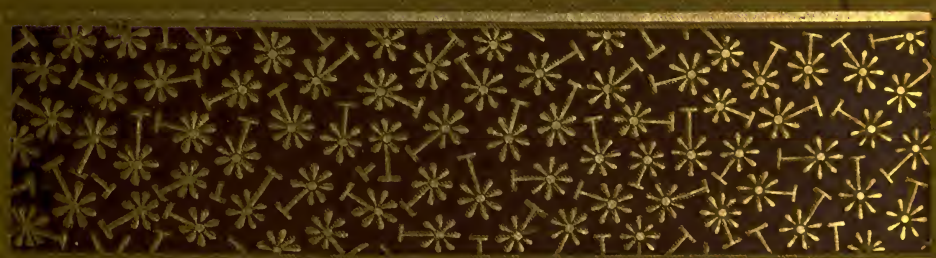


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SAUNTERINGS IN EUROPE.

BY

CHARLES WOOD,

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, N. Y.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY

W. M. TAYLOR, D.D.,

Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle of New York.

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TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
WITHOUT WHOSE
CONSTANT ENCOURAGEMENT THE JOURNEYINGS HEREIN RECOUNTED,
COULD NOT HAVE BEEN UNDERTAKEN, OR SO LONG CONTINUED:

This Volume

IS MOST GRATEFULLY AND LOVINGLY
DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

BY THE REV. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., MINISTER OF THE BROADWAY
TABERNACLE.

BACON has said that "travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education." It increases the intelligence; it widens the sympathies; it broadens the charity; it at once rests and stimulates the faculties of the mind in general; and it gives a certain zest forever after to all studies which bear, in any degree, on the history of the places which have been visited, or the doings of the persons who have been met. It furnishes the key to the understanding of many of the questions which are stirring in foreign countries, and helps us in the solution of the problems that are perplexing our own; while it fills the memory with exquisite pictures of the grandest scenery, which at any moment we can recall, and from which we may draw ever new delight. Few things, therefore, are more full of promise, than the increase in foreign travel, which recent years have developed among our people.

We are no advocates, indeed, for the education of our children in foreign lands. Many serious evils must result from such a procedure. In particular it tends to destroy,

or at least to weaken, that sentiment which is the proper accompaniment of our national institutions; and it fosters habits which are entirely foreign to our simple home-life. But, when one has arrived at mature age, and grown into patriotic appreciation of his native land, he will be all the better fitted for the discharge of the active duties of life, by making a brief and observant tour through the countries of the old world. He will discover that all the good things are not either on this side of the Atlantic, or on that. He will learn how his own nation is appreciated in other lands; and he will have an opportunity of studying the characteristics of other peoples, not as they are caricatured in literature, or exaggerated by individual specimens, but as they appear, so to say, *in situ*. Thus he will be delivered from the insularity of prejudice, and learn to acknowledge the good wherever he may find it, as well as to reject the evil, no matter with what attendant accessories it may be commended to his acceptance. Most of all, he will return to his home with kindlier feelings in his heart toward those among whom he has sojourned for a season, and while he is no whit less properly national than before, he will be more cosmopolitan.

But not every one is so fortunate as to be able thus to travel; and next to the pleasure and profit of actually making a foreign tour, are those which may be derived from reading the account of the excursions and observations of an intelligent traveller. Such an account the reader will find in the little volume which I have been asked thus briefly to introduce to his notice. The author, a young pastor, after some years of labor on the

shores of Lake Erie, spent many months abroad, and has here given us very distinctly his impressions of the men with whom he came in contact, and of the lands upon which he looked. He tells a plain, unvarnished story, in a vigorous and vivacious style. Those who have been where he has gone, will delight to have their own experiences revived as they read the record of his; and those who purpose at some time or other to visit Europe for themselves, will find in these chapters a useful directory to the places and institutions which are most worthy of attention. The chapters were written while their author was "on the wing." They have, therefore, all the charm of freshness, and will on that score be interesting, especially to the young.

We commend the book most cordially to readers of every description, and rejoice in the thought that it will tend to draw them into closer sympathy with the transatlantic nations, between which and our own these ocean steamers are passing continually to and fro, like shuttles, weaving, as we trust, a web of amity and peace.

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CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE SEA.

*A Man Overboard—A Ground-swell—English Sailors—
The Britannic—Peculiar People.*

A MAN overboard! A score of frightened passengers repeated the words which a sailor shouted on Sunday night, as we all sat on deck watching the moonlight. There was a rush to the stern. The engine was stopped; quick orders came from the bridge. Something dropped into the water and shot up into flame—a marvelous phosphorous light. A boat was lowered, and for half an hour a hundred eyes peered over the gunwale into the glistening waves. They saw nothing but foam and the great round shoulders of dark billows. In the afternoon, cutting the water only a few hundred yards behind us, we had noticed the black fin of a shark. We could not help thinking that perhaps his greedy teeth had already closed over the body of the poor sailor; or it might be that he never rose after the first plunge, for the boat came back without him. Very few on board had ever heard that startling cry before. It was novel and thrilling to all of us. But to one crossing the ocean for the first time, everything on shipboard is as strange and

interesting as the city to a country lad. Our steamer, which looked gigantic as she lay alongside the dock in New York, but which seems small enough out here in the "Forties," is to us a storehouse of wonders. The hour for the start had come and passed by two or three minutes, when a little silver whistle sent out a narrow thread of peculiar notes, and something moved. We thought half New York was backing out into the bay. The crowd on the dock gave a shout. We rushed up and down the deck in a semi-dazed condition, trying to see everything. In a moment our bow swung around, there was a commotion in the water behind us, and our trip of 3,000 miles had begun. Every fort and island we passed was the signal for a perfect volley of questions, to be shot by those who knew nothing at those who looked as if they knew something. The officers suffered badly at first, but a few snubs did the work, and they were left unmolested. As we passed out through the Narrows, we saw the ocean lying before us, calm and smooth as a lake, but every ripple as it went by seemed to say, "Just wait till to-morrow." We had misunderstood the threat by only two days. Every one was proud Sunday and Monday. A mill-pond could not have been less terrible; but Tuesday! some will never forget that day. There had been a storm somewhere around the Banks, and about noon on Tuesday we ran into the results. The waves were not very high; not one wore the accustomed white cap, but there was a long, heavy, and fearfully effectual ground-swell. The deck was cleared as if grape and canister had shot across it. State-rooms and berths filled rapidly, but I am proud to say no one from our city

did anything worse than to look pale and unhappy. The night before I had heard a number expressing the wish that it took months to cross the Atlantic. The captain had no glass strong enough to discover those people on Tuesday night.

After we passed the Banks we ran out of fogs and ground-swells, and gradually these wishers for a long trip have come out again, though they are still very far from numerous. The wind had been almost dead ahead till last night, then it blew more favorably, and they put up the sails—one of the most interesting sights we have yet had. Not that the raising of a few hundred yards of dirty canvas is calculated to produce much excitement, but the men themselves and the way they work, the trimmings, so to speak, of sail-hoisting, are very unique. A dozen or more of brawny Englishmen seize a rope, plant their feet firmly, lift up their heads toward the stars, and then begin, not to pull, oh no, but to sing. While all stood perfectly motionless, a boatswain with a fine bass voice sang as a recitative, with much expression,

Ranzo was no sailor—Chorus (very hearty) *Ranzo, Ranzo.*

He shipped with Captain Taylor, *Ranzo, Ranzo.*

He could not do his duties, *Ranzo, Ranzo.*

They took him to the guard-house, *Ranzo, Ranzo.*

He ate up all the codfish, *Ranzo, Ranzo.*

They took him to the gangway, *Ranzo, Ranzo.*

They gave him six and tharty, *Ranzo, Ranzo.*

As they rolled out the first Ranzo of the chorus every muscle was stiffened, and like one man they gave a pull which made the dirty canvas shake, and at each Ranzo the sail crawled a little way further up the mast. This

may seem to a nervous American not a very energetic way of working, but if something like it could be introduced into all our shops and offices, many of our good doctors might find, like Othello, "their occupation gone." Such a practice, should it become general among draymen, hack drivers, and car conductors, and clerks and lawyers—yes, and even reporters and editors—would soon make any city the best known on the continent.

But the sails of a steamer, after they are up, do but little more than steady the ship and add a few knots a day to her speed. The real power that pushed us yesterday 339 miles nearer the dock at Liverpool is out of the sight of all but the curious. Two of the latter made yesterday a very thorough tour through the vitals of the *Britannic*. They saw sights there but little less hideous than Dante sings of in the "Inferno." We went first to the engine-room. It was hot, hotter than any church ever dreamed of being, even on a Sunday night in July. Then we walked through a narrow tunnel in which the screw shaft, 100 feet long, makes its ceaseless revolutions amid constant baths of oil and water. This is our reliance. Let that give way and we might not see Queenstown for a month. Down, at least fifty feet it seemed, we twisted our way from the engine-room, over a staircase not quite red-hot, yet it would have done nicely as an entrance to the torture-chamber of the Inquisition. When we were once down and looked around, we saw an iron footway leading between two rows of thirty-two red-hot furnaces. Something like a man, but more like the gnomes of which one reads in fairy sto-

ries, beckoned us to follow him. We went a little way, just a little way, and then without a halt even for breath, we turned and rushed for the deck with every desire for "a life on the ocean wave" burned out.

I am quite sure if ever I complain of the heat again, the thought of the stokers of the *Britannic* will send cold shudders all up and down my back. It was while working by these furnaces that the man who was lost Sunday night became so exhausted that they were obliged to carry him on deck. He was a green hand, working his way over. He sat for a moment, so the sailors say, with his head on his hands, and then, without any warning, jumped upon the railing, and plunged into the sea.

We have on board some of the most peculiar people that ever walked a deck; at least that I ever saw walking a deck. Of course the characteristic American, male or female, is here in the usual abundance. He smokes and drinks, and talks loud, and tells how the war might have been finished in six months. She talks, oh, yes, very long and very loud, puts her hands in her ulster pockets, laughs perpetually, and says: "Oh, why didn't you tell me, so that I could *laugh* too?" The Englishman is here, and if these specimens do not belie him, he can be defined very simply "as the man who bets"; for bet he does, and will, on everything. He bets on each day's run, and then bets a sovereign that he will win. He is in the smoking-room from morning till night, betting always; for though he sometimes, generally every evening, plays cards for money, he takes bets on every game. "Bet you a sovereign I'll win";

“bet you a sovereign I’ll lose.” It is his second nature. He bets automatically. I have no doubt when the doctor tells him, “My friend, you have heart disease, you can not live twenty-four hours,” he’ll say, “Bet you a sovereign I haven’t got it, and another that I’ll live thirty.” The other night this betting man won twenty pounds from a very innocent-looking Englishman, whose wife, English too, has a good deal of American common-sense. It was distressing to see the poor creature, as she sat on deck knowing that her husband was throwing away enough to have given them both many a pleasant day in England or Switzerland. If men were not the most selfish creatures in the world gambling would soon become one of the lost arts.

Besides Americans and English, almost every nation has sent some representative to fill out our passenger list. Among them are some Cubans who have attracted attention by their soft language and expressive gestures, and by the contrast they present to those who ordinarily come into the States from that Spanish island. They neither drink nor gamble, and when they use English they don’t swear. One of them told me the other day, much to my surprise, that while he did not believe in the Church of Rome, he did believe in the Bible and in Jesus Christ as the Saviour. “When I was about to be married,” he said, “I told the lady she might go to her church as much as she wished, and I would go too, but she must choose between the confessor and me.” He smiled with a sense of great satisfaction, as he added, “She took me.” If what many Englishmen say of the increase of ritualistic practices in their own Church is

true, English bridegrooms may some day need to make similar conditions.

We have among the passengers a lady of whom I must say a word. From what State she comes is not known. I am sure no cities will ever wrangle over her, as the famous seven did over the Grecian bard. She was talking the other night, so they say, of Scotland. "Oh, yes," she said, "I went to a pretty place there, an author's house." Some one suggested "Abbotsford." "I think that was it," she said. "Who lived there?" "Why, Sir Walter Scott." "Oh, yes, I think that sounds like the name." She was asked: "Have you ever read the 'Lady of the Lake'?" "No, I don't think I have, but I have heard of it; it's a book just out, isn't it?" After seeing two or three such Americans, what must foreigners think of our public schools?

But an item of encouragement. By common consent, the most disagreeable man on board is a young fellow about twenty-five. He is coarse, profane, drunken, and attempts to be witty; is fond of childish practical jokes, over which he laughs immoderately. I felt sure he was an American, but to-day, much to my joy, I heard he was born and brought up in Yorkshire.

A New York lawyer said to me yesterday, as we leaned over the railing and looked down at the sea rushing past us, "There is nothing which to my mind shows so perfectly the power of the human intellect as a steamship like this." For a moment I thought the remark an exaggeration, but when I tried to mention other more wonderful inventions, I concluded he was right. A little village is floating here on the Atlantic, and being

pushed steadily every day against wind and current and storm, three-fourths the distance between New York and Buffalo. I should have said a little city, for we have almost every luxury known to the dwellers in our modern towns. We sit down to a table—which we do as regularly as the striking of the ship's bells, and about four times a day—that compares favorably with that of any hotel in New York. Yet, with all this, it is a very different thing to think and talk about the ocean when you are on land, and to feel something of its power, even in a great steamship.

These few days since we left the bay, have brought us into very close sympathy with Christopher Colombo. We had studied about him in ink-stained geographies, but to be on the very ocean he crossed, to put your foot down just as he probably did, to find it on another plank from the one you were looking at, to see nothing around you but waves and clouds and Mother Cary's chickens; ah! this gives me a feeling of fellowship with the good old Spanish sailor. But to think of what we have that he had not! In fact, we know of nothing that he did have, except a mutinous crew and one egg, and that must have been anything but a treasure, for he had no ice-box like that in which the *Britannic* keeps her stores of luxuries, and from which her stewards bring you milk on the tenth day as fresh as that which you had on your own table this morning. /“The sad, sad sea,” “the melancholy sea,” so men have called it; but what is there on land or water that does not receive its lights or shadows from the brightness or gloom which rests upon the heart of him who looks upon it? The

waves will seem to laugh in scorn or gladness, as the ear and heart interpret the sounds. / Nature is never sad to the joyous, never glad to the heavy-hearted. As I have stood, not on, but under, "the bridge at midnight," "one thought has come to me o'er and o'er"—the immensity of the ocean, its symbolization of eternity. To go on this way, not for a week, but forever—that is eternity. To be surrounded by all that is best; to feel no pain, or sickness; no regret, no remorse; to go on forever, always satisfied—that is heaven.

I*



CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

*An English Newspaper—Entering London—London
“Lions”—The Tower—St. Paul’s—The Abbey.*

ON Sunday night, at eleven o’clock, eight days from the time we left Sandy Hook, we saw two lights on the Irish coast. It was the first evidence we had had for a week that the world, the solid part of it, was still swinging on in the old way. With the full moon streaming down upon the ocean, the ship, and the land, at two o’clock Monday morning we were exchanging salutes of many-colored rockets, with the Government houses at Fastnet, and we knew that friends in the States would read, among the telegrams in that morning’s paper—for our time was six hours ahead of yours—of the arrival of the *Britannic*. Great white gulls came sweeping out from the channel, as if to bring us a welcome. They followed us within a hundred feet of the ship’s stern, in easy, graceful flight, nearly the whole day. Little huts in the midst of green fields with hawthorn hedges; now and then a hoary castle or broken tower; here and there a quaint village—such are the outlines of the picture which old Ireland spread before our eager eyes this

beautiful morning. A tug came out about eight o'clock from Queenstown, to take off some of our passengers; and bringing also, a fact in which we were more interested, the London papers. It was a pleasant thing to hold a newspaper in the hand once more; but it was an unpleasant thing to find only the briefest telegrams from America, and those statistics of the spread of the yellow fever in the South. The London press pays but little attention to local news, and even the foreign telegraphic columns are much less satisfactory than those of the New York dailies. Englishmen rely largely for their news on long letters from everywhere, written by everybody.* They cling, with a tremendous grip, to all the old ways. There are not more than a half dozen hotels in London where tallow candles are not still in constant use.

From Liverpool to London by either of the two railway lines, is a novel and most interesting ride for an American who has never before been out of his own country. The cars are different from anything he has ever seen; so are the engines, or rather they are very like the pictures which hang on so many American walls of that first and original locomotive which startled our ancestors to the verge of fright, as it rushed madly over the rails at the rate of ten miles an hour. Not that the modern English engines are lacking in speed; they make as good, or better time perhaps, than our own, but there is no covering for engineer and fireman: they must stand unprotected and take the weather just as it comes, and in England it comes in as large quantities, and in as

* This is a "first impression," later ones have changed my opinion.

many varieties, as in any place I know of. If English cars and English locomotives are surpassed by American, the fields that lie alongside the track need have no such fear. Americans know that grass is green, and that grain, ripe for the harvest, is yellow, but English grass *is* greenness, and English grain *is* yellowness. We were too late to see the hawthorn hedges in bloom—England owes not a little of her picturesqueness to these hedges—but we were just in time to see the great hundred-acre fields filled with harvesters. More than one hundred, sometimes more than two hundred men, women, and children were busy raking and binding and gleaning on these immense estates. Every autumn a grand harvest festival is held in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the day of its celebration, I am told, is not very different from our own Thanksgiving. Coming by the railroad you steal so quietly on the "metropolis of the world" that you are in it before you know it. A feeling of surprise, and a feeling, I know not what to call an emotion so indescribable, came to us as the guard unlocked the door and shouted "London!" London! the city of the Romans and Normans; London, the old-time home of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton and Johnson; the home of Carlyle. London, over whose streets have ridden the mightiest kings and captains of the world. In whose churches have gathered the very men and women whose names are scattered all over the pages of our histories. To look upon London for the first time is to form for yourself an ever memorable epoch.

We found hotel life just about what we had been told it was. The waiters are very solemn, and funereal, and

slow. English minutes, like English shillings, are twice the size of ours. They know nothing in English hotels of "lumping things" as we do in America. An ordinary bill for a week would have in it almost as many headings and items as the catalogue of a society of natural science. The memory of the hotel clerk is prodigious. He never forgets, apparently, to charge anything. If you have had ice in your water you will find it out when you read your bill. English editors and reporters are not for a moment to be compared in their attention to details with English landlords. We stopped in London only five days, but that is long enough to see an immense amount. For, though London is a city of great distances, yet the most interesting part of it, the part every square yard of which is packed with historical associations, lies between Westminster Abbey and the Tower, a distance not as great as from the Battery to Forty-second Street. However short the time may be, every one who goes to London visits the Tower. They are wise. Many of them might say, without exaggeration, that the two hours thus spent were among the most interesting of their lives. You may look on the very armor worn by famous crusaders. You handle—if the "beef-eater" does not see you—the very sword and lance which were once held in that iron glove. Out from the barred openings of helmets the light from the eyes of living knights seems to flash upon you. The age of chivalry, the tales of troubadours and wandering story-tellers become real. You sit in the chapel of St. John, where William the Conqueror and his Norman soldiers used to gather for worship. You stand in the rooms where Raleigh and Lady Jane Grey were im-

prisoned. You look up at the carved roof of the banquet hall, where Henry VIII. gave great feasts to his wives; you are within a few steps of the place where he beheaded them. You gaze one moment through thick glass, upon \$20,000,000 worth of crown jewels, and the next, you look upon the block where heads worthy to wear a crown were laid, and where blood of priceless preciousness was shed. The guide—called by the name which we usually apply to all Englishmen, “beef-eater”—tries to tell you everything, answers questions with great patience, and yet has time, as our party found out, to make up his mind as to what you are and where you came from.

Americans live in the delusion that they can talk English, and that by the aid of a high hat and a silk umbrella, they can pass unnoticed in any crowd. One or two hours in London are sufficient to convince any reasonable-minded American that he is mistaken. Our way of talking is so entirely different from the English, that high hats and umbrellas are found to be of no use whatever in concealing our identity. The “beef-eater” knew us for Americans, but for that matter so did every one else. If in America there is an American who is ashamed of being known as such, there is but one thing for him to do—stay home.

From the Tower we went out through the gate, under whose arches so many coronation processions have passed to the Abbey. What sights there have been along that triumphal route which winds through Cheapside and the Strand! What hopes have throbbed in royal hearts as the cortege swept on toward the Abbey and the

crown. What fears have filled the hearts of the condemned as they have been hurried through these streets toward the Tower, and the block. We went from the Tower toward the Abbey. On the way we passed our first cathedral, grand old St. Paul's. It loomed up through the smoke, beautiful, majestic, sublime. The noblest works of art approach the works of nature. They produce an impression not dissimilar. The moment when one first looks upon a great cathedral is not unlike the moment when one first looks upon a great mountain or cataract. The antiquarians of London have been much excited by the discovery which some workmen made in digging around St. Paul's of old pillars and arches, supposed to be the ruins of a cathedral built by the Normans nearly on the same ground as the present one. Almost everywhere in England you stumble against buildings or ruins of buildings which saw their days of glory long before Columbus saw America.

Westminster Abbey is a more familiar name to most of us than St. Paul's. It has associations which are lacking to the great temple. The gray old walls of the Abbey sweep your thoughts backward more than a thousand years. Four centuries before the Norman ships crossed the channel the Saxon Sebert had laid the foundations of the Abbey. Nine hundred years ago King Edgar replaced the sacred stones which the lawless Danish hands had thrown down and scattered. You enter that richly carved oaken door and the phantom-like forms which have so often started up from the pages of English literature, stand before you hewn in stone. Shakespeare and Milton are

there. Scott and Campbell and Southey and Wordsworth are remembered in costly monument or eulogic epitaph. There, side by side, lie the two, who as boys came up to London 150 years ago, from the same town. Jealous as they sometimes were of each other's success, Johnson and Garrick loved each other, and not unfittingly they sleep together in this honored place. Here are the two Pitts, William, Earl of Chatham, and his not less famous son. Here are the two Macaulays, Zachary, the philanthropist, and the more celebrated son whose gifts as essayist, statesman, and historian have made his name more lasting than this deeply-hewn inscription on the marble.

Hours fly by like moments as you walk under that arched roof, and recall the stories of the lives of the mighty dead who there lie buried. You forget the time in which you live, so vivid are the thoughts of the centuries when these men, whose ashes are beneath your feet, ruled as kings in State or Church, in literature or art.

CHAPTER III.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

The Temple Church—A Service in St. Paul's—A Sermon in the Abbey—Canon Farrar.

DR. JOHNSON said to Boswell more than a century ago, "The full tide of life in London flows by Charing Cross." A hundred years have made great changes in the mighty city, but Johnson's words are as true to-day as when they were spoken. We were wakened on our first Sunday morning in the English metropolis by the chimes of St. Martin's church at Charing Cross, once called appropriately "St. Martin's in the Fields." The old name still remains, but "The Field" is covered with massive granite buildings.

Only a few pleasure-seekers were in the Strand as we walked toward the great Cathedral of St. Paul's. There were many London preachers whom I was anxious to hear, but the times were unpropitious. Newman Hall and Joseph Parker were out of the city, and Mr. Spurgeon was ill. With but very few exceptions London shops are closed on Sunday, and the business streets deserted. I have never seen a city where the change from Saturday to Sunday was so marked.

As we passed on toward the Cathedral, we felt that every

step of the way was historic ground, consecrated by the lives of Milton and Goldsmith and Johnson and Reynolds. Many a time had they trodden this same street; looked upon these same warehouses and shops and churches. Here just before us is where the famous Temple Bar stood so long. English kings and queens have dismounted before it, to ask of the Lord Mayor a formal permission to enter "the city." Upon its graceful arch the heads of traitors and enemies to the crown were uplifted with huge pikes, as a warning to any evil-doers who might pass that way in the surging crowds. But the increase of traffic was not to be impeded by even so historic a gate as this. Only a few signs now remain to mark the place where it once stood. There, to the right, a few yards away, is the old Temple Church built by a patriarch of Jerusalem seven hundred years ago. Over these stones, on high-mettled steeds, with armor and battle-axe, swept in those olden days scores of Knights Templar to the doors of this church which had been built for them. It must have been a wondrous sight, when these mailed warriors were kneeling in prayer within those thick walls, while before the windows stood richly-dressed pages, holding the bridles and shields of their masters, and through the open doors came the sounds of jingling armor, the champing of bits, and the dashing of horses' hoofs on the pavement. In the church the memory of some of these Templars has been preserved in effigies of bronze. Outside, near one of the windows, is a simple inscription to the memory of one whose life, like that of so many men of genius, was unhappy, but whose brain and heart

were large, the immortal author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," Oliver Goldsmith.

We might stop again, if it were not Sunday, when we had walked a few feet further; for here is the Mitre Tavern, where Johnson and Boswell and Reynolds and Garrick passed so many evenings. Some of the best things Johnson ever said to Boswell, he said here. Some of the most foolish things that Johnson and Boswell ever did, were done here. Often together they came out of that door to walk along this street toward the same Cathedral to which we must now hurry. A mass of gray; a mighty dome looming up through the mist! such is St. Paul's as you walk up Ludgate Hill.

We have churches in America; we have buildings which are sometimes called cathedrals; but a cathedral in the English or German or Italian meaning of the term, we have not. We are certainly losers æsthetically; but I have yet to see a cathedral as well fitted for the true purpose of a church building, the worship of God, and the preaching of His Word, as scores of our own churches.

But St. Paul's is majestic beyond description. It is among English churches what Mt. Blanc is among the Alps. The architect, Sir Christopher Wren, has within its walls no statue of marble or bronze to perpetuate his memory; he needs none. "He who would see my monument as he stands in St. Paul's," said he, "let him look above and around him." We entered the great doors, to find no carpeted aisles or cushioned pews—these are comforts reserved for churches and chapels—but a floor formed of solid marble slabs, upon which,

fastened together in long rows by rough strips of wood, were perhaps a thousand straw-bottomed chairs. Here can come, if they will, the richest nobles and the poorest beggars. Some of both classes do come; but the congregation was made up almost entirely of that class which has been defined as "lying between the froth and dregs," the solid middle class. If you would find the nobility at worship, you must seek in a more fashionable portion of the city; if you would find the so-called masses at worship, you must turn your steps toward one of the Romish churches, or to a Church of England mission chapel, or to some great tabernacle for the people, like Mr. Spurgeon's. In the old Temple the rich and the poor met together; but there are, alas! very few modern temples of which a like assertion could be truly made.

I was disappointed in the service at St. Paul's. Probably because of the immense size of the building, everything, with the exception of the Scripture lessons, is intoned. Intoning, as it is ordinarily done, as it was done that day, is unsatisfactory, if you care at all to know what is being said. The only words which conveyed any meaning at all to my mind, were a few familiar sentences in the lessons. A friend who was with me, and who paid close attention, said that he was even less fortunate. Neither was the music as grand as I had expected. Perhaps some of the choristers were off on their summer vacation: for the volume of sound which came from the choir was unpleasantly thin. St. Paul's shows also in its services a ritualistic tendency. The forms of the Prayer-Book are observed, but there are many cer-

emonies, which like works of supererogation, seem valueless to the Low Churchman and Dissenter. Through these modifications, elements of weakness are being introduced. The part which was formerly, and is now ordinarily, allotted to the people, is taken from them and given to the choir. The claim, and the lawful claim, made for the advantages of some liturgical forms, that through them the voices of the people as well as of choir and minister can be heard, does not hold good for a service like that of St. Paul's. It is to be hoped that if the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of America should commit so great an error, the Reformed Churches at least will endeavor by some means to develop the power which was once, and is still, largely maintained by the rightful use of a responsive service.

We had not time, as we passed out, to spend many moments even before the most famous tombs of St. Paul's—Wellington's and Nelson's. We could only cast a hasty glance upon the costly monuments with which England has remembered her great Captain and Admiral, and then hurry on into the Strand again, to visit the pretty little church, in which all readers of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will take some interest. Every Sunday, according to Boswell, with rolling gait and puffing breath, the eloquent conversationalist and eminent lexicographer used to come along the Strand to take his seat here in the Church of St. Clement Danes. The service was so nearly concluded that I did not enter, but stood near the door and looked at the high-backed pews, and wondered in which had sat that strange com-

bination of philosopher and Christian man of the world, who sometimes drank too much wine, but who could boast that he had never been inside a Dissenting chapel.

Every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, during August, Canon Farrar preached in Westminster Abbey. He was one of the English clergymen whom I was anxious to hear—the one next to Spurgeon, whom I was most anxious to hear. The morning had been bright, but the afternoon was the perfection of a London day—dark, with thick clouds, from which every few moments came sudden dashes of great round drops of the wettest kind of rain. Through all this, a great crowd stood for nearly half an hour before the doors of the Abbey, waiting with as much patience as possible for their opening. The moment the bolts were drawn, a mass of pushing, crowding, elbowing human beings rushed through the aisles, some—could they have been Episcopalians?—over the backs of the pews into the most advantageously located seats. As it was described to me—for I was not in time to see this myself—it was a scene not well adapted to the arousing of devotional feelings. Though it was nearly three o'clock when I entered, I was fortunate enough to be placed in a very excellent position both for hearing and seeing. These afternoon services are not held in the great nave of the Abbey, but in what is called the choir, which has been separated from the nave by a partition; so that there are seats for not more than 1,000 or 1,200. As the aisles were partly filled, perhaps there were 1,500 present that afternoon—by no means as large a congregation as can be found in some of the Dissenting chapels.

