy; there she was, hanging about corners in the heavens where we should never have thought of looking for a respectable moon, and instead of going along around the earth in a well-behaved manner, she stood still in one spot as if waiting for the earth

to come to her if it wanted to be shone upon ; then, in a sort of lunatic freak she would rush down below the horizon as suddenly as she had risen above it and at a point of the compass where I can't believe she was expected.

On such a little steamer we could not but make acquaintance with our fellow passengers ; I became quite interested in a Danish family going on a trip to Sweden to assist at a family wedding. The lady was very intelligent and knew Bret Harte's works perfectly well, much better than I did. Of course, I felt somewhat proud of her appreciation of one of our local writers ; but later I was thoroughly astonished, as you may imagine, to learn from a casual remark she made, that she had taken his inventions and pictures of camp-life, mountain and mining adventure, etc., for a correct picture of life in San Francisco to-day.

To us who have heard in England intelligent people speak of the war between North and South America, it is not strange that those still further away should make no distinction between California and San Francisco. Bret Harte's works are abundantly displayed for sale in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, translated into two of these languages, and I believe into all three. He is, it would seem, the most widely known and most extensively read American author in northeastern Europe, Mark Twain being his only equally popular

competitor. Then, too, it was in Stockholm that I first saw a photograph of Toby Rosenthal's "Elaine." Indeed, I began to think that California geniuses, like California squashes, were spreading over a good deal of ground and covering themselves with gold. People abroad believe in the geniuses, too, more than they do in the squashes.

Our second stopping-place, the first Norway soil we trod upon, was at Laurvig, situated on a little peninsula just at the entrance of Christiania Fjord. We went ashore for half an hour, and strolled through the hilly, quiet little town, searching with curious eyes for some striking characteristic of place or people. We found nothing so novel as the fact of our being there. Nearly opposite Laurvig—but here the distance between the western and the eastern coasts is too great for the eye to travel—is a little inlet and stream called the Idefjord, which makes the boundary between Norway and Sweden; it is less noticeable from this fact, however, than from the little town of Fredrickshold, situated on its banks, near whose fortress, three hundred feet above the town, Charles XII. of Sweden was killed.

We had had quite an incorrect idea of the length of Christiania Fjord or bay; instead of a short distance it was a twelve hours' sail. All was new and as charming as new. Our maps certainly give us a correct idea of the Norwegian coast, with its

irregular fringe of long peninsulas floating out into the ocean, like sea-grass fastened to its shores; but to this general picture there is to be added the gentle slope of these long tongues of land lapping up the ocean, and the innumerable rocks lying with their rounded cheeks just enough above the water to be kissed by the sunshine, and thickly dotting the water out so far from the shore as to make of this wide arm of the sea but a comparatively narrow channel for navigation. Although the general features are continually the same—inlet, peninsula, rock, grassy slope, forest of pine—there is, too, endless variety; now, the land on either side stretching toward us, we seem to sail between the grassy banks of a beautiful inland river; again, we are on the bosom of a broad sea; now, the coast-line is overshadowed by dark forests of evergreen; again, it retreats far, far into the land beyond some rock-bound bay, and still again it marks the level of distant fields that present a wide and smiling landscape. Looking at this deeply indented coast-line, with alternating promontory and inlet, we have but to add the thought of her thirty thousand inland lakes and her almost unbroken forests of pine, to get a good idea of the scenery in the interior of Norway.

It was after 12 o'clock at night when we finally arrived at Christiania, after a voyage of forty-four hours from Copenhagen. We learned that there is

one fast steamer which makes the direct passage from the latter port to Christiania in twenty-two hours, and since that steamer has begun to run, every little old craft calls it a twenty-two hours' trip from port to port.

It did not occur to us in our anxiety to be "getting on" that it would be better to stop on board till morning. Some half-dozen passengers who landed at the same time as ourselves disappeared almost immediately with the solitary hand-cart, which was the only vehicle awaiting the arrival of the steamer. My companion and myself started for a near hotel, the name and direction of which we had taken from a fellow-traveler.

The moon was just rising over the city, which, as yet, lay covered with shadows. Not a light did we see in any window, nor a person in the streets; the only sign of life was the sound of watchmen's voices in nearer or more distant streets, crying out the hour of the night. We walked on and on and round and round, but could find nothing that looked like a hotel. Every moment we were becoming sleepier, every moment our baggage was getting heavier. At last we saw three men advancing arm-in-arm towards us, and glad indeed were we to see them. Before we had observed their condition we had asked them to show us to the hotel we had been looking for.

No one, or rather no three, could be more obliging; they would not only show us, they would go with us; each was polite according to his stage of inebriation; the drunkenest being the politest of all. The hotel, after all, was not so far away, and we might have found it, had lamp or light of any kind made it visible. We now began to take leave of our guides, not caring to appear at a strange hotel at such a late—or early—hour with such a drunken crowd; two of them were willing to go, but the third was too drunk for such cold-heartedness and was bound to see us out of our trouble, and it was only when the door was at last opened, that, with a final shaking of hands, his companions were able to induce him to leave us. The sleepy porter opened the door and we stepped into the hall only to be refused further admittance; he declared there was no room, no, not even a chair in the dining-room where we might sit till morning; and when we asked him to tell us where we could find another hotel he knew of none.

Again we found ourselves in the street, with the night and the city before us! After strolling about awhile we met a young man who, in reply to our inquiries, went with us to within sight of another hotel, where he left us; we rang a good half-hour, no one opened. At last two young men belonging in the house joined us, and after we four had, by

turns, pulled steadily at the bell for another fifteen minutes, the sleepy porter woke up. Fortunately, one of the young men spoke English, and we explained our position to him—that we were respectable persons and had landed in a respectable way. He asked for a room for us and was refused, insisted, and was again refused. I *could* go no further, and had made up my mind that a settee outside the door was just the place to pass the rest of the night, when to the persistent demands of the young man the porter finally consented to see if there was a room. He was too lazy to look far, and perhaps that was the reason he so soon re-appeared and conducted us into one of the best rooms in the hotel. As we put ourselves to rest in a clean, comfortable bed, under beautiful silken bed-coverings, and looked around upon the luxurious and richly-furnished apartment, we forgot all indignation at the lying, lazy porter, in our own ease and satisfaction at having at last found such shelter, and our morning's moralizing was something like this: "What a lucky thing it is for strangers that the young men of Christiania stay out late o' nights."

CHRISTIANIA, *September*, 1875.

## XXIV.

## SCENERY AND INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN NORWAY.

**N**ORWAY has already become a popular Summer resort, particularly for the English, of whom hundreds of families come over here every year and spend a couple of the Summer months. They usually go north towards Thronhjelm where there is fine sport, both hunting and fishing. As yet a good part of the distance from Christiania to there must be made by stage, a journey of about two days, but a railroad is contemplated. This year so many left at the same time that the steamboat accommodations from Christiania were inadequate, nearly a hundred families more than could be accommodated applying for passage home on the same steamer. Not only the peculiar phenomena of the high latitude, with its midnight sun, the exceeding beauty of the country not yet hackneyed by written descriptions, the novel landscape, and equally novel personal experience, but also the, as yet, comparative honesty of the people, make a tour in Norway one of the pure pleasures which European travel offers. "Of course we shall come to it," said a young Norwegian clergyman,

whose acquaintance we made during our steamer passage from Copenhagen to Christiania, "only give us time and we promise you to become as bad as the Swiss ; aught else would be too much to expect when we have to deal with people who know neither our language nor our coin, and thus every transaction offers an opportunity for dishonesty ; human nature is not going to long remain proof against such temptations." We were much indebted to this gentleman for the success of our Norwegian trip. We had not time to go to the rainy, thousand-year old city of Bergen, situated on the extreme western coast and encircled by its background of seven mountains, nor to go north to Thronhjem where is the partly ruined cathedral once built for the worship of St. Olaf, the patron saint of Norway ; besides, it is at midsummer that one should visit the latter place, and we were every day fearing the setting in of the Winter season, although the country still stood in its full, ripened glory of Autumn beauty, and air and sunshine were soft and radiant. This gentleman told us, however, that in a circular trip from Christiania as far as Gausta, and which we could make in less than a week, we could see the very gems of Norwegian scenery and gain a proper idea of the whole country.

We had always read that the English language

was somewhat generally spoken in Norway, and we came here expecting to help ourselves with our native tongue; by accident, rather than purposely, we had brought a little Swedish and German traveler's phrase book, but the Swedish and Norwegian languages are so very unlike that the book was of no use to us here. Our new friend assured us that, once out of Christiania, we should find only the native tongue spoken or understood, and he kindly insisted upon teaching us a few phrases, such as, "How much does it cost to such a place?" Besides this he gave us some general hints in regard to his countrymen. The Norwegian peasant, said he, is noted for his thick-headedness; for instance, a stranger may ask to be directed to a certain place; the peasant directs him, but the traveler, not understanding well, takes the wrong course, which does not at all disturb the peasant, who looks after him and wishes him a pleasant journey. As we came here to see Norway, and not the unimportant city of Christiania, early morning found us, after a four hours' sleep, ready to continue our journey; but as our breakfast-table stood by the window, we meanwhile made the best possible use of our eyes. It was the school-going hour and not in all Europe had we seen school-children that looked so much like our own; groups of fashionably-dressed girls, with books swinging in straps or carried in their

hands, boys with knapsacks on their backs, and the hurried step of teachers; it was a new-old sight, and, from the looks of the pupils, we felt assured that the public schools here must be superior to those of England or France, where, as in London, the most respectable class send their children away from home or instruct them by private teachers, and thus, in general, the school-children of the street are those of the miserably poor or wear the uniform—blue coats and long orange-colored stockings, fastened at the knee, and the like—of some private institution; while in Paris the better schools usually own a sort of omnibus which they send to bring their scholars from home in the morning and to convey them back at night, and they are only seen walking in the streets in procession conducted by one or more teachers. As we drove to the station we had opportunity to see that Christiania is a clean and well-built modern-looking city; its environs, of which we had a good view from the railroad car, are of unusual beauty; all around, the most charming and beautiful country-houses with gardens and ornamental grounds reminded us of the beautiful environs of some of the large Eastern cities of our own country; indeed, if the school-children had made Christiania seem somewhat American, the beautiful homes around made it still more so.

Two hours by rail brought us to the town of Drammen, a lumber-port of importance counting twenty thousand inhabitants, and here we were obliged to wait till afternoon. The most I can say of the place, however, is, that here one can get the most sleep for the least money of any place in Europe.

It was after dark when we arrived at Kongsberg, celebrated for its silver mines, and here our Norwegian experience fairly began. We had the name of an hotel, and an obliging young man brought us near it ; I was going to say, in sight of it, but we could not see it. There was no name, no light, nothing but a black hole in the wall. We went into this because we did not see anywhere else to go, and it proved to be an entrance-arch leading into a square court ; no one was within sight or in attendance, and we went into the house and roamed around till we found some one. It was easy to make our want of a room understood. Our landlord was a strong, strapping woman who looked as if she could whip a dozen men. She did n't know nor could n't guess at the meaning of any word which did not belong to her own language, but yet it was necessary for us somehow to converse with her. We could say *till Tinoset* (to Tinoset), and we knew the word for "to-morrow morning." Our landlord got the idea of what we wished to say, and she pounced

upon my companion and pulled his watch out of his pocket in regular brigand fashion, but she only wished to show him the hour at which he must start in the morning. She obeyed orders for arranging the room, which I could only give her by signs, with a soldier-like promptness and exactitude, and then would wheel around with a martial air as if more prepared for action than ready for peace. At last, glancing at my companion's boots, it occurred to her that she had better black them, and he was like a feather in her hands as she took him by the shoulders, backed him into a chair, and pulled his boots off him.

It was with a look of relief as if we did n't know from what, that we watched our opportunity to lock her out of the room. We felt, as you may imagine, that we had made no very definite arrangements for the morrow, so, early the next morning, my companion arose and went out in search of some other hotel where English might be spoken; we had been told that at the Scandinavian, where we were, this was the case, and for that reason we had gone there, but we afterwards learned that our informer was not to blame, only the hotel had very recently changed hands. Soon after my companion had gone out the landlady came in, of course without knocking; fortunately I was up, but she marched straight to the bed,

evidently with the intention of putting her other lodger on his feet and making sure of his being ready at the hour fixed, but she turned from the bed with empty hands. With dumb motions for eating and drinking, I ordered breakfast, and she disappeared. When, an hour later, the team my companion had engaged drove into the court, we found she had understood and arranged everything for us, and that a team in waiting—a double-seated barouche, two horses and two bags of hay—was standing ready at our service. As our vehicle was the cheaper of the two, we begged the English-speaking man, who had brought our team and driver, to explain and make the matter right for us.

We had a cosy, funny-looking carriage, like an arm-chair for holding two persons ; on two wheels, it swung as easy as a rocking-chair. The only place for the driver was an iron step behind, about two inches wide and four or five inches long. We looked at it and thought he had a tiresome journey before him.

We were now fairly on our way to the heart of Norway, to the midst of her wild beauties. Our travel this day was one of those drives the picture and memory of which remain fresh for a lifetime. All day long our road lay for the greater part through pine forests whose grounds were carpeted with thick beds of moss, variegated with the

ripened brown and yellow of ferns. Sometimes we came into the open country, and then our road usually commanded the view of some beautiful lake, some inland sea, often bringing us within sight of waterfalls, and, oftener still, within sound of their roaring. The immense amount of fine white marble astonished us; huge, and smaller boulders and rough-cut road posts of the same material, and sometimes for a mile we could hardly see any other stone. Now and then we came to clearings where were a cluster of woodmen's dwellings. This day, however, we saw but few people; it was Norway fresh from her Creator's hand, untouched and unpeopled by civilization. The birch is almost the only tree which divides these wide reaches of forest with the pine. As the latter is celebrated for its beauty in Norway, so here, the birch, too, is remarkable for its size, becoming a tall, majestic tree, whose graceful branches remind us of the weeping willow, and whose foliage relieves the otherwise monotonous coloring of the pine.

Different as they are, there is yet much in Norway that reminds one of Switzerland. The vegetation is often similar, and there is the same abundance of lake scenery, only here the vegetation is more verdant and more abundant, the mountains are comparatively wanting in height, and the same scene remains longer in view. What

I would make one of the prominent characteristics of travel in Switzerland is the rapid changes in the panorama. We were also reminded of Switzerland by the houses ; indeed, in Norway we saw more of what are usually called Swiss cottages than in the former country. These houses are generally lifted up, sometimes on wooden piles, sometimes on heaps of stone, and consist of two cube-shaped stories, the larger one on top of the smaller one and projecting on all sides several feet beyond it. The deep eaves of the pointed roof project again far beyond the story below. One feels in looking at these houses that a ton's weight more on one side than on the other would tip them over. There are comparatively few houses in the interior of Norway built in any other fashion. These Swiss cottages reminded me of having somewhere read that in a certain valley in Switzerland the peasants have a tradition that they are of Scandinavian origin, that an ancient ballad preserves this history, and that in Berne a play for children contains certain odd, unintelligible words which also occur in a play with which the children of Copenhagen amuse themselves.

TINOSSET, *September*, 1875.

## XXV.

## AUTUMN IN NORWAY—RURAL LIFE.

**S**TARTING from Kongsberg at a reasonably early time of the morning, we rode for some hours in our arm-chair-like vehicle, now through forests of pine, now by the borders of lakes or within sight or sound of waterfalls. Never was weather more delightful for travel; the clear air of the later season was still warm with the breath of Summer, and we found Autumn in Norway speaking to us with all the eloquence of the season in other lands, but not in her usual tone of melancholy. Although the golden hue of ripened ferns made more golden the sunshine sifted through the trees, it was to the unchanging evergreen foliage, perhaps, that was owing that absence of a sentiment of sadness which we always associate with the Fall of the year. To us these beautiful days of Autumn seemed glad as Spring. Our enjoyment of beautiful cities, of monuments and the works of man, overflows in words, but the power of Nature can only measure itself by silence; thus,

though the novelty of the scenery exhilarated our spirits, it was with few words that we greeted this new land, though we could feel our own pulse throb stronger and quicker, responsive to the wonderful beauty with which the heart of Norway teemed.

Towards noon we arrived at a sort of halting station called Bolkesjo, consisting of one house and outbuildings, and bearing, I should guess from the sign over the door, the name of the occupant. To reach it we turned off from the road, where cleared fields slanted down from the highway to a large lake shut in on the opposite shore by low mountains gradually rising toward the horizon. We guessed afterwards that we were expected to take dinner here; in fact, they showed us a bill of fare, original in style, but very easy to read; it consisted first of being shown a wooden tray filled with large speckled trout, fresh from the lake, then of being taken into the store-house—a separate building, in the style of a Swiss cottage—here were the usual stores for the year, I suppose, of a Norwegian household, with additional allowance, perhaps, for the needs of the traveler. The scant measure of a little dish of flour bespoke it a luxury. There were also large pans of milk, strings of dried fish, cheeses, pots of butter, and, most curious of all, the bread just baked for the year's consumption; of this there was a pile, and

apparently made from unsifted oatmeal, from six to eight feet high, baked in round sheets some two feet in circumference, of the thickness and of about the toughness of a piece of pasteboard. A poor sick man, who was trying to entertain me by showing me all around the farm, and vainly endeavoring to converse, insisted on my tasting the bread and cheese, which were indeed very palatable. Thinking, I suppose, that I might be fastidious or squeamish, he insisted on making the already clean-looking knife, with which he cut the cheese, still cleaner, and this he did by wiping it several times up and down the leg of his pantaloons, which certainly were not new.

All through Norway every particle of vegetation is carefully turned to account. The fodder for cattle is generally dried on upright frames, and consists mostly of potato-tops and the leaves of similar vegetables; it looks almost pitiable to see sometimes not more than a half-bushel of such material being carefully dried, and as I traveled through the country and saw so little land cultivated, so little to cultivate, I continually wondered how the people lived. Often one sees a woodman's dwelling, its kitchen-garden, if, indeed, it have any, not more than six feet square. These people, I was told, depend on Christiania for such supplies as are indispensable, for which they pay with their wages as wood-cutters. Here at

Bolkesjo I found in the barn a pretty good supply of hay for the horses, and still more was drying on frames outside, while on the ground was spread out a large quantity of birch-leaves; such carefully-collected piles of these leaves had already on the way excited our curiosity, and we now found that dried birch-leaves constitute a large portion of the winter food for cows. I did not resist the temptation of taking the rake from the hands of the woman at work and turning over several new leaves for myself.

Seeing that the proprietor of our team, whose function as driver was almost a sinecure, had finished his dinner and begun his pipe, we inquired for the road to Tinset, and requested, intelligibly enough as we supposed, that he should be told to follow. We walked on for an hour through a most romantic forest road; at last, having often looked backwards in vain for our team, my companion wisely concluded to return; he found our man contentedly smoking, apparently without the least idea of following, and I do believe, left to himself, he would have staid there a day or two, and then have returned home. It was an hour worth the hundreds of miles I had traveled, that which I now, while waiting, spent alone in this strange forest solitude. Half reclining upon the luxuriant couch which the soft thick moss almost everywhere covering the ground afforded, I looked around

upon the graceful brown and yellow ferns damasking the greener moss, and upwards where the tall, stately pines, far above my head, spread out their green branches, through which a rain of golden sunshine fell, while old Dame Nature chanted in my ears her old familiar story, but to music so sweet, so strange, as if it were the song of a youthful maiden wooed from some other sphere, and glad in the arms of this, her rugged northern lover.

We could hardly travel hour after hour, day in and day out, without trying to establish some verbal communication with our guide. As he understood no language I could speak, I followed the unreasonable idea of making up unheard-of words as if he could better understand such. However, we soon became able by help of strange syllables and signs to entertain and to some degree communicate with each other, and he expressed his satisfaction at this by gathering for me quantities of blueberries and also a red edible berry growing abundantly, close to the ground and much resembling the cranberry, though sweeter.

In the latter part of the day we left the woods, and the road became a succession of hills, by no means in good traveling condition. The fashion of managing a horse here is in some respects the opposite of what it is with us. The horse is taught to run at full speed down every hill he

comes to ; the driver whistles to slacken his horse's speed, and to stay him he makes a peculiar noise like that with which we sometimes entertain babies, by trilling the lips and cheeks. I quite gained the heart of our good-natured driver when I had learned to make this noise sufficiently well to control the horse, and after that he loaded me with more berries than I could begin to eat, and from coming to lift me out at the top of every steep hill, every descent of a few feet brought him to my side, making a Norwegian interrogation point of his hand and arm.

We stopped on the road at but two places, the second a clearing where was a scattered settlement of a dozen woodmen's cottages. A well-dressed girl of some sixteen years was carrying a load of wood to one of her neighbors ; she sat upon the ground and threw a rope over each shoulder ; on these a man, apparently the father, laid a heavy load nearly three feet in diameter ; she then pulled the loose ends of the ropes forward, thus drawing the load upon her shoulders, rose, and walked down the road as if her burden was as light as her heart probably was. It is difficult to imagine many heart-breaking events amid such primitive life.

It was towards night when we arrived at Tinoset, and strangely novel as the scenery all day had been, this was indescribably so. It

was a landscape in India ink, shaded in black and white, without color. The light of day fell white, reflected from the sky, upon a portion of the long, comparatively narrow lake, the rest of the lake was covered by a black shadow thrown from the abrupt mountain-shore, the foliage of whose dark pine forests was of invisible green; the other shore, whose margin was elevated some feet above the level of the lake, was a remarkably level plateau, an eighth of a mile or less in width, extending back from the lake to a perpendicular mountain-wall of rock, and reaching from where we were to some distance where a bend in the lake terminated our view; this dark, weather-beaten rock, almost as regularly perpendicular as a mason's wall, borrowed a deep shade from declining day, but a still deeper one from the black mountain-forests opposite. This steep mountain rock lent a decided Yosemiteic character to the scene, such as I have not seen elsewhere in Europe.

The first attendant who came to wait upon us in the neat, modest house for travelers here, did not even understand the words tea and coffee, a most unusual fact, but a second one succeeded better; judge then of our surprise at having our bill presented, written in good English, the token left behind evidently of some English traveler who had preceded us. We were also surprised at the fine

china, glass and plated-ware with which the table was spread for us in this rough, out-of-the-way mountain nook. One of those little incidents which speak so much to and for the human heart occurred to me in this place, where we had hardly been able to make ourselves understood by signs. The next day, as I was about to leave, a delicate-looking, rather more than middle-aged woman, whom I had not before seen, went into the scant, almost miserable-looking inclosure, which seemed vainly aspiring to be a flower-garden, and gathered all the flowers she could find. These she made into a bouquet and gave it to me with a smile and a friendly shake of the hand as I left. To fully appreciate such a gift, one must be a stranger in a strange land with a stranger language, and then, perhaps, like me, he will wear it for days and at last lay aside the dried, crumbling stems with a tender feeling, reminding him that the human heart is a unit and that the same blood runs in the veins of all, warming to life the same deep centers of sympathy.

TINOSSET, *September*, 1875.

## XXVI.

LAKE TINN—THE OLDEST CHURCH IN NORWAY—DRESS  
AND MORALS OF THE PEASANTRY.

**W**E had intended to make Gausta the furthest limit of our circular, or rather triangular, tour westward from Christiania; but from Tinoset it was necessary to continue the journey by the Lake of Tinn. The steamer, which had commenced making less frequent trips than during the Summer, had left the same day that we arrived, and as we would by no means trust ourselves to a little row-boat in which some drunken boatmen were anxious to take us, and as we dared not at this season delay the necessary three days before the steamer would again make the trip, we were obliged to give it up. Gausta is one of Norway's principal mountains; although but six thousand feet in height it commands a very extensive view, reaching south to the sea and north an equal distance to the mountain range of Totunfjeldne. In relinquishing this part of our journey we were also obliged to

give up seeing the Falls of Rjukan, seven hundred and eighty feet in height and one of the finest in all Europe. Then we knew, too, of the wild mountain scenery beyond, where the valley narrows more and more until a footpath, or trail as we should call it, is the only possible road for the traveler; but, on the other hand, we had been traveling continuously many weeks, which means, in general, exhaustion from want of proper food, weariness from want of sleep, and eyes tired from looking, and if we were to go to Gausta we were hardly fresh enough to feel equal to making its long ascent. After all, the disappointment was not so great as one might imagine, for we were so filled, so overflowing, with wonder and delight at all the strange landscape around us, that it was as if we could not take in any more.