The service in the Abbey was in every way a contrast to that of St. Paul's. The forms of the Prayer-Book were followed without variation. The responses were made by the people. Every word, from the beginning to the end, could be distinctly heard. Though only half the usual number of choristers were present (some of the little fellows looked in their white gowns like Raphael's Cherubs), the volume of sound was not noticeably deficient. The lessons and prayers were read by two canons, who occupied what are called "stalls" at opposite sides of the choir. Canon Farrar was unseen and unheard till the singing of the hymn just before the sermon, when he came up the aisle, preceded by a vergier, whose coat was covered with gold lace, and who carried in his hand with great dignity, a long golden-headed staff. At the conclusion of the hymn, Canon Farrar rose in the pulpit, which stands, I am told, only a few feet from the spot where the coronation chair is placed when a royal head is to be crowned. He announced, in a clear, distinct tone, that his text would be found in 2 Cor. vi. 2: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." He spoke very quietly, without much inflexion of the voice, and with no gestures, with the exception now and then of a nervous lifting of the right hand, with which he grasped for a few moments an arm of the candelabra which extended close to his side. He began by a reference to the subjects about which he had been speaking for the last two Sabbaths—What is Failure? and What is Success? This afternoon he wished to speak of that immediate choice of the true and the good, without which

true success is impossible to all. He showed simply and plainly that all present knew what was right, and what they ought to do, and that now was the best of all possible, or at least of all probable, opportunities for making choice of this life of duty, this Christian life. / The future is deceptive, much of the brightness of its possibilities is lent by distance. The heart is callous in old age—may be petrified in the last hours of life. “Now is the day of salvation.”

With a carefully-worded apology for making use of such an arousing instrumentality, he introduced an illustration. “The American evangelist,” he said (I was startled to think that Dwight L. Moody, of Chicago, was about to be quoted in Westminster Abbey), “whose name is known to you all, has told this story.” Then he related an anecdote, which did good service before Mr. Moody was born. An egg-hunter on the coast of Ireland swings himself under a rock in his eager quest. The rope escapes his grasp; each second its vibrations are diminishing; a moment, and it may be beyond his reach forever. He hesitates, but with a prayer to God, he leaps, clutches, with a grip like that of despair, the quivering line, and is safe. In a suggestive and original way he made use of this, to urge upon all who heard him to grasp now these opportunities which each moment swing further away. “Now is the accepted time.” Not by any means a remarkable sermon when heard from a Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist pulpit; but for such words of pleading exhortation to be spoken in the old Abbey, where their ringing tones broke against the monuments and tombs of Shakespeare, and Addison, and Garrick,

and Macaulay, was a cause for wonder and for thankfulness.

As we went out through the great nave of the Abbey, not a few stopped and read with moistened eyes the exquisitely-worded inscription on the marble slab which covers the body of David Livingstone—brave, true-hearted Christian man and missionary. There are some, I am sure, whose hearts, as they stood by that tomb, were uplifted in prayer, that their lives might be as pure, and as full of love toward God and man.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

*Days of Glory and Infamy—The Exposition—Versailles
—Sevres—A Lost Boy.*

IT would be difficult to find on the rivers or lakes of America a more unprepossessing and uncomfortable passenger boat, than that which runs between England and France, from Dover to Calais. Over this great thoroughfare of the world, plies a little tug-like vessel, whose uncovered deck in a storm is swept from end to end by water from the heavens and the channel. Such was the craft that stood puffing at the Dover pier as I stepped out of what the English call "the fast service" about nine o'clock one night on my way to the continent. I had been told repeatedly in England that it was nothing to cross the ocean; the channel was the true test for the sailor. But the innumerable cross currents which are wont to hold high carnival there, were quiet that night, as if resting for an hour from their wild sport. The electric Dover light had scarcely disappeared, when the electric Calais light appeared. In less than two hours from the time we steamed out of the Dover harbor we had answered in American French the few hurried questions of the Government officials as to what country we

were from? and how we called ourselves? and were in the little town whose name Queen Mary said they would find written in her heart. At half-past six the next morning, after a few hours of sleep, and a number of hours of entertaining conversation with a New York banker, and a New York publisher, we found ourselves in a city whose name calls up as varied associations as any other of the world's capitals. What days of glory and of infamy have been hers! What crowds have filled her streets to welcome home from victorious wars a Louis or a Napoleon! What mobs of men and women have swept madly through these boulevards, to lay the torch at the doors of some palace, or to dash from its pedestal some monument of national greatness. The city of Charlemagne and of Louis Quatorze, of Robespierre and Raoul Rigault, of Napoleon III. and Victor Hugo. How full is the history of her honors! How full is the history of her infamies! Everywhere statues and columns and churches and the names of rues and boulevards recall what she has been, and through what she has passed. You stand in the Place de la Concorde by the Egyptian obelisk, on the spot where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette and 2,800 others were beheaded in the few months which separated 1793 and 1794. To the north you see the beautiful church of the Madeleine with its fifty-two exquisitely-molded Corinthian columns. Begun in 1764, its completion was retarded by two revolutions, and an abdication. To the south, just across the Seine, the eye rests on another great edifice surrounded by Corinthian columns, the palace of the Bourbons, from which republican chisels have cut away all traces of roy-

alty. Here, to the east, are the gardens and the palace of the Tuileries, named from the brick-yards which once covered these acres, built by a princess of infamous memory, Catherine de Medicis, in whose fiendish heart originated the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day; used by her for a magnificent fête given four days before that frightful morning, which was there intentionally foreshadowed in allegorical representations. Occupied for nearly 200 years by kings as their royal residence, it has been three times plundered by a French mob, and almost burned to the ground in 1871 by the commune. As you turn and look to the west, what has been called the most magnificent boulevard in the world is before you. The Champs Elysées, as the name implies, is rather a park than a street. It is more than five times as wide as New York's far-famed avenue. A mile and a quarter away is Napoleon's arch of triumph, majestic in size, the largest in Europe. Every group and statue on its immense front is exquisitely shaped. Yet, under that triumphal arch, down the Champs Elysées to the palace of the Tuileries, less than a decade ago marched the victorious German army. Where on earth is there a city whose history is so full of startling contrast as that of beautiful Paris?

The World's Exposition of 1878 is great, but it is overshadowed by the more intensely interesting city. All who had never been in Paris before, begrudge the time which was required for a visit to the fair. There is so much to be seen on the north side of the Seine, that only old travelers comparatively familiar with the sights, go often to the Champ de Mars. There are many beautiful things in the great building which faces

the Trocadero, but the historical interest which enhances so greatly the attractiveness of the Louvre galleries and the palaces of the Tuileries and Versailles, is wanting there. I went out, of course, as every one else does, to the last-named palace, the monument of the greatness and folly of Louis XIV. I was amazed at the immensity of everything, terraces and fountains and banqueting-halls and art galleries; but no American, I imagine, looks at Versailles without being very confident in his own heart that with \$200,000,000 he could build something much more comfortable and cosy. We were more interested in the grand Trianon and the royal carriage-house than in anything else, with the exception of the room in the palace, where the great Louis, the originator of all this gorgeousness, breathed his last, and the apartments of Marie Antoinette, from whose windows, on that terrible October night in 1789, she had looked out on a wild, shrieking mob which filled the court. In the Trianon are the rooms occupied by Josephine, when she was the wife of Napoleon. Who can help pitying the lonely empress as they read the story of her life! Beautiful in person, lovely in character, it will be many a long year before the name of Josephine will have lost its fascination. Between the grand and petit Trianon is the above-mentioned royal carriage-house. The carriages themselves, some twenty in number, are immense structures, covered most lavishly with gilding and cloth of gold. Any of them passing up Fifth Avenue would excite great enthusiasm. But you look upon them with a feeling not unlike awe, not because they might be sold for so many francs, but that on those cushions worked in gold, once

reclined Louis XIII., Napoleon I., Charles XII., Napoleon III. What heads have leaned against that embroidered velvet! What emotions have pulsed through proud, brave hearts, as the crowds have made way for their outriders, and rent the air with cheers as the royal carriage swept by. The gilding is still bright and fresh, but the glory of king and emperor has departed. These carriages stand unused by the republic. They stand almost as if waiting and hoping for a revolution which would restore the empire and cause their wheels once more to roll over the streets of Paris.

I found time to make another excursion out of the city to Sevres. The morning had been spent with some friends in the Louvre. We were so completely overwhelmed by what was literally miles of painted canvas covering the walls of the almost innumerable rooms, that we gave up at a glance all hope of doing anything like justice to the most famous of European galleries. We decided simply to walk through the galleries, merely to form a general impression of the place, but when we found that, according to the guide-book, such a walk would take at least four hours, we changed our plan and went as far and saw as much as we could without any plan whatever. All who remember their feelings when they sat down to their first New England thanksgiving dinner, and saw what they were expected, and what they knew they ought and would like to do, will understand without further description how we felt that day, as we wandered up and down for an hour or so before the rarest of artistic tit-bits. At last in despair at our failure to "do" the Louvre, we started for Sevres, to whose

sights we thought our time and capacities better adapted. We took one of the little steamers, of which there are so many on the Seine, and as we shot along between its embankments of cut stone, we caught now and then a glimpse of some famous building or monument. From the pier where we embarked we could just see the tops of the two towers of Notre Dame, in which the Thiers memorial service was to be held the next day, and in which, not a century ago, a woman was worshipped as the goddess of reason by the leaders of the revolution, who had just before declared, like the man of whom David tells us, "There is no God." Very soon we came in sight of the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, established by Napoleon, as a home for superannuated soldiers of France, better known as the magnificent tomb of the hero of Austerlitz and Marengo and Jena, whose last wish, expressed when broken-hearted he lay on a cot—his death-bed—at St. Helena, "Bury me in France in the midst of the people whom I have loved," has been thus magnificently remembered by the nation, for whose exaltation and degradation he did so much. Now we sweep under a bridge—marked as they all are with a great N. by Napoleon III.—on one side of which rise the stately front and high towers of the Trocadero; on the other, the enormous main building of the exposition, with many smaller ones clustered around it.

Here we pass the walls of Paris, over which, into the very heart of the city, the Prussians threw their shells. But it may be doubted if in all the history of wars there has ever been before a siege conducted—if we may use the word—with such politeness as the siege of Paris.

Not from the Germans, but from her own commune, did she receive the scars with which her fair face is still marred. After you leave Paris there are but few objects of interest along the banks of the Seine, till you reach Sevres. Here we found a restaurant, which we will always remember, not for the elegance of its table, but for the enormous magnitude of its bill, and the factory which has made Sevres a household word all the world over. While I should scarcely be willing to recommend either of my companions as authorities on the Louvre and its paintings, I have no hesitation whatever in expressing my confidence in their judgment of Ceramics, for we "did" the Sevres work-shop in the most thorough way. We went into all the rooms, stuck our fingers into the clay, stood inside the oven where the baking is done—the fire was out—priced all the vases which we thought we would care to have, and felt, as we came out, that if the director should die at any time, we were perfectly fitted to step into his shoes. Not being fully satisfied with the day's sight-seeing, as soon as we had returned to the Place de la Concorde we took a carriage—and they are almost as cheap in Paris as New York street cars—and drove over to the square in front of the Hotel des Invalides, where a number of buildings had been erected for an international horse fair. Probably with the desire not to forget what they had seen at Sevres, my clerical friend and his wife declined to enter this "side show," as they somewhat irreverently named it, but the son and heir of the household being like myself troubled by no such fear, became my companion, and we started together to look at some of the finest horse-flesh in Europe.

We started together, but any one who knows the active disposition of the young man—a paternal inheritance—will scarcely need to be told that it was only for a few moments that we kept together. I was explaining to him, in what I thought a very interesting way, that a beautiful horse before us belonged to an English nobleman, and was worth fully as much as a small silver mine, when, either because of the indefiniteness of the comparison or from the fact that the horse was so blanketed that nothing but his hoofs and the tips of his ears were visible, this young representative of Brooklyn Presbyterianism, having decided to split and form a self-governed corporation for a while, suddenly disappeared. I looked up and down, walked up and down, whistled a few bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "My Country, 'tis of Thee," but with no result except to draw upon myself the surprised looks of French horse jockeys and an unpleasant professional glance from a military-looking policeman. Horses worth from one to twenty thousand dollars were passed by unnoticed. Visions of what my reception would be at the gate when I should return alone, of a French Charley Ross case, of the indignation with which the news would be heard in Brooklyn; these and not the shapely forms of noble steeds held my attention as I slowly worked my way back to the entrance. I had one hope. I knew that modern American boys have a reputation for smartness. It might be that this particular youth, though reared under the ministerial roof, was possessed of a fair share of the wisdom so often claimed as the exclusive property of the children of darkness. I was within a

few feet of the gate, every step weakening this last reliance. Just outside I could see the bereaved parents waiting for me, when the object of my search appeared around the corner with just such an "oh, here you are!" as if I had been the lost boy. I said farewell to my friends under the shadow of the church of the Madeleine, and as I saw them turn away I felt homesick for New York.

CHAPTER V.

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

The French "Dimanche"—Romish Churches—St. Augustine—The Madeleine—A Protestant Church—The American Chapel—Notre Dame—Memories of St. Bartholomew's Day—The Scotch Mission.

THE contrast between London and Paris is greatest on the Sabbath-day. In the English metropolis there is stillness like that of a New England village. In the French capital the streets are filled from morning till night with a crowd like that in a New England village on election day or Fourth of July, though more refined in its appearance, with its veneering of Parisian culture. The church bells ring as loudly and as sweetly as in the great city across the channel, but the crowd sweeps by their open doors toward the Bois de Bologne or Versailles. Gangs of workingmen in the picturesque blouse, carrying tools and little lunch-pails in their hands, hurry to their labor as on other days. The French Government says to its employés, "Seven days shall you labor and do all your work." Even the elections take place on Sunday. Great fêtes are reserved, like funerals in the country, for the Sabbath. The Exhibition keeps its most dazzling attractions for *Dimanche*. We may

judge something of what Sunday must have been in Paris fifty or a hundred years ago, from the universal testimony that the observance of the day is incomparably better now than then. At that time all the shops stood wide open from morning till night. Now those that are closed are not exceptional. They are a large majority.

Before beginning the real pleasures of the day, many of the Parisians go to the early morning service, held usually at about nine o'clock. The more famous Romish churches are then well filled. I went to two of these, first to the Church of St. Augustine in the northern part of the city. If not one of the largest, it is one of the most beautiful churches in Paris. Cut deep in the arched stones at the entrance were the three words "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," for the Republic has pushed its way through the iron gates, and written this, its somewhat hackneyed and pretentious motto, on all the more important churches. The highly ornamented interior was already nearly filled by an apparently devout assemblage. Whether the musical service was completed, or was to come later, I could not tell, but to my great surprise I heard, during the half hour or more spent there, not a note from voice or instrument. One of a number of priests present read from the pulpit what I supposed to be certain announcements of other services and confessional hours, and another preached a short sermon on the life of St. Augustine.

As I went toward the Church of the Madeleine—among the most famous, and judged to be externally the most beautiful, in Paris—the streets were beginning to take on their holiday aspect. A few of the pedes-

trians carried prayer-books, but a far larger number had lunch-baskets and shawls, and the other necessaries for a day in the country. A few minutes brought me in sight of a great pile of stone, shaped like a mausoleum, surrounded by rows of columns. No one who has ever seen a picture of it will have need to ask its name. Such columns and statues, and doors of bronze, can belong to none other than the famous building begun by Louis XV. in 1764, but completed neither by himself nor Louis XVI., though they spent more than twenty years of work and more than a million of dollars upon it.

The revolution of 1789, which brought Louis and his queenly wife, Marie Antoinette, to the guillotine, put an end for the time to all church erection, whether Catholic or Protestant. Twenty years later, when Napoleon was master not only of Paris and France, but of nearly all continental Europe, he determined to make the Madeleine what he then hoped soon to make the whole world—a temple of glory dedicated to himself. He could answer the proverb, “Man proposes, but God disposes,” with “I propose and dispose, too”: but he could not escape the dark disasters which, within four years, were to transform the proud Conqueror into a defeated General and lonely prisoner. The temple of glory was never dedicated: for he who was to have been its god, found none now so poor to do him reverence. Again, in 1815, the work was renewed by a King, Louis XVIII. He also intended it as a memorial, but with less egotism than Napoleon. He was to consecrate it as an honorary chapel to Louis XVI. and Marie An-

toinette. But another revolutionary spasm seized the people, and in the wreck Louis saw all his plans and hopes swept away. It remained for Louis Philippe to complete this structure, whose entire cost was over \$2,000,000, and which serves equally the purposes of a church and a monument to mark the ebb and flow of one of the most stormy periods of French history.

Where is there another church that can claim so many renowned names among its builders? The Madeleine is always full; for strangers, whether Protestant, Catholic, or Atheistic, consider it one of the sights of Paris not to be passed by. When I entered that Sabbath morning, both men and women were standing in the aisles. Many of them had prayer-books, with whose help they followed the service with at least an appearance of devotion. Around the church were little recesses called chapels, each with its cross and candles and patron saint. In one of these, only a few feet from where I stood, a priest, with highly-ornamented robes, assisted by two boys in similar vestments, was performing a service, which looked to me strange and unmeaning and utterly void of spirituality; but as I did not know of what the ringing of bells, the swinging of incense, and the washing of hands were intended to be symbolical, I felt I had no right, in my ignorance, to criticise and condemn.

Passing out through the great doors (said to be the largest in the world, next to those of St. Peter's at Rome), and between the beautiful Corinthian columns, I turned my face toward a much more modest building, where I was sure a service was about to begin in which I would take a deeper interest. Not very far from the

Champs Elysées, in the Rue de Berri, is a plain Gothic building, now well known in Paris as the American Chapel. When I entered, two things surprised me—the beauty of the interior, plain indeed contrasted with the gorgeousness of the Madeleine; and the large and remarkably intelligent congregation which had gathered there.

One needs to travel only a few weeks on the Continent to associate a service in English with the English service of the Established Church. In all the larger towns of Switzerland and Germany its chapels are opened at least during the summer months. Here and there you may find a Scotch chapel, but it is exceptional. However much you may enjoy the Church of England service, it is with a feeling of great delight that many Americans who have been away from their own Church for months, find, on entering the gay French capital, a place so delightfully homelike as this chapel established by the Evangelical Alliance. It is an ever-changing congregation which meets there from Sabbath to Sabbath, but it is always large and most interesting.

In the afternoon I went to the most famous ecclesiastical edifice in Paris, the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It took years to build the Madeleine, but it took centuries to build Notre Dame. Begun by a pope of Rome, Alexander III., in 1160, one of the dark Middle Ages, it was completed only a hundred years before the blows of Luther's hammer, as he nailed his Theses to the door of the Schlosskirche in Wittenberg, shook the foundations of this and every Romish church in Europe. Victor Hugo has given it the fascination which genius imparts

to every spot it touches. Many who walk up and down these long aisles see only the Notre Dame of his story ; but you can scarcely tear out a page from its history upon which something startling is not written. The great square in front of these towers was filled in 1792 by a seething, raging mass of infuriated revolutionists. Through these doors swept that procession, unique in the history of civilized nations, at whose head a woman, destitute of character, was carried like a heroine to the altar, where she was worshipped as a goddess. These are the pillars around which the mob piled benches covered with oil. Here and there still are some of the marks of the flames, which were more pitiful than the maddened human beings who lighted them. It was here, too, that the young Lieutenant from Corsica, who had dazzled himself, as he had dazzled all men, by his splendid successes, was crowned as the successor of Charlemagne and Louis XIV. Without a drop of royal blood in his veins, but with a marvellous brain and heart, he could not only push kings from their thrones, but could seat himself on the throne of France. Here Napoleon III., the nephew of this uncle, was married to Eugenie ; here, with the greatest pomp, the Prince Imperial was baptized. As we went out we saw that the walls were covered with the heaviest velvet and crape, as if to honor some royal personage. But no ; these last twenty-five years have wrought as great changes in France as almost any other quarter of a century in her history. Napoleon III. lies in an unknown grave ; Eugenie and her son are wanderers. Notre Dame is shrouded in mourning for the President of the Republic which rose on the ruins of

Napoleon's Empire. There is a great white "T." inwrought on the black cloth: for the nation is to commemorate here, on one of the earlier days of this very week, the memory and the services of the famous historian and republican, Adolph Thiers. These gray walls may witness changes equally great and startling in the next twenty-five years.

As the crowd passed through the nave into the choir, we followed, thinking that the afternoon service was probably being held there, on account of the decoration in the church. We were not mistaken, for as we drew nearer we could hear the exquisite music which rose softly toward the vaulted roof. I had supposed that all Romish churches were free; that only Protestants had adopted the custom of rented pews; but here, in the great Cathedral of Paris, standing-room only was free. If you would sit, you must first hire a chair—a custom which strikes one at first more unpleasantly than the regular renting of seats. This may have been one of the reasons why in the large congregation the working classes were but poorly represented. They could not afford to pay for a seat, and they were too proud to stand. We were too late for anything but the closing parts of the service. These were mostly musical. A solo was sung by a fine bass voice, and a choral with the accompaniment of violins and harps.

On our way home we passed an edifice upon which no Protestant can look without some emotion. It is a little church, facing the Louvre. It is old—old enough to have been pillaged by the Normans nearly a thousand years ago. It was used for centuries as the royal

chapel, but all other interest which might attach to it is swallowed up in the intenser interest which it awakens by the part it played in the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. It was from that dark old belfry the signal was given for the beginning of one of the blackest deeds of all history. In that terrible night, and the day which followed, more than 2,000 men and women, who bore the name of Huguenot—a name which all impartial historians now speak with reverence—were stabbed in their houses or on the street. The young King, the weak tool of his mother, Catharine de Medicis, was seen to fire upon the fugitives from his palace window. Before the night of the 25th of August, 1572, closed this scene over which fiends might have wept, 20,000 of the best citizens of France lay dead—among them, one of the purest and noblest characters in the history of that land, or of the world, Admiral Coligny. As you stand under that tower, and look and think, you will need to pray, or a bitterness like that of gall will be in your heart. Even from this blow Protestantism slowly rallied in France during the next twenty years, till in 1598 Henry IV., in the so-called Edict of Nantes, placed it, in a degree, under the protection of the laws. For the next fifty years the Huguenots were tolerated as a necessary evil. Then, says the historian Martin, "The Government of Louis XIV. began to act toward the Protestants as toward a victim which is entangled in a noose, which is drawn tighter and tighter till it strangles its prey." Though Henry's laws remained on the statute books, they were but little more than a nominal protection. The Huguenots were to be made Cath-

olics, or to be driven out of the country. The names of Protestant families were given to the King, his Jesuit confessor, La Chaise, and his Minister of War, the Marquis de Lonvois. Soldiers were sent by order of the Government to be billeted upon these households for an indefinite time, or till conversion.

In three years, through this steady pressure, it is said that 50,000 Protestant households were broken up and scattered all over Europe. This was only the prelude to an almost fatal blow. In 1685 Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes, the law of protection established by Henry. Scenes only less terrible than those of St. Bartholomew's day followed. Protestant churches were seized and confiscated. Protestant marriages were declared illegal. The lives of Protestants were not safe. Only the clergy were permitted to leave the country. Yet more than a quarter of a million, some of them the best mechanics and workmen in France, finding it impossible longer to live in the land they loved, fled into Holland, Germany, and England. Multitudes who were forced to remain were so restricted, and through these restrictions so discouraged, that they added nothing to the wealth of the country. "Thus by one blow," says a careful writer, "France was impoverished in reality, of the activity of more than a million men, and of the million that produced most." From that blow French Protestantism has never recovered. The vast bulk of the population to-day is either Catholic or infidel. But under the republic there is religious toleration, and to a very great extent religious liberty. Romanist as he was, Marshal McMahan had five members in his Cabinet of

nine who are said to be Protestants. The most famous of his ministers, M. Waddington, is known everywhere as such. That the people of France are tired of the bondage in which they have so long been held by a priesthood, is acknowledged with great sorrow and anxiety by the Church of Rome herself. That they are ready and eager for the truth which Jesus came to make known, and through which He said the heart was to be made glad, has been most remarkably shown by a movement begun so lately and carried on so quietly that comparatively few have yet heard of it.

Horatius Bonar, whose name is almost as well known in America as on this side of the Atlantic, made a visit to Paris not very long ago, and on returning told in Edinburgh "The Story of Bellville and the Mission to the Ouvriers of Paris." He had been interested in the beginning of that work, some seven years ago, by a Scotch minister, the Rev. W. McAll, but, like every one else, he had grave doubts as to its success. He found, on his visit to Paris, twenty-two halls opened for prayer and preaching services many times during the week, some, like that of the Rue de Rivoli, every night. He was surprised, as every one is who visits these stations, at the numbers of those who attend, and the interest they manifest in the addresses delivered by Mr. McAll or some French pastor. I saw more workingmen in the meeting in the Rue de Rivoli than I had seen either in the Madeleine or the Notre Dame. Medals are abundant in America, and prized accordingly, but they are not so numerous in France, and when Mr. McAll's services were thus acknowledged by the great benevolent society

of Paris, of which a large number of Roman Catholics are members, many began then to see the importance of a work which they had before ignored. Since then "The Society for Promoting Popular Instruction and Education" has bestowed upon him a similar honor. It was a surprise to me also to find how large are the sums which are annually contributed to carry on these missions. For the year 1877 there was collected in Great Britain and on the continent (America has as yet done but little, except through Dr. Hitchcock's chapel) the sum of \$18,160. The city of Lyons has just sent a request for a station to be established there. Every wind sweeps the sparks still further. Who can say what blessings God may bestow on France through this Scotch mission in which all Christian people are now becoming interested?

The fierce hatred which so long made France and Germany but great battle-fields, to be trampled by Catholic and Protestant armies, has shrivelled like some old, fabled demon, at the dawning of the light which covers all Europe in the last quarter of this nineteenth century. There may be fewer prayers upon the lips, but there are also fewer curses hurled upon the heads of Churchman or Dissenter, than a hundred years ago. The non-essentials of the Christian faith no longer excite bitter passion and bloodshed. But those twenty-two mission stations within the walls of Paris are so many voices crying out that in France, as everywhere, men are still perplexed by "the obstinate questionings of invisible things," and that they will gladly listen to those messengers who come to tell them lovingly of Jesus, the Truth.

CHAPTER VI.

A HALF-HOUR IN PARIS WITH MR. GLADSTONE.

The Study of Italian—Dante—Modern Greek—Religious Liberty in Greece—The Greek Church—The Movements toward Rome and Agnosticism—The Kind of Men Needed for the Ministry.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend in London, I met Mr. Gladstone, some months ago, at a dinner given there to Archbishop Trench, of Dublin. As he was prevented from replying to a question concerning one of the great religious movements of the present century, he was so good as to say that, if I would write him more fully of two or three points, he would give his opinion by letter. Much to my surprise, the next day after my note was sent, his complete and most satisfactory answer was received. I had not seen him from that time till I had the pleasure of meeting him here, a day or two ago; but he has one of those remarkable memories that never lose their hold either of names or faces. Something of his immense popularity may be due to this; for very few men are entirely proof against the subtle flattery of being called by name by a great man, and remembered, to a certain extent, as old friends.

When I told him, in answer to his question as to

what I was doing in Paris, that I was attempting to get enough Italian to help me out in a southern tour, he said: "I am always glad to hear of any one studying that language. It is too much neglected by our English-speaking people. It is one of the most fascinating of the European tongues, very easy at the outstart. One can easily get enough for travelling purposes; but to know it and use it scientifically, is the work of years. Its literature is most rich. I have here," he said, "one of the latest and probably the best editions of Dante. You might not care for so full a commentary on the text, but no one now can read Dante without notes, as many of his allusions are local and temporary. I have never made use of it," he continued, when modern Greek was mentioned, "for it is an exceedingly difficult language to speak, however thoroughly one may have studied Sophocles, Euripides, and Homer. I could not read," he added, "a line of modern Greek without a great effort to give to each word its proper accentuation, the pronunciation of the modern is so entirely different from the ancient. My own studies," he went on, in answer to a question, "have been continued, to a degree, all through my political life; but they have been largely confined to Homeric literature, to the neglect, I fear, of later important works."

Concerning religious liberty in Greece, which is now creating some discussion among the leading European powers, he said: "I am not in favor of free proselytism among members of the Greek Church—though, of course, all restriction by law should be abolished; but it is a very serious thing to destroy the unity of a communion. The Greek Church is not beyond hope. The effort should be

made for reform within it." I could not help being reminded by this of the energetic attempt made, not long ago, to unite the English and Greek Churches. Mr. Gladstone, I should judge from the tone of his remarks, would approve of it, and appears to take a much more favorable view of the purity of the Greek Church than Dean Stanley, who says that such a union is absolutely impracticable. "With the Roman Church," continued Mr. Gladstone, "the problem is a very different one. It is, perhaps, impossible for us to work in harmony with an ecclesiastical body which demands, as the first essential for membership in its communion, the surrender of intellectual freedom and the acceptance of such a philosophical and theological absurdity as the dogma of Papal Infallibility. The Romish Church also locks up the Bible from laymen, which the Greek Church does not. But," he went on, "I am by no means confident of very great success in any attempt to transplant in this century the growth of the sixteenth in those lands which refused at that time to accept it. All our confessions were the product of the great reformatory movement which originated in Germany, and are adapted specially to the times and the phases of thought which then prevailed. What right have we to expect that, in a very different age and under greatly changed conditions, the results of that movement can be grafted into a stock that has always vigorously resisted any such effort?"