The morning view of Tinoset and its lake was of the same extraordinary character as that of the evening before, the same landscape in India ink, only with more of light and less of shade. A more weird, mysterious spot I think I have never seen than this long and narrow lake of Tinn—its surface half black, half white, itself shut in by dark, high mountain walls destitute of vegetation, except where forests of trees rising one above another spread out a black banner of foliage, darkened with age. It was very different from the landscape of rich, dark green, and golden brown and yellow,

through which we had reached it. By thus shortening the limit of our journey we were able to retain for another day the comfortable little vehicle in which we had been traveling, and with which—although we had already repeatedly declared it the cosiest little carriage in the world—we were doubly pleased in comparing it with the only vehicles we could obtain here, which were nothing but square wooden boxes, sides and back at right angles with the seat, destitute of cushions or springs.

Our road now turned nearly south, up hill and down dale, gradually changing from steep barren mountains to more verdant valleys, and finally widening into an open country, where occasional orchards, carefully planted groves of birch trees and clean harvested fields, spoke of comparative agricultural prosperity. Several times we had a view of the pyramidal peak of Gausta, so that we were at least able to say we had seen it.

We were to terminate our journey by land and continue it by water on arriving at Lake Hitterdal, a broad, open sheet of water, miles in length. Within sight of it is the church of Hitterdal, one of the oldest in Norway. Here we strayed into the Sunday afternoon service. The church stands a few rods back from the road, in a field separated from the road by an ordinary wall of stones heaped one upon another, and broken by a narrow, awk-

ward gate; through this we passed, walking over the pathless grass. The church is an old wooden building, around the walls of which are simple carvings of dragons, etc., remarkable only for their rudeness. It is a double building, a house within a house; the two sets of walls, being three or four feet apart, form between them a narrow corridor, into which we first entered; the rough wood-work at the sides, and the old stone slabs of the pavement, trodden into the ground under the steps of successive generations, gave an air of rude antiquity. Ascending a few steps we entered the inner building, which has been renovated with new seats and flooring, while a few panes of purple and orange-colored glass in the small windows of its turrets, looked too new for the place.

The minister was a gray-haired old patriarch who might well, indeed, have been the preacher in Longfellow's beautiful translation of "The Children of the Lord's Supper;" reverend in appearance and holy, so aged that one could imagine he might already have caught glimpses into that hereafter for which he would prepare his flock. A younger man stepped out from the choir of rugged, rustic youths ranged along either side of the chancel, and dismissed the congregation with the Lord's Prayer, while the aged priest stood before the altar, his back turned toward the congregation.

The latter made a rather picturesque assembly, the men together in the pews on one side of the single aisle, the women on the other. The women were all dressed alike, and the men were also in uniform dress, looking like a sisterhood of nuns and a company of soldiers ; whether here invisible currents of romance streamed from one side to the other, whether even here Mammon claimed his share of the worshiper's thought, least of all can the stranger say, but certainly here was one place of worship where the world of fashion and formal vanity had never entered, and where it *seemed* to the observer like the pure worship of simple hearts.

We passed out from the church, looking off at one side to where green hillocks, overshadowed by a few scattered trees, told the ever-recurring tale of mortality.

Under the shade of a tree near the gate stood two travelers, apparently English, prayer-book in hand, having evidently joined in spirit in the worship whose sound had floated out to them on the calm Sabbath air.

Outside the gate the men of the congregation immediately formed a group around one of their number who read some business notice of sale or bargain, the usual manner, time, and place, of announcing matters of public interest.

The Norwegian peasantry are among the best-dressed people, taken as a whole, I have ever seen,

and one might think that at some stated time of the year everybody puts on a whole new suit and that this was the time. Not only did I see no old or patched clothes, but the cloth, particularly that which the men wore, was both strong and handsome. They wear dark-colored pantaloons which reach nearly up to the arm-pit, also a cloth jacket of a very light drab color, bordered with an applique of black cloth some two inches wide, which border is embroidered with bright-colored braids; the short fronts are yet a little longer than the back, and are trimmed with two rows of thickly-set tiny steel buttons with long loops of black braid. These jackets are very short behind, coming down only across the middle of the shoulder-blades. The pieces of the back are widened out so as to allow of their forming two deep plaits, which stand out in a sort of stiff ruffle between the shoulders.

The gown of the women is invariably of a dark, heavy, rather stiff cloth, and reaches only just below the knee. The whole fulness of the skirt is carried up to the shoulders, where it is gathered into a band fitting around the neck which is covered by a high chemisette. This enormous fullness, which, of course, conceals all symmetry of figure, is held in around the waist by a belt of a sort of cashmere pattern; the apron, of the same material as the dress, is trimmed around with the same, as

is also the lower edge of the skirt of the dress. The head is covered with a black shawl, confined around the neck so that one half is thrown up over the head and the other falls over the shoulders. It was these black-shawled heads on one side, and the light, short, stick-out jackets on the other, which gave the congregation in the church, bending forward in their devotions, so peculiar and uniform an appearance from the back seat where I had placed myself. The stockings of the women are cut out from thick, black cloth; they are clocked or embroidered at the ankles and half way to their tops with a wool as coarse as carpet-yarn. I examined several pair drying near one of the houses, but I cannot say whether the ankle inside corresponds with the measure of the stocking, which was wide enough to allow of an embroidery of full-sized red roses and spreading green leaves, each vine being from three to four inches in width.

The Norwegian peasants are a healthy, moral, fine-looking people, apparently innocent of every vice—but *one*; this one is drunkenness. As we were driving, a noise behind us caused us to turn our heads just in time to get out of the way of a galloping team carrying two young men, both so drunk that their heads had fallen forward quite on their knees, and it was a puzzle to us how they kept their places in the wagon. The loosely-held reins failed to guide the horse, who went, some-

times at his own discretion, sometimes at his driver's indiscretion, who, by fits and starts, would retard or hasten his pace to keep near us, and for several miles we could not get out of their way.

Again, awaiting the arrival of the steamer, we were seated on a bank by the road-side leading down to the lake; here we had a view through its wide-open door into the interior of a cottage opposite; a lad of not more than fourteen or fifteen years came staggering down the road so drunk that he swung from one side of the doorway to the other on entering the house; it was a dreadful sight, and I expected to see the father and mother within struck with grief or anger, but they hardly seemed aware of the boy's condition as he staggered around the room, apparently senseless and aimless. A few rods further on, between the house and the lake, we came upon another young man, well dressed as all the rest, lying dead drunk across our pathway. This recalled to us our conversation with a Norwegian clergyman, who, seeking to give us an idea of the characteristics of his countrymen, had not refrained from acknowledging, though with evidently troubled spirit, this baneful appetite, yet adding, as he asked if it were as bad with us, that perhaps some excuse might be found in their severe northern climate. This is not unlike the views on the same subject that I last Winter heard expressed by a man in a London

omnibus, who said he should like to have some of those temperance preachers take his place, and stand all day in cold water up to his waist and then pour cold water inside ; he would like to see what would become of the little partition between.

LAKE TINN, *September*, 1875.

## XXVII.

FALLS OF TINNEFOS—A NORWEGIAN INN—RETURN TO CHRISTIANIA.

*A* FEW miles beyond the old church of Hitterdal is a noteworthy cataract—that of Tinnefos—and, as our driver told us we could find lodgings near, we concluded to make that our changing-point from land to water travel. Quite a large river here falls over a high precipice, making a cataract which might in any country claim the right to be classed among the tourist's gems. From the bridge on which we crossed the river we had a good view of it, but later we made our way through bushes and down sloping banks to a spot quite near to it, where, half reclining on a projecting rock, and yielding ourselves to the luxurious abandon which the traveler so enjoys amid the free landscapes of Nature's solitudes in strange lands, we drank in for hours deep draughts of the refreshing spirit of Norwegian scenery. From the river the road ascends half a

mile up a steep hill to the little house where we were to stop; still beyond, hill rises above hill, and on the highest spot of all stands the country school-house; thus, even in Norway, it is the same old up-hill road to learning.

On this hill-top, when evening came, we spent a wonderful sunset-hour; the face of the glad sky blushed from west to east as Apollo lingered so long, lovingly holding open the gates of Day, and when at last Night had gently closed them with her sparkling bolts, the north star had stationed himself high up toward the zenith, and the touch of the clear, soft light dropping upon the earth seemed to vibrate through the air like beautiful music.

The house we had come to was evidently but a sort of a way-side stopping-place for the refreshment of man and beast; consequently we were shown to no room, until, tired of waiting for such attention, we took our umbrellas and shawls and started up stairs, beckoning for some one to follow us. There we were given a cozy little attic, with white woolen blankets on the beds, a very little circumstance to write about, but any one who has ever made acquaintance with the blood-red bed-coverings of southern Europe will appreciate their significance; truly, there is something more in Italy than Italian art and Italian skies.

Opposite the house and on the other side of the

road were pine woods extending half a mile down to the lake. Here we made sitting-room and lounging place, still enjoying the fresh air fragrant with purity. Sitting here we were, to our surprise, accosted in English by a man who, as it proved, had served many years in the navy of the United States. He had learned to speak English with a strong Irish brogue, and seemed also to have caught the Irish vivacity of character, the more remarkable to us as we compared it with the quiet character of his son, our host. He was as great an anomaly here in these Norwegian wilds as is Petrified Charley, the Swede, guide in the petrified forest of California.

This man had risen from landsman to quartermaster, which he thought a "good billet;" had accompanied Commodore Perry's expedition which opened the ports of Japan; had served in the Mexican war, and spoke of the pension due him for which he had never applied. With genuine sailor restlessness he replied to some remark about being contented to remain in his native land, that he was stopping there for a while, but he thought of taking a little voyage to England soon.

As one of those co-incidences which are always occurring in life, one of our party had also been in the United States navy, and here in this out-of-the-way corner of the world the two mutually recalled names familiar in memory to each. The

old man told of being on board the ship with Herman Melville, midshipman, afterwards the successful author of "Typee," etc.; also with another midshipman, who later rising to the rank of Captain, died at Acapulco a few years ago as Captain of the *Saranac*; and while he told us of the final fate of several, he too, in turn, learned from my friend the good or evil fate of others.

Within the house the arrangements for cooking were a model of simplicity; there was nothing but an elevated hearth some two and a-half feet high and five or six feet long; there was neither crane to hang a kettle upon, nor oven to bake in; nothing but three little iron triangles some two inches high, on which the iron kettles were set over the coals or the blazing sticks of the row of separate little fires; an iron pot and a triangle seem to be all that is needed to commence housekeeping in Norway; with such a *cuisine* many of our fresh Irish servant-girls would be saved great perplexity and many a sufferer be cured of his dyspepsia. Yet our simple meals here were a feast; such tea I had hardly tasted in all Europe; fragrant coffee quite innocent of chicory or other alloy; rich, thick cream which we heaped on the boiled potatoes white and light as the fresh-falling snow, and sweet golden butter. We did not before know that food so innocent of fraud still existed in the world, and we left Tinnefos refreshed in body,

and in our faith in human nature, coffee and cream.

At noon the next day, giving to a passing wagon our baggage, which, since studying the science of traveling, we find daily dwindling to smaller and smaller proportions, we started on foot for the lake and steamer; a boatman rowed us out into the middle of the lake, where the steamer stopped to pick us up.

Our passage back to Christiania through the lakes Hitterdal, Nordsjo, down the river Skien to the canal of Lovejd, by which we cut across the peninsula from the town of Skien to Laurvig, was still as novel and charming as if it were our first day's travel in Norway. The general view resembled the Scottish lakes and Scottish scenery rather than that of Switzerland. The sentiment, if I may so speak, of Lake Hitterdal is not unlike that of Loch Lomond. Later in the day we came in sight of farm-houses at sociable distances, with orchards and fields, and finally to towns of considerable business, generally in lumber.

At Skien, where we passed the night, we trusted to the promise of the best-natured-looking landlord in the world to wake us in season for the morning boat; but good nature is not always a reliable foundation to build upon, as we found the next morning when obliged to hunt up a servant to unlock the door for us as we made a running exit

from the hotel, half our wardrobe and toilet articles dangling from our hands.

From Laurvig to Christiania we made, for the second time, the trip through Christiania Sound, but as it has two channels separated by long, low islands, and as our first voyage was up the easterly passage, and this through the westerly one, we did not exactly repeat our journey.

Our travel in Norway was at an end, and we reviewed our Norwegian tour with a feeling of most complete satisfaction. We had had the delight of looking upon beautiful scenery, which, being not yet worn threadbare by the scratch of the traveler's pen, seemed a fresh creation. We had lived among a thoroughly happy, contented and prosperous people; not a sign of misery and poverty had we anywhere seen. If we had sometimes wondered what people found to think about in their lonely forest homes, we yet knew that every one could read and write, and had received a certain degree of mental and moral education. A universal air of decency and dignity prevailed, while nowhere had we seen a naturally stupid or brutal countenance; even those whom we had seen under the cloud of drunkenness were peaceable, while their good clothing bespoke industry and self-respect in other directions. And over all this hung an apparently universal satisfaction with their Government, which protects without

oppressing, and the ready, hearty tone in which everybody whom we questioned replied, "We have the best Government in the world," carried with it a conviction of their sincerity, and a conviction that they are a free and happy people.

CHRISTIANIA, *September*, 1875.

## XXVIII.

## SWEDEN AND ITS LAKES—A SWEDISH INN.

**S**WEDEN loses greatly thereby when the traveler in Scandinavia visits Norway before seeing the former country, for Sweden is picturesque enough with a beauty of its own, but in comparison with Norway it is tame and unromantic. I speak only of the south of Sweden, as we did not get farther north than Upsala; but if we did not see it in its whole length, we did see it in its widest breadth from west to east, making the journey from Christiania to Stockholm, which requires exactly two days by rail, stopping over night to sleep. The striking feature of the south of Sweden is her lakes, and although these are exceedingly charming and pretty, and oftentimes still more than these commonplace words express, it is yet in Sweden one learns that what shading is to a picture, mountains are to a lake; you may see a thousand mountain lakes, one after another, and ever find the last more charming; but in a level country,

however fine the coloring of the surrounding landscape, they soon begin to lose in expression, then you weary of them a little, and at last you think—to yourself if with natives and aloud if with foreigners like yourself—what a wet, swampy country this must be. But although Norway may be the favorite with the traveler in search of the picturesque, the agriculturist would certainly, prefer the more fertile soil, the gentle undulating fields and extensive meadows of Sweden.

There was a sort of attraction in the names Lake Wenern and Lake Wetteren, names familiar from early school-days, which made us feel that we must certainly voyage across these lakes, but after traveling all along the northern shore of the former, we found that we had a sufficiently good idea of it and we had no longer any desire to embark upon either of them.

Lake Wenern is the largest lake in Sweden, having an area of ninety-five geographical square miles ; its greatest length and greatest breadth are apparently about equal, its coast line is very irregular, broken by deep inlets and jutting peninsulas ; it has also several important islands ; thirty rivers empty into it.

The form of Lake Wetteren, which is but half the size of Wenern, having an area of only thirty-four geographical square miles, is very different from that of the latter lake. Nearly as long, it is

very narrow in proportion to its length, and it has a comparatively regular coast line ; ninety rivers empty themselves into it, while it has but one for an outlet—the Motala-Elf. This lake is subject to terrible tempests which often arise in a moment ; it is noted for its strong currents, its whirlpools, and especially for its magnificent mirages. Both lakes have an average depth of about four hundred feet.

Not long after leaving Christiania we came within sight of the river Glommen, along whose banks the railroad runs for some distance. Soon after sunset we had made the distance to Lake Wenern, and along its coast to Kristinehamn, a little town but yet quite important as a market-place for iron. Standing on the steps of the depot considering in which direction we should turn for a night's lodging, we saw, not many rods distant, a respectable-looking two-story house with a terribly hard-looking name, and although we would not have objected to walking a little further in the pleasant twilight, we had learned the full value of lodgings conveniently near a railroad station when obliged to be in season for an early morning train. Once within this house we found it a specimen of the most extreme neatness ; our large, square room seemed actually brilliant with cleanliness ; there was not a thread of carpet on the floor to cover the exceeding whiteness of its plain boards ; perhaps

the particular kind of wood was capable of being scoured to a purer white than any wood we have, but whether the merit lay in the wood or in the housekeeper, I shall never be able to picture to myself rural life in Sweden without having in the foreground a floor of dazzling whiteness. Then, besides, there were on the beds real clean sheets whose freshness was sweet as perfume ; I say *real* clean because in Europe there are two kinds of clean beds, real clean and make-believe clean, and even in the best European hotels it is not easy to find a bed of the former character. The make-believe clean is the result of taking sheets already used, sprinkling them sufficiently to remove the wrinkles, then folding them and pressing them in a rolling machine or mangle ; the tired traveler turns back the bed clothes the next night, examines them, probably by the dim light of a tallow candle, and accepts the deep, fresh creases as a warrant of cleanliness.

Served in such a room as we found here of course we could not but relish our supper, especially when waited upon by one of the brightest, tidiest little bodies in the world—it seemed as if her very clothes were made of good nature. After supper we went out to take a stroll under the beautiful evening-sky and enjoy a moonlight view of Lake Wenern. On returning, I found the good-natured house-maid hostess

deeply absorbed in reading my book of German and Swedish phrases. She looked up, smiled, nodded, and then went on reading until I was at last obliged to remind her of what she had come into the room to do. Afterward, she was as pleased and delighted as a child in teaching me to pronounce various words, almost indispensable to our comfortable travel in Sweden. I ordered potatoes for breakfast with perfect confidence in making myself understood, for the word is spelled nearly the same as in our language, but as she shook her head again and again, I at last showed her the word which she pronounced by transposing all the vowels, as it seemed to my English ears.

As we wished to exchange some Danish money, our attendant offered to bring some one to do it; thereupon appeared at our door an exceedingly well-dressed man with broad face and still broader smile, and behind him a friend, evidently to keep him in countenance in presence of the *Englanders*, as they took us to be. The foreign gold-piece was looked upon as a curiosity desirable to possess, and as we knew its approximate value the exchange was soon made.

The men were overflowing with a sort of hospitable amiability, not diminished by the effects of a little stimulant evidently taken just before their visit; hence, the business completed, there they

remained, speechless, except what their broad-smiling, good-natured faces and friendly-beaming eyes said, yet were they unwilling to go without in some other way bidding us welcome. Finding the duty of dismissing them devolving upon ourselves, we thanked them, shook hands with them and bade them good night, then they shook hands with us and bade us good night, but still remained standing where they were, unsatisfied or uncertain whether to go or stay ; so we again shook hands with them, then they with us, and thus, reciprocally smiling, nodding and hand-shaking, we gradually approached the door, where they were at last enabled to make their exit with a final bow, smile and good night.

Our attendant now finished her arrangements in the room giving a good-natured air to everything she touched. A glass of fresh, cool water was thoughtfully placed by the bedside, and one more extra rub and polish given to the toilette-table ; then, as she turned to leave the room, to our repeated warnings not to forget to wake us in season, she nodded and laughed again as she took the key to our room in her hand, went out, and carefully locked us in from the outside ; after that manœuver we felt that she had indeed taken upon herself the responsibility of our morrow's journey.

The next morning, finding we could take a train an hour later than we had intended, we had

time to enjoy the outside of the house, which was surrounded on all sides by a flower-garden, and seldom, for the same size, have I seen a rarer assortment of colors or more beautiful collection of flowers. I found myself continually exclaiming with delight, but when I came to a bed of golden escholtzias, a flower I had not seen since leaving California, I stood and gazed in silent pleasure and felt as if it were a greeting from home. The abundance of flowers warranted my picking a bouquet for myself, my only embarrassment, where all were so beautiful and many so new to me, being to decide which to choose.

In all our travels we have seldom been more agreeably entertained than in this unpretending house—half home, half hotel; there was in all such regard for nicety and comfort, all was so bright and clean that we began to wish all the world was a Swedish country-inn, and there was such a cheery, cheerful air about everybody and everything, that we left the little place with the impression that Kristinehamn is the most good-natured place in Christendom.

Our second day's travel across Sweden was not essentially different from that of the previous day, except that the landscape, perhaps, became more watery. There have been many expensive canals constructed in Sweden connecting its various lakes. Some have been cut through solid rock at immense

expense, but as the system of railroads widens out year by year over the country, its canals gradually become less important both for trade and travel. Baron Ericsson has distinguished himself as the constructor of many such works of civil engineering. Among the various others the Gota Canal is the best known to the world; it has fifty-three locks, occupied twenty-two years in its construction, and cost upwards of fourteen million rix-dollars, or a little less than four millions of our money. Including Lake Wenern, Lake Wetteren, and other lakes whose waters it connects, it extends the whole distance across the south of Sweden and connects the North Sea with the Baltic.

LAKE WENERN, *September*, 1875.

## XXIX.

STOCKHOLM—HOUSE OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG—  
ROYAL PALACE—HOTELS.

**S**TOCKHOLM, the capital of Sweden, claims, from its situation, to be ranked among the most beautiful cities of Europe, and in this respect Constantinople is, by some, considered its only rival. Neither like Copenhagen, lying low like a floating flower, nor like Naples, rising amphitheatre-like above its blue walls, it is built on many rocks and islands of unequal height and size, that are washed on the east by the Baltic Sea and on the west by Lake Maelar, whose broad, open waters seem almost more sea-like than the Baltic itself, dotted as the latter is with thick-set rocks and islets. From its higher points it is easy to get a bird's-eye view of the city, to see the mingling waters of sea and lake intersecting it like broad and winding streets, and the numberless bridges, sometimes long, sometimes hardly a couple of rods in length, like a mesh of slender threads spun from isle to isle. Of course the impression of a city like this, variegated with blocks of well-built houses alternating with its

streets of liquid-blue lined with the white sails of shipping, cannot be otherwise than cheerful and pleasing, while its most magnificent buildings all have, either from choice or necessity, an open and imposing foreground.

In its narrowest sense, the city of Stockholm is built on but three islands, which lie directly in the channel, almost blocking it up, where the waters of Lake Maelar and the Baltic unite; these three islands are named in the order of their size—Stadsholmen, or the Isle of the City, on this the palace of the king is built—Riddarsholmen, or the Isle of the Knights, where we find the principal government buildings—and Helgeandsholmen, or the Isle of the Holy Spirit, a very small island where the royal stables are the principal thing of interest.

But as the City of London constitutes but a small part of Metropolitan London, so these islands are but the kernel of Stockholm, which spreads out at the north and northeast in two large faubourgs built on a peninsula, and at the south makes an equally large faubourg occupying two or three islands, one of them almost the largest in these waters; besides this, Stockholm covers several other islands, among which is Kungsholmen, or King's Island, while the eastern part of the city still embraces four islands lying wholly in the waters of the Baltic and collectively

known under the poetical name of the "Isles of the Sea." On Kungsholmen we find the Mint, Insane Asylum, City Hospital, Military College, Orphan Asylum and the principal factories of Stockholm. On Castelholmen we have the citadel. Longholmen is mostly occupied by the Penitentiary, and, in short, we find so many islands, each with its almost characteristic group of buildings, that Stockholm seems like an illustration of our old proverb with a difference—an island for everything and everything on its island. In connection with the southern faubourg I must not forget to mention a spot of great interest to many American travelers, the house and garden of Emanuel Swedenborg.

With scarcely a follower or believer in all Sweden—a prophet without honor in his own country—here he was looked upon, as I learned to my great surprise, as a half-insane charlatan, and hence it is not to be wondered at that this is a neglected, dirty spot whose associations its nearest neighbors know little or nothing about. The house in which he lived is occupied by tenants of the poorer class of people; what is called his "study" is a small wooden house in the garden, and this is unoccupied and entirely empty, though kept tolerably clean-swept. One is fortunate if, after a dozen inquiries in the immediate neighborhood, he finds any one to conduct or direct him

to the spot. The garden is a kind of back-yard partitioned off from a common court surrounded by a block of buildings, and it is only accessible through one of these houses. The front of this little garden-house presents a door two or three steps from the ground, and a small window with outside wooden shutters on either side of the door; a low, attic room under the slanting roof is shown as the place where, in his inspired moods, he often passed the night; the doorway is shaded by trees, one of which is said to have been planted by his own hand; every visitor is allowed to break off or cut a memento from a beam inside the house, and to carry away as many leaves from the tree as he chooses; nature sends a fresh supply of leaves every year and new beams as often as they are needed. One would think that some of Swedenborg's wealthy followers in our own country might well do something toward the preservation and cleanly maintenance of this spot which should be almost sacred to them.

The Royal Palace, from its size, and open, exposed position, is one of the most prominent buildings in Stockholm. It is situated on an eminence on the northeastern corner of the island of Stadsholmen, a carriage-road only intervening, on these two sides, between the broad, open arm of the sea and its lofty walls; from its northern ramparts a fine granite bridge extends first to the

island of Helgeandsholmen, and then to the opposite shore, where a spacious square corresponds with the palace crowning its opposite extremity; this square bears the name of Gustavus Adolphus, whose statue ornaments its center; the three sides of the square are occupied respectively by a fine hotel, the palace of the Crown Prince, and the opera house. The Royal Palace is a quadrangular building of grand proportions, 418 feet from north to south by 392 feet from east to west; it is built around a court 300 feet long by 262 feet in width; this court is entered on its four sides by four grand portals built in the walls of the palace. The northern portal, the rampart leading to which is named from its two colossal bronze lions on granite pedestals, bears the coat-of-arms of Sweden, a triple crown supported by Fame; its southern wall is ornamented by trophies of war; its western front bears enormous caryatides in stone with nine medallion portraits representing the kings of Sweden from Gustavus I. to Charles IX.; under the portico of the eastern entrance is a colossal group representing History recording the exploits of Gustavus the Great; this portal is the private entrance of the royal family and is approached through the private gardens which, sloping down from the palace wall, command a fine view out into the Baltic, and down upon the shipping anchored at the long line of wharves.

Notwithstanding the almost unequaled position, commanding as it does, sea and city, the palace is magnificent only in position and size; its long line of comparatively plain brown walls gives it a barrack-like aspect. Within, the stairways are grand in proportion and beautiful in outline, but inferior in richness to many other European palaces; the family living-rooms, too, were too high, too square, and too plain to look really social and home-like, and seemed to want the charm of taste in arrangement, particularly (to my thinking at least) where table-sets of valuable service-china ornamented the walls instead of pictures; a cabinet containing a tea-service belonging to Marie Antoinette was more interesting. A room called the Porcelain Cabinet, also seemed to me more curious than pretty, although its furniture is said to be very valuable. This was bought by Gustavus III. and is wholly of Dresden china; it consists of etagères, picture-frames and mirror-frames, wall-brackets, a whole chimney-piece surmounted by a high mirror, vases, candlesticks, candelabra and chandelier and tables, all made of porcelain; the tops of the tables are fine landscape views painted on china; all the rest is ornamental, representing leaves, vines, flowers, birds, etc. The chairs were upholstered, the frames only being of porcelain.

The hotel accommodations here are excellent, and the Grand Hotel of Stockholm is one of the

finest in Europe, and really worth being visited for its beauty. The passages are called streets and are named from different cities, and thus your room is known as 26 New York Street, or 81 Paris Street, etc. If I were to mention one thing more elegant than another in the magnificent dining-hall it would be the two beautiful porcelain stoves. These must be sixteen feet or more in height. The lower part is of the size and shape of our marble mantels, with grate and mantel-shelf; the stove continues upward like a broad chimney terminating in a cornice-like ornamentation. The whole is of beautiful porcelain, the principal color being a delicate blue with lines of gold. Above the mantel-shelf is a deep niche in which stands a graceful urn or vase, matching the rest in material and color; the vases are between two and three feet in height and both stoves are alike. The walls of the reading-rooms are maps and railroad-routes in plaster. The smoking-room is almost entirely of porcelain, an admirable arrangement in point of cleanliness; the ceiling and side walls are of the same material; in the centre of the room stands a curious, fanciful-shaped, porcelain stove.

There were elegant apartments, one of the finest of which was awaiting the arrival of Ole Bull, who here shares the usual fate of a prophet in his own country, where is told a sad tale of

his first marriage with bitter fruit of infelicity and insanity ; yet who shall say that the incomparable notes of this unique artist so child-like simple yet so grand as he was wont to stand before us, were not the echo from a finely strung nature quivering under the stroke of a concealed disappointment—were not expressed from a suffering soul by the costly alchemy of sorrow.

STOCKHOLM, *September*, 1875.

## XXX.

## STOCKHOLM—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—ROYAL MAUSOLEUM

**S**TOCKHOLM, skipping about from island to islet and up and down over the rocks, wears the cheerful air of comparative youth on the face of most of her buildings; yet is she not wanting in those of that historical association which makes an unbroken link between the heroes of antiquity and those of kindred modern renown. Of all such buildings we find the most interesting on Riddarsholmen, one of the three islands which constitute the original site of the city, and which is, perhaps, the most interesting of all. In an open square in its center stands a bronze statue in armor, erected in 1854 by the citizens of Stockholm to Birger Jarl, regent during the minority of his son Waldemar whom the people elected their king very early in the thirteenth century. Birger Jarl is considered the founder of Stockholm, for although under its present name it has a history—doubtfully authentic—extending back to the fifth century, it was he

who first appreciating the importance of its situation, erected walls around the Isle of the City and built upon it two towers, one on a precipice commanding the Baltic, where the waters were of considerable depth, the other commanding the southern strait between the lake and the sea ; he thus protected the city and fortified the entrance to Lake Maeler. In 1272 King Waldemar removed his capital from Upsala to Stockholm, which has ever since remained the capital and chief city of Sweden.

Near this square stands the Equestrian Palace, the former House of Lords of the Swedish Diet, both departments of which, however, since its reconstruction, occupy the Houses of Parliament built on this same island. Thus the Equestrian Palace stands to-day an interesting and elegant historical monument. In front of it is a statue erected by the nobility to Gustavus Vasa, in the year 1773, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that King's entrance into Stockholm. The outer front of the palace is ornamented with allegoric statues and Latin inscriptions ; the halls of its interior are decorated with the coats-of-arms of all the royal families of Sweden and with numberless portraits of distinguished Swedish nobles.

But the most interesting building of all is Riddarholmskyrkan—the Church of the Eques-

trian Isle, or Isle of Knights. This is no more, in fact, a church, but a royal mausoleum. It is often called the Westminster Abbey of Sweden, unhappily, I think, for a Westminster Abbey must have, withal, its gentle minstrels of song and poesy—its artists of peace and the peaceful arts, while the Church of the Equestrian Isle echoes but with the martial notes of war and records the deeds of warriors.

For nearly one hundred years it has been stripped of all the paraphernalia of church ceremonies, except the altar-piece and the organ in a gallery extending across one end only of the church; it has a chime of bells heard only on the occasion of the death of some member of the royal family, or of a Knight of the Royal Order of the Seraphim. We enter and stand in the nave of the church, nearly two hundred feet long and a third as wide; it is destitute of seats and unbroken by columns, while its whole floor is a pavement of flat stones covered with the names of distinguished men to whom this registry of their names is the only monument to their memory. Along each side of the nave of the church are a row of side-chapels, each of which is the sepulture place of a company of illustrious warriors, and each of which contains a rich sarcophagus. Picture to yourself these chapels, the walls and sides almost concealed by the trophies of victory, flags and clusters of

standards that have been captured or defended on the battle-field by the very warriors over whose moldering dust they here droop; on the floor irregular heaps of drums, kettle-drums, bows and other relics of war, make an indescribably strange impression in this hall of tombs, and I found myself wondering whether if one but dared to beat upon one of those drums whose notes had often roused so many a sleeping warrior, if, at its sound, the dead would not spring from their tombs, and, seizing the familiar standards there at hand, fill the empty space with a ghostly army. I can hardly conceive of a person standing for the first time in this temple of death and war, without having his imagination strangely and supernaturally moved.

The chapel nearest to the altar on the right is called the Gustavian Chapel; its architecture is Gothic, and it is lighted by seven long, narrow windows; it is the burial place of several royal personages, but is dedicated principally to Gustavus the Great, the champion of Lutheran Protestantism, who died on the battle field of Lutzen; his remains are enclosed in a sarcophagus of green marble, a piece of Italian sculpture; on a marble slab is the following inscription in Latin: "He braved dangers, loved piety, overcame his enemies, enlarged his dominions, exalted his nation, liberated the oppressed and triumphed in death."

Opposite this chapel at the left of the altar is

the Chapel of the Charles, in which, however, several other persons have found sepulture. As we stand in the street or square outside of the church and look at this chapel, which was added to the main building in the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, we read the following inscription in Latin on the upper part of its outer walls :

“ Erected to the eternal memory of the three Charles, Charles X., Charles XI., Charles XII., of Sweden ; the first conquered four provinces ; the second victoriously defended them ; the third preferred rather to die as ruler than not to keep what others had won.”

As may well be imagined, none of the sepulchral chapels are so crowded with emblems, trophies and relics of war as this ; the sarcophagus which ornaments it contains the body of Charles XII. ; it is of white marble on a pedestal of green marble, and partially covering its top is an ornament in gilt-bronze representing a lion's skin bearing the name Carolus XII., and on this skin are a crown, sceptre and sword, likewise in gilt-bronze.

It cannot be disputed that Sweden is proud of her Charles XII., for how could she help being so when all the world is proud of him ? But it is pretty hard for a nation when such remarkable glory as was won for it and himself by this wonderful man, is paid for in the financial ruin, extensive

loss of territory and enormous depopulation of his kingdom. Every man in the nation seems to feel it and almost to smart under it still, and we did not speak with any one Swede concerning his Charles XII., who did not betray that his feeling of pride was a modified one; it was as if he said with a sigh, "Yes, we are proud to have had him, but we would rather dispense with such glory in the future—it costs too much." In short, they have put to themselves the question so often asked by us all, "Does it pay?" and, like ourselves oft-times, are obliged to reply in the negative.

In the King's Park, in another part of the city, is a splendid gilt-bronze statue of Charles XII. At the base of the high granite pedestal are four cannons taken by him in war. The attitude is striking and commanding; in one gauntleted hand is his sword, the other is pointing forward. He is represented as tall and slender, of the most erect figure imaginable; the same long, elliptical face without beard that we always see in his portraits; forehead high but not broad; large nose, full lips and prominent chin, such as it is difficult to imagine in a face characterized on the whole by an almost extreme delicacy; add to this an expression which inspires enthusiasm for him, and which one can readily conceive might inspire his soldiers with the power and the certainty of victory. It is the embodiment of the very spirit

of youth and genius, so winning that even his faults become virtues, and one's admiration grows into love.

Among other remarkable things to be seen in the Church of the Equestrian Isle, are the shields of the deceased knights of the Royal Order of Seraphims. These number some hundreds and are placed close together, covering a large space on the walls; they are black and apparently of tin; each is less than a foot square, and bears only the name of the Knight, the date of his decoration with the Order, and that of his death. I believe none but Crowned Heads or royal consorts receive this decoration, and it is only at the death of the Knight that his shield is placed here; that of Napoleon III. was the latest. Here also were the shields of Napoleon I. and of Albert, late Prince Consort of England. Catherine the Great is the only woman who has ever received the honor of being decorated with this Order. As the guide was calling our attention to different names of note, I playfully asked him if there were none from America, when he immediately pointed to the shield of the unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

The exterior of the Equestrian Church is quite picturesque, although less ancient in appearance than in reality, owing to the extensive repairs made since its considerable injury by lightning in

the year 1835; but its tower of open iron-work three hundred feet high, the gothic style of the main building, and the several chapels added to the original building, no two of which are alike in size or architecture, give it a pleasingly original character.

STOCKHOLM, *September*, 1875.

## XXXI.

STOCKHOLM'S MUSEUM—MYTHOLOGY IN STATUARY AND  
PAINTINGS—RELICS.

*A* *VERY* gem of architecture is the National Museum in Stockholm, and its site is most favorable to the showing off of the beauty of its exterior. It is built on the extremity of a peninsula, with only a broad avenue between it and the surrounding granite quay which throws back the waves of the Baltic; directly opposite, on the other shore of this arm of the sea rises the Royal Palace. The Museum is of granite and marble, a modern building three stories high and only about ten years old. Its front is ornamented with marble statues and busts of Sweden's distinguished scholars in letters and science. Entering beneath the portico of green marble your eye takes in the beauty of the interior from foundation to roof. On each side of the grand entrance-hall is a semi-circular marble stairway; these two meet on the first story at the foot of another marble stairway which reaches like an inclined plane to the upper story. Looking up then from the vestibule, you

have before you the broad stairway revealing the whole depth of the building, with spacious surrounding halls supported by marble columns, lighted from the roof of glass, and richly filled with statuary, for these broad central corridors constitute part of the galleries of sculpture. In the lower hall within the semi-circle formed by the stairs stand two colossal marble statues, while a third corresponding one looks down upon them from the first landing and completes this group which receives us and introduces us to the halls of Scandinavian history and Scandinavian art. These three statues represent Odin, Thor and Balder, the three great gods of the mythology of the north, whose memory modern civilization perpetuates in Odin's or Wodin's day (Wednesday), and Thor's day (Thursday).

Scandinavian polytheism presents itself to us under two aspects; the one, allegoric or mythologic; the other, historical; in the one, Odin corresponds to the Jupiter of Grecian mythology, his name sometimes signifying the heavens or the sky, as Jupiter sometimes represented the Aether personified; in the other Odin, the leader of invading conquerors from Asia, becomes King of Scandinavia and High Priest.

In the Odinic polytheism we meet with the Gods and the Giants; the former typifying creative and preserving powers, the latter devas-

tating and destructive powers. The Giants existed prior to the Gods, as chaos, disorder, and darkness preceded creation, order and light; and they dwelt in subterranean darkness, inventing malign influences on man. The Gods inhabited celestial regions, dwelt amid delights, and occupied themselves with beneficial influences.

In a historical aspect, the Giants were the aboriginal inhabitants of Scandinavia, who resisted the introduction into their country of the religion of their invading conquerors. The natives, or Giants, had not yet learned the art of weaving cloth or of tanning hides; they protected themselves from cold by wearing the skins of beasts, and as they did not remove from them the head and horns, this added greatly to their apparent stature and gave them so fierce an appearance, that their enemies ascribed to them the united natures of man and of beast. Such is probably a mode of dress common to all savages, as the first Carthaginian and Phoenician navigators who landed on the British Isles, to introduce commerce there, report that these Islands were inhabited by giants with human bodies and heads of wolf, boar, wild-bull, etc.

The Odinic mythology is preserved to us in two books called the two Eddas, Edda being the Icelandic word signifying great-grandmother or ancestress; it was given by the first compiler, a

Christian native priest born in 1054, to the first of these books known as the Elder Edda, in contradistinction from the younger or prose Edda.

One of the books of the Elder Edda is known as The Sublime Discourse of Odin. It consists of a series of moral maxims reminding one of the Proverbs of Solomon. One of them reads thus: "The foolish man watches all the night and thinks of many things. When the morning comes he is wearied, and his grief still remains with him;" another: "Thy troops shall die, thy friends shall die, and thou thyself shalt die; but a good name shall live forever;" a third: "The best provision the traveler can take with him is wisdom. In a strange place it is worth more than gold." If this last be true, we must have left our wisdom at home, for thus far in our travels we have always found our money our best friend. The mythological portion of the Edda makes Odin the father of man and of the Gods. He created the world by throwing the body of the giant Ymir into the primeval abyss, which abyss was bordered on the north by the region of darkness, and on the south by the region of fire; from the flesh of this giant was created the land, from his blood the sea, from his bones the mountains, from his hair the forests, from his skull the heavens, whose stars are sparks that flew from the southern region of fire, and from his brain the haze and fogs; the latter, by

the way, is no compliment to his clear-headedness. The worms developed from the corrupted flesh of Ymir became that mischievous but skillful race of dwarfs who play so conspicuous a part in Northern mythology. One day, as Odin and his brothers were taking a walk, they met two embryo trees, an ash and an alder. Odin breathed into them the breath of life; his brother gave them intelligence; and the third, blood and a beautiful countenance. Thus were created man and woman, and then began the grand cycle of the destiny of created beings. Afterwards, in a terrible combat between the Giants and the Gods, the world was destroyed and Odin perished.

Valhalla, meaning the chosen hall, was a grand salon in the celestial palace of Odin, where he received the Gods and deified heroes, and spread banquets before them. Warriors who distinguished themselves upon the field of battle, were borne thence by the Valkyries, celestial virgins, and transported to Valhalla; there they were resuscitated, and Eir, the Goddess of Medicine, healed their wounds by pouring upon them the juice of the beet root.

Thor, the God of thunder, was the son of Odin; Balder was also his son, the mother being Frigga, from whom we have Frigga's day, or Friday. She was the goddess of marriage, the Juno of Northern mythology.

Balder was the most beautiful and amiable of beings, beloved by all. The mythology of the North had conceived the idea of life in the world as a struggle between good and evil powers; between the Giants and the Gods. The world was to come to an end by a final combat between the two, in which the Giants should prevail, but so long as Balder the Good lived, they were secure. Dreams prophesy to the latter his approaching destiny, but his mother engages the divinities to unite in demanding of all nature to spare the life of Balder, her son. Odin commands fire and light to do him no harm; Ægir, the Neptune of the North, holds back the sea from assailing him; Freya, the Northern Venus, rules the air, her empire, in his favor; and Frigga controls the earth and all that it brings forth. Only one little fragile plant was forgotten—a branch of mistletoe. Of this Loki, the spirit of Evil and Deceit, engaged the dwarfs to make an arrow, and, placing it in the hands of a blind brother of Balder, who loved him most of all, at a sort of tournament given by the Gods to prove the invulnerability of Balder, the arrow flew and Balder fell dead at its touch. Loki, as punishment for his crime, was chained among the rocks, where, from a serpent suspended over his head, drops of venom continually fall upon his face. Afterwards the earth is destroyed by a sea of fire,

but from its molten waves arises a new earth, over which Balder and his beloved brother, whose hand had shot the fatal arrow, returned to reign in peace, and dwell in the new halls of Odin. A single human pair, saved from the universal destruction, and nourishing themselves with dew, were the founders of the new human race.

Entering the gallery of paintings, one of the first pictures we see represents Thor in combat with the Giants. He is seated in a chariot among clouds and forked lightning; two Giants have already fallen backward before his strength, and he is just in the act of overcoming the third. Opposite this hangs a painting of Loki chained to the rocks, while Sigyn, true to her woman's nature, is trying to catch the drops of venom from the mouth of the serpent coiled on the rock above his head, thus preventing their falling on his face.

A third interesting painting was of Freya, or Love, the Venus of Northern mythology. She is represented as a golden-haired goddess riding in a chariot drawn by two playful kittens, one gray, one yellow, both with white faces, paws and breasts; seven cherubs with gossamer wings nestle around her, follow and fly before in the bright clouds through which her chariot rolls. The husband of Freya was Odur, but when the goddess Iduna, guardian of the apples of immortality, was carried off by one of the Giants, Freya, with all

the other goddesses, lost her youth and beauty, and Odur, disgusted at this change, abandoned her. When by Thor's efforts Iduna was restored to Valhalla, Freya recovered her beauty, but Odur never returned to her. Freya bitterly wept his loss, and *the tears of her constant love were drops of liquid gold*, and she is known as the *Goddess of the Golden Tears*.

The gallery contains over one thousand oil-paintings, some of which are the work of royal hands, of Charles XV. and his son.

In the regalia room of the museum is a curious collection of royal costumes, coronation robes, etc., from the time of Gustavus Vasa to the late king; the different garments kept in glass cases bear the names of the owners, and dates when worn. Some of the dresses are wholly of cloth of silver, flounces, ruffles, etc., of the same material embroidered in flowers and other patterns of silver thread on gold. There are also suits of velvet embroidered all over with the Swedish crown in gold; there are hundreds of such suits of attire both for men and women.

But the most interesting garments of all are those once worn by Charles XII; here are an otter-skin cap and the light brown wig worn by him as a disguise on his return from Turkey, and here is also the complete suit he had on when killed; the rough, much-worn cow-hide boots with

spurs, his stockings, shirt, the long scarf of thin, dark blue silk, which he wore with the ends tied behind; the long blue tight-buttoning military coat, fastened from throat to waist with brass buttons; the leather pouch slung over his shoulders, and the long blue cloak with the mud upon it of his last ride; the three-cornered leather hat turned back with one brass button, with the hole made by the fatal bullet, and the light-colored leather gauntlets stained with his blood as he raised his hand to his forehead after the bullet struck him. In still another room is seen his cradle, his baby-chair, his grandmother's easy-chair, and at last the rough wooden bench on which he died at only thirty-seven years of age; that wonderful man whose brilliant career, begun even in boyhood, a whole world had looked upon with amazement and awe; this General, whom Napoleon took as his model; this unique example in history, with his fabulous exploits and his nine years of victories whose miraculous escapes and preservations seemed indeed, to warrant his confidence in his own destiny and his belief that he bore a charmed life—and yet who at last died, king still, but king of a plague-stricken, impoverished country; one more illustration of the old Grecian maxim, true from the time of Solon even to our own day, "Reckon no man as fortunate until he is dead."

The museum also contains departments illustrating the history of Swedish culture in earlier ages, different halls being devoted respectively to the age of stone, the age of iron, etc. Among modern relics are seen the diploma of Linnæus and some chemical apparatus belonging to the celebrated Swedish chemist, Berzelius. In the regalia room is also the horse ridden by Gustavus Adolphus in the battle in which he was killed.

STOCKHOLM, *September*, 1875.

## XXXII.

UPSALA—ITS UNIVERSITY—CATHEDRAL—MONUMENTS—  
HOME OF LINNÆUS.

**T**HE one national custom which I particularly remarked among the Swedes and Finlanders was the eating of what was called “smörgäsbörd,” that is, partaking of a lunch before sitting down to table. At the entrance to the dining-room in every hotel and on board every steamer, is a side-table furnished with bread, butter, cheese, sardines and other fish preserved in oil, and several kinds of cold meat, not forgetting a good supply of “knackebröd,” a hard-baked, thin and brittle sort of brown bread, made, I should think, of coarse oatmeal, etc. At this table every one as he enters the dining-room stops and takes not merely an appetizing bite, but what I should call a full meal, which he is sure not to forget to moisten with a glass or two of raw brandy or other strong liquor also found upon the table, after which he immediately seats himself at the table and commences his regular meal. I could understand this habit were the tables in Sweden served as I have often found them in other countries, where the

guests are kept waiting half an hour for their soup and twenty minutes after every scanty course. But the Swedes are a nation of good liver, and they allow themselves an abundant and nutritious diet. The Swedish workman, I am told, indulges in five or six meals a day. In Norway we had a peculiar kind of cheese which looked like bär-soap, being of a dark, dingy brown color, and in blocks five or six inches square; this was made of goat's milk.