To the question if the excessive adaptation of old faiths to new conditions was so weakening the hold which Protestants once had on the Bible and creeds as to cause in England two currents, one setting toward

Rome and the other toward entire skepticism, Mr. Gladstone answered: "The movement toward Rome has lost all real force, I think. Converts are made, of course, every year; some of high rank, but none of high intellectual culture. Since Manning and Newman went over, no one of any great mental power has become a pervert. Regarding the other movement, it is impossible to speak so positively. There is a good deal of skepticism in England; but I hope it is more an epidemic than a chronic disease." To my expression of surprise at having found Herbert Spencer's works much less known in England than in America, he said: "Mr. Spencer is a very brilliant writer and a man for whom personally I have great respect; but I have a different feeling toward his agnostic arguments. What he says about the absolute unknowability of God seems to me only metaphysical quibbling. All our knowledge is, of course, merely partial—if we should live together twenty years, we would know each other but imperfectly; yet such a knowledge of men is sufficient for guidance in our daily affairs. The finite certainly can know God only in a very limited degree; and yet that knowledge is ample for love, obedience, worship. As to that phase of skepticism which has found its leaders in such famous students of natural science as Huxley and Tyndall, I feel no apprehensions whatever. There is even now, I think, a tendency on their part toward a modification of some of their most extreme statements. All this will right itself, I am sure, in the end. A good many excrescences have fastened upon the Church, which must be rubbed off. The process will be an un-

pleasant one, no matter by whom this is done; but the life of the Church will be fuller and healthier for it in the end."

When I said that in America we felt a great debt to him for his defence of so many vital truths, he answered: "I should consider it one of the highest honors of my life if I have been able in any way to ease the labors of the Church. Better times are before us; but every man, I think, should do what he can to relieve the present strain." "Yes," he said, "perhaps it is true, as you suggest, that the words of a layman sometimes have more weight, because they are such, than those of a cleric. We naturally expect certain lines of argument from the pulpit; but I should look with great sorrow upon any loss of influence by the clergy. No Church can stand whose priests or ministers do not possess the highest respect of the people. I would be glad to see the very best men in England taking orders. If there is any sign of dissolution in the Church of Rome, it is, perhaps, the inferiority of her priesthood. Her priests come largely from the lower classes, and are usually men of very moderate ability. Better workmen than these are needed to build in our times."

CHAPTER VII.

INTO SWITZERLAND.

Fair Geneva—Rousseau's Island—Church and House of Calvin—Chamouni—Mt. Blanc—A Long Walk—Mer de Glace—Mauvais Pas—Tête Noire—Martigny.

ENGLAND glories in her hawthorn hedges, but France glories in her vineyards bounded only by ocean and river and mountain. You ride for hours from Paris to Geneva, between the vine-clad hills of poets and story-tellers. Every available slope has been tilled and planted. Where the Government has permitted, the forests have been cut away. On the steeper hills, hundreds of little terraces have been built that the peasant's farm might not be washed into the valley by some spring shower. France waits till the grape harvest to count her wealth. She calls herself poor when it is meagre. She feels rich, though she may not call herself so, when it is abundant. The train plunges on through French vineyards and Swiss gorges toward Geneva. Now and then you catch a momentary glimpse of some snow-capped peak. You forget the jolting and tossing which made sleep difficult, and twisted your dreams into forms most weird and strange. You are in Switzerland. Are not these Swiss fields and

brooks and mountains and clouds? Is not this Swiss air that comes through the open window, reminding you by its touch of the glacier over whose bosom it swept not an hour ago? You become enthusiastic. You feel like shaking hands with the guard who throws open the door and shouts—while he looks as if he knew you were from America and had never been here before—“Geneve, Geneve.” You are ready to give a centime—it takes five to make a cent—to all the little boys that fill the streets. For ten minutes you rattle over the pavement, then swing round a corner, and there before you, so near that you can hear the low splash of the water against the stone banks, is the largest of all the Swiss lakes.

The scene is not unlike a Venetian picture. For a moment you see only water and houses, and crafts with strange-looking sails. This bay might be the Adriatic. These houses Venetian villas. These vessels Italian feluccas. But you lift your eyes above the spires of the churches, above the ranges of hills that seem ready to press the town into the lake, upon a vision of beauty of which you have read a hundred times. The sun has swept away the clouds that covered valley and mountains all the morning. The atmosphere is as pure as the waters of the lake. Forty miles away—it looks scarcely a tenth the distance—is a mass of snow and ice covered with a soft crimson light. It is Mont Blanc, majestic, lordly, indescribably magnificent. Mountain, city, lake! This is not Italy. This is Switzerland. This is Geneva. The two portions of the town are united by a number of bridges, but all sight-seers cross the one from which the Island of Rousseau is reached. Here stands a statue of

the man whose life was as warped and wild as his theories. His genius was unmistakably great. For this, Geneva preserves with great pride and care the house in which he was born; rears to him a statue on an island dedicated to him; places his name among the greatest of her heroes; but should Rousseau return to-day with theories and life unmodified, it may be doubted if the city so proud of his fame would give him anything but the coldest of welcomes. It is not very far from Rousseau's Island to the church and house of John Calvin.

Two hundred years before "the mad philosopher," as men have called Rousseau, came into a world which he completely misunderstood, and which perhaps completely misunderstood him, Calvin was driven from Noyon, in France, his birthplace and home, on account of his religious belief. He came to Geneva as a refugee. He found there a little city, which by the instrumentality of Farrel had freed itself from the tyranny of Rome. He was urged to remain, for a time at least, to aid in the completion of the work most auspiciously begun. So, for more than twenty years the French refugee made the Swiss town his home. He preached almost every day from the cathedral pulpit of St. Pierre, or in one of the Geneva churches. His character was strong, perhaps stern. He dwelt most often on the infinite holiness and justice of the Divine Father. His words were like thunderbolts, and for a time Geneva was the purest of cities. Whatever view we may take of his life and teachings, certainly they will compare very favorably with the lives and teachings of the two equally famous

citizens of Geneva, Voltaire and Rousseau. It is a ride of some forty-nine miles from Geneva to Chamouni, but the road is so perfect—usually better than anything in or around New York, in no place anything like as bad as Central Park in spring—that the miles slip quickly behind the six horses and great wheels of the French diligence. We rode some hours in the shadows of the hills whose tops were covered with the mist which the sun had not yet driven away. Crowds of little boys and girls ran at our side begging in very good French, which startled us at first, as we had thought begging was always done in English or Irish. A few centimes thrown among them, either in the dust or the long, wet grass, created a degree of excitement and an amount of motion which rightly applied ought certainly to have been worth as many francs. The postillion cracked his whip so loudly that the echoes came back from the hills, so often that every hour, with the six lines pressed between his knees, the thick whip-stock between his teeth, a knife in one hand, and a piece of twisted cord in the other, a new snapper was manufactured and looped into the long lash. We had stood on a high hill at Geneva and watched the mingling of the waters from the Rhone and the Arve; we saw with wonder—though who has not heard of it a hundred times?—the pure blue Rhone leaping from the lake, crowding against the bank as if loathing the yellow, muddy Arve which seeks so persistently to join its life with that of its fairer neighbor, and now we rode for miles by this same Arve which we had watched striving, at last with success, to plunge itself into the Rhone. Every snap of the whip, every

turn of the huge wheels, was bringing us nearer its course, of which Bryant once wrote :

“ Not from the sands or cloven rocks,
Thou rapid Arve ! thy waters flow ;
Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
Thy dark unfathomed wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.”

When we stopped at St. Martins for a rest of half an hour, we had our first near view of Mont Blanc. Its great white face and forehead gilded with the sun, rose so directly before us, so distinctly outlined, that it seemed as if we might easily shoot a rifle-ball against it. Distances are even more deceptive among great hills than on the sea. We were forced to this conclusion when the driver, hotel-keeper, and Baedeker all agreed in saying that Mont Blanc is twelve miles from St. Martins. What we found to be the most tiresome part of our journey was still before us, though here we were in sight of the end. The road soon began to twist and turn as if writhing itself over the mountain like some old sea-serpent unused to this kind of travelling. Yet with all its windings around the corners of steep cliffs over the boiling Arve, and through dark tunnels, it preserved its smoothness. With what an effort this had been done we could see everywhere, in the great walls of stone often a hundred feet high, built up from the valley, in the bridges constructed as solidly as if for a railroad, in the piercings and cuttings of the mount-

ains, which looked as if a thousand giants had been there with their hammers and drills. We can teach the French and Swiss many things, but they can teach us how to make roads. It was just at sunset that our postillion, with a sharp cry to his leaders and a tremendous crack of the whip which threw all his other efforts into the shade, drew up before the doors of the hotel in Chamouni. Right above us, calm in his placidity, his feet bathed by the river, and his head covered with golden water by the setting sun, stood the mightiest of all the hills of Europe.

“Mont Blanc is the monarch of Mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of light, with a robe of cloud,
And a diadem of snow.”

Right regally he sits there on his throne. Multitudes even from free America lay their homage at his footstool, but he is as impassive as a Turk. If you are strong of limb, and heart, you may climb upon his huge round shoulders and mighty head, but one slip of the foot and he will lock you up for a thousand years in his bottomless prisons of snow and ice. We saw at Geneva a young American who had just returned from making the ascent of Mont Blanc. He assured us that a presentation to the court of this monarch is expensive in every way. The process requires three full days. On the first you ascend half way, and stay overnight in the king's ante-chamber, the Grand Mulet, an insignificant hut visible from Chamouni. The second, if well used, will bring you to the throne itself, where you stay about

the same length of time as at most court presentations. That night you spend again in the ante-chamber, returning, if you are so fortunate as ever to return, the following afternoon to the valley. For this our young American friend had paid \$100, the usual price for the guides and food. He had also frozen one of his thumbs so badly that at first amputation seemed necessary, though it proved not to be so severe a case as the physician had thought; yet this, with other discomforts and expenses, caused him to advise us not to be presented. We were very willing to accept this advice, as we had already made up our minds not to go. We had planned a somewhat different excursion, and at six o'clock the following morning we three—two New York gentlemen and myself—with knapsacks on our backs and Alpine stocks in our hands, started from Chamouni for a tramp of forty miles. I thought that my friends, being pampered city men, would soon give out, and then we should take mules and ride as other people do, but I learned some things that day that I had not known before. As we walked rapidly along through the little village, we looked back every few moments at this monarch from whose realm we were fleeing. His face was more sombre than in the sunset, or the moonlight of the previous night. He looked as men, perhaps even kings, are wont to do early in the morning, but in a few moments the scene was transformed. The mightiest monarch of all, whom so many peoples have worshipped as a god, was coming over the fair fields of Italy to visit once more these hills and valleys. Mont Blanc was waiting with his head uncovered save by his white locks. No courtier's face

ever shone so brightly at the presence of his sovereign as the broad gray face of Mt. Blanc that morning, when first touched by the September sun. The yellow light rested for a moment on the highest prominence, then spread slowly as if, an old Greek would have said, the unused golden nectar of his gods was being poured out on the mountain's top by celestial lackeys. In half an hour every peak was glowing like burnished silver, while the valley was still enswathed in mist and shadows. For more than an hour we walked at a tremendous pace up the sides of Montanvert. When half that time was passed I would have given my letter of credit for a five minutes' rest, but it was not for a Western man to be the first to make such a proposition, and we walked on, overtaking a party that had started long before with a guide, then another on mules, reaching the top the first arrivals of the day, in the best of spirits and with a supply of breath which had come most mysteriously and opportunely. There before us was the Mer de Glace, which we were to cross. Should a night of coldness so intense as far to surpass all in the memory of that man who never dies, "the oldest inhabitant," suddenly, instantly congeal into a solid mass Niagara river and falls, you would then have a Mer de Glace, an exact counterpart of that which has stood for centuries almost motionless, above the Valley of Chamouni. The billows of ice have piled themselves into great ridges, as they have been pushed into the gorge by some irresistible power. Crevices, a score of feet wide, perhaps a thousand feet deep, yawn at your side, as with slow pace and careful step and firm grip on the Alpine stock, whose sharpened

iron point rings on the ice, you cross this magnificent monstrosity. On the opposite cliff, before returning to the valley, you must descend the famous Mauvais Pas—bad pass. We had been told that it was absolutely nothing now, since an iron railing has been placed against the rocks, to which you can cling, and found, using the words in a somewhat different sense, that it was almost absolutely nothing, for it seemed for a moment impossible to tread the narrow steps, often not more than six inches wide, running on the very edge of a dizzy precipice. The iron railing was a delusion, as well as a help. In some places it had been torn from the rock, and in others so loosened that as you leaned upon it your fingers received a far too friendly grip from the iron and stone. There are passes on Mt. Blanc said to be far worse, but we were quite satisfied with the badness of this while we were slowly working our way over it.

In three hours from the starting time we had reached the Chamouni Valley again. We were elated with our success. We had walked in three hours a distance for which the guides and guide-books allow four. Resting our knapsacks on top of the fence,—how well I learned that day to sympathize with the pack peddler, be he Jew or Gentile,—we consulted Baedeker for the route over the Tête Noire and started for the village of Argentière at a pace which showed no diminution in rapidity. We were self-congratulatory and proud over what we had done. We knew “that the ride over the Tête Noire takes a whole day,” but were we not walking! had not our early morning exercise given tone to muscle and nerve! Our friends said we should be in Martigny for table d’hôte at six

o'clock, and I believed them at first, but the way through the valley and up the hills after we had left Argentière was rough and hard.

The sun was hot, oh, fearfully hot! Our knapsacks slowly increased in weight till at last we thought like old Atlas the whole world was on our backs. We stopped for lunch at the half-way house, the Hotel de la Cascade Barberino, a beautiful name surely, but the most satisfactory thing we found there was a long bench, on which we threw our knapsacks and ourselves with an intense sigh of relief which even the presence of some ladies could not restrain. But we sighed again with less satisfaction, as one of the ladies said, in that sort of a whisper which is the most audible of all the tones of the human voice, "Students!" "Oh no!" was the answer. Still more audible, "Too old!" That was not the place for us, we felt, and in fifteen minutes we were on our way again. We had taken our last look at Mt. Blanc in his gorgeous splendor, at the glaciers which looked like white clotted blood pouring from the hearts and heads of the mountains. We had now before us only pines and wild brooks, and—we soon found—long steep hills. The pampered city young men showed no signs of weakening. The Western man showed none, but he knew in his heart that it was awfully hypocritical. On we went, passing everything, one-horse wagons, two-horse wagons, parties on foot and on mules, even the ladies in their carriage, who had so greatly overestimated our antiquity. On and on, past the Tête Noire house, where we did not even stop for breath, up a hill which kept lengthening itself out above us, like a sermon or a

letter which seems every moment about to end, but doesn't, till at last—but oh, what a strain of muscle before that moment—at last, the top. We were repaid. At our feet lay Martigny. The eye swept over the whole valley of the Rhone. The sky was cloudless. From beneath us came the low tinkle of the bells of the cows pastured in the rich fields. By the roadside were the huts of the peasants in the midst of little clearings planted with the greatest care, harvested with an economy absolutely unknown in America, from which not an apple or a blade of grass escaped. Men and women in the miniature fields were hurrying at their work, for the sun had already begun to go down behind the mountains. We looked for a moment with admiration on the scene, tightened our knapsacks for the descent, and hurried on toward Martigny and the table d'hôte. Alas, the illusiveness of hope; we thought in an hour at the most we should be under the hospitable roof of the Hotel Clerc, but when we had rushed down the hill for more than an hour, Martigny seemed no nearer. The path we had taken, a short cut—called the old road—was covered with sharp loose stones. The soles of the only pair of Western shoes in the party gave out. Valley Forge and the shoeless soldiers whose torn feet stained the roads for miles around, were often thought of. But the pampered youths of the metropolis kept on with speed unabated.

An hour more and yet another hour passed, and just as the clocks were striking six we entered the long paved street of Martigny. Twelve hours of steady walking had brought us over the forty miles, but they had filled

every bone and muscle with cries for rest. We ate that night as the hungry eat, and slept as the sleepy sleep, and woke the next morning feeling far less weary than many a poor brain-worker after his weekly or Sunday labor. Martigny, small as it is, is comparatively well known as a starting-point for Alpine travellers. Through this town, seventy-eight years ago, Napoleon led his army over the Great St. Bernard, and from the Hospice received from the monks, bread and wine for his soldiers. The Hospice stands there still. Brave monks pass their lives among the eternal snows, and when worn out by their labors of love, come down to the white houses and green fields of Martigny to die. It is a hard, hard life—a life to which few are called, but how bright this world of ours would be if every house on mountain or plain, or city's boulevard, were a Hospice, where brave hearts pushing their way over the mountains could find refuge from storms and hunger, and every life were as full of helpfulness and unselfishness as the lives of the monks of St. Bernard.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM VEVEY TO INTERLAKEN.

The Castle of Chillon—A Glimpse of Freiburg—"Between the Lakes"—In the spray of Staubbach—Swiss Lights and Scenes.

ONE of the most charming spots in Switzerland is comparatively unknown to Americans. It is on the same lake as the town of Geneva, but at the other end. Villeneuve has been made famous by its nearness to the castle of Chillon, but Vevey is but little further away, and is incomparably more beautiful. There may have been something in the delightful atmosphere of rest which we drank in, as thirsty men drink water, all through the hours of the Sunday we spent there, after our hard walk over the Tête Noire; but certain it is, that the name of no other Swiss town is more pleasant to recall. In riding the short distance between Martigny and Vevey, we had swept rapidly by an exquisite waterfall that rushes over the high rocks by the side of the railroad. We had shot through clefts in the mountains, and had passed the little town of Maurice, in itself without special attractiveness; but we looked out at the station, to offer for a moment our silent homage to the memory of the brave Roman legion that here suffered

martyrdom for refusing to renounce for the old heathen mythology the new religion of Christ, which they had accepted. We caught but a glimpse of Chillon as we approached Vevey, but like all good pilgrims, we made a visit to this old castle. It proved to be interesting beyond our expectation. This mass of stone, which Bonivard by his imprisonment, and Byron by his pen, have immortalized, rises majestically from a little island in the lake, only a short distance from the shore.

“Lake Lemman lies by Chillon’s wall.
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow.”

We crossed the bridge from the main-land, passed under the stone arch of the portcullis into what was, for me, the first castle within whose walls I had ever been. We joined the party of some ten or twelve standing in the court-yard with a guide who was waiting for an increase of numbers, with an eye to the Swiss coin, which would be the necessary resultant. He was both a philosopher and rhetorician in his way. His patois was effectual in arousing the interest of those who understood it, and the method he followed of leading us from the less to the more interesting halls and chambers, brought those of us who were relying mostly upon our guide-books gradually to the climax of interest. We saw the great banqueting hall hung with shields and lances, and trimmed with the flags of all the Swiss countries. We saw the hall of justice, where cruelty sat in the judges’ chair, and tyranny condemned the innocent to torture and death. We saw the dungeon whose only furniture

was the rack, and the boot, and the thumb-screw. We saw the chapel where the doomed wretches were mocked with a caricature of Christianity but little better than the demon-worship of savages. We saw the great rock on which victims were bound the last night they were to spend on earth, that courage might be weakened, and nerves shattered by sleepless hours of restless, painful tossing on this granite couch. We saw the dark pit lined with knives. Bodies of the dead and living were thrown in there, but only fragments shot out into the lake. The guide had reserved the most interesting room for the last. We descended a flight of heavy stone steps, a huge iron door was thrown open, and we stood on the spot of which Byron wrote :

“Chillon, thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard.”

We leaned against the pillar to which the old prior of St. Victor had been chained, and silently read the words as best we could in the dim light. Byron was no priest, but his marvellous genius has consecrated that dungeon as no priestly blessing ever could. It is a beautiful ride, even in a railway coach, along the shores of the lake from Vevey to Lausanne. There the road winds over the hill, from whose top one last view is caught. The train rushes through a tunnel, and when you come again into the light, the scene has lost so much of its picturesqueness that you are content to lean back from the window, and rest your eyes, tired with the intensity of

attention. At Freiburg we went out on the platform of the car (this is allowable in Switzerland, or at least is possible, which is all that an American asks), and looked everywhere, if we might perhaps see the spires of the cathedral, the proud possessor of the famous organ which we had not time to hear. Having been successful in this, and also in catching a glimpse of the great suspension bridge—it is only 150 feet shorter than that which crosses the Ohio at Cincinnati—we were ready to go on our way to Berne. This is the capital of the Swiss cantons, but is known to travellers rather by its bears than from any political importance. Our stop here was so short, and we were so hungry, that we had only time to play the bear ourselves for a few moments, and then hurry on toward Thun and its beautiful lake. While the steamer was plowing her way through this pretty little sheet of water, some eleven miles long, the rain came down in splashes great enough to cool the ardor of the most persistent sight-seers. As we stood on deck under umbrellas we could see every now and then some beautiful villa more charming in its surroundings even than those along the Hudson. Once the snow-white mountains in the distance looked out upon us for an instant, and then sullenly wrapped themselves again in impenetrable folds of mist and cloud. On a bright day the sail over Lake Thun must be delightful. It was beautiful on that dark September day, but the cold rain made us welcome the change from the boat to the cars, and still more the end of the day's journey at Interlaken, where we very soon found ourselves. The names of places are often utterly meaningless. If I mistake not, we have in

the States numberless "Lake Views" from which no water but mud-puddles is visible. But Interlaken is well named—between the lakes it is; Thun lies in the giant's palm of one hand and Brienz in the outstretched fingers of the other.

We went in the evening to the Kursaal, a great refreshment hall, with a wide piazza, where a crowd of people from all over the world were taking their ices and coffee, or their wine and beer, and listening to the music of one of the best orchestras in Switzerland, whose services are remunerated by the involuntary contributions of all the guests of the hotel. It is almost a fairy-like scene, this Interlaken kursaal at night. You might think for a moment that some picture had broken from its frame to become for the time a reality. The beautiful hall, the exquisite music, the people chatting during the pauses in German and French, Italian and English; the moon breaking now and then from the clouds and gilding for an instant with silver the peaks of the Jungfrau—if you have enjoyed all this the night before, you will not begrudge in the morning the small additional tax which you will find in your hotel bill. If you have not enjoyed it, it is your own fault and you must pay just the same. It was at Interlaken that Fleming, the hero of Longfellow's romance of Hyperion, met the heroine of the story. It was on a rainy day spent in one of these hotels that he became hopelessly a captive. It was under the Staubbach Falls, if I remember rightly, that Fleming—who was none other than Longfellow himself—wove into a fanciful tale the real story of his own love, which the heroine of Hyperion rejects, but to which in reality the present

Mrs. Longfellow gave a very different reception. Though all may not have such romantic remembrances of Interlaken, this town, shut in by lakes and mountains, is a place which every one is loath to leave. We had but two nights and one day to spend there, and part of that day we were obliged to use for a walk to one of the most famous of the Swiss Falls, the Staubbach. The whole distance out and back was only about fifteen miles. This would be considered a good walk in America, but my New York friends looked upon it as only child's play after the passage of the Tête Noire. Carrying still—more for show than use, I fear—the good Alpine stocks which had served us so well on the Mer de Glace, we crossed the broad fields before the town, where trials of skill take place periodically between brawny Swiss peasants, who have thought and dreamed of little else for months. Passing the ruins of an old castle, which is not without its own legends of war, love, and glory, we were soon on the broad, smooth road to Lauterbrunnen, the village by the Staubbach. What we would call a brook, but what in Switzerland they call a river, dashes along by your side nearly the whole way. The road is often squeezed between the river's rocks covered with foam, and the mountain's rocks covered with moss. On a great boulder in a dark glen we read an inscription that, short as it was, told a long story of jealousy and revenge. It was on this spot that a nobleman, not many years ago, stabbed his own brother to the heart. These old pines perhaps have looked down on other deeds scarcely less terrible than this one chiselled on the stone; but they give no sign. The earth is silent. Only the hate and

murder which were in the heart of this fratricide will be read for ages to come.

As we came out from the shadow of the tall trees, the clouds which had hung a thick veil all the morning around the Jungfrau, as if enviously hiding her beauty from our gaze, lost for a moment their power to conceal the treasure, and we looked full upon the fair face and brow of this coy Swiss maiden. Mont Blanc is more majestic, but not more beautiful. In the valley of the Chamouni you look up with awe. From Lauterbrunnen you look up with admiration. If you were an idolater, with no God but nature, you would ask no fairer shrine than this upon which to lay your offerings. The Staubbach Falls are the highest in Europe. Niagara, as far as height is concerned, is a pigmy beside them. The water leaps from a precipice a thousand feet above you, but it is only a large brook which takes this leap, and nothing but spray reaches the bed below. What Goethe says of it, is as true as it is poetical :

“Stream from the high,
Steep, rocky wall,
The purest fount,
In clouds of spray,
Like silver dust
It veils the rock
In rainbow lines ;
And dancing down
With music soft,
Is lost in air.”

If you are not too poetical and romantic to use an umbrella in such a place and for such a purpose, you can walk toward the rock till you are far under the mist, and

encircled, should the day be bright, with countless rainbows and innumerable sparkling gems. Nothing is easier than for Americans to laugh at the Staubbach; to scout in its very presence its claim to be called a waterfall because it is not a Niagara; but one might as well laugh at a humming-bird because it is not a condor.

As we turned back toward Lauterbrunnen we saw lying beside the road, a long, curious, hollow wooden pipe, which the veterans of the party recognized at once as one of the famous Alpine horns. I had never tried to blow on such an instrument, but when offered an unlimited number of francs to make any kind of a noise on it, I cheerfully accepted, through confidence in the ability of every American to succeed in blowing, if in nothing else. I decided without trouble on a number of purposes to which the earnings of my success were to be applied, and then grasped the mystic trumpet with the intention of sounding a blast which should be "worth ten thousand men." I drew in a breath so long and deep that it made me think of the little lad who was very tired in listening to a dull sermon, which at last he thought was over, but as he looked up to the pulpit he broke into a cry of despair, "Oh, ma, ma! See, he's swelling up again." There were no little boys to cry as they saw me going through the process, but there were a number looking on, both large and small, who seemed to be laughing. When the vast amount of atmospheric force rushed through the narrow neck of the horn back again to its accustomed dwelling-place, instead of wakening soft and delicious echoes in the icy caverns of the Jungfrau, the Eiger, and the Monch, the only sound

heard was a sigh of disgust from the man who blew, and a shout of triumphant satisfaction from the man who had so liberally risked his French gold. Seeing that I had no desire to repeat the experiment, a little Swiss lad, not more than three feet high, stepped out, blew himself up and exploded over the end of the horn. Ah, now the echoes on all these hills recognize a voice they know. Hear them, as from a dozen points they send back their answer! The notes are so soft, so sweet, so ethereal, that one would not need to be very credulous to believe that they were the pleading tones of imprisoned mountain spirits and nymphs aroused by the rough blast of the horn, and praying thus plaintively for some brave knight to come to their release. But we could not go, and the small boy, chuckling over the practical results of his explosion in the shape of silver coins lying in his palm, showed no intention of departing on such a chivalric mission.

We had but a few moments left before starting back toward Interlaken. I improved the time by paying a visit to one of the rightful possessors of these snow-covered mountains. I found him in a narrower reservation than that which New York State has assigned to the Indians who were once the lords of the soil. In a little hut, between whose boards he could look out upon the very peaks over which in his youth he had roamed I found this child of the mountains, a beautiful chamois, whose great mild eyes looked into mine as if he hoped at last a deliverer had come from the great free land of the West, to break open the doors

of his prison. I could only shake my head, for how could I explain to him that he was worth much money to his captors; that I myself had just given silver for the privilege of looking into his prison; that even in the land from which I came, only a few years ago, we kept a whole race of human beings in a bondage worse than his; that to-day multitudes there would sell themselves for much less than he was annually bringing to his master! So I could not help him. He seemed to read it in my face, and slowly turned away to look out on the white mountains he loved. We took the walk back at the rapid gait which the anticipation of a good dinner has been known to produce even in those who ordinarily are slow of foot. The most enthusiastic pedestrian of the party, a member of the 7th Regiment of N. Y., grappled with a tall, long-limbed mountain climber, who was trying to pass us as if such raw Americans were to be ignored. After a hard pull of more than a mile, during which the result was exceedingly doubtful, our representative drew slowly ahead, and the other man stopped for repairs under the shade of a tree.

We went again to the Kursaal in the evening and found the scene not less fascinating than the night before, though the element of novelty was wanting. We walked along the main avenue of the town, brilliant with its great hotels and shops and crowds of sight-seers. At the end of this street, a little way from the business part of the village, are the two most interesting buildings in the place, the old schloss, once used as a monastery, and the prison, once used as

a nunnery. It was a melancholy thing to see even a reasonless, soulless chamois kept from a life for which he longed, by a power from which he could not escape. But it was a far more saddening sight to look at the barred windows and stone cells where once men and women were shut up from a helpful human life by a conception of duty from which they could not break away.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM INTERLAKEN TO THE RHONE GLACIER.

*Mountain Paths—Swiss Horses—The Great Scheidegg—
Our Guide—Handeck—The Grimsel Hospice—A Steep
Road.*

IT is possible to ride in a railway carriage or diligence from one end of Switzerland to the other. You can see from your car windows, or from the high back of the ark-like structure on four wheels, some of the grandest mountains, some of the most exquisite lakes and villages. But if you would look upon the treasures of beauty which Switzerland unveils only to those who are willing to show their devotion by wearied limbs and a sweat-moistened brow, you must turn away from railway car and diligence and private carriage, and trust yourself to the unyielding back of a mountain horse or mule. We had enjoyed our walk from Chamouni to Martigny so much, though that is a road over which carriages may safely drive, that we determined now to plunge into the heart of these hills, where the paths are too narrow for the smallest wagon, and too rough for the strongest wheels. Lucerne was our objective point, but instead of taking the usual route, and riding by diligence over the Brunig Pass, we decided, after enough

consultation to have resulted in a Swiss revolution or the building of a new hotel at Interlaken, to take a wider sweep over the great Scheidegg to Meiringen, and across the Furca Pass to Andermatt and Altdorf.