Of course one could hardly think of coming to Sweden without visiting Upsala; accordingly, one pleasant afternoon we took the cars for the two hours' journey thence by rail, in order to begin with the morning's freshness, the one day we allowed ourselves there. Upsala occupies a beautiful site on both sides of the little stream called the Fyris, and is just hilly and elevated enough for agreeable views. On arriving at our hotel I had again to remark the character of cleanliness everywhere prevalent, but emphatically so in the glistening white boards of the bare floor. To an American who, more than a European, is accustomed to ample carpets, the first impression of such a room is certainly one of bareness, chilliness and insufficient comfort, yet I cannot express the air and shine of purity and cleanliness which such a floor reflects on everything around.

The delicately served breakfast of the next morning almost repaid for the disappointment of

being kept in my room by a cold until the sun had warmed the clear, fresh morning air; its neatness and nicety made it an interlude of luxuriant elegance between the rougher episodes of the traveler's ordinary meals; there was the ever prominent brilliant floor rivaling in whiteness the exquisitely fine linen damask of the table, the bright polished silver, the delicate china, and the morning sun shining through the snow-white muslin drapery of the window upon the crystal pendants of chandelier and candelabra, making the room gay with the changing colors of a prismatic dance. And yet this was a modest little inn in a plain, quiet, country-village-like town, where the traveler would be quite ready to excuse the want of everything but sufficiency of warmth and food.

Upsala is *par excellence* a university city, having at the present time about 1500 students, making one-eighth of its population; its customary studious air of quiet was intensified for us by our visit occurring at the time of the college vacation; nothing can be more complete than the profound, almost sad, silence which reigns around such halls of scholastic fame, and pervades streets, temporarily deserted by professors and students. The University of Upsala was founded 400 years ago, by Stenon Sture the Elder, one of the late Kings by election, who reigned over the United King-

dom of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. This University, like Sweden's other University at Lund, has four departments, viz: theology, law, medicine and philosophy. In past years it has been said that the intellectual character of Upsala offered a direct contrast to that of Stockholm, whose culture leans rather to French literature and science, and where the physical sciences have been illustrated by the great name of Berzelius, while Upsala was said to lean toward what is called German mysticism, and to have rather a poetic and speculative tendency; in short, that Upsala was the center of Swedish conservatism, Stockholm of Swedish radicalism.

Throughout the Kingdom education is obligatory, usually extending from the seventh to the fourteenth year; where parents refuse to comply with this law, the children are taken from them and put to school, the parents being forced to pay their board. To provide for the education of all, there is a peculiar system of ambulatory schools for those districts where the population is sparse and scattered.

One comes to Upsala to see the interesting, not the beautiful, for the latter fails, unless you include the rather pleasing scenery, which, however, is not marked or striking enough to be independent of the season and the weather for its charm. Both these conditions were favorable to

us, and consequently Upsala presented us with a really pretty picture of itself, which I am sure in less perfect weather, and at a less beautiful season, the traveler would fail to receive.

In looking over our rather limited programme for the day, we concluded to begin with the biggest thing first, and thought that by taking hold of the Cathedral, we should have our hands full for about an hour; but we reckoned without our host, or in other words, without the clerk of the Cathedral. As a general thing, in visiting such places, when obliged to accept the services of a guide, we are suspiciously followed or impatiently waited for, and shuffled off as hastily as possible. The old man who shows this Cathedral knows it all by heart (as they all do), but it is rare to meet one who so loves what he knows, and really, once outside the walls again, we found we had derived quite as much pleasure from his enthusiasm as from the gratification of our own sight-hunting curiosity; may a long life be his! for so long as he can enjoy that Cathedral, so long will he be a happy man. When we offered him the customary fee, he actually looked as if he would rather like to pay us for having come.

The Cathedral occupies the site of an old heathen temple, and ancient tradition speaks of its immense size and enormous wealth. The building was commenced six hundred years ago,

but was not finished till one hundred and fifty years later ; it bears the impress, however, of many renovations.

Although truly inspiring in size and unique in character, yet not for the sake of itself do we visit the Cathedral, but for what it contains, for its broken links of chains which hold us to the past of historical development and of scientific commencements. Behind the altar, at the end of the church, which is three hundred and seventy feet in length, is a chapel called the Gustavian Chapel, principally sight-worthy for its central monument in marble, which consists of a catafalque some six or eight feet high, the four corners surmounted by high obelisks. On this catafalque rest three marble statues of life-size, representing Gustavus I., and two of his wives ; his ashes with those of his three wives, moulder in the vault directly beneath. The walls of this chapel, between the windows of painted glass, are covered with a series of seven frescoes painted between forty and fifty years ago, and representing important events in the life of Gustavus. Most of the principal characters are of life-size ; the first represents him asking of a Municipal Council aid against the Danes ; in the second, he is in the disguise of a Dalecarlian peasant ; in the third, he is addressing a company of peasants ; the fourth is a battle scene ; the fifth

is his triumphal entrance into Stockholm ; in the sixth he is being presented with the first Swedish translation of the Bible ; the seventh represents him with his sons at his side, seated on the throne and addressing his parliament.

Gustavus Vasa freed Sweden from the power of Denmark, who, in the union of the three countries, including Norway, had sought to maintain an oppressive supremacy ; it was he who established in Sweden the Lutheran religion, the present religion of the State, and which Bernadotte, Marshall of France, was obliged to embrace in order to ascend the throne of Sweden. Gustavus I. was proclaimed King in the year 1523, and he caused his descendants to be declared hereditary heirs to the crown, which, A. D. 1818, passed to the present family, through Bernadotte, the adopted heir of Charles XIII., the last sovereign of the Vasa family. Bernadotte ascended the throne under the name which he took of Charles John or Charles XIV., of Sweden.

Leaving the Gustavian Chapel, the visitor is shown the treasures of the Cathedral, among which is an ancient image of the heathen God Thor. There are also several golden crowns belonging to past Kings, for this Cathedral was long the coronation place of Swedish sovereigns. Here, too, is a golden chalice with other valuable things, brought from Prague during the thirty

years' war. At the side of the altar is a silver casket or shrine plated with gold, some three or four feet long, which is said to contain the bones of St. Eric, the patron saint of Stockholm, who died in the year 1160. It was he who put an end to the continual wars which had raged between the worshipers of Odin and the Christians, from the time of the first introduction of Christianity into Sweden, about the year 1000. There are many tombs and mural monuments, some of which are 500 years old, but no one will forget to look for the name of Linnæus, who lies buried here; a tablet in the form of an obelisk projecting from a side-wall near the end opposite the altar, bears the name and medallion portrait of Linnæus; a photographer was taking a picture of it during our visit.

Our next walk was to the house and grounds of the former home of the great botanist. There is to-day but little left to connect his memory with the spot. The house is a sort of club-house for students; the garden, by no means an extensive one, is no longer worthy the name; in fact it is overgrown with grass, and used as a sort of beer-garden; there remain a goodly number of trees—poplars, lindens, and acacias—many of which were planted by the hand which has made the spot memorable and worthy of a visit from every one whose heart has ever gladdened at the sight

of a flower; of course there is not a vestige of his floral clock. The house is an inferior little wooden structure at the corner of the garden, and with two sides directly on a line with the dusty walk. In another part of the town is a botanical garden, containing a rich collection of plants from all parts of the world, and in the hall connected with it is a bust of Linnæus.

UPSALA, *September*, 1875.

## XXXIII.

ST. PETERSBURG—MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE CITY  
FROM THE NEVA—BEAUTY OF ARCHITECTURE—  
BRILLIANCY OF COLORING.



*UR* terrible night on the tossing waves of the Gulf of Finland, with its wild, fierce storm, was enough of itself to turn our heads, but when early morning brought us to anchor alongside the renowned stone quays of the Neva, and we looked upon the glorious city before us, we might, indeed, well have doubted if the sight were not an illusive play of our fancy.

I would fain give you an idea of the impression made by this view of St. Petersburg, but better than words would it be could you convert these lines into leaf of gold, and with it cover the space occupied by my description; yet, even then, there would be wanting the beauty of the iris-like play of varied color relieving the golden splendor in which the city is roofed. The first surprise were groups of brightly-burnished, gilded domes, so brilliant that I immediately thought of St. John's vision of that city, which shall need the light neither of the sun nor of the moon, for the glory

of God shall illuminate it; and this comparison becomes more apt when you know that these thickly-set domes mark the site of the multitude of churches, which makes of St. Petersburg a colossal religious temple; nor, at first, does a nearer acquaintance diminish this impression—that religion is one of the strongest characteristics of this capital of the world's great empire; for the number and magnificence beyond conception of its many churches, and the devoutness of the people, are things to be marveled at but never described.

In throwing a general glance over the entire city, there is not spread out over it, as elsewhere, that homely prospect of black roofs or still uglier brown tiles; but, instead, relieving the lavish gold, the city is decked in that soft yellow, so frequent a color in Italy, and which, though golden as sunlight, is yet soft as moonlight, mingled with plentiful patches of delicate blue and delicate green.

Driving from boat to hotel and coming upon a bridge, we saw a most elaborate open shrine, on whose wall, behind its little altar, was a life-size picture of some saint, apparently in brilliant mosaic; the roof and sides of the shrine or miniature temple, were of corresponding beauty. Turning our eyes from this to the river view, they were riveted, as it were, on the scene, until

we were borne beyond it. There, for miles along the broad, open waters of the Neva, are its splendid embankments of hewn stone, the red granite of Finland. Upon these quays are broad carriage drives, along whose side arise far-stretching lines of palaces, vying with each other in beauty, and making the banks of the majestic Neva the victorious rival in architecture of every river in Europe. Every particle of sand that helps build up the shores of the Thames, as it laves the feet of that grand old giant of cities, London, may have its story and may contribute its historical weight; the Seine may borrow, sometimes beauty, but oftener interest, from beautiful Paris, of whom its murmuring waters have sung for centuries, but as a point of beauty neither can offer themselves as rivals to the Neva—a river more beautiful in itself, with its breadth and clearness of waters, than the Thames or the Seine, and flowing as it does between lines of palaces and magnificent buildings, which have only been stayed in their ambitious grandeur by the impossible.

Coming to Russia, the traveler finds his passport and a well filled purse equally necessary. Before landing he must show the former, viséed by the Russian minister resident in whatever country he last comes from; on arriving at the hotel, it must be shown to the landlord, who gives permission to retain it probably for one day, in

order to afford opportunity to visit certain buildings to which a passport is the only card of admission ; it must then be given to the local authorities, from whom it is again received in a few days, the landlord sometimes holding it back when returned, in order to delay your departure from his hotel. On it is written permission, if you have requested it, to travel further in Russia, for any period less than six months ; also, if you have requested it, permission from the Government, to re-cross the Russian borders unmolested, within some short, stated period.

We found ourselves in a hotel on what is called the Nevskoi Prospekt. The centre of all that is lively in St. Petersburg, and the fashionable afternoon drive at this season of the year, it corresponds to the grand boulevards of Paris and to the Regent Street of London, and extends in a straight line for nearly three English miles. Of its magnificence and character we may get a general idea by glancing along its length, where we count, besides bazaars and elegant shops without number, several palaces, one or two theatres, the Imperial Public Library, the Greek Church, the Lutheran Church of St. Peter, the American Church, the Dutch Church, built at a cost of half a million of dollars, the Roman Catholic Church of St. Catherine, which contains the tomb of Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland, the

military escort at whose funeral was led in person by the Emperor Paul of Russia; the Church of Kasan, of which the building alone cost two millions of dollars, and which, in addition to other wealth of like treasure, counts a miraculous image of the Virgin, covered with gold and jewels to the value of eighty thousand dollars; at the end of the line of view, the eye falls upon the Cathedral of St. Isaac, on which twenty millions of dollars have been spent.

The novel picture of gaiety and life which the Prospekt presents constantly allures the traveler to his windows, which he finds are double, while the walls of the house are, on account of the severe climate, necessarily so thick that the window-sill furnishes a wide and spacious seat, which is not left unprovided with warm and comfortable cushions. Our windows looked upon a public square called the Alexandra, the other three sides of which were bounded respectively by the Imperial Public Library, the Theatre Alexandra, and the Palace Anitchkoff. The facade of the library, towards the Square, but not its principal front, is ornamented with eighteen columns, between which are ten large statues of Grecian philosophers; the second side is the Theatre, which presents a beautiful front of columns and statues; the third side is the garden to the Palace. In the centre of the square is a colossal statue of Catherine the

Great, whose magnificent proportions make it rival the surrounding buildings in height; it consists of a circular pedestal crowned by a statue of the Empress, at her feet a circle of figures, colossal also, representing her principal—statesmen or lovers?

The driving in this city of wonders is remarkable. In the first place there are the drojkies, which are mere single seats without back or arms, so small that it is next to impossible for two persons to seat themselves thereon, and two strangers thus seated can always be recognized by each having his arms clasped around the other, there being nothing else to hold to; the driver has a similar seat a little higher and in front. His passengers seated, the driver starts; he is none of your lazy fellows, and having learned that St. Petersburg is a city of magnificent distances, his horse starts, and keeps on, at a good run, and could one but hold on to the drojky with his feet as tightly as he holds to his companion with his arms, one would feel tolerably secure of not falling from his seat. He finds the Nevskoi Prospekt crowded with vehicles, the greater number of them drojkies, all running as fast as his own; now he puts out his hand to turn away a running horse's head within a foot of his own face, and directly his other shoulder wipes the foam from the mouth of another passing horse, and this is done so often that his

outside garment soon looks like a winter landscape ; for observation he has no time, his whole attention being occupied in wondering at the skill with which imminent collisions are dodged, and when at last he becomes used to it, he thinks it the most fascinating driving in the world.

Not only the driving, but the driver's dress and horses' gear, are peculiar. Fastened to the shafts of all vehicles drawn by a single horse, is a hoop bent from one shaft to the other, and rising to the height of three or four feet above the horse's neck ; the check rein is fastened to the top of this hoop. For drays this hoop is larger and heavier, often three inches thick, five inches wide, and painted in bright colors, as a wreath of red roses on a ground of grass-green. In all teams where three or more horses are used they are all harnessed abreast. The private teams are of extreme elegance. While in France there is a majority of white horses, in St. Petersburg the greater number of fine horses are black, and the private carriages are very elegant. The drojky drivers are in uniform, wearing a blue double-breasted, wadded gown, which reaches to the feet ; under this is a sheep-skin skirt, and on the head a hat-shaped covering, with broad, spreading crown, but nearly as low as a cap.

Twice in the early part of the day, I saw a passing funeral. In the first, instead of a hearse,

was a broad platform, covered with a black pall bordered with silver lace, with a few words wrought in the same material inside the border ; it was drawn by four horses whose heads, ears and whole bodies were covered with housings of black cloth, which reached the ground. In the second funeral, the coffin, also on a platform, was upholstered in cloth of silver, and trimmed with many rows of silver fringe, and with silver handles; over this and folded back sufficiently to reveal half the coffin, was thrown a pall falling half-way to the ground ; this pall was of heavy cloth of gold, embroidered with bright flowers, forming immense bouquets. It was a strange sight, and one in keeping with all in this city, sitting here in regal splendor, Queen of the North, and knowing so artfully to conceal her dreary latitude and natural barrenness under lines of beauty, forms of grace, bounty of color, and richness of material to which the vari-colored marbles of her own Siberia bring so large a contribution.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, *October*, 1875.

## XXXIV.

ST. PETERSBURG—THE TOMB OF THE GRAND DUKE  
ALEXANDER NEVSKY—STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT  
—MAGNIFICENT CHURCHES—SURPASSING SPLEN-  
DOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC.

**D**AZZED and dazzled as my own vision is by the reflected rays from roofs of polished gold, by the sheen of silver, the clear light through masses of crystal, and the glitter of precious jewels, I surely may be pardoned for still wondering if St. John himself did not get a little confused in his vision of the coming city, and mix in something of the new city of Peter, that was to be, with the New Jerusalem and its streets of gold, walls of precious stones, and gates of jewels.

Limiting my description of the richness of the Churches of St. Petersburg to one letter, do not suppose that I therein exhaust the subject; on the contrary, I but give a hint for the guidance of the imagination in the filling out of the whole picture.

Let us first take a glance into the monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky. The whole property is enclosed by a stone wall, within which are fine and well-kept grounds, spacious lawns, and long avenues of trees carefully trimmed, so that those of each avenue are always uniform in size. No less than six churches are within the enclosure, where are also separate buildings for the residence of the monks, for the ecclesiastical academy, for the seminary, the preparatory school, etc. In one of these six churches are the tombs of the sister, sister-in-law, and one son of Peter the Great, as well as other royal sepulchres; to another of the six churches there is yearly a solemn procession from the Church of Kasan, several miles distant, and during several reigns it was the custom for the Empress of Russia to accompany, on foot, the procession, the whole distance.

But the principal church within the monastery grounds is called the Cathedral of the Trinity, and is remarkable for containing the tomb of the Grand Duke Alexander Nevsky, who is said to have been the hero of a remarkable victory gained over the Danes, Livonians and Swedes in the year 1241. In 1724, Peter the Great had his bones transferred to the church he had built to receive them. They were brought here part of the way by land, then transferred to a boat built

for the purpose, and in this the great Emperor stationed himself at the helm, while the eight highest officers of his empire took the oars and rowed. At the landing the funeral cortege was received by the royal family and all the great of the land, and the holy relics were deposited in their mausoleum amid reverberating peals of cannon. The space allotted to this sacred deposit is at the right of the altar. Of the church itself, I will only say that all is in rich harmony with the sainted warrior's sepulchral paraphernalia. The tomb itself is a catafalque with canopy above, and is all of silver, of which metal three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds were used for the casket and canopy alone.

The silver canopy above the catafalque is supported by silver angels, equal in size to full-grown men; they hold silver trumpets garlanded with flowers of silver. Partly covering the casket is a veil of satin and rich lace, on which is embroidered in diamonds and pearls the face and name of the hero. This was the gift of the Empress Catherine the Great. On fête days, a gold lamp with a pendent tassel of diamonds and pearls is suspended from the canopy. Against the wall is a tent of silver, while around are ranged suits of arms, and other warlike accouterments, and all these, too, as well as the interspersed candelabra, are of silver, of which three

thousand six hundred pounds have been used in their manufacture. Yet, this bounteous display of precious metal does not exceed in amount that employed in the embellishment of many churches here, as for instance that of Our Lady of Kasan, where the whole *ikonostas* is of silver while in its center sparkles the name of the Almighty, written wholly in precious jewels; before the *ikonostas* stand four immense candelabra of silver, and the steps leading to it are of polished jasper.

All Greek churches are built in the form of a cross, the eastern arm of which is separated from the rest of the edifice by a very high screen which is called the *ikonostas*. The space behind it is set apart for the priests and into it no *woman*, not even the wife of the Emperor, may enter. The *ikonostas* conceals a throne-like altar, under which, and extending towards the screen, is a sacred carpet on which, although for some special ceremonies it is sometimes carried to the centre of the church, no foot but that of a priest may ever step. During service the folding doors of the *ikonostas* are at intervals open, and at intervals closed. In the Church of Our Lady of Kasan, the balustrades of the *ikonostas*, the doors, the arches rising twenty feet above the altar, the door-frames, the picture-frames—all is of the finest silver, whose

surface reflects, in dazzling brilliancy, the light of a thousand tapers burning before it.

But perhaps no building in the world, or at least none west of India, can, for its size, compare in cost with the Cathedral of St. Isaac. In the first place, to make its foundation, a forest of pines had to be sunk in the swampy soil, at the expense of a million of dollars. Its location is advantageous, as it occupies a wide, open space, surrounded by palaces and parks.

From one portico you look on the public square, where stands the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, representing him curbing his rearing steed on the precipitous edge of the immense irregular rock, which forms its pedestal. Before him rolls the majestic Neva, while his right hand points to the proud city he created, and whose most remarkable buildings rise within sight. The Cathedral overlooks the Palace of the Admiralty, whose front is five hundred feet in length, and composed of columns, statues, and allegoric groups emblematic of Russia's greatness. From its center rises a very high and graceful spire, and its open grounds extend from the Neva on one side, to the grand avenue of the Nevskoi Prospekt, on the other.

The Cathedral of St. Isaac is, as is customary, in the form of a Greek cross, but differs from many of the buildings here in the comparative

somberness of its exterior, which is wholly of rich, dark marble, stone and bronze, with the exception of its five cupolas covered with copper and plated with gold. From the center of the roof rises a rotunda supported by thirty immense pillars of polished granite and surmounted by a cupola crowned by a beautiful shining cross, discernible at a great distance, while four smaller cupolas rise from the four angles of the roof. The Cathedral has four grand portals of entrance, one on each side. The broad landing under the portico and the steps ascending to it are of polished dark red granite; the wide, deep porticoes are supported by columns sixty feet high and seven feet in diameter, each column consisting of but one single piece of stone with base and capital of bronze; two of the porticoes have each sixteen of these columns, each of the other two have eight; wide and high folding-doors open directly from the porticoes into the main body of the building; they are of wrought metal, divided into panels, and represent, I should think, the whole Bible history. Outside, half-way up the rotunda that supports the main cupola, is a circle of twenty-four winged angels, and, including these, there are upwards of one hundred colossal bronze figures; but magnificent as all this is from gilded dome to marble base, the eye is chiefly conscious

of grandeur of proportion and beauty of outline only. Entering the interior in vain the eye searches for a square inch of surface, mean or unornamental; rich paintings, rare marble, precious stones, gold and silver—naught else to be seen; the walls, where not covered with frescoes, are of beautiful marble of different varieties.

The immense dome is frescoed above with a colossal representation of the Virgin. At her side is St. John, while the rest of the space is filled with the patron saints of the imperial family. Below is a circle of twelve windows, between which are frescoes representing the twelve apostles; still lower, painted on canvas, are the evangelists; and still again, at the base of the cupola, four grand pictures representing the passion of Christ, the kiss of Judas, *Ecce Homo*, the scourging and the carrying of the cross.

All these you see as you look up into the dome, but there are many others frescoed on the walls, on canvas, and here and there resting on gilded pedestals, and all of wonderful beauty. This you will believe when told that no picture or statue has been allowed admittance here without having first received the approval of the Holy Synod of Russia, and afterwards being subjected to the severest criticism of the Academy of Arts, in order that no picture which is not a masterpiece might find place in Russia's grandest temple of worship.

There are some two hundred statues inside the Cathedral, and these have cost over half a million of dollars. Some are in mosaic, others are of metal plated with gold while the hands and faces are painted on a flat surface, the effect of this being very fine.

The *ikonostas* occupies the whole of one side of the church; it comprises three altars, the center and principal one being dedicated to St. Isaac, that at the right to St. Catherine, that at the left to St. Alexander Nevsky. A gilded railing at the head of the steps leading to it separates the broad platform in front of the *ikonostas* from the main floor. This platform is two hundred and twenty-six feet long and is made of large slabs of polished porphyry. In front of the *ikonostas* is a remarkable range of columns extending the whole width of the church. They are ten in number, eight being of malachite and the two central ones of lapis lazuli. The malachite columns are thirty feet high and two and a half feet in diameter. The columns of lapis lazuli measure fourteen feet in height by two feet in diameter. The pedestals of these ten columns are in white marble with gilded moldings and panels of the same material as the columns.

The altars and the chapels which contain them are principally of white Carrara marble, but this is embedded in, and overlaid with malachite, lapis

lazuli, mosaic paintings, and gilded bronze; and the astonished eye looks almost with incredulity upon what itself sees, and instead of doubting the cost of twenty millions of dollars, wonders that twenty millions could have paid for it. All the articles used in the service of the altar are in solid gold and silver; for one set of these over eighty pounds of solid gold was used, and the handiwork alone cost nearly fifteen thousand dollars in addition. There is also a spoon made from an agate, the handle being of diamonds. There are candelabra, vessels for holy water, etc., twenty-six articles in all, whose weight in pure silver is two thousand two hundred and seventy-nine pounds, and on which the labor alone has cost one hundred thousand dollars. There are also two other sets in which three thousand three hundred and seventy-seven pounds of pure silver have been used, and on which the labor has cost over fifty thousand dollars. On the main floor of the building is a tomb of Christ, to construct which five hundred pounds of pure silver was used, and fifteen thousand dollars paid for the labor.

I attended divine service in this Cathedral on a Sunday. The place was crowded to its utmost capacity and all were standing, for not even the Emperor may seat himself in the Holy Temple. Here, God's Temple, like God's religion, is free

to all; and in this land of aristocrats, the mean, the low and the dirty stand side by side and crowd closely against the rich and the proud as they pray and worship together. At several different places, before certain images, was a circular table for the burning of little cheap tapers, which could hardly have cost a copek, the smallest Russian coin—a little less in value than the American cent. Frequently some child or grown person would elbow his way through the crowd and offer his candle, which was immediately lighted if there was room; if not, it was laid by to be burned in its turn. The whole congregation was most devout and attentive. I have often heard of muscular Christianity, but I never saw it so thoroughly put into practice and worship as by a rough, dark-whiskered, and long-haired Russian at my side; he had a little more space in front of him than most of the others and through the whole of the long service he was continually bending his head down to his knees, and vigorously crossing himself, repeating now and then a few words. As I looked at him, and observed also the general air of devotion all around me, I began to think that perhaps we travelers were the only wicked people in Russia. There is one wonderful painted window in this Cathedral, and at a certain part of the service, the gilt-bronze doors of the *ikonostas*, twenty-three feet in

height, which have heretofore remained closed, are rolled back, and, as they open, the window suddenly reveals its colossal picture of Christ ascending among clouds, one hand stretched out as in benediction, the other pointing upward; the effect is overwhelming.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, *October*, 1875.

## XXXV.

## ST. PETERSBURG—INTERIOR OF WINTER PALACE.



*NE* of the sights of St. Petersburg, in the absence of the Imperial family, is the Winter Palace, and this seen, the traveler begins to think that the Churches of St. Petersburg have not exhausted the wealth of the Empire, but are a fitting introduction to the magnificence of its palaces. The Winter Palace, with its front seven hundred feet long, directly faces the grand Neva at the point of its greatest width. The Neva, before emptying into the Gulf of Finland, divides into several branches, and is known as the Great Neva and the Little Neva.

We were admitted to the Palace through a side entrance, a long and lofty arch, elaborate with curious sculpture and designs, which led us under a semi-circular wall, into an immense open space lying between the semi-circular building and the Palace. In the centre of this open space rises the remarkable monument erected to Alexander I. This is of red granite, and its shaft is a monolith eighty-four feet in height. It is surmounted by an

angel and a cross, and the whole, from base to pinnacle, measures over one hundred and fifty feet in height. It is guarded night and day by grenadiers, who have distinguished themselves by some military exploit.

Within the Palace one becomes so confused by its extent, by the immense number of its rooms, and by the brilliant magnificence, that he carries away but an uncertain picture of marble halls, ceilings covered with wondrous paintings, pillars of precious marbles with gilded base and capital, walls hung with the richest damasks, all making a royal and fitting abode for the ruler of the greatest empire in the world.

The Imperial Saloon, also called the Saloon of Nicolas, is spacious enough to contain fifteen hundred persons; it is lighted by twelve immense chandeliers of crystal, which, on fête occasions, blaze with five thousand candles; at both ends are buffets reaching to the ceiling, on which are ranged gold and silver plates, some as much as two feet in diameter, and all displaying marvelous skill of workmanship. In this hall each sovereign, after his coronation, receives deputations from his various provinces, who come to express their fealty, as an emblem whereof each presents him with a piece of black bread and a pinch of salt, offered upon these rich, gold, and silver salvers, brought by them and left here. Adjoining is

another smaller hall ornamented with statues ; in this, the Emperor at Easter receives certain peasants, from near and far, each of whom has been selected by the peasants of certain districts, and sent by them to congratulate their ruler. Here the mighty potentate receives them, embracing and kissing each one.

In the Saloon of Peter, the most remarkable thing is a large painting behind the throne ; it represents the dream of Peter the night before the battle of Pultowa. Peter is sleeping, and the Angel of Victory is seen descending toward him bearing in her hand a wreath and crown. The room has its walls covered with crimson velvet, embroidered in gold thread, the pattern being the Imperial escutcheon surrounded by a wreath of laurel. Below the velvet a white marble dado extends around the room. At the side of the room opposite to the throne are two tables of solid silver. Around the room stand six high silver candelabra ; six more are fastened to the walls, and chandeliers of silver are suspended from the ceiling.

The Saloon of Esculchias has its ceiling supported by one hundred and four gilded pillars ; a gilded gallery surrounds it, and it is lighted by twelve gilded chandeliers. The hall of St. George has similar decorations of marble and gilding ; the throne is gilded, and ten immense chandeliers of

crystal light this banqueting-hall, where the Grand Dukes always celebrate their coming of age.

The Golden Saloon has its doors and all its wood-work gilded, and its walls and ceilings are heavily ornamented with gold. Over the mantel is inserted a long panel of mosaic work, representing an Italian landscape. This panel has a value of thirty thousand dollars. The room is furnished with crimson draperies, and contains mosaic tables, vases several feet high of malachite, of jasper, etc.; a beautiful fire-screen consisting of one large plate of crimson glass standing in a gilt bronze frame; marble statues and candelabra of lapis-lazuli, and much other elegant furniture. This, we were told, was the saloon of the late Empress, mother of the present Emperor.

The malachite hall has its walls ornamented with sixteen malachite pillars reaching from floor to ceiling; two malachite marble mantel-pieces and malachite vases. The doors and trimmings of the room are gilded. One room has remarkable doors, each of which, we are told, cost four thousand rubles, equal to three thousand dollars. They are of rosewood, inlaid with the wood of the palm tree, and the panels are ornamented with paintings on porcelain; another room communicates with the adjoining apartments by several sets of folding-doors covered with tortoise-

shell inlaid with a fine pattern in gold, and each pair of these doors cost twelve thousand dollars. In still another room each panel of the doors bears a large oval medallion of imitation cameo, made at the manufactory of Sevres, near Paris. In one room is a marble mantel with panels of mosaic, bordered with lapis-lazuli ; another has a mantel of white marble and lapis-lazuli. A very valuable mosaic table, its top representing eight separate Italian landscapes, was, we were told, the gift of Garibaldi to one of the Grand Duchesses. A massive silver mantel-set, of clock and vases curiously and heavily wrought, together with the central chandelier in the room, we were also told, was presented by the City of London to the Emperor of Russia, at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars.

Hall after hall and gallery after gallery is filled with paintings of historical interest ; the Gallery of the Field Marshals, with battle scenes and full-length, life-size portraits of great Russian Generals ; elsewhere, other pictures perpetuating the memory of remarkable and momentous incidents of war. The Romanoff Gallery contains the portraits of all the sovereigns of the present ruling dynasty, and also those of their wives ; many of the sovereigns are represented by several pictures taken at different periods of their lives. So we wander on through an almost

endless range of imperial halls and all the items we can carry away in our memory seem but a few scattered crumbs from an overflowing banquet, better fitted for the pleasure and amusement of a month than of a day.

But we have yet to take a peep into the private apartments of the Imperial family, which if not equal to the state apartments, are nevertheless extremely rich, and many of them have their walls covered with heavy damasked silk in various colors. In the general sitting-room of the Empress and her ladies, of whom I judge from the number of chairs and tables she has enough, Her Majesty's seat is on a raised platform separated by a railing from the rest of the room; the walls are of crimson satin, and there are a number of beautiful pictures; but the chief thing I noticed here were tall folding screens of exquisite workmanship, illustrating, in colored glass, miniature scenes of royal story. The walls of the sleeping-rooms of the now Duchess of Edinburgh were, like the drapery and furniture, of pearl-colored brocaded silk; from this room we passed into her boudoir, with walls and furniture of white silk wrought with bouquets of bright flowers; both rooms had arched ceilings frescoed in delicate but cheerful colors. Beyond was the bath-room belonging to this suite of apartments; it was solely lighted by mosaic windows of rich-colored

glass. Between the windows was a marble mantel of exceeding beauty and workmanship, and before the grate a fire-screen of crimson glass in gilt frame and very heavy. On the opposite side of the room was the marble bath-tub partly sunk in the floor. Behind the bath the wall was one wide, high mirror; the ceiling overhead was an arched dome, not, however, with smooth carved surface, but hanging in scalloped stalactites of stucco. These stalactites were of various delicate colors, their edges shining with a slight line of gilding. The side walls of the room were covered to correspond with the ceiling overhead, and the thick, soft carpet harmonized with roof and ceiling. There was but little furniture, save a table, sofa, and a couple of chairs in a small alcove. These were white and covered with pale blue silk. I could not help wondering if the fair young girl for whom all this had been arranged might not sometimes, in her far-away English home, be homesick for familiar surroundings.

The last room visited was in the upper story, and contained the Imperial jewels, a wonderful, rare, and extensive collection; they were guarded by two armed soldiers, and two keepers. They are arranged in show cases on tables extending half-way around the room. In the first compartment were mostly diamonds, among which was a

diamond necklace, whose value we were told is so great that I actually dislike to repeat it, and will only say that it was several millions of dollars. It is a circlet of twenty-two large diamonds, with fifteen pendants, each a rare jewel. Here are also jewels arranged in the form of trimmings, ready to be applied to dresses, shoes, head-dresses, etc. In the second case was a large collection of black diamonds to be worn as court mourning, emeralds, pearls, diamonds, and an assortment of fans to match whatever jewels might be selected for wear. In the third compartment the collection was more mixed, consisting of almost every jewel known, sapphires, rubies, garnets, opals, etc., but few diamonds. In the centre of the room stand two glass cases, one containing the Emperor's crown, scepter, and the globe he holds in his hand, the other containing the crown of the Empress. The scepter is surmounted by the largest diamond in Europe, and one of the most beautiful. It weighs over eight carats more than the English Kohinoor weighed before it was cut, but its color is less pure. It is known in England as the Effingham diamond, and here as the Orloff diamond, from its having been presented to the Empress Catharine the Great by the famous Count Orloff; its owner had previously offered it for sale to the Empress who would not consent to his terms. The history of the diamond

has been remarkable, but is not accurately known. It was, most probably, the eye of an idol of Seringham in East India (Seringham having become Effingham), and was stolen from the temple. The keeper told us it was first smuggled into Russia by its owner, who made an incision in his leg sufficiently deep to slip it within and thus conceal it. The globe held in the hand of the Emperor at his coronation is of gold surmounted by a large sapphire and a diamond. The crown is mitre-shaped, around the head is a bandeau of twenty-eight large diamonds; the partings consist of arcs composed of rows of diamonds and pearls, between which are leaves of silver filigree, the whole surmounted by a cross of five large diamonds resting upon one of the most remarkable rubies in the world. This ruby is polished but of irregular shape, never having being cut. The crown of the Empress is of diamonds and pearls. It is said that no other ornament in the world presents such a collection of diamonds of color so pure and so free from flaw, while the pearls are equally choice and rare.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, *October, 1875.*

## XXXVI.

ST. PETERSBURG—DEVOUTNESS OF THE PEOPLE—TEA  
DRINKING AND SMOKING—IMPERIAL MUSEUM OF THE  
GREAT CATHERINE—FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND  
ST. PAUL—ROYAL TOMBS.

 *NE* of the strongest impressions made upon the visitor to St. Petersburg arises from the religious habits of the people, and of these habits one single day in its streets will give a better idea than much reading. Besides the shrines at frequent intervals by the wayside, each church is also a shrine, and even the busiest driver or teamster seldom forgets to uncover his head and cross himself at every church he passes, and before which he is sure to see brother-believers kneeling on the ground in worship ; while the larger number of foot passengers pay the same reverent recognition to the other shrines, frequently stopping and either prostrating themselves on the ground before the shrine or slowly three times bowing the body nearly to the ground, three times crossing themselves and repeating a prayer, then proceeding on

their way, only again at every succeeding shrine to at least uncover their heads and make the sign of the cross.

The Summer Garden, like some other of the public parks, at its principal entrance has its shrine, too, with a life-size, complete figure of its saint in brilliant mosaic on golden background ; and at every railway station the waiting-room has its rich shrine with lighted candles and swinging lamp, only a slight railing separating from the surrounding turmoil a little space for the prayerful devotee who does not, like some foreign travelers, forget in his journeying to take his religion along with him.

One result of railroad communication and much travel is the gradual blotting out of national costumes, and here the middle and upper classes are dressed in the prevailing European styles of the day ; yet in the streets I see carriages rolling along whose occupants wear bright colored turbans and long wadded robes of flowered silk, while the gay-colored dress of peasant-looking people lights up the streets with picturesque effect. I look from my window on a group all equally gaily dressed, one of whom wears a white skirt trimmed with red bands, a scarlet apron, bright blue sack, and orange-colored kerchief on her head. At my side in St. Isaac's Church during the Sunday service, stood a woman

with dress and small round cape of light blue merino trimmed with silver lace, a hat of the same material thickly dotted with silver spangles, and apron of white muslin; and in the street I saw another dress of exactly the same material and fashion, but the color was bright scarlet and the trimming of gold lace and gold spangles.

The market of St. Petersburg is one of the most luxurious in the world, a fact one wonders at on reflecting that all edibles must be brought from immense distances, arriving here from almost every point of the compass, by sledge, by rail, by water, and by caravan, bringing fish from the far northern seas, Mediterranean fruits and camel-loads of Asia's teas. Perhaps it is because it were useless to bring so far anything but the best, that nothing but the best is seen here. It would seem, too, from the prices demanded, that the Petersburger is not a stranger to that spirit of lavish extravagance which characterized California in her earliest days; and when one sees apples marked at one ruble (about seventy-five cents) apiece, it is because the people are determined to have at any cost whatever pleases the palate. Evidently when the Great Peter founded this City he knew it was for a people who would manage to help themselves wherever he put them.

One of the peculiarities of a Russian city is its tea-houses, corresponding to the beer-gardens of

Germany, and the drinking-saloon of our own country, although the Russian drinks deep enough of strong spirits besides. Other refreshments such as cakes, bread, cheese, etc., may also be obtained in these places, but tea is usually the only refreshment demanded; a company seat themselves around a table on which is placed a large and generously filled tea-pot, and talk over their affairs and gossip, drinking cup after cup. It is said that a Russian can drink more than a dozen cups of tea at one sitting. The Russian takes neither milk nor cream in his tea, but prefers to float therein delicate slices of lemon. Smoking, too, is a favorite habit with the Russian, as I had learned even before finding myself seated at a restaurant-table opposite a man who, with a cigar in one hand and a fork in the other, refreshed himself with alternate morsels of food and puffs at his cigar. I also met a young, accomplished and elegant Moscow lady, who besides smoking in her own room, always joined her husband in his after-dinner cigarette smoked at the table.

It will not be doubted that the traveler here finds his expenses by no means small. Although there are countries where he may indulge in the caprice of avoiding his countrymen if he love himself and his own pursuits better than his fellow-men and theirs, he will have to pay dearly

for it in a country like this where he needs to be able to use his own tongue, as well as that of preceding travelers. Every landlord here has a way of making every guest feel comfortable up to the last moment of presenting his bill. Most hotels advertise dinners at one ruble and two rubles; there is but little difference between the two and both are excellent; of course, the "innocent abroad" supposes he is having his other meals at a corresponding figure, until his bill is presented, and he finds himself charged at the rate of from two to three rubles for every simple breakfast of a chop, tea and bread, and in addition other items accordingly. In fact there is but one cheap thing in St. Petersburg, and that is drojky-driving, and for a few copecks you can drive in one of these single-seated, topless vehicles as fast and as far as any Christian ought to go.

Adjoining the Winter Palace of the Emperor, is a building known by every body here as the Hermitage, and which is, in fact, the National Imperial Museum. The first building on this site was a little house erected by Catherine the Great, and here she used to withdraw from the confusion of the palace, and spend quiet hours with chosen friends. Hence, it was called the Hermitage, and the name has been transferred to the present building. Like everything else in this splendid

capital, this, too, is a wonder of art and magnificence. It has a front of five hundred and fifteen feet, by a depth of three hundred and seventy-five feet, inclosing two courts; it is constructed wholly of granite and marble of different kinds, and is covered by an iron roof. Its only woodwork is an occasional inlaid floor. The outer walls are beautified by multitudinous columns and countless statues. Within, the stairs are of white Carrara marble, the ceilings supported by elegant marble columns of various colors, the walls covered with rich paper, silk, or of marble, and most of the floors of inlaid marbles. These rich and various stones are brought from near, and from far distant, provinces, and it is only here that one can form a conception of their beauty and variety; they make of the building, aside from its contents, a national exposition of Russia's subterranean treasure. Where everything is on so grand a scale, I need hardly say that great sums have been expended to secure rare paintings, and the whole collection is one of the most extensive in Europe.

One wanders through hall after hall, and gallery after gallery of paintings, till it seems as if there were no end. Every hall of pictures contains at least two large vases, averaging from six to eight feet in height, of stones, whose colors I could hardly give, much less their names. Besides

these there were usually two or three smaller vases at one side, on elegant tables, each of the latter being some rare specimen of mosaic or other work. Many of the rooms were furnished with sofas for visitors, and these, with royal lavishness, were left with all their beauty unprotected from dust and sunlight. The wood-work of these was usually entirely covered with gilding; the cushioned seats, with rich silk. There was an endless succession of halls thus furnished: the floors of tessellated marble, ceilings of rich frescoes, walls covered with silk and hung with choice pictures, and a far reaching line of vases of rare materials and graceful forms. In one room, containing principally pictures by Murillo, the ceiling overhead is elaborate in color and stucco; the walls crimson, furniture crimson and gold, and in the centre of the room are two tables of lapis-lazuli, in size six or eight feet long, by some four feet wide, and two high vases of the same material, and corresponding dimensions. The adjoining hall contains principally the brighter-hued pictures of Raphael. It is almost a copy of the Murillo room, except that the vases and tables of the same size, are of malachite. The catalogue of paintings contains over fifteen hundred numbers, and there is besides a gallery of sculpture and other collections.

But one of the most interesting departments of

the Hermitage is the Gallery of Peter the Great. This is devoted almost wholly to objects connected with his memory. His image, dressed in the costume of his day, is seated in the centre of the room, while around him are the tools with which he himself worked; the iron cane he usually carried, and which I found very heavy to lift; statuettes, and casts of his face; the stuffed bodies of the horse he rode, and of his favorite dogs; his books, mathematical instruments, and countless other things.

No one will willingly leave St. Petersburg without seeing its Fortress, but that, not for its fortification, but because it encloses the Chapel where are buried all the rulers of Russia, with but one exception, from Peter the Great to our own day. Driving within the gate as far as was allowed, our driver motioned for us to alight and proceed on foot. At a little distance an ascending walk led up under an arched gateway, across which was extended a line of clothes to dry, leading to a fortified embankment, promising a fine view. My companion walked on to enjoy this, while I remained behind. Soon an alarm was raised, soldiers ran, an officer appeared, the eyes of all were directed to the audacious stranger, and it was evident that either he or the Fortress was in danger of being taken. I approached the officer and endeavored to explain; the stranger

was a perfectly harmless individual ; we admired St. Petersburg very much, but we had really no desire to take its Citadel ; had no room for it in our carpet bags, and should'nt know what to do with it if we did, being Americans. "Americanski! Americanski!" interrupted the hitherto glum-looking officer, bowing most politely, and cordially smiling, and the stern officer was lost in the hospitable host. Soldiers were dispersed in every direction, for some one who could speak English, but the most any of the summoned could do in English was to shake his head ; finally, one was selected to accompany us, and was evidently told to take us everywhere and explain everything ; the latter he did in pure Russian, which, of course, was most edifying to us, and the former he did so thoroughly, that before we got through we concluded that the Fortress of St. Petersburg, or of St. Peter and St. Paul, as it is called, was as extensive as all Russia. Besides all kinds of cannon, modern and ancient, and general arms of war, were many things connected with the personal history of Russian rulers, particularly with Peter the Great and Catherine, there being several splendid life-size portraits of the latter at different periods of her life.

At last we came to the Chapel which may be called the Russian Royal Mausoleum. Its exterior is not imposing ; it measures two hundred and ten

feet in length, by ninety-eight in width, its walls being fifty-eight feet in height, and these dimensions are dwarfed by comparison with the surrounding fortifications; but its most remarkable feature, exteriorly, is a slender, graceful spire which had attracted our attention during our whole stay in St. Petersburg, and which rises twenty-six feet higher than the cross of the celebrated St. Paul's of London. The tombs within are all alike; plain blocks of marble some six feet long, three feet wide and high, each enclosed by a gilded railing, and bearing only a sunken golden inscription of a cross, and the name by which the moldering dust below once ruled this, the modern world's largest empire. Over one tomb hang the keys of fortresses taken by the valiant warrior lying below in abject submission to a greater than he; over another droops battle flags, and still again the diamond betrothal-ring of another sparkles in the light of the never-extinguished memorial lamp swinging over a neighboring tomb. The present Emperor has inherited none of the aristocratic tendencies of his ancestors, and subjects here will tell you of the shabby coat and ink-stained cuffs in which he may be often seen driving out for recreation from his assiduous labors. A few years ago he lost his oldest son, who was said to be like his father, the people's friend and lover, while the present heir apparent is said to be an aristocrat

without sympathy in the present Emperor's efforts for the elevation and freedom of the common people. Nothing can be more touching, more accurately descriptive of the spot, than the following from Hepworth Dixon's "Russia."

"Meantime the reforming Emperor holds his course, a lonely man much crossed by care, much tried by family afflictions, much enduring in his public life. One dark December day, two Englishmen hail a boat on the Neva brink and push out rapidly through the bars of ice towards that grim Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which lie buried under marble slab and golden cross, the Emperors and Empresses since Peter the Great. As they pushed onward they observed the watermen drop their oars and doff their caps, and, looking around, they see the Imperial barge impelled by twenty rowers. The Emperor sits in that barge alone, an officer stands at his side, the helmsman directs the rowers how to pull, saluting as he glides past their boat. The Emperor jumps to land, and muffling his loose gray coat about his neck, steps hastily toward the church. No one goes with him. Trying the front door of that sombre church, he finds it locked, and strides quickly to a second door, beckoning to a man in plain clothes to admit him. The door is quickly opened, and the lord of seventy millions walks into the church that is to be his final

home. The English visitors are near. 'Wait for an instant,' says the man in plain clothes, 'the Emperor is within, but step into the porch, he will not keep you long.' The porch is separated from the church by glass doors only, and the visitors look upon the scene within. Long aisles and columns stretch and rise before them. Flags and trophies won in a hundred battles adorn the walls, and here and there a silver lamp burns fitfully in front of a pictured saint. Between the columns stand in white sepulchral rows the Imperial tombs, a weird and ghastly scene, gleaming in that red and sombre light. Alone, his cap drawn tightly on his brow, and muffled in his loose gray coat, the Emperor passes from slab to slab, now pausing an instant, as if conning an inscription on a stone, now crossing the nave, absorbed and bent. The dead are all around him—Peter, Catherine, Paul, fierce warriors, tender women, innocent babes; and overhead, the dust and glory of a hundred wars. What brings him hither in this wintry dusk? The weight of life? The love of death? He stops, unbonnets, kneels—at the foot of his mother's tomb! Once more he pauses, kneels—kneels a long time as if in prayer; then, rising, kisses the golden cross; *that* slab is the tomb of his eldest son. A moment later he is gone."