There is a carriage road from Interlaken to Grindelwald, of which we made use. Taking an early start on the day after our walk to the Staubbach, we rode three on one seat of a little carriage, which had two virtues: it was strong, and it was low, so that to be thrown out of it over the cliffs would not unnecessarily increase the height of the fall. We had been urged to telegraph to Grindelwald, that saddle horses might be waiting for us there; but having found everywhere unmistakable signs that the rush of summer travel was over, and that even diligences were ready to sell tickets a third below the regular rates, we concluded to wait and make our own bargain with the guides, who are always able to understand the poorest French or German where there is the slightest prospect of francs or marks. We proved to be right. (It might seem that we were always right, but the explanation of that is, whenever we were wrong the fact is suppressed). We found three horses of by no means unprepossessing appearance, and a man to act as guide who was the possessor of a good honest face, and a magnificent dog. We chose our steeds; the light knapsacks were fastened to the saddle, the guide snapped his whip, the dog barked, the hotel clerk wished us a *bon voyage*, and we trotted off toward a hole in the fence, through which led the rough path over the Scheidegg. It was as narrow as it was rough, and flanked on either side by rail fences, whose sharp points were so turned that if a

horse should stumble on the round stones which lay everywhere, the rider would probably be instantly stuck through, like the bugs in a naturalist's box. As we rode on over the stones and down deep descents, the rails pointing still at our breasts, we felt that beauty in a horse is of secondary importance to surefootedness. Before the end of the journey, our beasts showed themselves a thousand times to be possessed of this essential qualification for Alpine climbers. On our left the mountain ridges reminded us of some of the hillier portions of New York State, but on our right were the snow-covered peaks of the Shreckhorn and the Finsterhorn. Behind us we could see distinctly the face of the Jungfrau. More beautiful even than the mountains were the glaciers, as they lay high above us, glistening in the sunlight like great frozen tears.

In looking at a map of Switzerland, you find no proof that the road from the Grindelwald to Meiringen is not as level as that from New York to Philadelphia. A map of Switzerland is one thing, and Switzerland itself is quite another. This smooth-looking place is broken on the paper only by two words, "Great Scheidegg," over which, without difficulty, you look into Meiringen beyond. To cross that which this name represents is a good day's work for a horse and rider. Very soon the path began to lose in roughness and to gain in steepness. I looked at the small fetlocks of my horse and wondered how the muscles could stand such a strain. The sun had now warmed himself up for the real business of the day. Coats became an unnecessary luxury. The dog was the only one in the party who still wore his, but whenever

we passed a pool of water cooled by the mountain springs he leaped in, with a yelp of delight, and when he caught up with us again, as if he wished to share the pleasure with us all, he shook himself heartily. In our three days' trip that dog succeeded, in a most modest and unassuming manner, in making himself the centre of attraction. He was continually doing something. He was never still for a moment. He must have travelled four miles to our one. But he kept always the same good-natured expression, which had, I am sure, its proper effect upon the other members of the party.

We stopped to rest the horses, and to stretch ourselves at a little hut on the very top of the Great Scheidegg. We were many thousand feet above the sea level. Mountains stood all around us with their proud heads lifted far above us into the clouds. We walked out a hundred yards from the hut and gazed long and intently at the scene. There was no sound, save our own voices, to break the perfect silence. There was nothing in the distance to remind us of the human race toiling in hamlets and villages and cities, urged by necessity, or lured by hope. Nature in one of her calmest and most passionless moods filled the horizon of our vision, and our thoughts. For untold generations these hills had stood as we now saw them. Men and empires have risen for a time above the common level, only to be swept into oblivion by that unceasing tide which has broken in vain against the Schreckhorn yonder, whose blood is ice, and whose heart is stone. If one would feel how little man is, how short is the span of his life, how transient and insignificant are the mightiest physi-

cal forces he can set in motion, let him stand for half an hour on some mountain ridge like the Great Scheidegg, with nothing around him but the everlasting hills. On our return to the hut, two men were sitting by the boards, which served as a refreshment table, whose heavy sticks and sun-burnt faces marked them as pedestrians, while the first words they spoke made it equally evident that one was an Englishman and the other a Scotchman. They had as little difficulty in recognizing us as having come from the land where the boys whistle "Yankee Doodle" and the men "The Star-Spangled Banner."

But the conversation which was immediately opened was lacking entirely in anything like an international tone. No reference was made to Afghanistan, or the Halifax fishery awards. Other more important matters monopolized our attention. They had just come from Meiringen, and could tell us what kind of a path we might expect to find. They were on their way to Grindelwald, and we could render them a like service. The interchange of information had a discouraging effect upon us all. The German peasants have a degree of politeness, to which neither the English, Scotch, or American have as yet attained. In walking from Heidelberg to Weinheim one day, we asked a party of peasants how far we had still to go. The answer, given with a touch of the hat, was "eine stunde," or an hour, as distances here are always reckoned. "What did you tell the gentlemen that for," said another; "it's much further." "Oh, I wished to be polite," he answered, "and say something pleasant." Neither the politeness of our pedestrian friends or ourselves took that form, and we

continued on our respective ways, confident that hard work, and not a little of it, lay between us and our resting-places. We knew that we had given them only the true facts of what they might expect before reaching Grindelwald, but at first we consoled ourselves with the thought that probably they had exaggerated somewhat the steepness and roughness of the path down which we must go. In a half hour's time we were satisfied that this comfort was a false hope and a delusion; English truth had been as colorless as American. The path exceeded their description in every imaginable form of badness. The stones became more abundant and larger, and sharper on the edges. There were places so steep that even the dog walked when he came to them, though that may have been from sympathy for us, as we all soon began to look somewhat dissatisfied and uncomfortable. We had passed the worst place we had yet seen, and were congratulating each other on the probability that the hardest part of the journey was over, when the guide turned toward us and said—keeping his long black cigar between his teeth: I am not certain that he took it out, even when he ate—“It would be well to get off now, the road ahead isn't so good.” Isn't so good! If that were true, we needed no second invitation to leap out of a saddle which might become, by the slightest misstep of the horse, a mere instrument of propulsion to hurl us headforemost against one of the boulders along the roadside. The horses went on by themselves, as they had probably done under similar circumstances a hundred times before, while the guide took us along a path which led away from the main road, and which we

thought was probably a short cut. To this suggestion, our leader replied that he was taking us to see a very beautiful waterfall just ahead.

Now to be taken out of your way to see waterfalls after you have been in the saddle for several hours and are anxious to make the end of the journey as quickly as possible, is anything but pleasant in itself; and when to this is added the certainty that you are being dragged from the road to be robbed—to be sure, in a very quiet and polite way through the necessary payment of several small fees—there is a reasonable degree of probability that any one who knows sufficient German for the purpose, will tell the guide some things that it will be profitable for him to reflect upon. Unfortunately in our limited German vocabulary, though we could find a number of complimentary phrases, our teachers had been so thoughtless as not to furnish us with any word which could express our feelings at that present moment. So we kept silent, paid our fees with as good grace as possible, looked at the Falls, the Reichenbach, with more satisfaction than we were willing to acknowledge under the circumstances; and then, still in silence, followed our guide back to the road again. A short walk over the stones, a little ride over the level place at the foot of the mountain, and we were at our resting-place for the night. The hours of sleep seemed scarcely longer than the time it has taken me to write this sentence. But we had found the night before, that to reach the hotel at the Rhone Glacier before dark, an early start would be necessary. We kept the same guide, the same horses, and the same dog.

As from Interlaken to Grindelwald, so from Meiringen to Imhof there is a good carriage road, of which we gladly made use. The best horse of the three had been tied and hitched to a low wagon, into which we crowded ourselves and drove away, with a friend of the guide as a coachman, while this important individual himself followed, mounted on one of the horses, and a small boy clung with a grasp like that of a drowning man to the saddle of the other. We came only too quickly to the stable, a mile or so beyond Imhof, where the wagon must be left. A great deficiency of enthusiasm was noticed in all the members of the party, as we slowly climbed again on the backs of our patient steeds. We had been solemnly assured that though the distance was greater, the road was much better than that we had come over the previous day. We found the first part of the assurance literally true, but there were many times that day when we were all very doubtful as to the last. The stones in the road were fewer, but the precipices at the side were incomparably more numerous. Without bending from the saddle we could often look down two hundred feet or more on the water dashing over the rocks below. No railing along the side of the path broke the view. The horses might quietly walk off into the air at any place should the desire for suicide or revenge become strong. Once it seemed that after consultation they had all made up their minds thus to close the story of their own lives and of ours. My wild-looking animal especially showed an unbecoming anxiety to cut short this narrative of Saunterings in Europe.

We stopped at Handeck for dinner. But when we

saw that the village consisted of only one visible house, and that a low, black-roofed hut, such as the Swiss peasants usually occupy, we concluded that we only wanted a lunch ; though whatever may be the appearance of a Swiss inn you can find almost without exception good bread and eggs. A traveller who can make a long journey through the Alps without being supremely grateful to the bakers, and hens, must have a hard heart indeed. Though Handeck has few houses, its falls are acknowledged to be the finest in Switzerland. A bridge has been built over the stream where you can stand in a cloud of soft mist and watch two rivers as they plunge from opposite sides of the cliff to unite in the air before they dash themselves into the bottomless gulf beneath. Here you are reminded of Niagara. You are ready without discussion to call this a waterfall. From Handeck to the Grimsel Hospice is a ride of two hours, in which you see the same number of houses. The Hospice is a long gray building, strong enough to be a fortress, but none too strong to resist the rush of avalanches. Fifty years ago the house that stood on this spot was crushed by one of those merciless masses of snow and ice, but the inhabitants, the usual garrison in winter, a man and a dog, crawled out through the snow uninjured, and escaped to Meiringen. It was built originally, like that on the St. Bernard, as a convent where monks were to spend the whole year, ready at any moment to lay aside their holy book and beads, to plunge with their faithful dogs into the snow, in the still more holy work of saving human life.

Before the Hospice, on a small level piece of ground

covered with vegetation, we found, to our surprise, a herd of forty or fifty cows quietly feeding. It was a place where we would expect to see only eagles and chamois, but these Swiss cows will climb as high as any other animal not provided with wings. It was in this basin, nearly a hundred years ago, that an Austrian and French army fought a deadly battle for the possession of the pass. In a little lake just beyond, called the "Sea of Death," the victorious French threw the bodies of their own and of the enemy's dead. No wilder scene can be imagined than that hand to hand struggle, here on these mountain peaks above the clouds. We were now not far from the glacier of the *ober* or upper Aar whose name has become famous through the careful scientific experiments which have been made there year after year to discover if possible the rate of its motion. Agassiz, of whom America has a right to be proud, spent some weeks in a little hut by the side of this glacier, making these observations, from which he drew conclusions of greatest importance. On and up we went, till, according to the estimates of our guide-book, we were more than 8,000 feet above the sea level. Just before reaching the highest point of the pass, we saw a white mass in the path before us, which we were afraid at first to call snow, as we had been deceived several times during the day by a peculiar species of moss. But as we came nearer, our doubt disappeared. The hot August sun had labored in vain to turn these frozen flakes into mist. Our horses stepped carefully, but their feet made only a slight impression on the hard surface. The guide thought the mass of snow

and ice was twenty feet thick, and as we knew nothing about it, we concluded he was right. One more ascent and we were on the very top of the Grimsel, looking down into a great gorge through which flowed a little rivulet which we had seen pouring into Lake Geneva as the river Rhone; which we had seen rushing out under the bridges of the city at the other end of the lake to receive the waters of the Arve, and to sweep them on five hundred miles away into the Mediterranean.

One look at the path before us, which seemed literally to drop over the edge of the mountain into the valley, was sufficient. Without any suggestion from the guide, three saddles were instantly emptied. We had become by this time somewhat used to the ascent and descent of mountains, but this path was a constant surprise to us in its steepness, and the number of its windings. After we had walked for fifteen minutes we seemed to be only a few feet away from the place where we had started. If a fly has sufficient perseverance, he can probably reach the bottom of a corkscrew by walking around every thread. With some such hope, we kept steadily on. The outlines of the Rhone Glacier Hotel under our feet grew more distinct. We could distinguish passengers in the stage coach, slowly winding along the smooth post-road on the opposite hill. Then opened before us one of the grandest visions in Switzerland, or the world. Between the rocky peaks of the two mountains hung a gigantic mass of ice, as if a sea had broken loose and had been fastened to the spot by some magic breath. Far over the mountain, and far down into the valley, lay this most beautiful of all the glaciers, the Fountain of the Rhone,

the "Pillar of the Sun," as the ancients called it. Without entering the hotel, we walked at once, in the fading twilight, across the vast bed of sand and stones toward the face of this mountain of ice. We crossed the Rhone on a narrow plank. The air grew colder at every step. What if this huge struggling prisoner should suddenly be set free! We stood at last where we could touch the giant's head with our Alpine stocks. We saw an opening which seemed to lead into the corridors of his brain, and without hesitation we walked into a chamber as beautiful as the rooms of Alladin's palace, and as cold as the heart of a miser. We went back to the hotel satisfied with the day's work. We had crossed the Grimsel Pass, had not only been to, but into the Rhone Glacier. Though all that night, in our dreams, we were riding horses on the edges of precipices, and being frozen in the hearts of icebergs, we did not regret an experience that had hung pictures in the memory upon which, at least in our waking hours, we will always look with delight.

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE RHONE GLACIER TO LUCERNE.

The Halt at Andermatt—An Ideal Swiss Driver—The San Gothard Tunnel—William Tell—Aldorf—The Gem of the Swiss Lakes—Lucerne—Thorwaldsen's Lion.

NO diligence road in Switzerland, it is said, twists itself over higher mountains and through deeper gorges than that from the Rhone Glacier to Andermatt. More than an hour is spent at the start in climbing out of the valley to a point on the same level as the rough furrowed brow of the glacier. But it is one of the most delightful hours of the whole journey. Each curve of the road brought us nearer to the face of this cliff of ice, and at each curve there came from the inside of the diligence more enthusiastic expressions of admiration in French, German, Dutch, and English. We all looked, for many minutes in silence, when the last turn was reached, before this marvel should be hidden from sight. We spoke different languages, but it was evident that the feelings out of which the words had sprung were not dissimilar, for we were all alike hushed and awed by the majesty of the sight before us. Our hearts were more alike than our tongues. At an inn on the summit of the mountains we took fresh horses and for the first time in many days we

found ourselves going at a somewhat rapid pace. The road was smooth and hard; the horses had nothing to do but go, and regardless of sharp turns we rattled on at a gait which would have rejoiced the heart of Jehu himself. Soon the mists began to thicken. Regiments of clouds swept down and took possession of the hills and valleys. We seemed to be rushing into the bosom of a silent, motionless sea. We were forced from our guide-books and our imagination to create a landscape. It was probably so unlike the one through which we really passed, that a description would fail of that scientific accuracy which every one expects to find in books of travel.

Before we reached Andermatt we became convinced that all this marching and marshalling of the clouds over the hills, and in the valleys, was by no means a mere dress parade. Some of the heavy batteries opened upon us with such effect that the passengers, except three Americans on the front seat, disappeared altogether from sight behind leather curtains and thick blankets. It was by no means an unpleasant thing, under such circumstances, to find ourselves in a hotel in Andermatt, as cleanly and elegantly fitted up as almost any we had seen. Business must be somewhat at a standstill there in winter, for the snow is said to be often twenty feet deep; but in summer this little town has attractions enough to draw numbers of visitors from all over Europe and America. We saw it at a disadvantage. In fact we saw very little of it except an exceedingly pleasant dining-room. Yet beefsteaks and coffee, however good they may be, have scarcely sufficient individuality to repre-

sent to a traveller the combined attractions of a whole village. But we will not forget Andermatt, for there we left our Baedeker's "Switzerland" lying quietly in a chair in the hall. It had been the pride of the party. It knew more than all the drivers and guides. It told almost everything we needed to know in beautiful short sentences. We wrote back for it from our next stopping-place; but tender as the note was, it had no effect on the hard heart of the waiter, who probably hoped to exchange it for silver with some of his future guests. We could have bought another for a small sum, but it would not have been the one we had carried on long tramps, when every ounce weighed a pound. It would only have been a constant reminder of our loss, and we have to this hour refused to place such an alien among our little household of faithful bibliopolic friends. Should the waiter who carries that unanswered letter in his pocket, ever read these lines, it is to be hoped that remorse will drive him steadily on till he places the well-worn book in the hands of its rightful and bereaved owner.

For a sum very much less than the lowest diligence figures, we secured at Andermatt quite a royal equipage drawn by three good horses and driven by the most distinguished-looking individual we had seen in Switzerland. He was an ideal Italian bandit, but having the misfortune to be born on the Swiss side of the Alps, he spoke rough consonants instead of soft vowels, and carried a long whip instead of a dagger and revolver. We found, however, before we were through with him, that these superficial changes had not greatly affected the heart. He was handsome and graceful. He could snap his

whip with tremendous effect. He could smile and talk quite charmingly—when everything went as he wanted it. But he had words in his vocabulary that cracked louder than his whip, and he sometimes showed his white teeth when he was not smiling. But I must not anticipate. It was raining even harder than before as we took our seats in the luxurious carriage and drove, at by no means a snail's pace, out of Andermatt. We made our first stop at the Devil's Bridge, a structure almost as remarkable as its name. It is a great arch of granite thrown over a gorge through which the river Reuss foams and hisses and tears its way. We put our hands in our pockets after Baedeker, that we might read the story of the battle which we knew had been fought on the old bridge, just underneath the new. When all the pockets and satchels of three men had been examined—we thought it unnecessary and unsafe to search the bandit—the conviction forced itself upon us that one—we each knew that we were not that one—had been guilty of leaving behind the most important member of the party. We uttered a long, sad cry, which the driver seemed to think was a prayer to the spirit after whom the bridge was named, and then went on our way in sadness.

At the little village of Goeschenen, we came suddenly upon a mass of men and horses and engines. What this could mean here, high up in the Alps, was at first an inexplicable mystery. Could it be that the Swiss were building another tower of Babel on one of these lofty peaks? At last the bandit shouted back through the rain: "Das ist der St. Gothard Tunnel." We had been reading in the American papers little scraps of news concern-

ing this work for the last six years, but this is a fearfully skeptical age, and we scarcely believed that men were in fact trying to bore a hole nine miles long under one of the greatest of the Alps. Yet here they were, working on as if confident of success. The contractor has even agreed to complete his task by 1880.* The Italian, German, and Swiss Governments are paying the bills. About seventeen million dollars will be needed for the tunnel and the railroad connecting Switzerland with Italy. The glory of the diligence is departing. The long whips of the drivers will soon be hung upon the willows. The hands that once swung the lash so skillfully will grasp the conductor's punch. The voice that was wont to shout to the leaders, till the eagle was frightened from his perch, and the chamois from his rock, will cry, in a subdued tone, "Tickets!" "Tickets!" So, one by one, Science, in her mighty onward tread, crushes underfoot the idealities of life.

The mist was so dense that we saw nothing after leaving Goeschenen, except the huts along the roadside of "some poor wild men"—

"Whose trade is on the brow of the abyss,
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks, to which the cattle dare not climb."

But we were drawing near the most famous village of its size in Switzerland. We soon felt beneath the wheels of the carriage the stones of a paved street. We are passing through the centre of Altdorf, the scene of William Tell's renowned exploits. We shall see the spot where

* The tunnel is now, 1882, in daily use.

the Swiss patriot stood and aimed his arrow at the apple on his son's head. There it is! There stands Tell himself! He has grown, like his own fame, into giant-like proportions. No emotions of love and hate play over that calm, stone face. He looks out into the storm, unmoved. A hundred and fifty yards away, a fountain covers with perpetual tears the spot pressed by the knees of the broken-hearted Swiss, as they were forced to bow before the uplifted cap of the tyrant Gessler. In his exquisitely beautiful drama of William Tell, the German poet Schiller makes Gessler say :

“ This hat at Altdorf, mark you, I sat up
 Not for the joke's sake, or to try the hearts
 O' the people ; these I know of old ; but that
 They might be taught to bend their necks to me
 Which are too straight and stiff ; and in the way
 When they are hourly passing, I have planted
 This offence, that so their eyes may fall on't,
 And remind them of their lord, whom they forget.”

Our hearts were full of thoughts of Tell, for we chose with Schiller to believe implicitly in the reality of this Swiss hero, as we came to the end of our journey in Fluelen at the head of Lake Lucerne. We asked our driver, who had borne himself with great dignity and grace the whole way, to take us to the best hotel, for we had now no Baedeker to rely on for advice upon this important subject. He assured us, that to do this would be the greatest joy of his life. Of all the passengers that had ever done him the honor of occupying his carriage, we were the most, etc., etc. We trusted this handsome bandit. We knew and said as much, that he

could take us to the most delightfully clean and comfortable house in all Fluelen. Our dream was somewhat rudely broken by a sudden halt before a hotel whose appearance scattered instantly all such hopes. The landlord and his waiters seized upon us, and we were just about to be led away in triumph, when one of the party discovered, just ahead, a hotel on the bank of the lake answering apparently in every way the description of what a good Swiss inn should be. In the purest German, and with American firmness, we told our driver to take us there. We had seen one or two storms among the Alps, "when the grim sky-piercing cliffs were overshadowed with clouds and illuminated only by the red glare of the lightning," but all this was nothing compared with the tempest of which we became the centre the moment the words had left our lips. The bandit drew neither pistol nor knife, but he hurled great thunderbolts of German adjectives and epithets upon our heads. These were caught up and echoed by the landlord and his troop of waiters. We were told that the hotel ahead was not a hotel; that the one before which we stood was the best in Fluelen, in Switzerland, in all Europe! That we *must* get out here. We became suddenly deaf; unable to understand either threats or expostulations; speaking not a word, only steadily pointing on like the ghosts of three Cæsars before an undismayed Brutus. With deep mutterings the bandit slowly mounted the box, gathered up the reins as if they burned his fingers and sat us down in a very few moments before the door which had looked so inviting, and which proved to be the entrance of one of the pleasant-

est hotels we had yet found. The whole scene was explained when we heard, as we soon did, that our gallant coachman, with the broad-brimmed hat and twisted mustachios, was in the employ of the other house.

The programme we had marked out for ourselves included the ascent of the Rigi for the next day, but when we found in the morning that the clouds which had hung over us all the way from Andermatt, were still dark and thick, and weeping at times most hysterically, we were obliged to omit this item from our schedule, and confine ourselves to a quiet sail down the lake of the Four Cantons to Lucerne. Not a few enthusiastic admirers of this peculiar cross-shaped sheet of water, speak of it without hesitation, as the most beautiful in Switzerland. We were ready, from what we saw of it that day, and on a morning not long after, when the clouds had uncovered the hills, to acknowledge that of these "great, liquid pearls lying in the bosom of the mountains," this was the most charming we had yet seen. It is girded by Alps, some of them black, solitary, desolate; others, when the sun is out, look down upon you with shining white faces, over which now and then run ripples like broad smiles of heartfelt gladness. A right royal place truly is this cradle of Swiss liberty. You can believe that men born here, breathing this pure air, living in daily contact with such scenes as these, should hate tyranny, should be ready, at the call of one brave voice, to row their boats across the lake, as they did five hundred years ago, to swear fidelity to their cantons and to the spirit of liberty. You can believe that on this rock, under the trees of the bank, Tell leaped from Gessler's

boat, whose rudder had been given into his skillful hands when the storm burst upon the tyrant as he was taking his captive away to prison, and that from the very spot where the chapel that bears his name looks out from among the thick branches, he hurled defiance and scorn upon the thwarted Austrian Landvogt. That up yonder, a few miles away, in a gorge by Kussnacht, where another chapel perpetuates his memory, this Swiss hero, in whom Carlyle says "were combined all the attributes of a great man without the help of education or of great occasions to develop them," made desperate by the wrongs he had suffered, waited by the roadside for Gessler to pass with such thoughts as these, which Schiller has placed upon his lips, nerving him with courage for the fatal deed.

"Remote and harmless I have lived ; my bow
 Ne'er bent save on the wild beast of the forest ;
 My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scared me
 From my peace ; to fell asp-poison hast thou
 Changed the milk of kindly temper in me ;
 Thou hast accustomed me to horrors. Gessler,
 The archer who could aim at his boy's head
 Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart."

There by the roadside the tyrant falls from his horse with Tell's arrow in his breast. The curse on his lips becomes a groan of baffled rage and pain. Out of his blood, which mingled with the dust in the hollow by Kussnacht, rose the freedom of the Swiss cantons. All we can see of the Rigi, as we pass, is a landing-place covered with a crowd, most of them, probably, Americans who have just come down from among the clouds ; and

the iron ladder up which a bison-like little engine pushes with its head two or three heavily-loaded cars. We console ourselves, as the boat plows its way on toward Lucerne, that by Monday the whole condition of things will be changed, and we will doubtless have, what is here considered a very great curiosity, a perfectly clear day. Even in a rain-storm the first view of the city of Lucerne satisfies all ordinary expectations. The great hotels on the bank of the lake; the tall church spires lifting their heads high in air, as if to overtop the mountains; the bridges, old and new, over the Reuss, some of them bending with a sharp angle in the middle of the stream as if the builder at that point had joined the planks with his eyes shut—it is a picture which might stir the cold blood of the most phlegmatic of travellers.

We thought, when we left Vevey, that we should never again find such a delightful place in which to spend Sunday. But the first glimpse of Lucerne shattered this belief, and we concluded that a voluntary imprisonment of some forty-eight hours under the shadow of those watch-towers would be at least bearable. We did not know then that our captivity would be made still less burdensome by the companionship of friends. I was suddenly accosted, in a most familiar way, in the halls of the Schweizerhof, by a gentleman whom in the first moment of surprise I took to be a stranger, but as soon as the molecular atoms of the cerebrum had resumed their proper functions, I recognized with great pleasure a face whom I had seen many times every day on the deck and in the dining saloon of the *Britannic*,

but never once turning pale before the mightiest waves or the heartiest dinner. He and his travelling companions had seen Amsterdam and Brussels, Cologne, the Rhine and Heidelberg. I had seen some things too, so that for a time our conversation reminded us of the letter which a country girl, who had never been to a city before, wrote home after her first week spent at the Philadelphia Exposition: "Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!—mother! Your affectionate daughter." One has so much to say on meeting old friends in the heart of Europe, that even adjectives break down under the burden, and nothing but interjections are left on duty.

We all went together to see the treasure of which Lucerne is so proud and to which she owes much of her fame. A short, pleasant walk from the bank of the lake brought us to a little grove on the hill behind the city. We knew that we were about to look upon the most original—it has also been called the most beautiful—monument that has ever been dedicated to the memory of fallen heroes. We turned through the garden gate, stood by the pool of pure water which bathes the foot of the great rock, and looked full into the face of Thorwaldsen's lion. It is cut out of the solid stone. It is nearly thirty feet long and almost eighteen high. It is to perpetuate the names of twenty-six Swiss officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers who were slaughtered in Paris, in the vain effort to protect their monarch, Louis XVI., from the Revolutionists of 1792. It needed a genius like Thorwaldsen to conceive a memorial worthy of such men. It needed skill like his to impart to the stony features of this wild beast, expressions which

should awaken only noble emotions in the heart. He undertook a difficult task. He has succeeded most marvellously. The great brute reclining there upon the rock is more eloquent than a poem. The blood oozing from the wound of a spear, still sticking deep in the flesh ; the look of agony and of resignation in the face ; the strong paw thrown in protection, even in the throes of death, over the shield and lilies of France—these tell, as words can not, the story of that dark day in Paris and the bravery of the lion-like Swiss who shed their blood at the post of duty.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIGI AND HEIDELBERG.

*Up the Rigi by Rail—The Field of Sempach—Basle—
Seeing an Emperor—Heidelberg—German Students.*

THE most extended and varied view in all Switzerland is from the top of the Rigi. This watch-tower of the Alps rises from the banks of Lake Lucerne, only a few miles from the town of the same name. It is a pigmy compared with some of its brethren. If it stood on tip-toe, it would scarcely reach to their shoulders. But it has the advantage of isolation. For mountains, union is weakness. Because the Rigi stands alone with no rival anywhere to darken the outlook from the hornlike tower with which its head is crowned, it has become a petted popular favorite, and as such, it makes full use of those ways and arts which favorites so quickly acquire. It smiles, scowls, and pouts a dozen times in every hour. It is full of whims and partialities. It may show you, if in the right mood, half a score of lakes and as many towns and villages. But you may stay for hours and weep, and plead, with this incorrigible coquette, when the mood has changed, and go away without having seen as much as out of the back windows of your hotel in Lucerne. The fame of this fickle-minded Alpine

queen has gone everywhere, so that we knew what we might expect.

We started early Monday morning, after our delightful rest of the Sabbath. We saw white heads of mountains now, where on the Saturday before we had seen only thick, white clouds. Grand old Pilatus, with his melancholy gray face, looked majestically down upon us. Above the peaks which encircled the lake, the snow-covered ranges of the higher Alps rose every few moments into view. As we breathed the fresh morning air and gazed upon this scene of wondrous beauty, we were sorely tempted to use our strongest adjectives at once, but we remembered that if the Rigi was at all propitious, we would have still greater need of them before many hours, and becoming more economical of our ammunition, we fired only now and then in our excitement a single-barrel salute. We took our places, after much crowding, in one of the three cars standing on the inclined track, waiting for the wild animal-like locomotive to butt them up the cliff. The little creature snuffed and snorted tremendously, as it had a right to, for in some places the road rises a foot in every four. The contrivances for clamping the cars to the track, in case of accident, rose in interest with the steepness of the grade. There were times when we all gave up talking, and looked at these intently. We were also somewhat comforted with the statistical reports, which show this to be one of the safest railways in Europe. In a little more than an hour, this panting beast behind us had boosted us up to the top. As we were on the right side of the car toward the lake, the views all the way up

were exceedingly beautiful. We felt that in a measure we had outwitted this whimsical lady, by thus looking upon some of her fairest treasures before she was fully aware of our presence.