Gone—but how few the years ere once more he

is to come, lonelier still, but *this* time, alas! the door stands open to receive him—this time he visits but one tomb, his own, and it is the prayers of others that rise, the tears of others that fall, over his shattered body torn by assassin-ball of Nihilist.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, *October*, 1875.

## XXXVII.

A ROYAL CELEBRATION IN BERLIN—THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND HIS COURT—THE CHAPEL OF THE OLD SCHLOSS.

**T**O-DAY, the first Sunday following the anniversary of the Coronation of the King of Prussia and present Emperor of Germany has occurred a general celebration by all the different orders of nobility and of merit, from the highest to the lowest in the Empire. The celebration, commencing by a religious service in the Old Schloss or Castle, was to be participated in by all who have received the Decoration of any Order, and by no one else.

The service took place in the Chapel of the Schloss; this Chapel is situated on the upper floor under the dome, and although apparently neither so large nor so high as it is, it must be capacious enough to hold at least two thousand persons. Its ceiling is a high dome frescoed in gold and in medallion paintings, there being of the latter three rows at some distance, one above the other, and in each row twenty-four medallions, of course diminishing in size, those of the upper

circle being from three to four feet in diameter, and representing two heads of winged cherubs looking downwards from out the clouds. The circle below the dome is divided at equal distances by statues, twenty-four in number; below these again are twenty-four arched windows. Still below the latter is the gallery with gilded balustrade, greatly elevated above the main floor. A broad band above the circular gallery and another below it recite to the eye the words of the Beatitudes of the Holy Scriptures. In this gallery were placed the few spectators admitted, and also the musicians, and from it they looked down upon a sea of gold, of silver, and of brilliant colors, made by the rich uniforms, regalia, scarfs and jewels of this thronged assembly, including both nobles and commoners by birth, whom Imperial honors distinguish from the ranks of the people.

The main body of the Chapel is also circular; the curve of its wall being broken by four equidistant semi-circular alcoves and the whole covered with frescoes of biblical or sacred pictures, or with mosaic of marble.

The altar is furnished with a gilded baldachin, or pointed canopy, supported by four columns of Egyptian marble, bright orange and white in color. Behind the altar is a cross several feet in height, set with real jewels selected by one of the late Kings from his own collection. From the centre

of the dome is suspended an immense crystal chandelier, and following the circle of the wall, at equal distances, are twelve candelabra supported by twelve slender marble columns, the latter having been excavated from the ruins of Pompeii.

Before the altar is a broad unoccupied space on each side of which are seats forming lines at right-angles with the altar. These seats at the left of the altar, as we stand facing it, are arm-chairs, in number about eighty, and are to be occupied by the Court; those opposite are ordinary chairs. The first chair at the left and nearest the altar, is the Emperor's seat; directly opposite this and at the right of the altar is Bismarck's chair, which to-day, however, Bismarck being absent, was occupied by the venerable Field-Marshal Von Wrangel, an old man nearly ninety years of age, wearing a complete uniform of white with trimmings of gold. Next to him was seated Von Moltke, whose slender and wrinkled face might betoken a plain and simple character, but I surmise his heart yet hides in strong life a full portion of military pride.

For more than an hour we stood, and waited, and gazed, as wave after wave of glitter and of color agitated the shining surface upon which we looked down. So elaborate were most of the costumes with embroidery in gold, with bands of gold and of silver lace, added to shining epaulets,

scarfs and sashes of various colors, that their ground colors could scarcely be distinguished. An officer on guard near the door, wore a uniform of white cloth, with cuirass of scarlet, while a solid star made of narrow silver braid completely covered the breast. There were ambassadors representing all the splendor of their respective Courts and Monarchs; there were honored heroes of battle-fields, whose names are known world-wide; and there were still other heroes whose banner is Science, whose causè is Progress, whose weapons are the sharp poignard of intellectual insight, the two-edged sword of studied thought, and who, the vanguard of the intellect of our century, have received, for their brave service, Imperial honors. There was the Rector of Berlin's University, with long circular cloak of purple velvet, heavy with embroidery in thread of gold; there were University Professors in plain suit of black, the breast decked with one or more honors; Professors of Medicine, too, those other heroes who fight, not to destroy, but to save, whose standard, following ever in the wake of the Warrior's Banner of Death, bears the motto, "*Life and Victory.*" In our republican country the position of the medical man is a one-sided one; he gives orders, but does not receive them; here we have the old rule of give and take—order for order—and one or two breasts were so covered

with decorations as to suggest that his Imperial Majesty had conferred one for every bitter pill administered, while the scarf so gracefully worn over the shoulder seemed emblematic of the surgeon's bandage, and the sword at the side suggested the surgeon's knife in this military nation.

As we were observing all this display and appreciating its significance, our attention was attracted to one of the officers, who, carrying burning incense, walked slowly thrice around the triangle of chairs reserved for the Court, and then passed with it down the stairway that Royalty was to ascend. An interval, and then the Master of Ceremonies, Count———, knocked on the floor with his silver-headed mace, and suddenly the whole assembly stood in hushed, respectful silence to receive Wilhelm I., Emperor of Germany, and his Court. The Emperor enters with slow and stately step, the arm of the Empress in his; a few steps within the door they stop, then greet with a single bow and courtesy, slight but respectful, the standing assembly.

The Emperor, although in his seventy-ninth year, looks not more than sixty, and his step has the firmness, if not the elasticity of that of a younger man. Surely one must believe that simple habits, freedom from dissipation, out-of-door exercise, and not too much study, have been

the rules of his life. Yet, Time, who brought him one crown, took from him a fairer one, so that in vain he tries to cover his baldness with a few straggling hairs. To-day he wears a dark uniform trimmed with gold; across the shoulders the yellow sash of the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest Order in the Empire; conspicuous on his breast hangs a small iron cross, the insignia of an Order founded in 1813, by Friedrich-Wilhelm III., and revived by the present Emperor in 1870, as an honorary reward for distinguished bravery in the battles of the Franco-Prussian war; he has modestly conferred this on himself. The Emperor has one of those faces which we call good-natured, and which means, I surmise, good-natured so long as he has his own way, for he is a determined-looking old fellow withal, and has a sturdy will of his own, which I am sure he as little relishes to have opposed as would you or I ours, were we Emperors.

The Empress Augusta, is a sickly, miserable-looking woman, whom all the resources of art fail to make look either healthy or happy. On her head is a double diadem of diamonds magnificently brilliant as becomes her station; her head-dress in addition consists of white ostrich-plumes which fasten a long veil of soft lace falling behind. Over her shoulders she wears a deep ermine cape which she does not remove, but at the throat escape the

pendants of a necklace matching in magnificence the diamonds of her diadem; her dress is of white satin, trimmed with a delicate, soft, golden lace; she wears a train some four yards in length, of a deep, scarlet velvet, embroidered with golden crowns of some half-dozen inches in dimension, and with black eagles; the sides and bottom of the train are finished with a band of ermine. The train of the Empress, as also that of every one of the six ladies of the Imperial family, is carried by two pages, one at each corner, who raise it about a foot from the ground, thus revealing the ordinary train of the skirt beneath. The dozen pages are from fourteen to sixteen years of age and are all dressed alike, in white stockings and white knee-breeches with silver garters, scarlet coats trimmed with silver lace, and muslin cravats that fall over the breast in long, broad ends of soft lace; after their ladies are seated they form themselves in a group at one corner, looking like a cluster of scarlet and white geranium blossoms.

Behind the Emperor and Empress follow the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess. The former is a tall, straight, soldierly-seeming man, who looks as if he had plenty of good, hard, practical sense; his complexion, more fair than dark, is somewhat browned as that of a soldier should be; his dress is similar to that of the Emperor.

One who could see beauty in the Crown Princess must be blindly loyal; yet I have heard Englishwomen enthusiastic upon the charm in her face and in her eyes; to me her coarse complexion and cold, red, bare arms were anything but charming; yet her solitary example of declining the cosmetic use of paint and enamel so disgustingly conspicuous that day among the ladies of the Court, commanded respect and bespoke character. The Crown Princess wore dress and train of velvet, apple-green in color and trimmed with ermine; a small ermine collar covered the neck; she also wore a diadem of diamonds and head-dress of white ostrich-plumes confining a veil of glistening lace.

Next followed the Princess Carl and her pages; her dress was a white satin skirt with waist and train of dark crimson velvet, elaborately and heavily embroidered and bordered in gold; a sparkling necklace of brilliants sufficed as protection to her low-dressed shoulders, while her veil of golden lace was fastened with tinted ostrich-plumes.

The Prince and Princess Friedrich Carl, who followed next, were son and daughter-in-law of the preceding. The Princess's waist and train of bright blue velvet worn over a skirt of white satin, was relieved with embroidery of silver and pearls; her diadem was of diamonds and pearls,

with necklace like a liquid stream of light and blaze. These were followed by two young ladies, their daughters, dressed alike, in blue and white, each with her pages, and in their dress the national corn-flower blossomed among the jewels they wore.

It was very interesting to see how skillfully the pages arranged the trains when the ladies seated themselves; that of the Empress was dexterously laid in folds over her arm-chair, thus falling around her as she sat. For the other ladies, the train was drawn to one side as each sank in her chair, and then brought forward and spread out upon the floor before her, and as the wearers sat in line these trains formed a magnificent carpet reaching half across the wide space in front of the altar.

Directly behind these already mentioned were seated the eldest son of the Crown Prince, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, four Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, and, still behind, other nobles who had arrived from different parts of Germany to attend these festivities; the remaining seats were occupied by the ladies of the Court, among whom was so little beauty that the Goddess of Discord would never have thrown into their midst her golden apple with its inscription, "Let the fairest take me."

After all were seated the church service was

performed, six clergymen assisting, chant, prayer and sermon failing not.

Let us hope that when, finally, Heaven calls her roll of nobility, all these of to-day may respond with jewels as bright, with honors as well earned, with titles as secure, as those displayed on this occasion.

At the close of the religious ceremonies the royal and noble company adjourned to a colossal banquet awaiting them in the most splendid halls of the castle.

BERLIN, *January* 1, 1876.

## XXXVIII.

ALEXANDRIA—EGYPTIAN WOMEN—COSTUMES—  
STREET SCENES.

*J*UST four days and nights on one of the Messagerie's finest Mediterranean steamers between Naples and Alexandria. Long unaccustomed to the sea, the first half of this time has numbered one hundred and twenty seconds to a minute, one hundred and twenty minutes to an hour, and each separately noted and counted; the other two days were like those sunny, Summer days of the long ago, that drew their slow length so dreamily, so lazily along, such as we all remember, and such as I had been told I should find lying around loose everywhere in staid old Europe, and which for the past two years I have looked for in vain, finding them at last only as we glide smoothly over the blue waters of the Mediterranean far towards the traveler's Orient, as were those other days they mirror far away towards life's Orient.

As we have made the most direct voyage between the two ports our course has been in mid-sea, with no view of land except an occasional

dim outline in the horizon, and our eyes are fresh and keen for the first view of the city of the great Macedonian, of the land of Cleopatra.

Behind a glistening snow-white breakwater, stretching out its long protecting arm of stone, lies the spacious harbor of Alexandria alive with boats and shipping; the light-houses and large government-buildings loom forth in equal whiteness, while beyond spreads out the large, level, white-looking sunny and bright city of Alexandria. An obliging fellow-traveler, resident in Alexandria, points out to me Pompey's Pillar. I thank him, only to find out afterward that my eyes had made a mistake, and I had exhausted my enthusiasm over a brand-new tower-like chimney to a modern factory.

The steamer comes to anchor at a quarter of a mile from the shore, and for our dozen passengers—a small company on account of the lateness of the season—suddenly and in an instant the deck swarms with a hundred dragomen, who have rushed on board from their boats; their large, loose trousers, some of white cotton, some of colored woolen stuff matching the jacket, look like the full skirt of a woman, with the extremities of its width gathered with some fullness around each ankle, while the intermediate width of cloth is sufficient to allow of a very long stride; the broad, bright sash wound at least twice around

the waist, the wide ends hanging gracefully at the side, the close-fitting, red Turkish cap, and the white cloth wound turban-like around the outside of it, transform the whole in an instant into an Eastern picture, as if it were the sudden shifting on the stage of a theatre from an English scene on board ship to the midst of an Oriental city. These men push each other and quarrel, as a dozen at a time surround and assail a single passenger, and the very tolerable English and French with which they accost the voyagers, mingle with the strange sounds of their native language as they dispute and threaten each other, each asserting priority of claim to the stranger; and we find ourselves speechless, helpless and almost in despair, as stunned and amused as the transformation of scene has been sudden and novel.

At last we descend the ship's ladder into a boat from which we have first to expel some three or four Arabs who declare we have hired them all to take our luggage on shore; landing, our honest dragoman demands now double the fare for which he agreed to take us—just as he will demand it from you, my friend, about to follow in our footsteps, and which we peaceably paid, as you, my friend, may as well do, too. The officer examining our trunk gets a peep at a brown terra-cotta figure of the withered face of Seneca and accuses us of trying to smuggle a mummy through the

Custom-house, as if we had not already in our lives carried too many coals to Newcastle to begin now to carry mummies to Egypt; unrolling the statuette he laughs and is satisfied, and we pass, freed from Egyptian duties, into the full liberty of Egyptian life.

It is very well to talk of the picturesqueness of life in Southern Europe and in the East; it *is* so, especially in the East, but *how* picturesque no one can imagine till he sees it, nor fully appreciate till he returns again to the comparatively tame monotony of dress, and buildings, and customs, of our civilization. But though picturesque, it becomes almost equally disgusting, and, first or last, you are sure to long to see laboring people well clad, clean markets and thrifty-looking dwellings and shops, and to thank God, who made the Orient for these, that He did not forget to make the Occident for us.

Scorning the thought of devoting our first hours in this novel land to so commonplace an object as seeking a hotel, from the Custom-house we start immediately for a stroll through the streets.

The poet and his song have perhaps associated a poetic illusion with the veiled women of the East; nothing could be more prosaic and unillusive than they really are. Their outside garment is generally of a dingy dark-blue or black, loose and shapeless; the head is covered by a black or dark-

colored piece of cloth, falling loosely over the neck behind, and partially covering the forehead. The prominent feature of their dress is a round, spiral-like ornament of gold, silver or wood ; it is about two inches long and as large round as one's finger, reaches from the middle of the forehead to the middle of the nose, and serves to attach the veil to the covering of the head. The veil is of thick black stuff, silk or cotton, and extends just under the eyes way across the face, where it mingles with other wrappings near the ears, while in length it falls nearly to the feet and is pointed in shape ; there are also here and there, veils of thick white muslin. The veil, I am told, is not worn in their homes, but only when the women are in danger of being looked upon by Christians, or perhaps when the Christians are in danger of seeing them ; I am not sure at this moment on which side the danger is. Later in the day a good-natured man, whose sidewalk restaurant we were glad to patronize, that we might continue drinking with our thirsty eyes while feeding our hungry mouths, said to us : " There's a good many of the women who wear the veil to show their husbands how good they are, but they associate with Christians all the same." He also said that the woman who is able to sport a ring in her nose is the envy of all her female friends ; and that a Pasha came down from Cairo

last week, bringing with him sixty-three carriages full of wives, about two hundred and fifty in all, to his Summer palaces near the sea.

The bright reddish stain of the *henna*, with which the finger-nails are universally colored, we first observe as one Arab lights his cigar by that of another; then our eyes are attracted to the tall, upright figures and regular features of men wearing a long, loose, white cotton dress, falling open to the waist, fully revealing the whole breadth of chest, the wide sleeves open and flowing, turbaned head and bright-red shoes. There is every variety of combination of color in this gay panorama of strange costumes, which grows in picturesqueness even in the very observing of it; wide blue trousers, with shirt of broad stripes of red and white, and stately-looking men in long, loose gowns of sky-blue, wide flowing sleeves, white turbans and perhaps white beards on their dark brown skins. There is every colored skin here but white; the faces are for the most part thin, with fine and regular features and an expression of keen intelligence, all of which combine to convey an impression of refinement. There are, too, not a few black faces. I thought I had seen blacks in America, but I was mistaken; ebony is almost brown in comparison with these, but there is a total absence of the animal features that we connect

with the negro race; their eyes are wonderfully beautiful; the lashes and lids manage to conceal the ugly contrasting white, and their brilliant light, like the sparkle of some strange jewel, is nevertheless gentle as it twinkles like a bright star and beams with intelligence. With fine and delicate features the effect is wonderful, dressed as they are in a simple, loose gown and turban, both as perfectly white as themselves are perfectly black; in fact I find them very handsome, and I remember that the heathen god Memnon had his surpassing beauty enhanced by its rare blackness, and the story of Othello and Desdemona does not seem so utterly absurd after all.

In the streets there are no great signs of industry or activity, and it seems as strange as everything else to be in danger of stepping upon the bodies of sleeping men, who have lain down to sleep wherever they happened to be—on the sidewalk, in the public square, sometimes in the shade, sometimes in the burning sunshine, lying scattered around the sandy streets in slumber at midday. For vehicles we see English carriages and horses, but evidently rather for wealthy residents and the use of travelers; some camels with their burdens, but everywhere little bits of donkeys with big men in loose trousers astride of them, the saddle built up to a considerable height, while as every Jack has his Gill, so every donkey has his

donkey-boy who runs behind, whipping or rather hitting him continually with a good-sized cudgel, the blows falling on the flesh ever raw from continued beating. I have found out now the meaning of the horrible unearthly sound of the donkeys' bray; all over the world they are echoing the complaint of the Eastern donkeys' woe, cudgeled from one century to another, cudgeled by Arab, cudgeled by Bedouin, cudgeled by Nubian, cudgeled by Egyptian, cudgeled by Turk, cudgeled by Copt, Mussulman and heathen—are these wounds ever to cry to heaven unheard?

So much have we seen and heard in something less than a half-day in Alexandria. All Egypt is before us, and we are athirst with the traveler's feverish longing for the beyond; we accordingly drive to the railroad station, having concluded to finish our first day in Egypt with a six-hours' journey to Cairo. As we take our luggage a sly Arab smuggles himself along with it. Arrived at a station, he claims a fee. He has done nothing and we have nothing for him to do, but his persistence is so great and our efforts to rid ourselves of him so ineffectual that our only choice seems to be between giving him a franc or keeping him till death doth us part, and so we naturally accede at last to his demand.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, *March*, 1876.

## XXXIX.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO—HAPPY BEGGARS—  
FEMALE WATER-CARRIERS—VILLAGES OF MUD HUTS  
—A MOSLEM BURYING GROUND.

*T* is not during the first twenty-four hours in Egypt that one remembers that even change of scene may become monotonous; here all the enthusiasm of the fresh and unspoiled traveler returns, and eye and ear awake to keenest observation and revel and delight in a new world and a new people. There are railroad stations more elegant than those at Alexandria, where the naked earth well trodden down is the only carpet, except in the ladies' waiting-room, where there is a plank floor; divans, too, extend around this room, covered with bright colored cloth and upholstered with cushions, but with seats as high or higher than an ordinary table; I tried to climb up on one of them to rest but gave it up as too much labor for the result.

The railway carriages are rather rough, but comfortable, and the wheels are so low that we are on a level with the crowds of natives who flock

around the windows at every stopping-place. These natives are in every degree of scant clothing, filth, and wretchedness, yet, with the exception of some sick beggars, they look generally so happy, as to make us doubt if there be a careworn countenance in Egypt. Many offer, at the windows of the cars, refreshments, which are heads of lettuce and salad, necessarily somewhat wilted, or stunted green vines just pulled from the earth, and bearing a sort of bean much eaten here, or lemons and oranges, generally carried upon the head in low, large, round baskets, for it is as easy and natural for these people thus to balance a load upon their upright graceful figures, as for us to carry a bundle in the hand. When the basket is smaller an extra supply is stowed away next to the skin, inside the single garment which they wear, and, as neither the wearer nor the garment is very clean, and, moreover, as it is hot, sweating weather, our appetite for this beautiful reddish-golden fruit, as extraordinary in size as in color, is somewhat diminished. The Egyptian seems always to carry his food about his person, and from this same sort of pocket or receptacle formed by a dexterous twist of the garment, one sees him take out his bread when hungry, or thrust it therein when hunger is satisfied. Besides this there is plenty of water offered, by girls who nicely balance upon the head the

ever graceful water-jar of the country, the same which you find on your toilet-table, on your dinner-table, and carried on the head of water-carriers from the fountains in the streets; it is of common, porous pottery, which is said to keep the water very cool, and is always of the same bulb-like shape, round, with a long narrow neck. On the railway you must of course drink, if you drink at all, directly from the water-jar; fastidiousness not being a grace of Egyptian origin.

At some of the minor halting-places few others than flocks of children are seen; the very soil here teems with them; wherever you stop, though it be but for an instant, they swarm around you as if they had sprung up in a moment from amidst the sand at your feet, showing the happiest, merriest, children's faces I have ever seen. Their spirits have evidently never been plagued out of them by the training of the school-room, nor checked by the rules of propriety, nor cramped within-doors in rainy weather. As you look at their elastic movements and see their careless merriment you feel that there is a very full meaning to the expression, "the freedom of a child of the desert," and it would be a treat indeed to look at the gladness of their faces were it less often obscured by dirt, or more seldom rendered repulsive by sore eyes, upon which sores you often see scores of flies on one single face. Of course at

every station we hear little but repeated and continued cries for "backsheesh," which the new-comer might be almost sorry not to hear; for so frequently does the word occur in the tales of travelers that to me Egypt without its backsheesh would be almost as disappointing as Egypt without its Pyramids. But the children apparently cry for it as much in sport as in earnest, and when we laugh and repeat the word after them they take it as a frolic, and finally run after the train in great glee to pick up the lumps of sugar we throw to them at parting.

We pass many small villages of mud huts; these have the appearance of lumpy hillocks, or as if within an irregular mound of clay cubical rooms, a few feet square, had been shaped; a single group of palm trees usually spreads its broad branches high above the united roofs, and women and children are seen sitting on the ground outside the doors.

As we travel on, the car reserved for foreigners, in which we are seated, becomes monotonous, and I long for a peep into the one behind filled with natives; so I cautiously draw near to the open door, and steal a glance over a surface of mingled white turbans, scarlet fezes, and other gay and gaudy colors, and my eye falls upon one native seated just before me, whose head is enwrapped in the ample folds of a brimstone-colored scarf

with border of red and blue and who wears a loose flowing garment of the same hues. But my sacrilegious gaze is abruptly rebuked by the unappreciative conductor who makes himself into an "envious wall" unfeeling as that which separated Pyramus from Thisbe, and so shuts from my eyes this paradisaical vision, and from those soul-gifted Mohammedans, the sight of my unhallowed face. I wait for him to withdraw, but his patience is as persistent as mine, and I at last retire to the seat I left, just in time to see a long train of camels slowly plodding along the highway, and, from then, the sight of these awkward creatures awkwardly grazing in field and by road-side becomes more and more common.

The country between Alexandria and Cairo is a wide plain. The extensive and cultivated fields of the Valley of the Nile stretch out on either side; sheep, donkeys, and a few oxen are seen grazing thereon; here and there the white gleam of a tent; tall palm-trees, scattered or in groups, wave their long leaves; the loose trousers, blue or white, of the laborers in the fields spread themselves to their full width, sail-like, in the breeze, and the more sombre hue of the women's garments bespeaks their presence, too. Half-way between Alexandria and Cairo we come for the first time within sight of the Nile, which the rail-

road crosses on a long bridge; the river, now low, muddy, and ruffled by a strong breeze, looks rough and ugly.

Just beyond this bridge we stop at a station. In an open shed-like building we see, for the first time, a Mussulman at his devotions. The Mussulman knows that his God demands clean hands of him who prays for a clean heart, and he never omits his ablutions before prayer. For this man a servant holds a water-jar, from which he pours water into the hands of his master who washes with it hands, face, arms, and then, putting off his shoes, his feet. With feet still uncovered, he walks to a carpet of matting lying on the ground quite near, turns his face in the direction of Mecca and falls upon the ground in prayer; again he stands erect, again kneels, each time touching his forehead to the ground, and thus, several times alternately prostrate and erect, and at the end standing and turning his head to the right and to the left, which motion I have been told signifies looking for Satan whom he now challenges to approach, he thus concludes his prayer, puts on his shoes and walks away.