You are not only reminded of Mount Washington by this peculiar combination of the steam engine and the elevator, but, especially on a cloudy day, the scene at the top will recall to remembrance your experience on the loftiest of the New England peaks. Apparently the same crowd you saw five or ten years ago, warming themselves "between looks" at the great stove, piled with wood, are here undergoing the same process. The height of the two mountains is the same, within a few feet. But if the day is reasonably clear, the scene may remind you of Mt. Washington rather by contrast than by resemblance. An immense stretch of country spreads out before you, when you stand on that pinnacle of the White Mountains; you look down on green fields, prosperous villages, teeming cities; beyond Portland you may catch the gleam of the sun on the ocean. But from the Rigi you look out not only on fields and villages, and cities and lakes, but on the incomparable Alps themselves, piercing the horizon with their majestic white heads. The most patriotic American will need to gaze on all this only for a few moments—if he is honest—before being ready to acknowledge, that while in general we surpass the rest of the world in everything, in this particular instance we must yield the palm.

I had found the companionship of my two New York friends, whom I had met accidentally at Geneva, so very pleasant throughout our whole Swiss tour, that I was loath

to say good-bye to them in Lucerne. But the time had come for our paths to separate, they returning to Paris, and I going on into Germany. It was with something of sadness that I looked back as the train rushed rapidly on, over famous battle-fields and the sites of Roman villas toward the Rhine. It was at Sempach, a few miles from Lucerne, that Arnold Winkelried swept the long Austrian lances into his breast, "to open," as he said, "a path to freedom." His comrades pushed through the breach that he had made, and the phalanx that had stood immovable before the bravest onslaughts of a whole army, was conquered by the self-sacrifice of one man. Just before reaching Basle, we passed another battle-field, St. Jacob's, where stands a pillar surmounted by a figure of Helvetia, with four dying soldiers, with the inscription, "Our souls to God, our bodies to the enemy." Here, it is said, in 1414, a little band of 1,300 Swiss stood for hours against a French army of 30,000, stood, till all but fifty were struck down by the enemy's arrows or swords. I had expected, on leaving Lucerne, to ride all night, reaching Heidelberg early the next morning; but when the command came to change cars at Basle, and when nothing in any way resembling a sleeping-car was to be found—though they have very comfortable ones on some roads—I concluded to stop over and see something of this town, which, from its position on the borders of Switzerland, France, and Germany, wields an influence entirely out of proportion to its size. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and from the windows of the hotel I could look down on the black, shimmering waters of the Rhine. At Andermatt we were within a few miles of

its source, but this was the first time I had ever stood by this river, whose banks beyond Mayence are lined with castles, whose very rocks have their legends, whose fame has been sung in a thousand poems, and whose name has a larger and more permanent place in European history than that of any monarch, be he a Charlemagne or a Napoleon.

There was time enough the next morning, before the train started, to see something of this old town, whose pedigree can be traced back to a Roman fortress built by the Emperor Valentinian. I went first to the cathedral. It stands on one of the hills of the city, and is the most prominent object in the place. In this church, some four hundred and fifty years ago, five hundred bishops, forerunners of the coming reformation, met with the hope of restoring the church to its apostolic purity. Either the work was herculean, or they were remarkable talkers, even for clergymen, for they discussed this question seventeen years, and were still discussing, when the Pope moved and carried an adjournment by a sweeping excommunication. It was here, also, that Erasmus, the most famous scholar, perhaps, whose name is connected with the Reformation, made his headquarters. He stood in about the same relation to the great movements of the day, as Basle does to France, Switzerland, and Germany. He was just on the border line. No party knew whether he belonged to them, or to their enemies, and it is by no means improbable that he did not know himself. I tried also to find the university, which is said to be one of the best in Switzerland, but whether my failure in this was due

to the insignificance of the buildings themselves, or to the limited amount of time at my disposal, or to my foreign accent, is uncertain.

From Basle to Heidelberg proved to be a longer ride than I had supposed, and longer than the timetable gave one any reason to suspect. The railroad does not run, like the New York Central, along the banks of the river, but so far inland that no signs of the Rhine are anywhere visible. The windows of the right side of the car looked out on the dense masses of the Black Forest. The imps and fairies that formerly held possession of these dark glens and wastes, have been frightened away by the scream of the locomotive. Well-made carriage roads now thread the forest everywhere; they are well used too, in summer by multitudes of travellers. The Black Forest, at least as seen from a railroad car, becomes somewhat monotonous after a few hours. We saw nothing of any very great interest till Appenweier was reached. We were then only a few miles from Strasburg. The spire of the great Cathedral, the loftiest in the world, which withstood so wonderfully the Prussian shells in the terrible bombardment of 1870, could be distinctly seen, at least we were told so, after reaching Heidelberg. Away to the right, as we passed through Dos, we could see, and did, the valley in which nestles Baden-Baden, one of the most popular of German watering-places, and one of the loveliest of little cities. Further on is Carlsruhe, the seat of the grand duke's court. The name "Charles rest" is significant. The founder of the town had some difficulty with the people of Durlach, and sat himself

down here, with the avowed purpose of being contented and happy. He did all in his power to build a beautiful city round his palace. His successors have followed in his footsteps, till to-day not only a grand duke, but a king himself might be satisfied to rest awhile in Carlsruhe. It is now the home of the daughter of a king and emperor. The wife of the present Grand Duke of Baden is the only daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm. The venerable German Emperor usually spends some weeks of the summer either here or in Baden, where the grand duke has another palace. It was my good fortune at Heidelberg one evening, to see the conqueror of Napoleon III., as he was on his way to visit the Grand Duchess. His manner was so free from all imperial arrogance, so kind and fatherly, that he won the cheers and hearts of all who were within sound of the words he spoke, thanking the officials of Heidelberg for their kind reception.

It was not very long after leaving Carlsruhe, that an immense, stolid, good-natured-looking German, who had been consuming cigars at a wondrous rate—there are in German trains only a few compartments in which smoking is forbidden—began to look out of the window somewhat more nervously, and then at a great bag on the rack over our heads, as if wrestling in spirit with the unpleasant thought, that very soon a series of muscular movements would become a necessity. I took this for a good sign. Probably his destination was Heidelberg, and we must be rapidly nearing the place. A few moments and we were in the outskirts of the city, a few moments more and the train stopped at the station.

The first view of Heidelberg from the railroad is by no means impressive. A long business street, a pleasant avenue called the Anlage, running between rows of trees and comfortable residences, a river on one side of the train, and mountains on both—it would be some such picture that a traveller, hurriedly hastening through, would carry away with him. But there are few who can spend a week here without yielding to the fascinations of the place. A walk at sunset to the old castle is usually sufficient to conquer all but the most obstinate. He must have a vivid imagination indeed, whose conception of what a grand old ruin should be, is not filled by this huge mass which was once the princely home of the electors Palatinate. He must have a dull imagination indeed, who can walk through the great court and into the high halls, whose vaulted roofs, less than 300 years ago rang with the laughter of many of the most cultured lords and ladies in all Europe, without seeing more than crumbling stones and shattered statues. But to stand on the great terrace as the sun dips low in the west behind the Rhine, to watch the Neckar as it sweeps around the base of the hill at your feet, and on through the town and valley to resign at Mannheim, its personality in the waters of the more famous river, to look across to the Heiligenberg, covered with vineyards and crowned with the ruins of an old abbey, to see the broken towers and windows of the castle gleam for a moment in the fading sunlight, and then the lighted gas in the streets, and the long rows of lamps far out into the valley, along the railroad, is to gaze on a picture which all who choose may carry away with them from Heidel-

berg, and which, travel where they may, will long remain unrivalled. But the name of this town, like that of Oxford or Cambridge, recalls at once the fame of its university. English and Americans have expected to find here stately and beautiful buildings like those on the Cam, or the Isis, or the St. Charles. It is almost impossible for them to believe that the square, stuccoed, barrack-like structure which has been pointed out as the object of their search, is in reality the university itself. Even the assurances of the most solemn-looking professors, who neither joke themselves, nor understand the jokes of others, are scarcely sufficient to convince them. They must have misunderstood what was meant. The American ear sometimes fails to catch the proper meaning of German words. This surprise gradually vanishes, after a visit to two or three other university towns.

The buildings are about the same everywhere. When one considers the purpose for which they are designed, one becomes gradually reconciled to the change which one's conceptions must undergo. The German university is in every way a complete contrast to the English or American. The students are under no restraint whatever. They may attend lectures or not, as they see fit. The university officers have far less to do with the government of the students, than the police. The one purpose of these institutions is to offer, for a merely nominal price to the young men who wish to hear them, the best lectures on theology, law, medicine, philosophy, science, and art, which the wisdom of this century can afford. For such a purpose, only plain lecture halls and well-equipped laboratories are needed. These are found at

Heidelberg and in all the other great schools of the same rank. For those who wish to study, these institutions furnish a constant intellectual banquet. For those who wish to spend a year or more of elegant loafing in a literary atmosphere, they have equal attractions. To expect that such complete liberty would not be often abused, is to reason without any knowledge whatever of that "constant quantity" which we call human nature. There are matriculated students, perhaps as many at Heidelberg as anywhere else, who scarcely hear a lecture, or read a book during a whole Semester—half a year. They devote their muscular powers the first year—after that they settle down to work—to the drinking of vast quantities of beer, and their intellectual faculties to the planning of duels. Both of these branches of activity are carried on with considerable form and ceremony. The university loafer may drink stray glasses of beer at odd hours during the day, but he waits till evening to do the solid work. He then meets with a number of "birds of the same feather," and for many a long hour during the "*kneipe*," as they call it, the *drunk*, as we would call it in common Anglo-Saxon, they dip their bills in the foaming mugs. The pauses are filled with songs, usually exceedingly well sung. Having thus created a "beautiful thirst," the exercises proceed as before. Owing either to the strength of the German brain, or to the weakness of the German beer, the majority of those who have taken part in this highly intellectual performance, are usually able at its conclusion to walk home. All are able to walk back the next night in time for the *encore*, or rather, all would be able, if it were not for the fact that probably

some one of the number at least, is for a few days under the doctor's care. He has a great gash across his face. The end of his nose has found an untimely and lonely grave. He looks like a returned hero from Gravelotte or Sedan. But his wounds were not received in fighting, as they say here "for the love of king and country"—he fought for the honor of his corps, or for the love of the thing.

Every Tuesday and Friday, when the university is in proper running order, little bands of students wearing the most wonderful caps, file out of the town, cross the bridge over the Neckar, follow the river a little way, and then turn into a gorge which leads to the inn of the Hirschgasse. They enter here a large hall hung with flags and emblems of the different corps or societies. Assistants are chosen. The combatants are covered with pads, so that only the face can be struck by the duelling sword, called the schlaeger. If the contestants are skillful it may be some time before either can cut his signature upon the cheek or nose of the other. At last one of them becomes somewhat careless, strikes wildly, and before he can recover his guard the blood is spurt- ing in his eyes from a broad gash half the length of his face. The method of carrying on this combat is not more peculiar than the result. For this is a struggle in which every one who takes part may be said to win. The man who inflicts the blow is of course happy. The man who receives it has a heart equally full of joy. He is certain now that if he does not bleed to death, which is not probable, he will be able in a few days to appear upon the Anlage with a magnificent scar, which will at-

tract even more attention and admiration than the great dog that walks at his side, and which will make some of the insignificant scars on the faces of his fellow-students turn fairly green with envy. When I was first told that a student wounded in a duel would use artificial means to increase the size and redness of the scar I smiled, but considered it a hoax. I have since smiled at my own innocence in attempting to judge German students by American standards. It may not be believed, but it is true that among the majority of the students, especially those in Jena and Heidelberg, there is as great a desire to wear a scar upon the face, as there is among military officers to wear a star upon the breast. If we have ever flattered ourselves that our brothers are less under the tyranny of fashion than our sisters, these students, proud of their gashes, may be a most useful study for the development of modesty in the masculine heart.

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY IN HEIDELBERG.

The Popular Walk—A View of the Castle—Sights from the King's Seat—University Buildings and Duels—The Emperor in Heidelberg—Attending the Reception.

IT was one of those rare days, when to live is a delight. Upon earth, and sky, lay a coloring so soft that mountains and forests, and even tall, dingy houses, were almost as beautiful as if seen by moonlight. The macadamized road of the favorite drive in the town was spotted like a mountain-path with the bright yellow, or more sombre leaves of the Linden and Castania. Only the highest branches of the trees trembled and quivered before the puffs of autumn breezes weakened by the aid they had given to the storm of the previous night. The Anlage—the popular boulevard of Heidelberg—was filled with cabs and carriages, and the sidewalk with strollers from the town and university—the latter easily distinguished either by a remarkable cap of some bright color, a huge scar or number of scars on the cheek, and an enormous dog, as nearly like Bismarck's favorite as possible, walking at times behind his master and at other times brushing against unwary pedestrians as gently as an ox. We turned from this interesting scene,

and in a moment were climbing up the Geisberg. The thick trees shut from view everything but the path on which we were walking, and a few white clouds that drifted across the sky, but in less than half an hour we were standing on an artificially constructed platform of stone called the Kanzel, or pulpit, from which the outlook was wide enough and beautiful enough to serve as a foretaste of what awaited us at the top. A somewhat steeper climb of another twenty minutes brought us to a more famous spot—the Molkenkur (“wheycure”), as it is now called. Here is one of the grandest views of Heidelberg’s ruined castle. You look down upon its broken towers and vine-covered walls. With a field-glass you can see distinctly the exquisitely carved Hebrew and Grecian allegorical figures, which enhance not a little the beauty of one of the most perfect buildings in Europe—the Otto Heinrichs Bau. The grotesque statues of the perhaps too heavily ornamented Fredericks Bau are still more distinct.

You may have been up and down the Rhine, gazed on Rheinstein and Drachenfels, but you have seen nothing more fascinatingly beautiful than this old Schloss of Heidelberg, scarred as it is by ten thousand cruel blows. While you look in dreamy delight, you can hear, in imagination, the roar of the French and Austrian cannon that two centuries and a half ago, mangled those towers, and covered the pavement of that courtyard with stone and leaden balls. You can see the white puffs of smoke from the muskets of the dense mass of soldiers far away there, across the Neckar, as they storm the old bridge. These forests, so silent a

moment before, are alive now with Tilly's dragoons. You hear the Geisberg and the Heiligenberg echo, and re-echo with ten thousand hoarse shouts of the victorious, or the wounded. You see the brave garrison, slowly driven from the walls, at last forced to surrender. You leap over almost seventy years, and again the French are in possession of the castle. You could plead with them as you watch the barrels of powder which soldiers are rolling into those massive towers, and under those thick walls. For the sake of posterity, of the multitudes who will come from every corner of the earth to look upon this beautiful work of hands marvellously skilful, withhold the torch, spare this priceless treasure! But while the prayer is still warm on your lips, the earth trembles as if in agony, the sky is red with the glare of flames, the air is filled with flying stones; houses in the town are falling, crushed by huge rocks. The cruel and barbarous commands of the French general, Melac, have been obeyed. Heidelberg castle is a ruin. Its great tower, with walls more than twenty feet thick, lies a solid mass in the moat, to this day the wonder of all who look upon it. So perished the glory of the magnificent house of the Elector Frederick—for one winter a king in Bohemia—and his royal bride, Elizabeth of England. If you are in a tender mood as you gaze, you will not begrudge a tear for the broken walls of the castle, and the broken hearts of the irresolute Elector and his noble wife.

Away from the Molkenkur the path still leads upward toward the König Stuhl (King's seat), a tower ninety-three feet high on the summit of this range of hills.

From its top the eye sweeps over the Haardt and Taunus mountains, the Odenwald and the Black Forests, and such towns as Mannheim, Speyer, and Worms. Both the Neckar and Rhine, as they sweep along through the fields and woods, can be traced here and there, when the sun sparkles upon their waters. Though the castle is shut out from view by the brow of a hill, the whole town lies uncovered at your feet. Far away as you are, you can distinguish its streets and houses. There is the spire of St. Peter's church, where before Luther's day Jerome of Prague preached the same doctrines for which at last he was burned at the stake. There, near the end of the principal street—the Haupt Strasse—is the long black roof, and old towers of the Helig Geist Kirche (Church of the Holy Ghost), made famous by a partition wall in the centre, on one side of which the Protestant form of worship is observed, while on the other the Catholic—now the Old Catholic—service is conducted. That wall must take its place in history as the primary cause of the Elector Philip's removal from Heidelberg to Mannheim. He determined to tear down this partition, and to give the whole church to the Roman Catholics, but he was resisted so firmly that he feared to execute his plan, and, smarting from his defeat, he took his court away from the town that had refused to do his will, just as the boy who owns the ball, puts it in his pocket and runs when the game doesn't go according to his mind.

A little way further up the Haupt Strasse you see a square building with no architectural pretensions. It is the headquarters of the University. Nothing here sur-

prises one who has been through the beautiful grounds and buildings of Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Oxford more than the entire contrast to these presented in the appearance of a German university. Placed usually in the midst of a large city or town, the long plain buildings look more like barracks or city halls, than famous seats of learning. Heidelberg is no exception to this rule; and in a very few moments you will be ready to turn your gaze across the river, toward a very different-looking building, which is almost as well known as the University itself. It is the little Inn of the Hirschgrasse. Its white walls are just visible from where you stand. Here every Tuesday and Friday, with a regularity much greater than their attendance upon lectures, the students meet to gash each other's faces with a schlaeger for a half-hour or so. They call this a duel. It is usually fought between members of different corps or societies. When a member is insulted, a challenge is sent to the insulter in the name of the whole corps. When the time comes for the combat, the accepter of the challenge may find himself face to face with a very different-looking man from the one he pushed off the sidewalk, or into whose eyes, in a moment of excitement, he threw a mug of beer. That path which you see above the Hirschgrasse, running along the side of the Heiligenberg, is the Philosopher's Way. It winds through vineyards, and so close to the edge of the mountain, that almost every moment, as you walk on, some new view of the town or river or valley opens before you. One look more and we must return. See far out toward the horizon a dim, dark something: it is one

of the towers of the Cathedral of Speyers, on a curve of the Rhine more than ten miles away. See, too, the Neckar as it bends around the mountain and flows on through famous battle-fields and villages partly restored since their destruction in the Thirty Years' War, till at last it loses itself in the mightier current of the most beautiful river in Europe.

We gazed on all this for a half-hour or more, which seemed only too short, and then hastened down toward the railway station. The German Emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm, on his way to visit his daughter, the wife of the Grand Duke of Baden, was to pass through Heidelberg early that evening, and to stop long enough to receive the congratulations of the city and military officials on his restoration to health, after Nobiling's almost successful attempt upon his life. I had imagined that in Germany, as in America, there would be no difficulty in mingling with the crowd, and seeing all there was to be seen. But Germany is not America, and an Emperor is not a President. There was no difficulty in mingling with the crowd, but the crowd was on the outside of a closed gate, where nothing but the engine of the royal train would be visible. I was turning back in despair, when I saw two gentlemen, with an officer, making their way toward another door. Though no invitation was given, probably from lack of time, I joined the party, and when the door swung open, we three walked in between two officials in gold lace, who looked at me somewhat suspiciously, but seemed at last to conclude that I was the representative either of New England or of the far West, and let me pass unquestioned. The black rafters of the railway

station had been very prettily trimmed with German flags. The platform was covered—except a place left vacant in the centre—by flowers and broad-leaved plants. A company of a hundred or more Heidelberg officials and professors, all in full evening dress, was already gathered, waiting, with evident expectancy and nervousness, the coming of their distinguished guest. Two or three generals, in most gorgeous uniforms covered with stars and gold, and helmets with long nodding white plumes, and their staff officers with their attendants, perhaps a hundred in all, gave the scene that accompaniment of military splendor, which is absolutely essential in Germany. Among this distinguished throng I stepped, the most distinguished of all, by a business suit, an umbrella in one hand, and a paper bundle in the other; but the powdered lackeys with great cocked hats evidently took this for some peculiarity of American full-dress, and said not a word.

We waited ten—fifteen minutes. Even an imperial train is subject to detentions: might possibly have run off the track, but no: a rumbling sound, a round bright light comes nearer. We all straighten ourselves and look our best. The military band strikes up a national air, and as the Emperor's carriage rolls to the platform, three rousing German cheers, in which an American voice joined, shook the bright flags on the dark arches. Through the windows of a very handsomely furnished car we could see distinctly a man and woman standing by a little table, looking out, with smiling faces, upon us. Could this be the Emperor and Empress? I almost trembled as I looked, for I had never seen a crowned

head, and my republican heart was unaccustomed to the performance of its regular work in such a presence. A general who had won fame in the siege of Metz, stepped, with an assumption of boldness almost painful to behold, to the door of the car, threw it open, bowed till his long plumes touched the platform, and the mightiest and most famous of living rulers, followed by the Empress, stepped slowly out. He wore no crown, such as the imagination insists so persistently in always placing on imperial heads; but instead, a military cap, not unlike that of the commonest soldier. The long robe lined with white ermine was missing, and in its place was a plain coat, distinguished from a civilian's only by a few pieces of red velvet here and there. For a man more than eighty years old, who has been shot at twice within a year; and once, only four months ago, seriously wounded, the Kaiser Wilhelm is indeed a marvel. His bright, friendly face showed no signs of the age or the pain which he had borne. If I had not known, I should have thought him to be between fifty and sixty. The only visible trace of Nobiling's attempt at assassination, was the sling in which the Emperor is still forced to carry one arm. The general who fought so well at Metz made a little speech of congratulation, and stepped aside. One of the professors then read a short address on behalf of the Heidelberg officials, expressive of their loyalty and love. The Emperor responded in a most simple and manly way, which quite won my heart, thanking them for this cordial reception, and alluding to his attempted assassination in a manner which would have made Hödel and Nobiling ashamed of themselves, could they have

been present. After the speeches, he and the Empress walked along the line of professors and military and Government officials, bowing and shaking hands with a heartiness which is surprising, when one considers how often they are obliged to go through the same performance. They stepped again into the car. The train moved slowly away. The band played as before, three more cheers went up among the flags, and the reception was over.

I walked home with a Heidelberg Doctor of Philosophy, a man to whom no one with the slightest show of truth could apply the name of Pietist; yet to my remark "that since the events of the last few months the Emperor must live in constant dread," he answered in a tone which I thought had in it something of triumph: "The Kaiser is not the man to live in constant dread of anything; he takes all proper precautions, but his religious faith is so strong that he has no fear." With more than a hundred thousand Socialists in his Empire, many of whom are ready to take his life, this man, of whom Germany has a right to be proud, drives through the avenues of his metropolis unguarded, sleeps at night unarmed, and knows not from his own experience what the words mean: "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUNDAY IN HEIDELBERG.

Untranslatable Words—The German “Sonntag”—The Church of the Holy Ghost—Old Catholics—St. Peter’s Rationalistic and Orthodox Churches—Sunday-schools—The English Church.

THE growth of language has been, according to such natural laws, increasing in fulness and richness with the development of thought and feeling, that it is one of the most faithful and unbiased of historians. In spite of a thousand protestations to the contrary, no people has ever possessed virtues, or conceptions of virtues, for whose expression, sooner or later, words have not been coined. Words are but shadows of realities, but where there is no shadow, we need not look for the substance. When the people of Continental Europe can express only by whole sentences, and then but imperfectly, the thought entwined among the letters of the one English word *home*, the conviction becomes irresistibly strong, that the reality is wanting, or bears but a distant resemblance to the ideal. It is equally true that those peoples have no one word that conveys to them the impression which is brought to an English heart by *Sunday*. They have their *Sonntag* and *Dimanche*, and

while these point out a particular day in the most perfect manner, there are depths of meaning in the English word which the Continental European can be made to feel only through a long explanation. The English Sabbath and the English home have their counterparts in America, but not in France or Germany. The German workman thinks of Sonntag as a day perhaps of partial or complete cessation from labor. He sleeps through the morning, and after a nondescript meal in the middle of the day, of cheese, black bread, and a cup of coffee or a glass of beer, he sallies out with his whole family for some large beer-hall, where they will probably sit all the afternoon and late in the evening, listening to rude music, and paying for the privilege by one or two lunches of bread, cheese, and beer.

For the orthodox church member, Sonntag means a religious service at 9.30 or 10 A.M., which lasts a little over an hour; Sunday-school from 12 to 1, though only the most devoted and saint-like Christians include this in the programme; a dinner party between 3 and 5; and the evening at the theatre or opera. There is a small number of so-called narrow Christians, who draw the line between the Church and the world so tightly that the Sunday opera and theatre are left out in the cold, as among the unlawful indulgences.

For any one to hold up this picture of the German Sunday as it now is, and then to write under it an inscription about "a vast improvement in the last fifty years," etc., seems to an American almost laughable; but if evidence is to be believed, some such inscription rightly belongs there. The public observance of Sunday as

a day of rest has increased somewhat every year of the last half century. Government employés have felt the change. Clerks in all the better class of shops now have the whole day, or a large part of it, to themselves. Descriptions of the English and American Sabbath have found their way across the Channel. They have come over the borders uncondemned by the Press censor. A large number of the most highly-educated Germans are in favor of some such observance of Sunday, merely on physiological grounds. There are some foreign elements of great value slowly being introduced into Sonntag.

Heidelberg has been for four hundred years one of the centres of ecclesiastical conflict. In the days when Europe was under the dominion of the Pope, the voice of a Heidelberg Professor was raised against the corruptions of Rome, which were being forced upon all who were under her sway. Though his master, John Huss, had been burned outside the walls of Constance, not many days' journey there to the south over the Geisberg, Jerome, newly appointed to the chair of philosophy here, was bold enough to tell the great crowds gathered in the church-yard of St. Peter's what was in his heart. A hundred years later, Luther stopped in Heidelberg overnight when on his way to Rome. Devout servant of the Pope as he then was, he carried under the monk's gown a conscience that had already been awakened by some words he had read in an old book in his monastery at Erfurt. He seems to have addressed the students, but was not very hopeful of any good result, for he complained that they loved beer better than the water of life. A hundred years more and this little town, then al-

most wholly reformed, and holding firmly to its Confession of Faith and Catechism, was made to suffer for its creed. A strong Austrian army, sent against it by a Catholic Emperor, stormed the forts, forced its way into the town, and for three days the Geisberg looked down upon scenes but little less terrible than those enacted in the streets of Magdeburg. Modern Heidelberg has not been without its religious struggles. It was one of the strongholds forty years ago of a famous rationalistic school of theology. A brilliant corps of these negative teachers, represented by such men as Paulus and Gesenius, entrenched themselves behind its university walls, and for a decade or more laughed in scorn at the heaviest guns orthodoxy could bring to bear upon them. They yielded at last, and only half a score of what was once a multitude of followers remain.

Within a few years Heidelberg was feebly agitated by a movement which showed for a time some signs of life. The Old Catholics took root here, and were permitted to hold their services in the most renowned church of the city. This stands in the heart of the town, by the famous market-place, and surrounded by buildings, some of which are of great historic interest. This Church of the Holy Ghost, as it is called, is, next to the Castle, the best-known edifice in Heidelberg. The story of its life runs back more than six hundred years. For centuries it was the Westminster Abbey of the Palatinate, receiving under its stone pavement the dust of numberless princes and heroes. But the most critical era in its existence was the seventeenth century. It passed then, in rapid succession, into the hands of Catholics, Lutherans

and Reformed. Just at the close of the century, a most remarkable compromise was agreed upon. The church was divided by a thick stone wall, on one side of which the Catholics, and on the other side the Protestants, were to worship, each in their own way. Some twenty years afterward, a Catholic Elector thought he was strong enough to pull down this wall, and give the whole church to the Romanists; but there fell around him such a shower of brick, and mortar, and angry words, that not only was it necessary to rebuild the partition, but the unhappy cause of the commotion, in a fit of anger at his failure, determined to quit the town forever. The Protestants still hold possession of their part. In just what way the Catholics were either persuaded, or driven to give way I do not know; but in the place where they worshipped so long the Old Catholics are now installed.

Having felt, as nearly all Protestants do, some interest in these Christians, who were courageous enough to break from Rome, I attended one of their services. It was Sunday forenoon, at 9 o'clock—an early, but very popular, hour for church services in Germany. The congregation was by no means large enough to suggest the probable necessity, at some future day, of removing the partition. Neither was it so very much smaller than the one I saw at a somewhat later hour gathered in the Protestant half. There was scarcely anything to distinguish this Old Catholic, from a Roman Catholic service, with the very important exception that the language, not only of the sermon, but of the prayers and hymns, was that of the people. The priest wore highly-embroidered robes—perhaps the work of his wife, for he

had just been married; little boys, also robed, bowed before the altar, rang their bells, and swung incense; the Host was elevated, but instead of kneeling in adoration, as in the Romish churches, a congregational hymn of praise was sung. Under these multitudinous forms, it was possible to detect, I thought, something of that feeling of independence, of individuality, and of individual responsibility, which distinguishes the members of the Protestant from those of the Romish Church. Whether this movement is destined to fulfil in any way the hopes of its friends, or to die either a sudden or lingering death, as its enemies have hoped, and not a few of its well-wishers have feared, will be decided in the next few years—perhaps in the next few months.

Among the Protestant churches of Heidelberg, St. Peter's, around whose walls the crowds gathered to hear Jerome, holds the most prominent position. Not only is it first in historical and architectural interest, but in the size and influence of its present congregation. It has a somewhat indefinite relationship to the University. A Professor of Theology is one of its pastors. All large German churches have two or three ministers connected with them. He is the author of a *Life of Christ*, written, so I am told, from the standpoint of moderate rationalism. The old truths, which swept with such power over the hearts of the multitude in the churchyard when Jerome spoke, are not often heard now by the congregation gathered within its walls. A Russian lady, who had often been present when this Professor occupied the pulpit, said to me that she usually came away, after listening to one of his sermons, "with a decreased love

for all there is in the universe, and for the One who made it." Very few positive emotions or virtues are the fruits of negative preaching.

In a little chapel about half a mile away from St. Peter's, another Professor—connected with the Gymnasium or highest school of the city—is temporarily supplying the pulpit, and expounded a very different type of theology. I attended one Sunday morning, and found an unusually large congregation present. When I entered there was no one in the pulpit, but the congregation was singing a hymn with great heartiness. When it was finished, a middle-aged man, dressed as Professors ordinarily are in America, entered the pulpit and offered a short invocation. The absence of the gown, universally worn here, was not more noticeable than the pulpit itself, which instead of being perched, like the nest of some monstrous bird, high up against a pillar, was a simple desk only slightly raised above the people. The tone of this service was not only Protestant, but of the same type of Protestantism we have in America. If English instead of German had been used, there would have been scarcely anything to distinguish it from one of our own Sunday morning assemblages. This chapel, I afterward heard, has no connection with the State Church of Germany, and to this doubtless is due its similarity to our own free churches.

Though I made a number of inquiries, I heard of but one Sunday-school in Heidelberg.* This has its session in the afternoon, and if I was correctly informed, is at-

* I have since learned of another.

tended ordinarily only by those who are preparing for the examination before confirmation. It is composed, as far as I could discover, of what in our American Episcopal churches would be called the confirmation class. As confirmation is here made by the law obligatory, so also is attendance upon this school. Whether the hymn "I'm glad I'm in this army" has ever been translated into German or not, I can not say; but if it has, it could scarcely be sung in such a school with very great heartiness.

In the summer a Scotch Presbyterian service is held in Heidelberg, but it was discontinued on the 1st of October, for the winter; so that I had no opportunity of attending any of the meetings. The only other English service here is held in a chapel under the charge of the Church of England. It has a regular pastor, or chaplain, and differs in no way from a multitude of churches within a half hour's ride of London. This remark should perhaps be qualified, so far as to except that very important part of a church—the congregation. There are but few English towns where so many varieties of people can be found in any one assembly. I saw here, one day, representatives of England, Scotland, Germany, Russia, and America. Our own country, through our Consul at Mannheim, whose home is in Heidelberg, has a voice in the government of this chapel. In his judgment, the hope of Germany, religiously, lies largely in the establishment of similar chapels by the Church of England, or the American Episcopal Church, in which the services shall be conducted in German. The people here are tired, so it is said, of all the

old religious parties that have been fighting against each other for the last three hundred years ; but they stand ready to welcome any Church that shall come to them with the Bible held in hands that have never been stained with blood in religious wars. There are such Churches in the world, though the Establishment of England may not be able to meet the conditions. May it not be that from Scotland, or from America, this land, in which Protestantism was born and cradled, shall receive strong, fresh blood for the quickening and steady-ing of a dull and irregular pulse?

CHAPTER XIV.

WORMS, FRANKFORT, WIESBADEN, AND MAYENCE.

*The Luther Monument—Scenes of the Niebelungen-Lied
—Goethe's Birth-place—The German Saratoga.*

MAY is the most beautiful month of the year in Heidelberg, but the splendors of September are scarcely less glorious. The mountains which stand like gigantic protectors on each side of the town, clothe themselves then, with their most fantastic garments of varied colors. The Neckar laughs itself into great ripples at this transformation of its two majestic friends. The heavens glow with a soft brightness whose wooings are almost irresistible. One must practice self-denial to study any other book than this gorgeously decorated volume whose illuminated pages lie everywhere wide open. Even the language which the white heat of Luther's soul, and the mighty blows of his great heart and brain welded into form, and the genius of Goethe and Schiller polished into brilliant elegance, would be unable to rival the most ancient and richest of tongues, did not duty come to its aid. With a very fair knowledge of Heidelberg and its surroundings, and with a knowledge of German which had suffered no decrease in the month spent there, I started for Berlin the second

week of October, in order to be present at the beginning of the university term. The railroad runs along the banks of the Neckar to Mannheim, where the smaller river is swallowed up by the greater, without a cry or a struggle. It was here that Schiller, who had fled penniless and downhearted from the court at Stuttgart, which was rapidly becoming his prison, found a refuge from the despotic duke, who had been displeased with the drama of "The Robbers," and enraged at its author for having made, without his consent, a visit to Mannheim, to see this first product of his brain placed upon the stage of the then somewhat famous theatre of the city. Even for those who are not enthusiastic over every spot which was the scene of some of the great German poet's struggles with adverse fortune, and who are not interested in the huge unsightly pile of buildings which is pointed out as the palace, Mannheim has something of importance from the fact that it is the seat of an American Consulate, and that the present occupant of this office, a gentleman from Rochester, N. Y., is untiring in his efforts in behalf of his countrymen, and ever ready to render them every assistance in his power.

As there is little to be seen on the Rhine before reaching Mayence, I bought a railroad ticket for Worms. It was impossible to go through this very commonplace process, without being reminded, by the almost laughable contrast, of Luther's journey toward the same city, and his well-known determination to enter it, though every tile on the roof should have its representative devil in the streets. It cost something to go to Worms then, but now the payment of a few marks secures you a luxurious

ride to its gates, through which, whether Lutheran or Romanist, you enter unhindered, and unnoticed. In a beautiful square just at the portals of the city, stands one of the finest monuments which has yet been erected to the memory of the Great Reformer. On a massive platform of bronze, whose sides are adorned with reliefs descriptive of the marked epochs in his life, is the statue of Luther, far larger and more majestic, like his fame, than the man himself, when he wore obediently the monk's gown, or threw off the cowl to flash his defiance at a power whose corruptions had stung him into resistance. Around him are the faces and forms of princes and scholars, whose names will shine in the immortality of his own. Philip the Generous, of Hessen; Frederick the Wise, of Saxony, are here honored with the place by his side, which they were generous, and wise, and brave enough to take, when the monk's foes were many, and his friends few. Huss and Savonarola, Wickliffe and Peter Waldus, the men who laid the foundations upon which Luther built, are sitting at his feet. Great statues of Melancthon and Reuchlin perpetuate the names of his two most famous co-laborers. Stretching away from each side of this monument, encircling the whole city, is a beautiful walk. In Luther's day the massive stones of a great rampart filled the place now occupied by this boulevard. The transformation is typical. The truths of freedom and humanity which the reformer preached till they filled the air with a deep roll like that of thunder, would level high repelling walls by removing the necessity for their existence, and on the earth which had been made useless and barren, would plant flowers and trees that men might re-

joice in the sweet breath of the rose, and the grateful shelter of the linden.

It is scarcely a walk of five minutes from Luther's monument to the cathedral. Like the origin of some of the European peoples, the early history of this vast edifice and of the still more ancient church which it is supposed once stood upon the same spot, is lost in the bogs and marshes of myths and legends. Some of these towns were built in the days when knights, covered with heavy armor, rode up and down through the land, robbing the rich and rescuing the poor. One of the most famous scenes in that somewhat mysterious group of old German poems calls the *Nibelungen-lied*, took place under the shadow of these spires. For it was here that Brunhilde and Chrienhilde met and quarrelled. Their fierce questions, and angry words, doubtless frightened from their perch under the roof, some of the ancestors of the pigeons that to-day sit unmolested, cooing so contentedly. It needs perhaps as much study to give an opinion of any value of one of these old cathedrals, as of the paintings of the masters. This, at Worms, is ranked by competent critics with those of Speyer and Mayence, as among the finest in Germany. It needs no study to appreciate something of the grandeur of its massive proportions.

There is but little else to be seen in Worms. The hall in which Luther spoke the words that are graven upon his monument, "Here I stand; I can not do otherwise; God help me," was long ago torn down to make room for a very beautiful modern villa. You can imagine, if you are so inclined, that it was through this or that street the

monk, who was soon to be the best known man in Europe, went back from the council, cheered by his friends, and hissed by his enemies. Or you can walk to some of the old ruined gates of the town, and wonder through which it was that King Gunther of Wottan's song, rode out with his troop of knights to attack and rob the returning hero, and through which, on the next day, with bleeding wounds and with only the faithful Hagen by his side, the defeated monarch re-entered the city. But all of this will take only a few hours. We are ready then for something more tangible. Keeping still to the railroad, we rush on through Darmstadt to Frankfort. Here I took time enough for a hurried ride through the city, a glance at the statues of Schiller and Goethe, and a visit to the house in which the German Shakespeare was born. Fortunately I had once seen a picture of this house, or I should have fallen a victim, either to the ignorance or the deception of the hackman. He stopped before a very modern-looking structure, apparently what we would call a French flat, and said, "Here Goethe was born." I looked over the doorway, but the inscription which I knew ought to be there was not there, and a passer-by whom I questioned pointed down the street, and said it was about a block away. So I rode on, wondering how many Americans had gone out of Frankfort thinking of the French flat as the Goethe house. A few moments and I read by the dim light of the street lamps, the words cut in white stone at the entrance, which made me much more confident that the right place was reached at last, than the renewed assurances of the hackman, who, I think, had never before

heard of Goethe. The house was dark, but I rang the bell with the hope that some one might be within hearing distance. The door was soon opened and my very polite request to see the house, was as politely refused. Only at certain hours of the day were visitors admitted; never in the evening! Then I told how I had crossed the great ocean, had come here into the heart of Europe as an American pilgrim to the shrine of genius; to return without having been in Goethe's house would cast a shadow deep and dark upon my remembrance of the journey! Against such eloquence, and the jingling of a few silver coins, the heart of the door-keeper was not proof. He showed signs of yielding. "But the rooms are all dark," he said. I showed him a match-box, at which he smiled and led the way. He soon found a candle, as I knew he would, for they abound in German houses, by whose flickering light I could see that the staircase we ascended was of polished oak, and that the whole aspect of the place gave evidence of its having been, in its day, one of the finest mansions in Frankfort.

Now that the ice was broken, my guide was in most excellent humor. He showed me all the rooms; the one in which, as the clocks struck twelve at noon on the 28th of August, 1749, the poet was born; the one in which as a boy and a young man he studied and wrote; the apartments of his parents, and those in which many pictures and relics are preserved with almost sacred care. The old man was a great enthusiast. From his standpoint, the world has thus far been honored by the presence of but three people of any great importance: the father and mother of Goethe, and the poet himself, and the

first two appeared to have a high value in his judgment, simply as necessary to the existence of the third. When we had seen the rooms somewhat thoroughly, and had reached again the large hall of the entrance, he took me, with a chuckle of delight, to the place where on the wall were a number of certificates attesting the fact that certain well-known men had been made members of the Goethe Club, to which the house now belongs. He was chuckling because the country from which I told him I had come, had been lifted into his horizon by this honor, the highest of which he could conceive, having been conferred upon one of its citizens. He held the candle up so that I could read a name which since that night has been written on the imperishable roll of America's fallen heroes; a name which kings and emperors have spoken with unfeigned regret at his untimely death; honored alike in literature and the State, the name of Bayard Taylor. "He has been here often," said the old man, and when I told him that he was now preparing for his greatest work, a life of Goethe, he held the candle up again and read the name himself with unaffected reverence. Multitudes in every land have read it in the last month with a deeper reverence, colored by an inexpressible sorrow.

It was nearly nine o'clock as I took the train for the short run from Frankfort to Wiesbaden, where I was to spend the night. Late as it was when we reached this German Saratoga, there were still some signs of the life which at certain hours of the evening, at the height of the season, is as free and impetuous, perhaps also as unthinking, as the hot leaping waters

of the springs. Early the next morning I rode through, and around the town. The great hotels of Saratoga are not here, but Nature has been very kind to Wiesbaden, and man has made such good use of her gifts that one can scarcely imagine a more delightfully charming little town. The German Emperor found its attractions so great last summer, that he spent many weeks here. The hills around the town at sunrise were brilliant in brown and gold. The green grass in the great park by the Kursaal was covered with bright falling leaves. The pretty little lake threw back from its smooth face, inverted pictures of trees and villas. From some of the higher parts of the road we could look down on the long white line of mist hanging over the Rhine. I felt that an apology was due the place for rushing away after such a superficial view of its beauties, but the last of the first-class steamers to make the Rhine trip that year, was already getting up steam at the dock in Mayence, and with a long look of admiration and regret I turned away.

Fortunately for me, it is the general opinion that there is not much to see in Mayence, except the cathedral, for there was only an hour before the departure of the steamer. The time was short, but it was long enough to listen to part of the service which was being conducted in the nave of this great church, and to ascend to the roof from which a view, as beautiful as it is extensive, is to be had. The guide knew that I was in a hurry, and talked very fast as he pointed out the objects of interest in the city and along the river, but I found, as soon as we began to descend the stone staircase, that his feet could go as fast as his tongue. Taking two steps at a

time, he went around the sharp curves as if he thought I was a lost spirit upon his track. He knew just where to dip his head, but we were going so fast that I hadn't time always to see what he did, and once or twice, judging from my own feelings, some of the lower arches were badly injured. But we reached the floor at last, and jumping into the carriage which was waiting, in ten minutes I stood on the deck of the steamer, just in time to hear the last bell rung, and to see the plank drawn in. There were some twenty-five sight-seers sitting on benches and chairs under the awnings, and with the exception of two or three who had evidently been down the Rhine before, they were all intently studying panoramas of the river, and books of old legends about its castles. I took my place at a little table which was soon covered with maps and guide-books, and there we must rest awhile, though the wind is playing among the leaves and threatening every moment to tear away some important pages with its strong fingers.

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN THE RHINE.

An Historic Panorama—"Fair Bingen"—Bishop Hatto's Mouse Tower—Crusaders' Homes—The Lorelei—An Echo—Germany's Gibraltar—Drachenfels—Cologne Cathedral.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the first strokes of our steamer's paddle-wheels, as we swung out from the dock at Mayence, interjections and exclamations of enthusiastic delight broke from the lips of the entire feminine portion of the passengers on deck, and from not a few mouths encircled by beards and mustaches. The Rhine has concentrated its splendors between Mayence and Cologne. There is scarcely room sufficient in this short distance for such multitudinous glories. Not only both banks, but even the islands are often as lavishly bedecked with beauties as an Oriental princess with jewels. A few puffs of our engine and we were in this land of enchantment. Contrary to the expectation of some, the captain did not take his place at the bow to explain to his passengers the legends and historical associations of the places we were passing. On the contrary, he hid himself, with a wisdom learned probably by many sad experiences in his early days, when eager crowds had gath-

ered around him frantically pelting him with a thousand questions in languages whose names even he did not know, and mingling in the same sentence their admiration for the Rhine, and their apprehension for their baggage.

Thirty years ago a young American lad who had left New York with less than \$200, to see Europe on foot, and who had stood half famished on the docks of Liverpool, the morning of his arrival, eating ginger-bread, came up the Rhine on his way into Germany. This young lad was Bayard Taylor. He had been as economical of time as of money, and had so studied the Rhine that each place was to him like an old friend. He looked almost with contempt at the crowds reading the legends of the places they were passing, half losing the reality in the attempt to understand the description. I was struck by the same thing, but, alas! I was obliged to take my place with these unfortunate crammers. I knew some things about the Rhine, but nothing compared with the things I did not know. If there was any Bayard Taylor on board that day, I have no doubt he pitied me, if he saw me at all behind my pile of books. I can sympathize with him, for I pitied myself not a little. There were many times when it was impossible to read fast enough to keep up. The scenes were changed before you were half satisfied with looking at them, or reading about them. Our only consolation—a Christian one—was that the people who were being whirled over the railroad track along the shore were very much worse off than ourselves.

On a little island just below Mayence, which seemed

to be anchored directly in our pathway, the Emperor Louis, the son of Charlemagne, breathed out his life, more than a thousand years ago. That cluster of houses on the right bank of the river, called Biebrich, was the favorite summer residence of the Dukes of Nassau before the Prussians ejected them in 1866. Further down the river is a town, also once the home of monarchs. But Eltville is prouder to-day of Gutenberg and his printing-press, than of King Gunther or King Charles. Almost opposite, though not immediately on the banks of the Rhine, is a village of only a few hundred inhabitants, yet rich in the possession of a most famous ruin. It was here, in Ingelheim, that Charles the Great, whose name we have Latinized and Anglicized till it has become Charlemagne, had a palace in the year 800. This royal residence is associated with some of his most noted words and deeds. Two of the polished stone columns which stood at the entrance through which the great king so often passed, are to-day in Heidelberg, in the Elector's ruined castle. On the crest of this hill, in the distance, is the throne of a mightier monarch than Charlemagne or his Cæsarean predecessors. Here, on Johannisberg, Bacchus in his most refined and elegant form has long held his court. Here his servants press from the grape the most luscious of wines. Johannisberg is a household name to multitudes who have never heard of Ingelheim. But there ahead of us Bingen, "fair Bingen on the Rhine." It was to her that the brave soldier who "lay dying in Algiers" gave his last thoughts. We spent the time while passing in trying to discover some particular beau-

ty in the town: in which we failed, and in trying to remember something more of the poem about the Algerian soldier, in which, though aided by two Englishmen, we met with similar success. But we have no time to mourn. Here, in one of the numerous guide-books spread wide open and held in their places on the table by field-glasses and satchels, is a long poem about Bishop Hatto and his Mouse Tower, and there—every one rises to look at it—is the tower itself. Southey's rhymes over the poor bishop, it is said, have won immortality rather from their musical jingle and delicate humor than by the embodiment of any large amount of truth. In fact, the tower was probably built some two hundred years after the bishop had been lying quietly in his grave. Nevertheless, we read the lines with just as much interest, and rather expected to see, climbing up the sides, some of the descendants of the rats who took it upon themselves to pick the bones of this great ecclesiastic, because he had not only refused corn to the famishing people, but had burned a multitude of them in one of his great barns as a sort of huge practical joke.

As we look ahead, and see that every hill-top has its castle, and every castle has its legend, we feel as one might into whose hands grains of gold and precious jewels unnumbered, were every moment falling, and the wide-open palms were not large enough to hold a tithe of the treasure. On the one side is the ruined castle of Ehrenfels. The great halls and towers where the archbishops of Mayence retired in times of danger to a luxury as elegant as it was secure, are now torn and ragged. The bright-leaved ivy clinging to the broken walls, hugs

the stones as if in a pitying caress. On the other side is beautiful Rheinstein, restored and refitted by a Prussian prince; it is one of the favorite summer residences of the Empress of Germany. After the first glimpse, there was not a person on board who would not cheerfully have changed his plans, to spend a few days here, if her Majesty had so suggested. But the only sign made to us as we passed, was the waving of handkerchiefs by the servants from the balconies, and we could scarcely interpret this as a pressing invitation to make the castle our temporary home. Here is the ruined church of St. Clements, erected, as most of these were, by a rich countess, miraculously delivered from the hands of a cruel knight. There, up the steep face of the rock, is the ladder built in one night by a good old witch, that brave Sir Hilgen might ride to the rescue of the beautiful daughter of Sibö, imprisoned on the heights above by mischievous dwarfs. These stone nest-like castles on the high cliffs were the homes of the bravest of the crusaders. It was out of these now broken windows, that fair hands waved the parting to the mailed warrior, riding toward the holy city. It was of this river and of these castles that the wearied knight, sleeping under some Syrian palm, or on the hard floor of a Saracen prison, dreamed till his eyes were full of tears, and he awoke to grasp his sword, or to clutch his clanking chains. While he fought against Saladin, or suffered torment in some enemy's dungeon, the Rhine rushed on as before, and on those heights above, human life, with its loves and hates, worked still so mightily, that the home the knight had left was not the home that would await him should he ever return.

Around these soldiers of the holy wars, and their, for the time, unprotected castles, history, aided by the imagination, has woven a thousand tales of romantic adventure; or, sweeping further backward still, the old Roman whose camps can be traced on these peaks, is made the hero of the story.

But now we all look away from castles and churches, and peer over the side of the steamer at seven rocks in the river. Every one on board knows the origin of these stones, and some of the gentlemen smile meaningly, and some of the ladies blush; for these are the petrified forms of the beautiful damsels who lived up there in the Schonberg castle, and who broke the hearts of all the brave young knights in sight of this peak. At last vengeance in the form of a strong-armed fairy overtook them. They were cast, screaming, into the river, and became instantly as stony as their hearts had always been. That such an event has never occurred either on the Hudson or the Niagara, is perhaps due to the fact that in so young a country seven such daughters have never yet been found in any one house. That high rock opposite, Lorelei, has given its name to many a pretty steamer on our own lakes. Many a foolish fisherman and sailor, so says the well-authenticated legend, has been dashed from its top by the cruel siren who had made her home there, and drew these thoughtless ones to her side by the beauty of her face, and the exquisite skill with which she played upon the lyre. The rock is made by the students of the present day to serve a somewhat different, but scarcely less cruel purpose. It is a renowned place for echoes, and when

the students shout before it, "Who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel?" the nearest town, the only answer that comes back is "Esel," the German word for a beast of burden, whose disposition is as stubborn as his voice is unmusical.

We pass more than a score of ruins, and the magnificently restored castle of Stolzenfels, when we see before us a bridge, and a city, and a great fortress. This is beautiful Coblentz, beneath whose walls sweep two rivers, the Rhine and the Mosel. That is "Germany's Gibraltar," the impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. Off here, a little way to the right, is the famous watering-place of Ems, the scene of the first act in the Franco-Prussian war, the decisive interview between Benedetti, the representative of Napoleon III., and Wilhelm, the Prussian king. But we rush on by other crags and castles, and ruined convents and churches, till the poor nerves that have been carrying for hours these countless impressions from the eye to the brain are wearied. Other nerves, with more commonplace, but equally important functions, are making loud demands which are not to be unheeded. We go below to eat. It is frightfully incongruous, but human life is largely made up of incongruities. We have seats by the window, and while one hand does duty with the fork—though all the Germans use a knife instead—the other grasps still the faithful guide-book, and we strive, with but moderate success, to satisfy at the same moment our æsthetic and stomachic longings. We go on deck again somewhat refreshed, and ready for what one of our English friends calls "the neatest bit of scenery on the canal." He was a whole-souled,

good-hearted beef-eater, and was so enthusiastic over this particular point in the river which we would soon reach, that he rather insisted upon our shutting up books and field-glasses, and not looking at anything else till we came to it. He consented that I, as an American, should be allowed to read the description from Childe Harold, in which Byron has woven around these rocks of the Drachenfels some lines of poetry which drip like luscious grapes with sweetness. There is not one letter-writer in a thousand that has self-denial enough not to quote them. I now proceed to join myself with the majority without making even the slightest effort to resist :

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine ;
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields with promised corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.”

Byron evidently refers by the accented *thou* to his courier, who had probably missed the boat at Coblenz. I had scarcely finished reading the several verses of the poem—the one quoted above is perhaps the most beautiful—when we turned one of these windings of which Byron speaks, and there before us were the rocks of which he so sweetly sang. My English friend was somewhat disappointed. He had come up the river the day before when the sun was bright. The view is acknowledged to be less beautiful from the side where we now

were, and the dull light gave to the landscape something of the appearance of a beautiful picture poorly hung. But I had never seen it before. For me it was all, and more than all that I had imagined. Standing together like old battle-scarred knights templar, were the seven sharp high peaks of the Siebengebirge (seven mountains). Four of the summits were covered with massive ruins. Nearest of all, rising from the banks of the Rhine, was the lofty crag of the Drachenfels. Here, for centuries, perched generations of robber knights. Sitting there like huge king-fishers, they were always ready to swoop down and strike their long claws into the rich cargo of any vessel working her way, either up or down the stream. The deep cavern in the face of the rock, into whose black mouth we try in vain to look as we pass by, was once the home of a fierce dragon—whence the name Drachenfels or dragon rock—which the honored Siegfried slew after a long, hard battle, and bathing himself in its blood became invulnerable. Regretfully we swept on, looking longingly back at the beautiful fading vision, till we were called to look ahead at one of the fairest of all the Rhenish towns. A little poem has given to Bingen a romantic interest, which Bonn, though the possessor of innumerably more charms, is not able to excite. Many a traveller steps but for a moment on the dock, just to say, "I have been in Bingen," but no one ever gets out at Bonn, unless they expect to stay. I would gladly have stopped overnight to see something of this attractive place, and to visit the famous university, but if the plan already formed was to be carried out, there was nothing to be done but to keep steadily on to

Cologne. The twilight soon deepened into a gloom which only the pilot's eye could pierce. But we had no desire to complain, for between Bonn and Cologne there are few attractions for one who has seen the upper part of the river. The heavy thud of the trip-hammers in the factories on the outskirts of the town, and the glimmer of a multitude of lamps along the quays, were unmistakable signs that we would soon be in the old Roman city, where Cæsar had a fortress to which the half-dozen fugitives fled that escaped from the terrible defeat of the legions of Varus, by Hermann, the first German hero.

There may be people living in Cologne—I doubt not there are—who have never heard of the Cathedral. They may have walked a thousand times through the shadows of its arches, and statues, and spires, yet they have never felt interest enough to make any inquiries concerning it. But for a foreigner to think of Cologne, is to see rising before him a forest of carved stone, surrounded perhaps in his imagination, with innumerable barrels and hogs-heads of perfumed water. Next to St. Peter's at Rome, this is said to be the most magnificent church in the world. It is an embodiment in solid marble of beauty and grandeur. It gives reality and tangibility to these somewhat vague conceptions.

Whether it be due to that tendency of the German mind which seeks the origin of the ancient and majestic in myths and legends—this has been their explanation of the oldest Hebrew and Greek manuscripts—or to a very common and natural bent of the human intellect through which, for our own pride's

sake, we would rather give the honor of a marvellous work to a mysterious superhuman being, than to a man of flesh and blood like ourselves; certain it is, that not to architectural genius, but to supernatural ingenuity, is the credit supposed to be due for the plan of this stupendous edifice. As the story goes, the inventor was walking one day by the Rhine, trying to think out some design which should be sufficiently grand, and sketching his thoughts in the soft sand at his feet. At last he was satisfied, and said, "It shall be like that." "Oh, I will show you a much better plan," said a voice behind him, and in turning he saw the figure which has become familiar to the readers of Faust, and to the users of profane language. With his cloven hoof, this newly found friend drew the outlines on the beach with startling rapidity and skill. But he had met his match in this plain German workman. He was made to explain minutely every detail, for the trembling architect knew that probably his own soul would be the price of this knowledge. Then he said to Mephistopheles, as he suddenly thought of a way out of the difficulty, "Your plan is not quite satisfactory, I will not take it." The soft voice of this hoof-footed visitor became a rough roar. He saw that he had been outwitted. "You build your cathedral according to this plan," he shrieked, "but you will never finish it." This was seven hundred years ago. The satanic threat was not vain. Though multitudes of men have worked upon it for hundreds of years, the Cathedral has never been finished. Now, as if in despair, the authorities have apparently turned once more to the outwitted but revengeful author of the design. The

tickets of a gigantic gambling scheme, called the "Cologne Cathedral Lottery," are sold in every town of the empire, and the profits form a church building fund. If the famous black gentleman is ever influenced by flattery, and by humble appeals for his assistance, we may soon expect that the curse will be removed, and the great cathedral completed.*

* This prophecy has since been fulfilled.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM COLOGNE TO EISENACH.

*The Home of the Hessian Mercenaries—Eisenach and
The Wartburg—Relics of Martin Luther—The Story
of Fair Elizabeth—The Widow Cotta's House.*

THE last objects that caught the eye, as the railway car whirled us out of Cologne into the heart of Germany were the massive flying buttresses, and tall spires of the beautiful cathedral. It was pleasant to have such an impression stamped upon the heart at the moment when the Rhine, which we had learned in one day to love, was being left far behind. In a few hours we passed through Elberfeld, whose fair fame the winds have swept into every corner of the earth. No renowned galleries or cathedrals are here. It is the birthplace of no poet, statesman, or reformer, but it is the only city in the world of more than 150,000 inhabitants, from whose streets and purlieus organized charity has driven organized pauperism. It is a long, but not uninteresting ride, from Elberfeld to Eisenach. You may look out of the window for hours and see nothing that could be called majestic, or soul-stirring, even by one carrying a permit for the use of poetical license. But it is a scene of which you do not quickly tire. There is sufficient

variety in the landscape to relieve the monotony, while every tilled field and peasant's house has its special interest for one who wishes to see something of the everyday life of these light-haired, strong-limbed Germans.

The scenery increases rapidly in beauty as you approach Cassel. It is impossible to look upon these rich meadows and sloping hill-sides without seeing them trampled again by the armies of Germanicus and Herman, the still fiercer mounted hordes of the Huns, the Swedish soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, and the Austrian troops of Wallenstein. An American, too, can scarcely forget that the Hessian mercenaries, sent by English gold to crush out the new-born life of the republic across the sea, came from some of these homes. But when he remembers their fate at Trenton, and that their defeat was, in fact, the turning-point of the conflict, he feels no enmity in his heart toward these white-haired boys, perhaps their grandchildren, playing by the road-sides, or digging, like little men, in the fields. Most of us find it easy to practice the virtue of forgiveness toward those whom we have outwitted and thoroughly beaten. If there still lingers in the heart of any American the slightest bitterness toward the Hessian dukes, the thought of the great sorrow which has come to the present bearer of the title, in the death of his royal wife, the Princess Alice, will transform that unworthy emotion into sympathy.