Here too, I remark for the first time the Eastern salutation, whose grace and elegance make it worthy of perpetuation through all time. Two acquaintances meeting, touch hands without clasping or shaking them; then bowing, the one

lays his right hand first on his heart, then on his lips, and thence on his forehead, then turns and walks away with a grace equaled only by that of his salutation. I have been told that the significance of these motions is, first, the offering of the devotion of a sincere heart; next the words of the mouth in his service; and thirdly, the sacrifice of his head if heart or tongue prove treacherous. As we travel on by-and-by the railroad skirts a Moslem burying-ground, and such you should see would you have an impression of a barrenness beside which the desert looks fertile, an image of absolute death, with no suggestion of further life of spirit or of matter, hopeless as eternity is long, and petrifying your spirit as you gaze. There is not one blade of grass, nor a flower, tree or shrub; no memorial wreath, no ornament, however tawdry, symbol of remembrance and affection of surviving friend; no beautiful design in marble; no gracefully outlined stone to mask the ugly skeleton of death; no reverent or loving inscription;—all that you see is a wide field baked under the burning sun, with no color, of earth or stone, but the dead gray of ashes.

The tombs, which are a low pile of stone and mortar, from either end of which rises a low, rough-hewn, upright stone, look as if the great army and “innumerable procession” of the dead had indeed here pitched their everlasting tents in

an eternal desert, where Death has built himself a fitting throne upon this ashy, livid, colorless plain. In the near distance we discern the minaret of a neighboring mosque, and, beyond, a lonely palm-tree lifts its broad leaves high toward heaven, as if its solitary color were seeking sympathy with the blue above.

It is late in the evening when we at last arrive in Cairo. There are plenty of carriages in waiting, from which we select an open barouche, with driver in long white night-gown, and as we roll along the road we look upwards with admiring gaze to the wonderfully bright stars sparkling through the transparent veil of Egypt's brilliant sky of night, and we are hardly conscious of fatigue as the day draws to a close—our first day in the land of the sacred ancient Past, in the land where Pharaoh ruled, where Moses was born—the land to which the babe Christ fled for refuge.

CAIRO, EGYPT, *March*, 1876.

## XL.

## CAIRO—HOTELS—PYRAMIDS—VISIT TO A BEDOUIN'S HOME.

 *UR* first morning in Cairo awoke us refreshed for sight-seeing by our few days of sea-travel, and excited, rather than wearied, by the strange impressions of the previous day—our first in Egypt. We had yesterday opened our eyes so widely at so many novel sights that to-day we had but an ordinary stare for the few un-European features of our hotel; for the waiter at table—a Greek in Christian costume to which was added the universally-worn scarlet fez with black tassel; for the chamber-maid man—an Egyptian in scant costume of white cotton, shirt and loose trousers, the latter reaching a little below his knees, showing the dark-brown, stockingless legs, and feet thrust into gay-colored leather slippers; for the Arab—the carrier of water and blacker of boots, in costume almost too slight for description.

There are three principal hotels for European travelers in Cairo; the Hotel Abbat, which we have selected, stands directly upon one of the wide thoroughfares to be found in the outer part

of the city, and here we can spend the hotter hours of the day at the windows, looking down upon a moving panorama of Egyptian life. This avenue is the principal drive leading to the gardens of the Palace of Shubrah, to which gardens the fashionable world of Cairo daily drives in the afternoon; not a day that we do not see one or more of the wives of the Khedive, each with her separate *suite* and equipage, driving in that direction; they are always dressed, as if for an evening ball, in brightest colored silk robes over which fall, veil-like, in ample folds, transparent silken tissues embroidered in gold or silver; their carriages are preceded and followed by outriders on horse and outrunners on foot.

The New Hotel, situated on the same avenue as the Hotel Abbat, is remarkable for its palatial beauty and its grand dimensions, but this one stands back from the road in the midst of a beautiful garden with majestic tropical trees; it is approached from the street through a pavilion wholly open at the sides, its broad, shading roof supported by a large number of slender, graceful pillars.

The best known hotel and the favorite of travelers is the Hotel of the Nile, the only objection to be offered to it is, perhaps, that its location is rather too remote from the principal haunts of the stranger, yet the approach to it,

markedly characteristic of the city, winds through the narrow and crowded labyrinth of the streets of Cairo. Once arrived at this hotel, you find yourself shut off from all the busy, crowded life through which you have passed in your approach to it ; the central court around which it is built, is a luxuriant tropical garden into which you may step from your own room, and under the shade of whose living roof of graceful, lofty palms you may breakfast or dine ; or there you may recline in delightful, luxuriant languor, so captivated and so filled with the sentiment of the place and the scene, that European life seems like the remembrance of a far-back dream, our distant homes like unreal phantoms, and the world itself so wide, that the imagination can scarcely compass it.

I cannot imagine it being a question with anyone what he shall do with his first day in Cairo. What to do ? with the Pyramids in sight, and, by a drive of less than two hours, within touch of the hand ! Our party of four is just enough for an open barouche ; accompanied by the native guide or dragoman, whose services are indispensable to every stranger here, and whom, at a certain sum per day, we engage to serve our whole party during the time we remain here, we start, after an early breakfast, to visit these Giants of the Desert, almost since the beginning of historic time the ever-recurring theme of the traveler's pen.

Although it is very late in the season, so late that travel hitherward has stopped and tourists already here have been driven away and frightened away by the heat, yet, to-day, a cool breeze so tempers the sun's rays as not only to render a winter dress comfortable, but also the addition of a woolen shawl advisable and almost necessary. Even from the broad outlying avenues of Cairo itself, we have a view of the Pyramids, breaking with their unmistakable outlines the desert-hued horizon. Small as they look at this distance yet are they unmistakably themselves, and were one brought here from the antipodes and in a state of unconsciousness, he would immediately exclaim on opening his eyes, "I behold the Pyramids." The road is excellent, having been made the best possible on the occasion of the visit of Eugenie when Empress of the French; it is shaded for long distances by double lines of acacias, which grow here very large; a thickly-growing reed, nearly eight or ten feet in height, skirts the road in many places, and, as we cross the bridge over the Nile, we look up and down along its rush-lined banks and question for the spot where

"Pharaoh's fair daughter,  
Went down to the water  
To bathe, at the close of the day,"

and found the celebrated rushian, Moses; but whatever we see, we still keep our eyes on the

wonderful monuments beyond, growing in size and in interest with every step that we advance.

Besides our dragoman—whose name is Tolbah and who always replies to the ladies with “yes, sir,” and “no, sir,”—there is the driver and the *sais* or outrunner ; our calculations were, however, founded in ignorance when we expected to be left to the assistance of these three only. Within some two miles from the Pyramids a figure suddenly arises from the field at the road-side and, running by the side of our carriage, accosts us. His skin is dark brown, I might say like that of the negro were he not so different from that race as we know it; he is a very handsome man, tall, straight, and elegant, a rich man, too, our guide tells us; his features are fine and regular with no line of grossness; his dark eye, keen and quick as a flying arrow, yet with a pleasant and friendly expression revealing the brightness of a smile twinkling in its corners and hid in its depths, can never be described nor be compared with any other eye, yet, whoever has once seen it will never forget it: this is a Bedouin, a true child of the desert. His dress is a wrap of white cotton muslin, hanging around his body in many loose folds. Soon he is joined by others, all of whom offer their services as guides to the Pyramids, to none of whom, however, do we pay any attention. We are interested in the first one, and, conversing

with him, he tells us about his wife, his family, and his child, and points out to us his home yonder in the field. The horses are going at a rapid trot, yet he keeps ever at our side without abating his running pace for an instant, and talking all the time with no perceptible want of breath; nay, more—he even obliges us with a song, and if we do not discover much melody in it, I yet doubt if a skillful artist in music would do better during a rapid and unbroken run of two miles or more. The name of this Bedouin is Abdallah.

Within half a mile of the Pyramids the road becomes steep and sandy and we are now obliged to alight from the carriage and walk. One by one, Arab after Arab has joined us, and we find it impossible to rid ourselves of their services. Each of my arms is grasped and I am half-lifted from the ground as they try to assist me through the yielding sand, while they but render my walk more tiresome by their rapid gait. If I shake off one set I am immediately grasped or grabbed by another two, and, finally, by the time we arrive at the first Pyramid we are in the midst of a small army of upwards of a hundred of half-naked Arabs, each mingling, in imperfect French and English, the offer of his personal service, or of some little specimen of his wares, as a bit of pottery in the form of a mummy, etc., with the

strange accents of their native tongue as they dispute among themselves. We hardly know whether they are in concord or in conflict, so great is the confusion, but we remember that "forty centuries are looking down upon us" and we try to be equal to the occasion.

At last we stand at the very base of Cheops, the Great Pyramid of Gizah, and look up its slanting side to the height of more than five hundred feet. We do not all agree in its effect upon us, but the general impression leans towards disappointment in the appreciation of its magnitude. I hardly share in this feeling, for my reading of the experience of others has thoroughly prepared me to see the pyramid of my imagination dwarf when seen in reality; still, as we gaze, still does the wonder grow, and the giant proportions unfold minute by minute, more and more, filling out with reality the continually expanding power of perception.

We give our first and longest observation to the largest of the four Pyramids around us; the stone which once covered it, making of its surfaces smooth inclined planes, has long since disappeared, and, as we now see them, each is, as it were, a pyramid of stairs with steps from three to six feet in height, of rough masonry, rising from base to central apex.

A quarter of a mile distant, the Sphinx lifts its

head from the desert plain, and to it we next plod our way through the sand, always in the midst of an army of Bedouins, who leave us no peace for our thoughts, no freedom for our steps. Eye and thought are rapidly educating themselves to the objects of our view, and the Sphinx is either more impressive in itself, or is better appreciated at first sight, than even Cheops. It takes us so long to walk from the side-view of its face to a front view, and thence around to the other side-view, that we thereby somewhat measure its size; and, as we gaze up to its colossal features, we wonder, so gigantic are its proportions, whether the skill of a human race has indeed carved its own image from this mountain of rock, or whether the all-powerful hand of Nature, in love with man's face divine, may not have attempted an imperishable image thereof, confiding its care to the giant beast below; in its somewhat mutilated features, something superhuman, something supernatural, something mysterious like life, seems to lurk, and the familiar words run through the mind, "The Sphinx sleeps, when will she awake?"

Near by is the Temple of the Sphinx, with its walls of alabaster. There are also the other Pyramids with gradually diminishing proportions, and the Tombs of the Kings, mammoth sepulchre-chambers, down into whose wide extent we look

from a surrounding circle of hills of sand from which they have been excavated; these tombs form a solid square of roofless chambers, separated or joined by thick walls of stone.

We retrace our steps to the first Pyramid, but there is no opportunity for the quiet contemplation one so longs for. "Will you let us take you up the Pyramid?" is the cry of fifty Arabs pressing around us. "No, we will not!" "Will you go into the Pyramids?" "No, no!" "Will you pay this man to go up the Pyramid for you—he will do it, and down again, in eight minutes?" "This one, he will do it in nine—this one in ten?" We would like to hire the whole body of them and pay them for the length of time taken instead of its shortness; but we tell them to select one whom they please, who is to bring to each of us a stone from the summit, and we make up a little purse for him. Soon his black body with scant white clothing is seen mounting from step to step, with a rapidity almost rivaling the flight of a bird, and his diminished size as he approaches the apex, gives us a better idea than aught else of its height. In just nine minutes from the time of starting he stands again at its base, his breathing hardly disturbed by this great feat of rapid and difficult climbing.

The sand of the desert beneath the mid-day sun is scorching us with its heat, and we turn

Cairo-ward. Now the Arabs rain their cries for backsheesh; they press into the carriage; they block its wheels and wholly impede the horses; we give, and give, but in their love of money they are thoroughly civilized. Finally, our dragoman cries "enough" to us, the driver whips his horses which make a way for themselves, while a dozen, or thereabouts, of Arabs still run by our side, keeping up with the running pace of the team and demanding additional backsheesh. This is, however, a sort of legitimate business, a band of them paying the Government for the exclusive right of serving visitors at the Pyramids and of levying a tax upon them, while they allow no one near but members of their own band. Abdallah, whose name signifies *servant of God*, still stays by us.

Our companions are an intelligent and interesting lady from the northernmost part of Scotland, and her niece; the former fancies she would like to visit the Bedouin's home and family; she tells him so and he is rather pleased. We ask permission for the one gentleman of our party to accompany us, but it is not for a male Christian to enter within the sanctity of an Arab's family circle; still the request is repeated, and Abdallah, hesitating, fixes upon the gentleman such a keen, scrutinizing gaze, that it were half worth coming to Egypt to witness; the result of

the examination is favorable and the invitation is extended to the gentleman likewise. But we find that to reach the house it is necessary to ford a stream; the gentleman declines to be carried across, and, much as I admire the beauty of our host, that is to be, I do not care about clasping my arms around his neck while being carried through the stream upon the shoulders of himself and an associate son of the desert. We two, therefore, remain in the carriage and watch the safe depositing of the two ladies upon the opposite bank; we follow them with our eyes as they take a path through a field of tall barley, our carriage keeping abreast of them till, having advanced on the road about half a mile, we see them arrive at the little cluster of mud huts under a group of palm trees, towards which their steps have been leading them. Arrived there they find that messengers announcing their coming have evidently been sent on in advance, for a group of women are squatted on the floor, and waiting to receive them; there is the wife, the mother-in-law, the uncle, there are several women, and children with the usual fly-covered sore eyes. The house being hot and smoky, with no aperture except the door, our friends suggest it would be pleasant to sit under the trees; and there questions are freely asked and answered on both sides, and rings, necklaces, bracelets and other jewelry are

brought out, shown, and even offered for sale if the ladies desire them. "But why have they left their husband in the carriage?" "Because his favorite wife is there and he thinks more of her than of any of his other wives; he does not like to have her carried across the stream and does not like to leave her." But the women want very much to see the other wife, and Abdallah is sent half a mile to us, with a pressing invitation and assurance of safety; but here the water is much deeper than at the fording-place further back; to keep his clothing dry Abdallah himself must now be carried on the shoulders of two men who wade through the water up to their waists, and so the hospitable invitation is again declined by us.

Meanwhile, coffee is made for our friends and served to them in Arab style, in tiny cups held in wrought brass or gilded holders; at last making presents of money to the children who doubtless expected it—for the Egyptian child cries for backsheesh as soon as it is born—adieu is spoken, thanks for hospitality given and received, and our companions return to us who, with some uneasiness, watch their transit across the stream.

Abdallah, notwithstanding our rejection of his hospitality, brings to us in the carriage a small pot of fresh-made coffee and cups to drink from; at parting he promises a visit at our hotel;

whether the visit be rendered or not, we shall always remember Abdallah, our Bedouin friend of the Plains of Gizah.

As our returning carriage rolls smoothly along, the shadow of the immense monuments we have visited still projects itself into our thoughts, creating there a mental twilight filled with the monumental ghosts of a great, mysterious Past.

CAIRO, EGYPT, *March*, 1876.

## XLI.

HELIOPOLIS—MARY'S WELL—OBELISK OF OUSERTAN—  
DRAGOMAN—SAIS.

**T**O students of ancient history, to lovers of its philosophers, the very word Heliopolis has an inappreciable charm ; the City of the Sun—that is, the feeder of life—as this city was, indeed, the mental nurse, the school-room of the greatest of the philosophers. From Cairo to Heliopolis and back again is but a pleasant drive of from two to four hours, just as you choose to make it. Most of the road is delightful, shaded on both sides by very large acacia trees, which thrive wondrously in this soil and climate ; there are also mulberry trees of most luxuriant growth, whose berries we stopped to pluck and eat ; wild flowers, and fields of the famous Egyptian barley with its large grains swollen with the fatness of the land, and its heavy heads each bearing nearly twice the number of grains of the barley of our country. On the way we stopped at some gardens belonging to the Copts ; they were filled with rare and choice flowers, which had blossomed into gigantic specimens ; the walks were lined with orange trees, whose fallen flowers flecked

our paths with their white petals, and with lemon trees still retaining their blossoms or dropping them upon us in showers of beauty. But the great attraction to tourists, and to see which everybody stops here, is a very ancient tree with wide-spreading branches; it is a sort of sycamore, bearing figs which, at our visit, were small and unpalatable. The tree is known as "Mary's Tree," from the tradition that Mary and Joseph rested under its shade on their way when escaping into Egypt. In the garden is also a well called "Mary's Well," because she drank of its water while reposing here, or, as the common people will tell you, because she used its waters to wash the clothes of the babe Jesus.

The once famous city of Heliopolis has disappeared like the dew drunk up by the sun, its sole vestige to be seen only in the ripening fruit of subsequent ages. But one stone remains to mark its grave. Its site is now converted into a large tract of cultivated fields, with not a building, unless it be perhaps a mud hut or two, for the habitation of man. This one stone, however, is a remnant worthy of the great city which antedates history. In the midst of a field of barley is a little spot some thirty feet in diameter and well worn by the feet of the traveler. To reach it we leave the carriage and follow a half-trodden path through the ripening harvest growth

and thus arrive at the Obelisk of Ousertan, so named from the king who erected it, and who reigned two thousand seven hundred years before Christ. This is the oldest known obelisk in Egypt. One-third of it is buried under the accumulated soil of fifty centuries, and it still stands from sixty to seventy feet high. It is some six feet square at its base, and its sides are largely covered with wasps' nests. The four sides are engraved from base to top with hieroglyphics, each of whose characters measures a foot or two, and which present the outlines of birds, of eyes, etc. It once was one of several pillars standing at the entrance of the Great Temple of the Sun, which adorned the City of the Sun; there is no other trace than this of the ancient temple, but this alone is sufficient to suggest an edifice of inconceivable grandeur. From one of the angles of the obelisk a piece is split, and Tolbah tells us that the Khedive once gave the column away, and the attempt was being made to remove it when it cried out with the voice of a child; the voice was listened to and heeded, and hence the monument still stands to-day on its original site.

Besides the cry for backsheesh, the great demand upon travelers is for the purchase of "antiques," which are thrust continually into one's face with the cry of "Antique? antique?" and

we might have filled our trunks with these old bits of rusty metal, bone, etc. As we stood at the foot of the obelisk a little, tottling, nearly naked child, who could not fairly walk nor hardly speak, came to us holding up a broken piece of miniature mummy in light green crockery—a trinket much sold here—and trying its best to say the word “antique,” which it had more than half learned to pronounce.

But besides the many daily excursions to be made, the conscientious tourist is not quite content when night comes if he has not made the day include a stroll through the native quarters, one of the most curious of sights, and the very place to which should come the political economist who is studying to ascertain how to crowd together the largest number of human beings into the smallest space possible. An ant-hill at its highest state of activity is desolate and deserted in comparison with these quarters. The houses are generally very high, with frequent projecting bay-windows made entirely of close-latticed wood-work, and the streets are so narrow that these windows, if opposite, would approach each other very nearly. The people are lounging along the length of these passages—their only streets—sitting on the ground, leaning against the houses, sleeping, eating, talking, musing and tending their babies, occasionally at work at some light occupa-

tion, but usually idle rather than industrious; the little shops with food for sale are not very appetizing; at one place a native woman, coming to buy, takes up a fish, bites a piece out of it, shakes her head in disapproval of its quality, and then passes on to bestow her patronage on a neighboring vender.

But the genuine bazaars are the real bee-hives, and the traders in many of them are clean, well dressed, and often in picturesque attire, or sometimes wearing European costumes—"Christian dress," as it is called here. The bazaars are extensive, irregular quarters, with intricate, winding, and intersecting, narrow streets, presenting continuous lines of little shops, all the shops in one quarter generally containing but one kind of goods; for instance, hundreds of them, one after the other, with nothing but shoes and slippers, but these of every variety of color and degree of embroidery; thousands upon thousands of leather slippers of bright yellow, much worn here, also of bright red; street after street where nothing is seen but slippers of every size, so covered with gold and silver embroidery that the gay velvet or cloth of the shoe is hardly seen. Another day you visit the bazaars where nothing but embroideries is for sale; then there is the Gold Bazaar, where only articles in gold are to be found, the Silver Bazaar of the same nature, another with

nothing but silks from Damascus, another with goods from Tripoli, from Tunis, and so on.

The merchants are often dressed in the costume of the country from which they come. One of the most benignant and kindly countenances I ever saw was that of an Algerian sitting by his commodities and looking with grave but gentle expression upon a little boy, half embracing him; he was an unusually large man, with delicate skin, full white beard, and a white turban of ample folds which, in the dim light of declining day, gave an increased expression of softness to his whole figure.

In another direction you come upon a conglomeration of little shops with nothing but perfumes and essences from the East. The floor of these tiny shops, which the one occupant almost fills, is about as high above the street as a table, and wide enough for three persons to stand comfortably before it; the shop is hardly so deep as it is wide; in the centre, sitting cross-legged on the floor, is the merchant, very likely dressed in a long, gay-flowered silk robe, with tasseled girdle around his waist, and becoming turban, his nargileh near at hand, while at either side and behind him, within reach of his hand without rising, are the shelves containing his wares, bottles (large, small and of every shape) filled with essential oil, attar of roses, etc., and pastes or gums of pungent

flavor and fragrance, costly enough to be made into balls hardly larger than a pea. These dealers are usually rather elegant in their manners and are quite liberal with their wares, with which they smear your gloves and face and moisten your handkerchief, as if they were not selling them at as near their weight in gold as they can make you pay.

The native Gold and Silver Bazaar is the most crowded spot of all, and through the widest of the streets it is but barely possible for your carriage to make its way, while at every few steps are little side-passages so curious we cannot resist them, and in which, aside from work-benches, the artisans' little work-benches and tables placed close to the walk, there is scarcely room for us to press along in single file. Here you see the pure gold without alloy, being beaten by hand-instruments into various shapes, as cups, or pendants for necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, etc., making most curious and quaint ornaments. The little apartment, quite open to the street, is hardly the size of a medium bed, and in it and filling it you may sometimes see the proprietor stretched in sleep, or the sick lying on a sort of projecting shelf filling up the passage and blocking your way; in fact, the people are so close together that they almost touch each other, and you sicken at the thought of some contagious disease entering among them.

It would be impossible to find our way through the mysterious windings of the bazaars without the guidance of a dragoman. The bazaars must be visited during the day only, for the true Egyptian likes to go to sleep with the birds, and darkness settles early over these quarters, from the fact of the narrow streets being darkened and protected from the burning rays of the sun by a sort of roofing high above our heads, and consisting of pieces of thin board, and of matting stretched across from roof to opposite roof.

Nor can the stranger well force his way on foot through the thronged streets, and a carriage is a necessity. His equipage for driving through the city must necessarily include at least three attendants—the driver, the dragoman and the *sais*. Our driver has a dark-brown skin, and is dressed in a white cotton gown with red fez upon his head. Tolbah, the dragoman, may always be seen entering the waiting-hall at the fixed morning hour, punctual as if he regulated the sun by his movements, or throughout the day sitting on the door-step when we are not using him. Tolbah does not yet wear very elegant clothes, for it is not long since he was only a donkey-boy, and ran, half naked, behind his donkey, which he propelled by continuous blows from his cudgel, doubtless to the greater satisfaction of the rider than of the beast. Tolbah wears a long, dingy,

blue dress, so wrapped about him as to hang in indescribable but most graceful folds, and a light-colored turban twisted around his head. But Tolbah one day has a fight with another dragoman who envies him for getting a party at this late season of the year; they come to blows, and Tolbah whips his opponent. This we know, for he tells us so; but, for a victor, he is the most thoroughly scared man I ever saw; and now, every day when we come to a certain part of the city, he leaves us at a certain point, and joins us again beyond. He is hardly down from the carriage when he draws out from under his dress a black mantle some half-dozen yards in length, and drapes himself in it so as to completely conceal his face, and he has at the same time so disguised his figure that we, who have watched the whole proceeding, can hardly recognize his identity. As we watch him slinking away through the narrow streets, we feel very proud that it was our dragoman who gave the other one such a whipping.