Cassel, the old capital of the Hessian electorate, presents a most attractive appearance, even from the railroad. Though the removal of the court to Darmstadt has deprived it of the peculiar interest which attaches to a princely household, the activities of the town are said

to have greatly increased since its possession by Prussia. The palace, called the Bellevue Schloss, an immense building, was the residence some seventy years ago of one of Napoleon's home-made monarchs, King Jerome. Its picture gallery, where Murillo, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Van Dyck are well represented, is one of the greatest attractions of the town. We stopped here only a few moments, and then rushed on toward Eisenach.

The twilight had almost faded as we entered the town. The street lamps were being lighted when we drew up before the hotel, but with a few words of explanation to the polite landlord who came out to welcome us, I walked rapidly up the hill-side, which he had pointed out, toward the Wartburg castle. Oh! ye hero worshippers, ye lovers of brave men who have battled manfully for the truth, would not your hearts beat fast, think you, as you trudged along alone in the darkness toward the castle where Martin Luther, the bravest of all the sixteenth century knights, found for ten months a refuge and a home? Many a time the tall, strong Saxon monk, had walked and ridden over this very road. Many a time he had seen the night settle upon these mountains, and had watched the glimmer of the lights in Eisenach. The forests around him were scarcely more thickly studded with trees, than was Germany with his enemies. But his thoughts are not of them as he looks. His heart is filled neither with fear, nor the hope of revenge. He is pondering over the giant's work to which he has devoted these days of concealment. The word of his Master is to be interpreted

to the people in the language of the household. He has become once more—this rough monk as men call him—as enthusiastic a student of Greek, as Erasmus himself. He will place the book which has inspired his life in the hands of every reader in the empire. A turn in the road shuts out all signs of Eisenach. There is but one light anywhere to be seen, the dim light of a candle from one of the windows of the castle. I hurry on, and in my eagerness for a moment lose the way, but quickly find it again, and over the broad gravelled approach, come soon to the entrance of the castle. Here, with muskets and swords, standing quietly in the gloom, I found two soldiers on guard. The Grand Duke of Weimar sends his watchmen here, not because he fears that robbers may sack his castle, but, unwatched, perhaps in an hour this treasure of untold worth to multitudes in every land would be turned to ashes. I was glad to find these men on duty, but my emotions were soon turned into another channel by their assurances that the castle could not be visited at so late an hour. Yet there was a mighty feeling in my heart that I must go in, upon which their words had no effect whatever. A little way from the castle I saw the lights of what was perhaps the custodian's house. I knocked on the door; it was quickly opened by a man, a woman, and several children. I presented my request in the politest and most confident manner that I was able to command, with the limited amount of breath at my disposal after the climb up the mountain. The first answer was a point-blank refusal. I made another speech, not so much with the hope that they were to be won over by eloquent bursts of oratory

as that they might be wearied into yielding by persistency. "But," said the woman—oh, what hope there was in that "but,"—"if we give you the keys you must go to the guide in the castle, and he won't let you in." I handed her some money—the time for eloquent acts had come—she turned and brought a lantern for her oldest boy, the husband meanwhile protesting in a moderate way, and behind this brave leader I marched safely between my old friends, the soldiers, through the great stone gateway into the court-yard of the castle. I could see, by the dim light, that I was standing on the spot where Luther, in the famous oil painting of the scene, is represented, disguised as a knight, dismounting from his horse. We went on over the stone pavement to an iron door, which my guide tried in vain to unlock. Then he whistled, and shouted "Johann! Johann!" till a window opposite was thrown up; some explanations followed, and very soon the regular guide of the castle appeared in a somewhat heterogeneous uniform, carrying another lantern, and evidently not inclined at that particular moment to take an over-cheerful view of life. But I laid something in his hand that went at once to his heart and tongue. He brightened up instantly, searched rapidly for the proper keys, and very quickly the stout door swung back, and I was in the Wartburg Schloss. We walked a few steps and stood before a series of frescoes commemorating the life of St. Elizabeth, who lived here some seven hundred years ago. Here she stands, giving bread to the poor of Eisenach, who have already canonized her in their hearts. Her fierce husband rides up and demands what she has in her apron? "Flowers,"

is her answer ; and when he grasps the silk, to convict her of falsehood, a miracle is wrought—the loaves of bread are changed to roses.

The seven frescoes are beautifully painted, and the guide, finding that his descriptions were received with the proper enthusiasm, explained the connection of each with the holy saint's life, and was greatly delighted when I was at once able to recognize some of them from having read the story of her sad, and triumphant experiences. We went next into a great room filled with banners, and stacks of arms, and coats of mail. You may have seen the counterpart of all this in the tower of London, but there is a greater intensity of realness and of interest here, for not only have these weapons, and these sets of armor once been in actual use—as were probably those in London also—but many of them have been worn by their owners in this very room. These lances have fought battles in the valley of Eisenach. Some of these spears have once been carried by iron-gloved hands through the gates of this castle. From these mementoes of bloody warfare, we ascended to one of the most beautiful and most interesting halls in Germany. In Wagner's *Tannhauser*, which is almost as well known in America as here in the composer's fatherland, the climax is reached in this hall where the German troubadours contested for the laurel crown, and the hand of the princess. The fair Elizabeth, whose fate is there so soon to be decided, sings as she enters alone before the contest : " I greet thee once more, thou beauteous hall ; joyfully I greet thee, thou beloved room." On this throne sat the Landgrave and his noble niece,

and here—the frescoes on the wall immortalize a similar contest—stood, and sang, Tannhauser, winning the hearts of all, except the rival singers, till in an unfortunate moment he chants the praises of Venus, whose home was supposed to be in one of these mountain caverns, and is driven out in disgrace to join a band of pilgrims on their way to Rome.

We pass on into a room, the scene of somewhat different contests; it is an exquisite little chapel. Luther often preached from that high pulpit during those months when he was compelled to make the Wartburg his home. The guide told me to go up into it, if I wished, and I did not hesitate to accept the invitation. If only standing in Luther's pulpit could make one a Luther! We descended now a flight of steps, walked toward another part of the castle, ascended the stairs of what seemed to be a turret, and entered the Wartburg's most sacred shrine. This was Luther's room. It has not been changed since the moment he left it. This is the chair on which he sat; this the table that held his books, and papers, as he wrote steadily through those ten months upon his translation of the Bible. There he knelt to offer yearning prayers. On that narrow bed he threw himself, when nerves and brain were wearied with intense effort. Against that wall, so says a legend which will long perpetuate the ingenuity of its inventors, the inkstand hurled by Luther at the head of the evil one who had come to tempt him, shattered in a thousand fragments, leaving a stain which the hands of relic-hunters have transformed into a great hole. A *man* consecrates the ground he treads, the tools he handles, the

workshop in which he labors. That man, Martin Luther, has made this little chamber a thrice holy place. One can understand in the Wartburg, how a young lad visiting these scenes, in the midst of a great celebration on the three-hundredth anniversary of the Reformaton, should have felt the blood stir more quickly in his veins, should have consecrated the full strength of his manhood to telling once more the story of the reformer, and his work. He succeeded so well, that as the "fall of the Roman Empire" suggests the name of Gibbon, so the "history of the Reformation" suggests that of Merle A'Dubigné.

It was so dark when we went again across the courtyard to the little house where I had found the boy with the keys, that I accepted most willingly the offer made by a peasant to accompany me back to Eisenach with a lantern. He had not read many books, but he had read the translation made in that little room of the Wartburg. "The German peasants," says some one, "began to learn to read, as soon as there was a book ready for them worth the trouble." Those ten months, when a strange young knight who was known as "Der junge Georg" worked steadily with a pen, which was indeed mightier than any knightly sword, have had an influence beyond all computation, not only on German character and destiny, but upon all civilized people and lands. Early the next morning before the humble household had quite finished the *frühstück* of black coffee, and still blacker bread, I rang the bell of the so-called Luther house. Any one who has ever read the "Schonberg-Cotta Family"—and those who have not

should do so—would find it impossible to leave Eisenach without crossing the doorway where the young lad Luther, who had sung so sweetly amid the falling snow in the street, received from the widow Cotta the alms for which, with his schoolmates, he had been sent out to sing, and beg. But this good widow gave more than alms. She gave a pleasant home to the boy during the remainder of his stay in Eisenach. My request that morning, instantly granted, was to see the room in which those years were spent. It has remained, so it is said, untouched since the day Luther left it for the university of Erfurt, except by the gentle hands of the centuries which have each left some impress upon the rude desk, and chairs, and pictures. It is a pleasant room still. It must have seemed wondrously so to young Martin, away from the comforts of his Mansfield home.

I had no time to visit, as I would have liked, another house in Eisenach but little less interesting to multitudes. In a plain tablet upon the front the figures 1685 are cut. Here was born that great one who is still among the most honored of that noble band of German composers who have scattered everywhere, like singing birds, their exquisite melodies. There are but few names among these, that will live longer or be spoken by future ages with greater reverence, than that inscribed upon the tablet of this house in Eisenach—Johann Sebastian Bach.

CHAPTER XVII.

A GLIMPSE OF WEIMAR, LEIPSIC, AND WITTENBERG.

*The German Athens—The Houses of Goethe and Schiller
—A Court Preacher—A Battle-field and Cellar—Where
Luther Lived—A Famous Door—The Graves of Luther
and Melancthon—First View of Berlin.*

FIFTY years ago the little town of Weimar, on the banks of the Ilm, was the most famous city in Northern Germany. The Prussian and Saxon capitals were ten times as large, and were royal capitals; but the grand duke was honored when the kings were almost unknown. Weimar was then called, by unanimous consent, the German Athens. Within a few minutes' walk of the royal palace of Charles Augustus, were the homes of Herder, and Wieland, Schiller and Goethe. Between Eisenach and this miniature metropolis, we passed through but one place of any special importance, the town of Gotha. This, too, is the residence of a grand duke, yet the interest which attaches to it, for English and American travellers, is largely due to the fact that it was the home of one who became the Prince Consort of England's Queen, and whose life, so pure, and noble, and royal, honored alike the nation of his adoption, and the nation of his birth. In English palaces, and cottages, there is sin-

cere mourning still for the untimely death of this German duke. Weimar lies so low in the valley that as you step out of the railway carriage you look down on the tops of the houses and even the spires of its churches. A thoroughly modern avenue, with modern restaurants and private residences, leads down to the old town—to the business centre—if such a term can be used of a city that is noted for the absence of all trade, and manufactures. Rambling through the place, with no guide but a small map, I stumbled first on the monument of Wieland. It was worthy of more attention than I gave it, but when one is looking for the houses where once lived the authors of “Faust” and “Egmont,” of “Don Carlos” and “Wallenstein,” even the statue of a Wieland has few attractions. I was now very near one of the objects of my search. Turning a number of unnecessary corners, and passing through some unnecessarily dirty streets, I stood before the door of Goethe’s house.

It was a plain wooden structure, of moderate size, not unlike a score of dwellings that might be found in any large New England village. I pulled a peculiar-looking bell, and heard a mournful gingle, as if the house were unfurnished and empty. Alas! I soon found that it was too full to admit even one traveller, though an American. The servant who opened the door, showed no signs of pleasure at my request to see the home of the great poet. Her reply was short but decidedly to the point. “The house belongs to Goethe’s nephew,”—I think she said, though I was too disconsolate to remember the exact relationship. “No one is admitted.” I suggested some extenuating circumstances in my case.

I tried the method usually so successful with fortune-tellers, and servants, but the victory was one of which I had no cause to feel proud. I was only permitted to enter the hall, and look around with the vain effort to see something where there was nothing to be seen. But I had been in Goethe's house, and as the servant looked as if I had been there long enough, I buttoned up my coat, trying to imagine that I was sixty years old, had just finished writing one of the most subtle speeches of Mephistopheles, and was now on my way to see Schiller and talk over with him the plot of William Tell.

Some three hundred yards away I found Schiller's former home. Fortunately he had no nephews to claim the lawful right of shutting themselves in, and every one else out. The door stood wide open, and as ringing and knocking received no response, I walked in and showed myself around. It is smaller than Goethe's house, which Jean Paul once called a palace, but large enough to satisfy the modest tastes of Germany's most popular poet. I scarcely felt that the open door was a tacit invitation to inspect anything more than the first story, but I was quite certain that a little room filled with relics was, or ought to have been, Schiller's study. That, perhaps, was the writing-desk before which he sat, and whose drawers were always kept full of rotten apples, "because," as his wife explained to Goethe, who had nearly fainted from the strong odor, "he can not work without this scent." In this large room, it may be, the poet lay down upon the bed from which he was never to rise. Here, perhaps, it was, that on the 8th of May, 1805, while uttering in his unconsciousness, broken sentences of Latin, he fell asleep,

and "in that sleep a great life glided from the world." Not little Weimar alone wept when the brain that had been the abiding-place of such exquisitely beautiful thoughts became forever silent! All who spoke the German tongue, yes, all who loved the true, the beautiful, and the good, mingled their tears with those of Goethe and Charles Augustus.

I walked through a number of uninteresting streets to the banks of the Ilm, where stands the grand duke's palace. Two soldiers, in the ducal uniform, slowly paced before the entrance. I would gladly have gone in to see the rooms dedicated to the memory of Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe, and decorated with the paintings of scenes from their lives, or their works, but I was more anxious still to see the mausoleum where side by side Goethe and Schiller lie. I went at once to the cemetery, some little distance from the palace. On the way, scarcely a minute's walk from the Schloss, I passed the old church made famous by Herder's Pastorate. It was at Goethe's request, it is said, that this preacher, better known for his philosophical, than his theological writings, was called to Weimar. Whatever religious tone Weimar had in those days when Goethe was its real king, was due to Herder's influence. His name is still one of its treasures. Very unfortunately, when I reached the cemetery, the custodian who carried the keys of the mausoleum, could not be found. I was sorry not to be able to stand by the enwreathed coffins of these mighty men of literature. Friends have told me that in no other spot on earth have they ever felt, as there by the dust of Goethe and Schiller, how great is human intellect,

how transitory is human life. Not far away lies the Grand Duke, Charles Augustus, the royal friend of the two poets. I walked back through the beautiful park that lies along the Ilm. Here, at twilight, Goethe loved to sit under the trees, or stroll by the beautiful little river. In the depths of these woods was the cottage where he spent some of the happiest months of his life. It was walking here, one July day in 1788, that a maiden, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, handed him a petition on behalf of her brother, a young author. She not only won her request, but the poet's heart as well. She stepped that day among the historical characters of the world, where as Goethe's wife she still holds her place. Whatever term may be applied to Weimar itself, Weimar's park is certainly very beautiful. It was a lovely October afternoon when I looked upon it. A soft purple haze lay upon the hills around the town, bright spotted leaves covered the path, rustling under the feet of the passers-by. A great fleet of these was floating on the river, like richly-colored galleys of some fairy Cleopatra. Weimar might well be proud of her park, even if no Goethe had ever lived in its recesses, or walked along its smooth, winding paths.

It takes but a few hours to ride in an express train from the little town famous for the making of books, to the large town famous for printing them. This is the centre for the German book trade. In ordering books in Heidelberg, I was often obliged to wait till they could be received from Leipsic, and in the great German capital I have had several times the same experience. I was so eager to reach Berlin, that I spent but one morn-

ing here. I rode with some American friends around the city, and through a park, which the Leipsic people think compares favorably with that of Weimar, and out through a suburban village where Schiller wrote one of his shorter poems. I was obliged to postpone till another time a visit to the battle-field, where more than a hundred thousand men lay dead on the 19th of October, 1813, when Napoleon suffered at the hands of the allied Austrians, Russians, and Prussians his first great defeat. In one of the side streets of the town we stopped and looked into the most renowned cellar of the world. Under the name of "Auerbach's Keller," it was made by Goethe the scene of the meeting of Mephistopheles, Faust, and the Leipsic students. As they sit around the plain board table they are thirsty for wine, as German students have since been known to be. Mephistopheles calls for a gimlet, and while the students sneer, he bores holes in the table and sings:

"Grapes the vine-stock bears,
Horns the great goat wears,
Wine is sap, the vine is wood,
The table yieldeth wine as good,
Your stoppers draw and drink your fill."

They obey, and the wine ordered by each flows sparkling into his glass. Ill-humored people say that Leipsic is about equally proud of the battle-field, and of Auerbach's Keller.

After a glance at the university, a number of statues to poets, and generals, and some of the finest public buildings, I took the train for Wittenberg. In Eisenach I had been among the scenes of Luther's boy-

hood, in the Wartburg among those by which he was surrounded during the latter months of his long, fierce struggle, but in Wittenberg the first battles of the Reformation were fought. Here Luther struggled with self, with old associations, with the friends of earlier days, with a thousand doubts and uncertainties, before pope or bishop had heard the name of the Saxon Monk, or had learned that this Wittenberg professor was breaking off the shackles he had worn from childhood. Near the old walls of the town my attention was attracted by an oak tree along the roadside, surrounded by a little garden and enclosed by an iron railing. Stepping over this low fence, which had evidently suffered the same indignity many times before, I read the inscription on the tree which declared that here, on the 10th of December, 1520, Martin Luther had publicly burned the papal bull sent out by Rome against his teachings and himself. I tried to picture the scene that was enacted under those branches on that day in mid-winter, some 350 years ago; a great crowd of peasants, merchants, princes, monks, students, and knights encircling the oak; a multitude of women and children looking down from the wall, the young monk professor in his black robes, the centre of all eyes, the fire of brush lighting up the anxious faces of the men who knew the full import of the deed about to be committed! One of the masters of arts throws into the flames the false Decretals, and the forged epistle of St. Clement. When these have been burned to ashes, Martin Luther himself steps forward, and solemnly lays the pope's bull of excommunication on the fire, saying, "As thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, may the fire destroy

thee." They walk slowly back through the town, but the fire burns on till the red glow of its flames against the sky is seen all over Germany, and England, and France, and Italy. I passed through the same gate, the Elster Thor, through which the crowd came out, and re-entered on that December day, and found immediately upon my left the buildings of the old Augustinian monastery, where a large part of Luther's life was spent.

Walking through into the court-yard and across to a house on the other side, an exceedingly polite peasant woman answered the bell, and showed me Luther's apartments, with as much enthusiasm as if she had never before seen them herself. She pointed out the room where Luther had first lived as a professor of theology before he was known as a reformer, and then the larger rooms which he occupied with his wife and children, after the crisis had passed and he came back here, able then to call this whole house his own, through the liberality of the elector, Frederick. His study stands untouched, with its great green tile stove, its table and arm-chair. Many of the world's greatest scholars and kings have entered this room and looked around them with something more than curiosity. On the wall, protected by a glass covering, is a signature, written in chalk by the hand of the Russian Tzar, Peter the Great. We went also into a large hall where the monks used to eat in the monastic days. It serves now as a picture gallery, where oil paintings of all who took part in the Reformation cover the walls. On the same street, scarcely as far away from Luther's house as Goethe's from Schiller's in Weimar, is the former home of Luther's most zealous helper and dearest friend,

Philip Melanchton. In those troublous days this portal was like a haven of rest for the reformer, beaten on every side by innumerable cares and perplexities. Melanchton understood the work that was to be done, the peculiarities of the man who was trying his best to do it. There was one place, this house of Melanchton's, where Luther could open his heart without fear.

A little way further on, in the busy market square, is a colossal statue of Luther, his bared head now protected from the storms as it never was when great thoughts and purposes dwelt there. Near him, as he stood to the last, is Melanchton. Around the pedestals of these monuments surge the tides of trade. One can but hope that beneath the shadows of such men, both buyer and seller practice a stricter honesty than that which is sometimes found in the marts of commerce. A modest house in the corner of a square was pointed out by my guide as the one in which Lucas Cranach, among the most celebrated painters of his day, lived and worked. His brush has preserved for future generations the features of nearly all the reformers. We come now to the end of our Wittenberg pilgrimage. It is an old church near what was once the elector's palace. It is known in history as the Schlosskirche, or, as we would say, the castle church. In the evening of the last day of October, 1517, Dr. Luther, as the Wittenberg people always called him, walked quietly through the street toward this church. He carried in his hand a packet of papers. He was hurrying, some thought to keep a lecture appointment. He stopped by the wooden doors, that then occupied the place now filled by plates of metal. He unrolled his parchment, as if in a fit

of absent-mindedness he was about to read a lecture in the vacant church-yard. But he does not read; he places the parchment against the door, and tacks it there with nails that have held it up for 300 years before the face of the world. When the people gather for early Mass the next morning, a student translates to them the Latin of these ninety-five Theses. Soon all Wittenberg has read these denunciations of Tetzels' indulgences. Soon the printing-press has caught them in its iron jaws, and scattered them all over Europe. The doors upon which Luther struck those blows, which have not yet ceased to echo, were burned in 1760. The King of Prussia, Frederick Wilhelm IV., replaced them in 1858 by thick metal, with the Theses in the original Latin stamped upon them.

I went into the church through a side entrance. The twilight threw only dim shadows across the long aisles. We had neglected to bring with us a light, but as the guide lifted an iron door in the pavement, I read, by the uncertain flickering of a burning match, the inscriptions upon a brazen slab over the graves of Philip Melanchton and Martin Luther. Beneath the pavement which they so often trod, where crowds gathered to listen to their burning words, which were indeed "half battles," only a few feet apart they lie, quietly resting after the fierce struggles of life. Weimar has still its Schiller and Goethe, Wittenberg its Melanchton and Luther, but their victories, won though they were in such contracted spheres of action, are alike the inheritance of the human race.

Late that evening the first stage of my European journey ended as I entered the Prussian capital.

Berlin was the first great city I had seen since leaving

France. The drive that night through its long, well-lighted streets reminded me more of our own metropolis on Manhattan Island, than of either Paris or London. But this resemblance ceases after the first superficial view by the light of the street lamps. There are more stone houses in one New York block, than I have yet seen in Berlin. There are more stuccoed buildings on one street here, than I think you can find in all America; but I can say without any such doubt, that there are more officers here than we have in the whole United States. They are everywhere, like the frogs of Egypt, swarming upon the streets, in all the cafés, restaurants, and hotels. The click of their swords, the jingling of their spurs, are sounds that, like the roll of wagons in the busiest avenues, seem never to cease. They add greatly to the brilliancy of the city. In glittering uniforms, with spurs upon their heels, swords at their sides, and polished helmets upon their heads, reflecting the scene like a mirror, they walk up and down Unter den Linden like great birds of gorgeous plumage from the tropics. They are picked from the German nobility, and a finer-looking body of men, with the exception of the Emperor's lackeys, it would be difficult to find anywhere. May the day never come when the streets of New York shall glitter with helmets, and resound with clanking sabres, like the streets of Berlin.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BERLIN.

The Old Prussian, the Modern German Capital—A Historical Retrospect—The Attractions of the Great City.

THOMAS CARLYLE, in his life of Frederick the Great, has touched, with that wondrous pen of his, all the more important events which influenced the foundation and development of Prussia. He takes us back over paths which none but he could ever have found, to the very beginnings of this North German State. He shows us, all along the way, a thousand incidents which would have escaped our notice in any light less strong than that which he has flashed upon them. From the hour the first missionary to these rude, warlike tribes was beaten down by clubs, and fell with outstretched arms, stamping the earth with the form of the cross, the land, so Carlyle believes, was consecrated. Each century that followed revealed more clearly the destiny which this once half savage people was to fulfil in the history of Europe. Out of the haze which covers these North Germans, rises slowly a well-defined and tangible power. A family called Brandenburg is steadily increasing in influence, and forcing its weaker neighbors into a sullen

obedience to some of the most fundamental laws concerning life, and property. In 1224, when the kings and nobles of Southern Europe were busy fighting the Saracens in Palestine, these margraves issued a document from their capital of Brandenburg, in which the name of a little fishing village on the Spree is first mentioned. The name appears more often after that, for the village grows rapidly, takes its place soon, even as a city in the famous union of towns, the so-called Hanseatic league, and is also the seat of so many outbreaks and bloody broils, that history is forced to give some attention to this young aspirant for place and fame. But a family still more powerful than that of Brandenburg is coming up from South Germany, sent by the Emperor to take possession of this margravate, or little dukedom, and to compel both nobles and burghers to respect two or three very simple and very necessary laws. This was in 1411, some years before the future discoverer of America was born. A few weeks ago they celebrated in this same Berlin and all over Germany the eighty-third birthday of one of the members of this family of Hohenzollern, and the cheers that were offered were not for a petty margrave, but for a great emperor, the Kaiser Wilhelm.

The coming of the Hohenzollerns into Brandenburg was, by no means, welcome to the nobles who had been doing for years about as they pleased, with all who were weaker than themselves. Some of them openly resisted, but their castles were torn down, and they themselves, the worst of them, hanged on the tallest of their own trees. From that time the history of Berlin and of

Brandenburg, which afterward became Prussia, merges into that of this house of Hohenzollern. As the elector Joachim II., who represented this family in 1539, sympathized with the new doctrines which were being first preached in the little town of Wittenberg, not sixty miles south of his own capital, and as the majority of his people were one with him in thinking the times called loudly for great reforms, they cast in their lot with Saxony, which had already become decidedly Protestant. A hundred years later their towns and villages suffered scarcely less from that most frightful of all religious struggles—the thirty years' war—than the cities of South Germany itself. Frederick William, the father of the first king, and who is known as the Great Elector, when he began to rule in 1640, found the work of restoration sufficient to occupy all the first years of his reign. His energy was not exhausted with the completion of his task. He founded a new city across the river from the old, and named it in honor of his wife, the Dorotheenstadt. The Berlin of to-day is very largely a development of this. Its most famous street, Unter den Linden, had its origin when Frederick William cut down a forest which then covered the ground, and planted the rows of lindens, whose branches now shade the finest shops, and most magnificent palaces of the German capital.

In 1701 Berlin took a great step forward. The elector, Frederick III., had been planning and working for many a year, for the right to replace his electoral by a royal crown. The Emperor had at last given a reluctant consent, and with a retinue of some twelve

hundred knights and ladies, Frederick and the electress set out over the snow for the old capital of Königsberg. Here the crowning took place, in such splendor and with such elaborateness of form, that, as history records, the newly-made queen openly yawned, to the intense surprise, and indignation of the newly-made king. Berlin now became the chief city of a kingdom, and as might have been expected, rapidly developed under this new blaze of glory. Two academies, one of art, the other of science, very soon made their appearance. Old public buildings were improved, and many new ones erected. The first of the now numerous equestrian statues was placed on the stone bridge over the Spree, in honor of the great elector. The second Prussian king, Frederick William I., believed that bigness is the essence of all greatness. He was determined that his capital should have this kind of greatness at whatever cost. He used compulsory means for the enlargement of the city. He even paid large sums out of his own purse, which for a man of his parsimonious habits was an overwhelming proof of his sincerity. But his admiration for quantity without any reference to quality was most marked in the reorganization of the army. The king had set his heart upon having the tallest regiment in the world. He sent his agents everywhere with orders to pay any price for men seven feet high. Berlin was soon full of giants, any one of whom would probably have fled precipitately before a brave little soldier of half his size.

No one was more amused with this peculiar taste than the king's son. Himself small of stature, Frederick II.

was possessed of a spirit which, as the future showed, made him more than a match for many giants. Whatever his thoughts were, he was obliged to be very guarded of his words, lest the thick stick with which his father was in the habit of rapping the big shoulders of some of his guards, should descend on his own, for all the boyhood and early manhood of him whom men now call Frederick the Great, and for whom the most beautiful mounted statue in the world has been erected on Unter den Linden, were passed in fear of his father's uncontrolled temper. Frederick loved music, and his father hated it, and broke over his head the flutes which his royal son knew how to use with considerable skill. Frederick wept when his father died—who has not heard of tears of joy?—and then threw away his flutes, new ones and broken ones, that he might have both hands free for other work. This young man, whom even his friends looked upon as but little more than a second-class amateur musician, was about to show himself to be the greatest general of his age. Only a few months passed before those delicate fingers that were thought fitted only to play upon the stops of a flute, tore the province of Silesia from the strong grasp of the Austrian Queen, Maria Theresa. For seven long years this monarch of a little insignificant kingdom—for such Prussia had always been—defied the mightier powers of Europe, defeated their armies, held to the last, in spite of all their efforts, the rich prize he had clutched, and at the close of the struggle, to show his enemies that his treasury was not exhausted, built a magnificent palace at Potsdam.

His successor, Frederick William II., had a much more

quiet and less eventful reign. Before his death the little fishing village on the Spree had become a city of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. The streets had been greatly beautified, and some of the finest specimens of architecture of which Berlin can yet boast had been completed. But the darkest days the Prussian capital has ever known were just ahead. A young French lieutenant was winning fame and promotion south of the Pyrenees. Even when this lieutenant had become a general, and this general was gaining victories so rapidly that new battles were fought, and won, before the report of the old one had been read in the north, Prussia saw nothing in this to excite her apprehension. But when this general had crowned himself Emperor of France, as Napoleon I., then not only England, but Austria, and Prussia too, began to be afraid. They had good reason. The army of Frederick William III., the successor of Frederick William II., was utterly broken, and crushed by Napoleon at Jena, in 1806, only nine years from the beginning of his reign. The queen, as famous for her beauty of character as of person, was forced to flee to Königsberg with her children. There, in an interview with Napoleon, so it is said, her heart was broken by the indignities the proud victor heaped upon her, and by the hard conditions of peace he demanded. The most terrible hour in the whole history of Prussia was that in which Napoleon's army marched through the Brandenburg gate, and along Unter den Linden to the old Palace. Sixty-four years later, the son of the broken-hearted Queen Louise, at the head of a Prussian army, marched under the Arc de

Triomphe at Paris, and along the Champs Elysées to the Palace of the Tuileries. If only Napoleon and Louise could have lived to see that day, the retribution would have been complete.