The *sais* is the peculiar institution, however, that we most delight in. The first day one of our party thought him rather an imposition upon us, and wanted to know what that man was along for, but he found out before our arrival home. The name of our *sais* is Abdallah, and the day of our excursion to the Pyramids I was supported

on one side by Mahomet and on the other by Abdallah. It is probable that the *sais* is the same as the herald of ancient times. He is the indispensable attendant upon every carriage, although there are drives where he becomes a mere ornament. In old Cairo, the most densely populated part of the city, it would be impossible without his services for the carriage to make its way through such streets as are wide enough to admit it. The *sais* always runs before the carriage, shouting at every few steps, and waving his wand-like rod, the people press against the walls of the houses, and thus we penetrate through the crowd. The *sais*, as an institution, is the most ornamental thing in Egypt, and the elegance of his costume corresponds to the wealth of his master. His dress is of white cotton or linen, reaching in the shape of very loose trousers only to his knees, his legs and feet remaining quite bare; the white sleeves are long and open, each measuring some two yards around the hand, and the points of these are pinned together behind, and, filling out balloon-like with the wind as he runs, they give to his rapid course an aspect like the winged flight of a bird. Over the white garment, he wears a bright colored sort of Zouave jacket—red, purple, yellow or blue—which often only comes up over one shoulder and slants down under the other arm to the waist. This jacket is

most exquisitely embroidered in gold, silver or contrasting color; around his waist is wound a broad sash of rich silk, its ends hanging at his side; in his hand he carries a slender rod twice the height of himself; this rod should be of bright color, highly ornamented in gold, silver or ivory. Yet it is not his dress which contributes most to the impression the *sais* makes upon the beholder; it is the wonderful beauty of his figure and his grace of motion; the wand he carries is not straighter than himself, nor does it bend with greater suppleness and grace, while his step and gait are the very poetry of motion. The *sais* is trained to his office, and his powers are most wonderful; I have been told he will run all day long, and I, myself, have seen a *sais* run without pause mile after mile before a fast-trotting horse. The carriages we have seen from the establishment of the Khedive have each eight of these attendants; first, two mounted on horseback followed by two running on foot; then comes the carriage, followed by two foot-runners and two mounted *sais* behind. The whole train passes at rapid speed, carriage, out-runners and riders all maintaining a constant uniform distance from each other.

CAIRO, EGYPT, *April*, 1876.

## XLII.

CITADEL OF CAIRO—UNIVERSITY OF EGYPT—MOSQUES—  
THEIR REMARKABLE FEATURES AND PROPERTIES.

*A* *VISIT* to the Citadel is one of the items which the tourist must never omit from his list of things of greatest interest in Cairo. The Citadel, seven hundred years old, is built on an elevated site commanding the city and surrounding plains—the valley of the Nile—while behind rises above it an immense natural fortification of rock looking terrible in its immense strength.

From the parapet of the Citadel we had a wide and wonderful view of the strange, dusky-hued, ancient city—a forest of minarets—and of the desert stretching out beyond, embracing in its horizon the Pyramids of Gizah, and Heliopolis, and the plains of Memphis; the whole monotone landscape bathed in the sunbeams from a cloudless sky—sifted, as it were, through the yellow sand of the desert.

Within the Citadel we were shown the court where occurred the terrible massacre of the

Mamelukes, who had been artfully enticed therein, and where four hundred and thirty-nine of them were put to death; one only, as the story goes, escaping by making a most incredible leap over the high and abrupt walls. To the present day the point from which he leaped with his horse is still pointed out. Within the Citadel walls is also the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, which looks quite new, and is, in fact, the only one we visited which did not bear the marks of the grime of age, of dilapidation and decay. This mosque is an imposing building, of grandest dimensions, the floor entirely covered with thick Eastern carpets, its whole extent bare of seat or other obstruction, except the four immense pillars supporting the great dome, and intervening between it and the four lesser domes that surround it. These immense pillars are of transparent yellow and white alabaster, and a large portion of the whole surface of the interior walls is of the same precious and beautiful material; in one corner, and inclosed by a high gilt bronze railing, is the tomb of Mohammed Ali.

As we leave the Citadel we first visit Joseph's Well, which popular story improperly connects with the Joseph sold into slavery by his brothers; indeed, the well was known as such in very ancient Egyptian records; it was for many centuries filled with sand and nearly lost; to get

to it we went up and down through the dirtiest kind of barnyard and stable places. The water is drawn up from a great depth to nearly a level with the Citadel by means of a sort of windlass and horizontal wheel turned by two Egyptian buffaloes, which animal here takes the place of our field ox. We had some water drawn up for ourselves, and we all drank of it to the memory of Joseph.

In many respects all the mosques, be they newer or older, more or less dirty, are alike. In the first place each has its fountain in its open, roofless court. The fountain is a pool or basin of water elevated a few steps above the pavement, and is two or three feet deep and some twenty or thirty feet in diameter. It is covered by a roof supported by pillars rising from the rim of the basin or by a central shaft. Perched upon this rim are always to be seen several Mussulmans performing the ablution imperative upon them before offering their prayer. They wash themselves quite thoroughly, face, hands, arms, neck, feet, nostrils, ears and mouth. The interior of the mosques is empty and is always built with a mihrab and a mastaba.

The mihrab is simply a small arched alcove; on its arch it generally bears an inscription from the Koran. The mihrab is always built in that wall of the building which faces towards Mecca, in

order that to the faithful, who must always pray with their faces in that direction, it may serve as a sort of one-pointed compass.

The mastaba, or tribune for readers, corresponds to the pulpit of our churches. It is a small, high platform with a straight, narrow flight of steps leading up in front of it, and from it the priest explains the Koran to the faithful, few of whom, I believe, can read it for themselves. Christians are never admitted to the mosques during the Friday services.

Again, into no mosque may Mussulman, Christian or Heathen enter without removing the shoes from his feet. The Mussulman goes in with his clean-washed bare feet; for Christians there are always kept a few pairs of large slippers of plaited grass or reeds. In one instance there were not slippers enough for all, and the odd member of our party, declining to walk in his stocking-feet, was obliged to remain at the entrance, where a crowd of young Mohammedan urchins paid their respects to him by spitting at him.

A large number of the mosques are immense, half dilapidated and wholly dirty places. The first mosque we visited was that of Hassan. This was built from stones taken from one of the Pyramids, being built as it now stands without a roof; the court of the fountain is in the centre

and the body of the mosque is a surrounding colonnade, with pointed arches connecting the pillars ; but in the rear is the tomb of the Caliph Hassan, its builder, which is in the centre of an apartment roofed in with a dilapidated dome crowning its lofty walls. It is said that the architect, having finished his work, had his hand cut off to prevent his ever planning a rival edifice.

The Mosque of Amron is one of the largest. Its central court is a barren, leafless tract of sun-baked earth nearly white, to cross which at mid-day is like making an excursion across the burning desert. Extending around the four sides of this vast barren square are deep colonnades with roofs, but with no side-walls toward the court, and the colonnade consists of many, many hundreds of stone and marble pillars. One of these has a remarkable history. It stood in Mecca, where the Prophet one day seeing it, struck it with his whip and commanded it to fly to Cairo, which order the pillar obeyed, accomplishing the journey in less than a minute. Tolbah, our dragoman, is quite certain in regard to the length of time. The mark of the whip is still to be seen upon it. The pillar is of light gray marble, and one may easily see a vein of a darker shade, forming a peculiar waved line about six inches in length, a line long known to be the handwriting of the Almighty, which, however, no

one could read until the gifted Caliph Omar translated it.

Not far from the pillar, in the same mosque, is a well which is mysteriously connected with the famous well of Zem-Zem in Mecca, but we were not told how it finds its way through the Red Sea. A stone of the pavement of the colonnade forms the cover to the well. We were told that a draught of the water would cure all disease and insure perfect health; hence a Moslem urchin was dispatched in quest of a stone jug, which was lowered into the well and filled; it being raised again, we all then drank from its overflowing brim and have known no illness since. The water has an alkaline taste like that of Zem-Zem, the sacred well from which every Mohammedan making a pilgrimage to Mecca drinks, and in which he bathes.

Another mosque contains a piece of black stone, looking something like hardened asphaltum; on this is the imprint of a colossal foot—it is the footprint of the Prophet. One of our party asked how that could be; were himself to step on a stone there would be no impress left. Tolbah, with turban wound around his head, his long blue mantle falling in loose and ample folds all around his person, laid his hand reverently upon his heart, and, rolling his eyes heavenward, said, in tones of reproof, “Because Mohammed same as God.”

We felt a little conscience-stricken for treating so lightly what was so sacred to him, and listened afterward twice as reverently to his stories.

But almost the strangest sight in Egypt was at the Mosque of El Azhan. Here is the oldest and largest University in all the East, and the number of students studying there at any one time may be counted by thousands. It was already our last day in Cairo and we wished to visit it. Formerly, Christians were exposed to insult here and a guard was at least advisable if not necessary, and therefore we were obliged to take one, but in our visit we found no reason to suppose that state of things still to exist. We were nearly two hours in an open carriage under the scorching heat of the mid-day sun, first to get a ticket of admission and then to obtain a police officer to accompany us. We drove through the wholly native quarters of old Cairo, and alighting found our way through narrow alleys to the Mosque itself. The school was in session, or I might rather say in recumbence, as I suppose it always is, for the students sleep, eat and study all on the same spot. Around the court of the fountain were galleries where, as well as upon the ground below, mattresses and beds were spread out; we entered and found ourselves in the body of the edifice, which was long and large, with roof and walls on both sides; it could contain at

least two thousand persons. It was so filled with students that it was with great difficulty we could make our way among them without sometimes stepping upon them. These students, like all the rest of the natives, looked like half-naked, dirty beggars, who would hardly be allowed to be seen in our streets. Throughout the building they were crowded equally close together. Of course there were no seats, nothing but here and there patches of straw matting; some students were lying asleep stretched out at full length on the floor; others, seated cross-legged, were reeling backwards and forwards and repeating aloud the lesson they seemed to be committing to memory from the book before them; others, seated in the same manner, were transcribing or ciphering. I took the book from two or three and looked at it without any opposition on their part; the books bore the impress of age but of careful use. The students ranged in age from boys of fifteen years to middle-aged men. Occasionally we came near treading on a spread-out, on the floor, of thin, round cakes, evidently for sale to the students, of whom some here and there were eating, but always alone. The civilized pleasure of social meals I judge to be unknown to them.

It takes several days to visit those mosques most worthy to be seen, but their whole number is innumerable. Women, as they have no souls,

are not admitted to Friday worship. There is no hour when there may not be seen a larger or a lesser number of the faithful at prayer, and their successive kneelings, touchings of the forehead to the ground, risings and final turnings of the head from side to side are always the same.

There is no mosque without one or several slender minarets rising high above the rest of the building, and these, when seen at a little distance, constitute one of the most picturesque features of an Eastern city. Some of the mosques are painted in broad, lateral, red and white bands, a foot or two in width.

We visited one Christian church, known as the Coptic Church. This is situated in one of the dirtiest parts of the city, and as we walked through the filthy, narrow lanes the stench almost choked us in spite of muffled nostrils and mouth. The Copts are, I believe, the only native Christians—a branch of the Catholic Church, almost or quite the oldest in the world. The women are veiled the same as the Mohammedan women, but with some distinguishing mark of color in their dress. Arrived at last at the church-building we found it dark and dirty enough, and hid away in the depth of almost unthreadable labyrinths, but sufficiently curious to be worthy of its great antiquity. The inside walls are very elaborately inlaid with very fine open-work carvings in real ivory, and high

screens before the altar are largely made of panels of the same. The ivory is brown with age, and the church, though small, shows everywhere the marks of extreme ancient richness. A railing in the centre surrounds a flight of steps which descends into a subterranean chapel, where, during her flight into Egypt, the Virgin, with her Babe, hid herself for several days. About to leave the church, an additional demand was made upon our purse, when, after we had distributed the usual backsheesh among the crowd of Copts who had collected around us, one of them seized a plate from the altar and cried, "Backsheesh for the Virgin Mary!"

CAIRO, EGYPT, *April*, 1876.

## XLIII.

EGYPT—PALACE OF GHEEZEH—TRAVELERS FROM THE  
HOLY LAND—FAREWELL.

 *UR* interesting excursions in Cairo and its vicinity are approaching their close, but one thing we have not yet seen, and that is "Joseph's Granaries." A pleasant and intelligent Scotch lady, who makes one of our party, is most anxious to see them, but Tolbah, when he took his diploma as dragoman, did n't graduate in the granary department. Every morning regularly when we start upon our drives one of the first remarks is, "Tolbah, we want to go to Joseph's Granaries to-day." At first Tolbah tries to put us off by offering to show us the place where Moses was found in the bulrushes, but that only sharpens our curiosity for the granaries. Tolbah evidently consults other dragoman authority, and next tells us that they do not exist any more—"it's all the same as the street;" but then we want to see the street, the place where they once were, and so we torment Tolbah with Joseph's Granaries till, I have no doubt, he wishes Joseph had never built them.

Day by day the weather is increasing in heat and warning us to make the best use of our time; and, although we start at an early hour, we are almost scorched by the sun as we drive across the Nile to visit the Palace and Gardens of Gheezeh. The palace is built directly on the river bank. The gardens are large and beautifully laid out; they also present a good display of flowers, but we could not help saying to ourselves, "Were this already beautiful spot but in the hands of a skillful and educated European gardener, what a paradise it might become." There was also an extensive zoölogical department well filled with a great variety of animals, from all kinds of elephants to the prettiest and most curious birds. After wandering through the gardens as long as we could endure the heat, we next turned our steps to the kiosk, a one-story summer-house containing several apartments, and which pleased me even more than the palace a little beyond—in fact, it impressed me as the most charming house I ever saw. It is fitted up chiefly in European style for the entertainment of European royal guests. The kiosk consists of some six or eight large and lofty rooms. The ceilings are frescoed in delicate colors; crystal and gilt chandeliers are suspended from them, while the floors are all of most beautiful marble highly polished, the centre only of some of them being

covered with carpets, brilliant-hued and very thick; the furniture is European, and upholstered in bright-colored satins and damasks.

But the architecture is the most pleasing part. The rooms all open into each other, and the length of the building is broken in the centre by a court, roofed overhead, but with open sides; its marble pavement is on a level with the marble drawing-room, which opens upon it at one end, and with the marble dining-room at the other end. A fountain rises in its centre, and vari-colored swinging lamps are suspended from the roof, which is supported by graceful arches resting on pillars extremely slender and graceful, yet not giving the idea of fragility. These pillars and arches are dark-colored and elaborately gilded. A balcony in the same style of architecture surrounds the kiosk. One of the rooms was noticed by the attendant who waited upon us as the one where the Khedive best likes to sleep when here, but in reply to our remark that no bed was to be seen, we were told that one is always brought in when the Khedive wishes to sleep in this apartment; hence it may be taken for granted that, like his subjects, the Khedive of Egypt sleeps on the floor and finds it very convenient to roll up his bed and carry it to whatever spot may be coolest.

The dining-room was European, with long

table and chairs, two for royalty being ornamented with crowns. The mirrored sideboards were resplendent with white and colored glasses of choicest design. There were Sevres vases on pedestals and some four or five fountains around the room to sprinkle their falling water upon the flowers with which their basins were to be filled.

From the kiosk we again stroll through the garden, till we come upon a grotto, or rather a gallery of grottoes, built of a sort of artificial lava rock, and very curious. Through winding passages, in which we become lost and confused, we make our way between rocky walls and under a roof hung with stalactites. At intervals the passage widens out, or turns aside into larger grottoes which usually command through opening vistas a peep into the gardens. Such grottoes are fitted up with rustic seats and table. All the ground under foot is laid in a mosaic of pebbles, and we notice gas-burners projecting here and there from the walls for illuminating the grotto at evening.

Emerging from the grotto into the garden again, we advance through shady avenues of trees, and finally reach the palace itself, a fine, modern building. We were not admitted to the part occupied by the women, but were shown many royal rooms and those destined for the use of European royal visitors.

On the ground floor we first enter an immense marble hall, among the various furniture of which we notice tables, flower-stands, and so forth, in fanciful design and painted red, with trimmings of blue and gold. All is gay, for, ever as you approach the equator from the north, beginning perhaps to be marked in the latitude of northern Italy and Turkey, the taste for bright colors grows with the brightening skies and more glowing sunlight. A broad marble stairway ascends from this hall; it is lighted overhead by a roof elaborately set in glass, chiefly yellow, which color seems to gild the golden rays of the sun; on either side of the banister at the foot of the stairs are two exceedingly pretty statues in marble; half-way up, where the stairway branches off to the right and to the left, is a piece of marble sculpture representing a winged youth seated on the parapet of a tower, and laughing as if playing with the lightning as he holds the upper end of the lightning-rod fastened to the wall of the tower beneath him; underneath is a bas-relief medallion of Benjamin Franklin, with the motto in Latin, "He snatched the lightning from heaven." We should much sooner have expected to see Moses than Franklin in this place.

At the head of the stairs is another hall, with walls and floor of white marble; its windows

open upon a balcony looking down directly upon the broad waters of the Nile and across to grand old Cairo on its opposite shore. The colored sunlight descends through the roof of glass upon furniture shining with golden satin looking like a bed of sunlight, its glare tempered by an embossed lace pattern in silvery silk. High vases of rare Egyptian marbles break the long lines of the hall, and chandeliers of rich cut glass catch the light to send it dancing through the air in broken bits of rainbow.

We were shown the rooms occupied by the Prince of Wales during his visit here on his Indian journey. His bedroom, dressing-room and bathroom were all fitted in bright blue and gold; all the rooms in the palace seemed as high as a whole house with us, and, of course, the tropical climate must demand extremely lofty and spacious apartments. The walls of the bed-chamber were upholstered in blue satin forming diamond-shaped puffs, held in place by rosette-buttons of yellow and white satin that resembled tiny marguerites or daisies; the ceiling overhead was frescoed with a centre-piece representing Aurora scattering flowers; the bed was hung with a mosquito-net of white silk gauze striped with blue, outside of which were blue satin curtains festooned and trimmed with fringe and tassels of gold-colored silk; furniture, writing materials,

everything, was of the same color. The walls of the adjoining dressing-room were in quilted satin like the bed-chamber, but the ceiling overhead was covered with blue satin plaited into a pattern whose various parts were divided by lines of golden silk cord. In the bathroom the walls were of plain blue satin, and the ceiling overhead of blue velvet with rays of yellow cord. After these rooms we were shown into many other apartments, all of equal richness and size, but European rather than Eastern in character. In the whole palace there was but one picture, and that one not extraordinary, and there was but little sculpture. One of the most beautiful features of the palace, and one repeated in several of its apartments, were chimney-pieces, consisting of mantel and mirror frame, apparently all in one piece, of very beautiful white alabaster, having a polish like satin; the model of these corresponded with the architecture of the palace and kiosk; the same slender, delicate columns, the same beautiful arches.

On our way home we visited the royal stables. The greater number of the horses had gone to the sea-shore for the Summer, and those we did see were mostly English horses under the care of an English groom. The Arab horse is not at all the handsome horse I had imagined it, and its most striking feature is the shortness of its neck ;

in fact, the Arab horse has almost no neck at all.

\* \* \* \* \*

From Cario, as from other places, we carry away pleasant remembrances of dinner-table acquaintances and entertaining chance companions. Our Scotch lady friend contributes to the bill of fare of the day's sight-seeing, side-dishes of anecdote from the most northern county of Scotland, where to shave the beard of a Sunday or to receive a letter on that day is a crime immeasurably more heinous than getting drunk or telling lies about one's neighbors. One day the company at table was individually airing its knowledge of the Koran and Mohammedanism in general, when this lady and another seeking to give even the Prophet his due, credited him with having done some things that at least are not bad. At table was also a Scotch divine, in general charge of the whole field of Presbyterian missionary labor in Turkey, Egypt and Palestine, and such opinions were more than rigid and inveterate Scotch Presbyterianism could bear, and it was worth the most effective eloquence from practiced dramatist on the stage to hear the rich Northern accent, the full rolling of the voice, the Scotch curtness and the Scotch decision with which he exclaimed, somewhat sarcastically, "I don't know what *you ladies* think, but *I* think he was a *s-c-o-u-n-d-r-e-l!*"

At last our pleasant little company separates in diverging directions, and we retrace our way to Alexandria, thence for a tour through the isles of the Mediterranean, notwithstanding that, lying temptingly near us is the Holy Land *par excellence*, for the thoughtful wanderer, in distant journeyings reading ever backwards through the world's history, comes at last to feel that wherever he treads is holy ground.

Our further path, however, meets the current of returning travel from Asia, and we learn much at second-hand from the yet fresh impressions of numerous travelers thence; still more from others, long-time residents there; moreover, we escape the reputation of being possessed by an evil spirit, the belief, as we learn from one who has spent a life-time among them, that the Eastern natives entertain regarding their European visitors, whom they also suppose to be driven, by the same evil spirit, from one part of the world to another in search of hidden treasure.

Nor are there wanting lessons from the Holy Land of the Mohammedan as well as from that of the Jew and the Christian, as, sailing hither and thither, from island to island, and from port to port of the Eastern Mediterranean, on almost every steamer we find the space allotted to such passengers overcrowded with pilgrims returning from Mecca, most of them ragged, dirty, carrying

bed and food as they travel, yet impelled by religious sentiment to this most sacred pilgrimage with observance of its prescribed ceremonies, and at cost of danger, distress and sacrifice of scant wealth ; their simple-minded devotion admonishes us—curious lookers-on, claiming to be guided by a superior light—as, far from minareted-mosque, they yet hear in their hearts the muezzin-call of the Spirit, and in humble response, unheedful of our obtrusive gaze, turn their faces to Mecca, and, kneeling, repeat the prayers of the Faithful.

But it is easier to talk of leaving Alexandria than to do it. Thinking we have traveled enough to be able at least to get on board a steamer without assistance, we take no porter with us from the hotel. The carriage stops on the wharf, and a small army assails us. It is with the greatest difficulty that we retain possession of our hand-satchels and lighter baggage; once from our grasp and each will be carried in a different direction, and which shall we follow? Unable to get hold of our baggage, a dozen different boatmen seize hold of us by arm, shoulder and package; a spare hand grabs our trunk, and we follow it to the door of the Custom-house, where one of the Arabs, or robbers, or whatever they be, demands that we pay duty on our trunk leaving the country. We think he has for once made a mistake in the word, but as he does n't

call it backsheesh and as there is nobody to help us, we pay this self-constituted Custom-house officer what he demands, on condition that he shall put our trunk into a boat, and we finally embark with it for the steamer lying out in the harbor. We think it a master-stroke of policy to have engaged a deaf and dumb boatman, but we change our mind when, a few yards from the shore, the mute lays down his oars and holds up his fingers, demanding more passage-money, howling then and making the most hideous noises close to our ears and refusing to understand all our signs. We find there is no talking back to a man without ears, and so, finally, rather than spend the rest of our lives in the harbor of Alexandria, midway between ship and shore, we submit to a compromise. The mute upon that takes up his oars, and we are soon ascending the ship's ladder, and a half-hour later looking our last upon the low, receding shore, dividing with its white line the blue of the heavens above from the blue of the waters below.

CAIRO, EGYPT, *April*, 1876.



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