The life of the present Emperor has covered the most eventful era in Prussian history. As a young officer, he fought against Napoleon, and saw his conquered country lying broken and submissive at the feet of France. A few years later he shared in the joy that made Europe half wild on the night of the 19th of June, 1815, when the battle of Waterloo had been won. In 1848, as crown prince, he was misunderstood, and unpopular. A crowd came to the palace to make demands upon the king; two shots were fired into their ranks by soldiers who had received their command, so it was thought, from the young prince, and he was forced in the night to flee from the very city, which rises up now to greet him with a loyalty almost like that of adoration. Until 1866 Prussia had always been thrown in the shade by Austria. They had fought together three years before against Denmark, but that was only the prelude to the struggle with each other, made inevitable by mutual jealousy, and distrust. The Prussian prime minister, today the most famous statesman in the world, but then comparatively unknown, saw that the opportunity had at last come to drive Austria out of the German confederation, and to leave Prussia without a rival.

With an exercise of power which was unconstitutional, the king and his minister declared war. In less than a month the strongest army that Austria could send into the field was met at Sadowa, and at nightfall defeated,

after a terrible battle, which had remained undecided till the fresh troops of the Crown Prince rushed through the smoke and drove the broken Austrian ranks from the field. An hour later the victorious king and his son greeted each other by the village of Königgratz, and the soldiers sang the same song of thanksgiving which had been sung by the army of Frederick the Great at Lutzen a hundred years before. Only four years more were to pass before Prussia was to take the leading part in a still more terrible struggle. The usurper of the French throne, Napoleon III., with an ambition as great as that of his uncle, hoping to see Germany once more become but little better than a French province, caught at the very slight excuse which was given him by the election of a distant relative of the Prussian royal family as King of Spain, to declare war. This was in July. The French expected to celebrate the birthday of Napoleon I. in Berlin, on the 15th of August. Fifteen days after the time set for the triumphal entrance, Napoleon III. wrote the following letter from Sedan to King William: "Since it is not permitted me to die at the head of my troops, I lay my sword at the feet of your majesty." Six months later, in the great hall of Louis Fourteenth's palace, at Versailles, King William was chosen and crowned Emperor of Germany, a title which recalls the times and the glory of Henry the Fowler and Otho the Great.

The little fishing village on the banks of the Spree has now become the capital of a mighty empire. It is less beautiful than Paris or Vienna, but by no means unworthy to hold its high position. Built on a great

flat sand plain, whatever attractions it has, and they are many, are due entirely to what, and not to where, it is. The streets are broad and excellently paved. The private and public houses are large and not a few of them beautiful. A fine park lies within easy walking distance from any part of the city. Through it runs a wide boulevard to the little town of Charlottenburg, to which thousands are yearly attracted, not only for the pleasant drive, but for the exquisite statue of the unfortunate Queen Louise, whose sad fate awakens the sympathy even of travellers from foreign lands, who look upon that cold, sweet face. The favorite home of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, is within driving distance from Berlin. No reader of Prussian history, whether from the standpoint of Carlyle or Macaulay, can fail to be interested in the palace of Sans Souci ("without care," the name means, and such a place he meant it to be), where Frederick lived and fought with Voltaire, and where he met death with his face to the foe, as it had always been; or in the church where the dust which was once the abiding place of that indomitable spirit reposes in a vault beneath the pulpit. No lover of science or literature but must look with something of interest at the little chateau of Charlottenhof, where Alexander von Humboldt spent so many years and wrote the "Kosmos," the greatest work of his busy and fruitful life. No admirer of the Emperor, or of charming country castles could pass by Babelsberg, so beautifully set in green groves, and fields running down to the water, without wishing to cross its threshold, and see the delightfully home-like room in which the Kaiser studies, and which he uses in the summer-time

as his council chamber, the still more plainly furnished sleeping apartment with its little iron bedstead, the rough stick standing in the rack, cut by his own hands, and which he always carries in his Babelsberg walks, the elegantly furnished rooms of the Empress and the Crown Princess—Queen Victoria's eldest daughter—and even the chickens which her imperial highness, it is said, never forgets to feed in any of the days of her sojourn there.

Returning from Potsdam to the streets of the capital, along the same route the Emperor took on his triumphal entry on the 5th of February, we pass at the station the tall obelisk that then blossomed with flowers and blazed with lights, and which is to perpetuate itself in a counterpart of polished granite, through the broad street which commemorates the victory over the Austrians at Königgratz, under the great Brandenburg gate, surmounted by its triumphal car, beautiful enough to catch Napoleon's eye, and to have been carried by him to Paris as one of his Berlin trophies, along the noblest boulevard of the city, the Unter den Linden, the residences of many of the nobles, and of the French and Russian Ambassadors, by the perfectly molded statue of Frederick the Great, with the Emperor's palace on one hand, and the university building—once also a palace—on the other, by the comfortable and magnificent house of the Crown Prince and the immense arsenal filled with trophies of war, over the stone bridge lined on either side with marble statues which tell the story of a soldier's life from the hour when he is instructed in the use of weapons till the moment he falls in battle covered

with glory, along the front of the old palace with its six hundred massive apartments, some of them furnished with great splendor, and its legend of a white lady that walks in the largest hall just before the death of one of the royal family, across the pleasure gardens to the museums with their wealth of statues and paintings from the old masters and the new, their treasures from Greece and Rome and Egypt, the latter scarcely elsewhere equalled. Such is a rude sketch of some of the things to be seen in the modern German capital ; but Berlin offers a still richer feast to the ear. The devotee of whatever art or science may find that which he seeks in her music halls, and academies, or her university. He must either have no appetite at all, or a very dainty one, who spends a winter here and takes no intellectual nutriment.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SUNDAY IN BERLIN.

A Great City without a Great Church—"Der Dom"—The little Cathedral—The German Service—A Military Church—Schleiermacher's Church—Religious Condition of Germany.

BERLIN is unique among European capitals. It is a great city with no great church. London has its St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, Paris its Notre Dame, Vienna its St. Stephen's, St. Petersburg its St. Isaac's; but the most important of the German cities is surpassed in the size and beauty of its ecclesiastical edifices, by such towns as Metz, and Strasburg. Berlin is among the oldest of continental cities. Its history runs back to the days when every large town was building its cathedral, back to days, long before the more modest forms of Protestant worship had begun to be observed; but while Cologne and Mayence were laying the foundations of the beautiful edifices to which they now owe their fame, Berlin was too much occupied with the mere struggle for existence to rear temples and basilicas.

A hundred years ago, pressed as he was for money to carry on his wars with the larger part of Europe, Frederick the Great erected a building near the old palace

which has since been called *Der Dom*, or the cathedral; but it is an unsightly structure, with but few claims to such title. The last king, Frederick Wilhelm IV., the brother of the present Emperor, was ambitious to build a great church in his capital, but died before his plans could be carried out. The people of Berlin are soon about to erect, so it is said, a church of thanks, to commemorate the Emperor's preservation from the two attempts made last year upon his life. Though their motive is most worthy, the edifice which they will build with the limited amount of money reported to have been collected, will probably be scarcely deserving of like commendation. Neither can it be said that Berlin makes up by quantity that which she lacks in quality. One is amazed, in looking over the city from the top of the great column of victory in the Park, to see so few church spires. From Trinity church steeple in New York one might easily count five times as many.

But let us come down from our great tower in the Thiergarten, which was erected, with very questionable taste, to perpetuate the triumphant issue of the Franco-Prussian war, and see what we shall find in one of these churches. Joining the well-dressed crowds sauntering on Unter den Linden, we walk by palaces and statues, till the round cupola of the little cathedral is just before us, and passing in through its open door, and pushing aside a thick curtain, we have a full view of the interior. It is as plain and unattractive as the exterior. Shaped like an ordinary brick, with the high pulpit at the side and the uncushioned seats facing in all directions—not a few of them directly away from the speaker—it gives one a

very good conception of what a comfortable church should *not* be.

It is only ten o'clock, but the service is just commencing. A choir of some fifty men and boys, just visible behind a latticework at one end of the church, is singing an anthem very sweetly, and without any musical accompaniment. This is soon completed, two or three chords are struck upon the organ, and a congregational hymn is sung—or at least the attempt is made; but as the choir is now resting after its brief exertions, and only the organ leads, the music produced awakens in a listener little enthusiasm.

At the close of the hymn a sexton in white cravat and dress coat comes up the aisle, followed by one of the four cathedral preachers, wearing the usual black scholastic gown, and carrying a small book in his folded hands. Advancing to what might be called the altar, upon which is a cross with a lighted candle on either side—though this is a very strict Protestant church—he stands for a moment in prayer, and then, turning as the hymn ceases, reads the short service of the German Evangelical Church. This is made up, as I remember it, of two very brief prayers, and two equally brief Scripture lessons, with the creed repeated only by the minister, and a few sentences sung by the choir. As the congregation sings another hymn, the minister passes out, and the one who is that day to preach ascends the high pulpit. When the preacher announces his text every one stands till he has read it and has said Amen. The sermon which follows is composed of two very distinct parts, for after an introduction of from five to ten minutes a short prayer is offered for

the blessing of God upon what is to follow. The whole sermon is ordinarily about half an hour in length, varying in quality, of course, with the preacher, and with his physical and mental condition. The sermons I heard in the Dom were all good, but none of them could have been called eloquent. After the discourse comes the most lengthy prayer of the service, including petitions for the Emperor and imperial family, the Reichstag, or House of Parliament, all officials, the whole land, and for the people in their various needs, closing with the Lord's Prayer, in which the congregation does not audibly join.

This is the liturgical service, which King William III. with the aid of a few counsellors, wrote out in two or three hours, and which he commanded the Evangelical Church—just called into existence by arbitrarily forcing the Lutherans and Reformed to unite—to accept and to use. It is remarkably good considering its origin. Formed in such a way it could scarcely have been better. It is surprising that it was not very much worse.

The central part of the gallery of this cathedral is divided into boxes for the Royal family. Here the Emperor and Empress may nearly always be seen Sunday forenoon. Opposite is a similar box reserved for the Diplomatic Corps. Passing out of this church one Sunday forenoon last February, I found the street before the old castle filled with a crowd that reached as far up Unter den Linden as the present palace of the Emperor. After a few inquiries, a very dignified policeman condescended to explain that the annual "Order Fest" was about to be celebrated. Those who in any way had specially distinguished themselves during the year in the military or

civil service, were about to be decorated with the Order of the Red or Black Eagle, or the Iron Cross. The ceremony was to take place in the magnificent halls of the Schloss. The Emperor was momentarily expected. Almost immediately a wave of excitement passed over the crowd, a State carriage with outriders came swiftly down the street and over the bridge and passing by within a few feet of where I stood, I saw that its occupants were the Emperor and the Crown Prince. Then followed other carriages filled with the proud and envied officers whom the Emperor was about to honor. They were brilliantly dressed in full uniform, their breasts already covered with stars and crosses, and their helmets surmounted with great white waving plumes. It was a sight that made one think of that other day, to which with more or less magnificence we are all hastening, when an Eternal Hand is to bestow the prizes, and when emperors and kings must stand with the humblest to receive according to that which they have done, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Some five minutes' walk from the cathedral is the Garrison church, the largest in Berlin. Here, as we enter, we find a more numerous congregation than we saw in the cathedral, though that was by no means small. But this is very different from that. In the cathedral, here and there, a uniform could be seen; but here, as we look up to the galleries, we see more than a thousand soldiers, with their officers. This is the soldiers' church, and the immense galleries are reserved entirely for them. It is one of the sights to see them file out at the close of the service, and form their ranks in the street—each company dis-

tinguished by its peculiar uniform—and march away to their barracks. This church has among its pastors the most popular preacher in Berlin—Dr. Frommel. He is said to be one of the Emperor's favorites. Whenever he preaches, which is about once a month, it is difficult to find a vacant seat. I heard him one Sunday: a New Year's sermon it was, and a very good one, but in no way remarkable; yet he has proved that even Berliners will go to church, if they are sure of hearing something in which they will be interested, and that they will go where appeals are made to conscience, and to Christ, and not continually to what "our Luther" has said.

Very near the Kaiserhof, the most famous of the Berlin hotels, is a peculiar structure, which looks as if it might once have been the dome of an immense edifice; but by some mishap, the building, of which it was but the crown, was swept away, and now it must fulfil a purpose for which it was not originally designed. But multitudes look at this little church not so much because of any peculiarity in its appearance, as from the fact that here for many years preached the man of whom it was irreverently said, "Schleiermacher has re-introduced the Almighty into polite society." When Schleiermacher came to Berlin in 1807, it was the fashion to be atheistical. In less than two years he had won for religious subjects a respectful hearing. Rationalist as he might now be called, he did a work for the Evangelical Church which probably could not at that time have been done by a more scriptural, but less philosophical preacher. He preached to large audiences on the first day of the week, and lectured to a constantly increasing number of stu-

dents on other days, in the university, where he occupied the chair of philosophy. Both his sermons and lectures are still remembered for their wonderful power. The most noted of American theologians, Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, sat for some months under his teaching, and while refuting Schleiermacher's system, has given us in his great work, "Systematic Theology," a most charming sketch of the famous German's pure and attractive character. Denying, as Schleiermacher did, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divinity of our Lord, his profound love for the person of Christ pervaded all his teaching, and was the ruling power in his life. The last words he spoke were full of this love. It was upon this faith, dwarfed and imperfect as it was, that he lay down in peace to die.

The English-speaking population of the city has two places of worship—one under the patronage of the Church of England, and the other a chapel conducted on the principles of the Evangelical Alliance. The congregations of the latter were comparatively good during the last winter. Though the chapel has no regular pastor, there is always a service held every Sunday, conducted usually by some English, Scotch, or American student from the University.

To describe correctly the present religious condition of Berlin, and of Germany, would be a most difficult task. The old skepticisms, and infidelities, are said to have lost their power, but they have been replaced by a no less deadly indifferentism. Very few fight against the Church, but great multitudes ignore it. It would perhaps scarcely be an exaggeration to say that there

are single churches in New York, that show more religious life and activity, than all the churches of Berlin combined. But we must never forget how different the history of the Church in America has been, from that of the Church in Germany. From the coming of the Pilgrims till the present moment, whatever failures the Church in America has made, are due only to herself. She has had no enemies to contend against, except the three which are always with her—the world, the flesh, and the devil. In Germany she has had other foes to fight; or if we prefer so to say, this unholy trinity has manifested itself in more terrible forms. Even before Luther's death, Germany was divided into two great hostile camps. Very soon the Catholic League was formed for the extermination of Protestantism, and the Union was organized to resist these attempts, and to place the Bible in the hands of all the people. The body of the Great Reformer had scarcely turned to dust in its iron coffin, under the pavement of the church at Wittenberg, before this spirit of enmity had broken out into one of the most terrible wars of which history gives us any record. From the Bohemian capital of Prague, where the first hostilities began, the desolation spread, till there was scarcely a town or hamlet in all Germany that had not suffered at the hands of the soldiery, either of the Romish League or the Protestant Union. Before the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, some of the fairest cities and villages had been almost utterly destroyed, and Germany had received scars which she will not outgrow for a hundred years to come. In this fierce struggle, as was inevitable, both Catholics and Protestants lost far more

than the wealth which can be estimated by figures on paper. They suffered most severely in the weakening and destruction of those elements which make up the real power of Christianity of whatever type.

Before the work of restoration had been carried very far, there swept over Germany a cold wave of what the immortal Goethe has called "non-Christian thought," which nipped and blasted much that had begun again to put forth signs of life. The intellectual revival of the sixteenth century led toward the Cross; that of the seventeenth led away from it. Neither Goethe or Schiller, the two greatest poets Germany has produced, spoke directly against Christianity; they passed it by, and multitudes, under the charm of their magnetic influence, did the same.

Then came another wave of war. Napoleon crushed in turn each of the German powers, and the Church gasped, liked the State, for breath. After the overthrow of the French Tyrant, and the union of the Lutherans and Reformed in 1817, a new school of destructive criticism was called into existence at Tübingen in South Germany, by the learned theologian, Bauer. From the publication of his first great work in 1824, till his death in 1860, his pen was ever busy in its attacks on the Bible and the Church. He was followed by Strauss, and a host of others, who were more severe than their master, in their denunciations of the old faith. For a time they swept everything before them. Evangelical professors were driven out of the universities, and Evangelical preachers from the pulpits. It is scarcely two decades since by the efforts of such men as Tholuck and Dorner,

the tide began to turn. Though professors and preachers are now in the majority of instances thoroughly evangelical, there has not been warmth enough yet to melt entirely away the covering of ice with which the Church was encased. With much of this still clinging to her skirts, it is not surprising that she is less active than her sisters in England, Scotland, and America.

CHAPTER XX.

AN EMPEROR'S WELCOME.

*The German Capital made Splendid for his Reception—
A Day and Night of Rejoicing—American Students—
An Imperial "Commers."*

NOT since the return of the newly crowned Emperor from Versailles in 1871 has Berlin witnessed such a scene as that of yesterday. For a week editors have been elaborating patriotic sentences, and poets training their muse to burst forth into song in the Kaiser's honor. Since last Monday, crowds of workmen have been hurrying through the streets, followed by huge wagons loaded with mysterious German machines. With an utter regardlessness of expense, these bands have driven the pick and bar into the pavement, and obstructed thoroughfares with their tools, while the superintendents of the work have walked up and down, and issued their orders with a tone full of apparent conviction that not only Berlin, but all, workers and sight-seers, were made especially to add somewhat to the glory of the imperial reception.

Before the Emperor's palace on Unter den Linden, a high triumphal arch rose over the broad avenue. Yesterday this was covered with silk flags and rich cloths embroidered with mottoes, most of them texts from the

Bible. The only one I had time to read, as I was swept along in a tremendous crowd, was "The Lord watch over thee in thy outgoings and thy incomings." The Kaiser's affection and reverence for this book gave to some of the most highly decorated buildings an appearance somewhat like that of the Hippodrome during Mr. Moody's famous meetings. The Germans know at least enough of the Bible to quote texts from it for such occasions. All the way from the palace to the Brandenburg Gate, through Königgrätzer Street to the Potsdam Railroad station, huge poles had been ranged along the sides in the holes made by tearing up the pavement. Early yesterday morning they were trimmed with what we would call Christmas greens, and hung with gay-colored bunting. At the great gate the committee of arrangements had made extraordinary efforts. Against the sides of this massive structure, a counterpart, it is said, of the Propylæa, at Athens, a huge scaffolding has been built, under which, yesterday, on its removal, appeared curious excrescences that last night shot forth all manner of brilliant lights. But at the station where the Kaiser was to make his entrance, the committee had strained brain and heart to the utmost to prepare a most dazzling series of festooned arches, and gorgeously decorated obelisks.

Wednesday night the city was evidently in a condition of great excitement. Men talked more loudly than usual in the cafés. The waiters gave more width and life to the usual smile of greeting to their customers, for which a somewhat larger fee was expected, and usually received. The old women who sell papers on the corner of the Arcade—newsboys are unknown here, or at least I have

not yet seen one—looked as if the dropping of a few pfennigs extra in the open palm was the proper thing to be done by every truly patriotic Berliner. If an accurate census could be taken, I am sure it would be found that there was a large number of beds Wednesday night to which sleep refused to come. Should Fourth of July, which in America one speaks of as almost an individual personality, take to itself flesh and bones, and together with Santa Claus accept a public reception in New York, then may you expect to see and feel there what Berlin felt and saw in the few hours before the Kaiser was to make his entrance. For several days we had not seen the sun, and most of the time we looked out on splashing drops of rain, but one of the shop-keepers said on Wednesday night, "It will not rain to-morrow." It is a German proverb, "Good weather when the Kaiser comes," and it increased greatly the confidence of the nation in this old saw, that it was not till the Emperor had passed through the doors of his palace, that the big drops began again to make circles in the pools which lay in the centre of many of the streets.

The official committee were not by any means the only ones who exerted themselves in the work of decoration. Every house the whole length of the Unter den Linden was covered with flags and hung with greens. In the less aristocratic portions of the city, as well, innumerable Prussian and German banners hung from the windows of almost every story. Many of the largest and finest shops had swept everything out of their show-windows, to make room for an oil painting or bust of the Emperor encircled with flowers, and crowned with laurel.

At 9 o'clock Thursday A.M., the students of the University, some 3,000 in number, began to assemble in the Castania Park behind the lecture halls. The word had been passed the day before among the Americans to meet around their flag, which would be found by Hegel's statue. The hour had just struck as I reached the place, but already a number of persons were ranged under the folds of the stars and stripes. The mild, beautiful face of the founder of the Hegelian School of Philosophy looked down upon us with apparent approval. The officers of the different university corps, wearing swords and a profusion of ribbons, and mounted on fiery steeds, hired for the occasion from some livery stable, rode wildly in and out among the crowd. By 10 o'clock the police were in line. By 11 o'clock, after we had stood firmly by our flag for two hours, the order came to march. The crowd everywhere was immense. In some way our little band of thirty-eight became separated from the other 2,962 university students. We were swallowed up by an unsympathizing mass, to whom our flag was a wonder, and ourselves a curiosity. We looked wildly for some ribbon-bedecked corps-officer, but they had forgotten our existence, and that of the land whose flag we carried. Five minutes more would have thrown our undrilled ranks into a panic. At this critical moment a mounted policeman, divining the true condition of things, opened a path for us, and with a run like that of Ellsworth's Zouaves, we rushed up the Linden and became once more a part of the students' column. Instead of losing any of our number by this experience, we had increased it by two. While rushing about among the crowd, our

ranks of three each were broken, and in a moment I found by my side two young men who said that they were students, had lost their companions, but were Swiss Republicans, and would be glad to march under our flag. We adopted them at once.

At 11.30 we reached the place assigned to us, about half-way between the palace and the Brandenburg gate. We could not have desired a better position. We were close to the iron railing which runs on each side of the royal carriage road in the centre of Unter den Linden. The Emperor would pass within a few feet of where we stood. There we waited for another hour. At a little after 12 o'clock, according to the Berlin reporters, the imperial train entered the Potsdam station. The military and state officials greeted their monarch with a reverential silence, far more impressive than cheers. Before entering his carriage, the Emperor expressed his great satisfaction on returning to his duties in restored health. "My heart," he said, in alluding to the attempted assassination, "bled more than my wounds." From the station to the Brandenburg gate he rode between two lines of 9,000 soldiers. From the gate to the palace, the street on each side was crowded with students and citizens. It was nearly one o'clock when the music of the bands and the suppressed cheers of those nearest the gate, made us confident that at last the hour and the man were come. "The Emperor is on horseback," was whispered along the ranks, but in a moment more the horseman was seen to be the chief of police, and not the head of the German Empire. On each side of this high official, who was evidently ill at ease in the saddle, were two generals

of the army in full uniform. There was something between these three and the royal carriage, but just what, we were too excited to discover. Our eyes were on the four magnificent black horses rushing on only too rapidly toward the palace with their imperial load. Now they are opposite us. The Emperor and the Empress smile and bow, and look as if they were pleased at this enthusiasm of their children. The forty Americans unite in the three loudest cheers of the day, and make haste to recover their breath to give a similar welcome to the Crown Prince and his Princess, for four more black horses, as magnificent as the Emperor's, are passing with the heir to the throne, and his wife. I can not say how many of these royal carriages there were, or just who occupied them, only I know that we did not cheer again, till an old man in the uniform of a general, but with a smooth face like a preacher's, came opposite us, and some one said, "This is Von Moltke." The hero of Metz, and Sedan, had a right, we felt, even to republican cheers, and we gave them heartily. In less than a quarter of an hour the last of the imperial family and the great dignitaries of the Empire had ridden by. We had served our country, such was the general impression, with fidelity deserving of a dinner. It required an order from the chief of police for us to get in the ranks, but we waited for no such formality to get out.

The streets were comparatively quiet all the afternoon. The exertions of the morning made every one willing to rest. But at 5 o'clock Berlin added to her garlands and flags, innumerable belts and wreaths, and crowns, and stars of fire. The high walls of her business

and dwelling houses glowed with fantastic forms of flame. A great "W" — Wilhelm — sparkled on the massive fronts of some of the high State buildings. The Pariser Square, before the Brandenburg gate, was as bright as day with many-colored lights, while fountains of fire played in the centre. The triumphal car, with bronze horses, over the gate, which Napoleon carried with him as a trophy to Paris, in 1807, was as brilliant as if the rays of the rising sun had been focused upon it. The obelisk in front of the Potsdam station glistened as if hung with gems, while upon the top was a sparkling crown. One of the papers the next morning said with pardonable enthusiasm, "The whole city was an Aladdin's palace."

At 8 o'clock more than 2,000 students, and at least 1,000 guests, met in a great hall, for what the Germans call an "Imperial Commers." The word is untranslatable. What a "Commers" is, will be explained by what was done. Long, plain board tables, uncovered, stretched across the room—uncovered, as Americans use that term when applied to tables; but it is by no means literally true, for the boards were almost hidden by beer-glasses, and cigar-ashes. A high canopied platform was filled with the gallant corps officials, who had borne their enforced horseback exercise of the morning with becoming resignation. In front of them, sat some of the most famous of the university professors, Professor Zeller, the Rector, having a specially prominent position. It was a little after 8, as the corps officers rose, raised their swords, and in perfect time, struck three heavy blows on the table before them. "America," with the German

words, for it is also the national hymn here, was sung standing, and with a unity and volume of sound which were majestic. At the end of the song, the presiding officer made a short address, very patriotic, it is said—we could not hear it—and then came the “Salamander.” This, like the word *Commers*, is untranslatable. Glasses filled with beer were held high in the air. “The Emperor” was given as the toast. Every glass was lowered, rubbed upon the table while the leader counted “Ein, zwei, drei,” then the beer rolled down those 2,000 throats in about the time it takes to read this sentence, and the empty glasses were dashed together upon the boards. It took only a moment for the broken glass and flying beer to settle into quietness on the floor, or table. Fresh mugs were ordered, those that withstood the shock were refilled, and the process of diminishing the amount of beer in the United German Empire went on with unabated rapidity. Other songs, other toasts, other “Salamanders” followed, and when we left, an hour before midnight, professors and students alike were still steadily at work. It was 4 o'clock, I am told, before the lights were put out. and the Imperial *Commers* was over.

Under all the apparent enthusiasm of the welcome which had been prepared for the Emperor, lurks a latent discontent. The expenses were necessarily large. Germany is not rich. Any increase of expenditures is seriously felt by the people. But more than this, about a week ago Berlin was placed under a more rigid surveillance of police than has ever before been known. A number of authors and business men, who were not con-

victed, but only suspected of harboring sympathy for the Social Democrats, were given twenty-four hours in which to leave the city. Bismarck's iron fingers are around every man's throat, and liberty-loving Germans say, "We can not breathe here." Yet these laws were passed by a Parliament elected by the people. They were not the sudden whims of an autocrat. Whether they are wise or not, is a question for whose answer we must look to the future.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM BERLIN TO MOSCOW.

The Land of the Tzar in Mid-winter—A German Sleeping-car—Unhappy Poland—Warsaw—A Catholic City—Three Second-class Passengers—Russian Tea—A Military Russian.

ON one of the coldest nights of last December, I stepped into the railway office at Berlin, to buy a ticket for Moscow. It was something of an encouragement, that the man in charge, instead of smiling at such foolhardiness, as some of my friends had done, and muttering between his chattering teeth, "It is impossible," handed out at once the desired piece of pasteboard. It was nearly midnight. The waiting-room was filled with a most motley assemblage of human beings. Some were sleeping with the huge collars of their immense fur coats turned up over their heads, others were drinking beer and smoking—the custom in all restaurants here—and chattering in German, French, English, and Russian. Perhaps in no other city could just such a company be found, and perhaps at no other hour could it be found here. Sleeping-cars are still so much of a luxury in Europe, that you feel like a newsboy who has

just sold his last paper, on discovering one of those essentials of American travel. I had been assured that there would be such a car on this train, and the assurance proved to be founded on fact. It was almost as elegantly fitted up as your Pullman coaches, but built on a different principle. It was composed entirely of little compartments, each having four berths. When two can have one of these rooms to themselves, it is as good, if not better than the American method; but when all four berths are used, the amount of comfort attainable is diminished in geometrical ratio. Our compartment claimed four as its share that night. One of these was a fine-looking and very gentlemanly Prussian officer, in full uniform, of course. He was returning to his station at Königsberg. He served as an unconscious illustration for one line of the poem so popular among American school-boys, which describes the hero as being laid to rest "with his martial cloak around him": so sought this Prussian repose that night. With spurs, and gloves, and only his helmet laid aside, he closed his eyes to dream of victories, and of new stars added to those that rose and fell on his heaving breast.

Toward nine o'clock the next morning the door of the car opened—I had been obliged at an earlier hour to leave the sleeping coach which ran to Königsberg—and two men in official uniform, speaking either Russian or Polish, gave me to understand that I was to get out and bring my baggage with me. We had reached the frontier, and passports must be shown, and bags and trunks opened. Having but few bags, and no trunks, and being fortunate enough to stand by a gentleman who spoke

both Polish and German, my luggage was soon looked into by one of the Russian officials, and by two or three Russian peasants in sheepskins, the only right of the latter for such an inspection consisting, I think, in that natural curiosity which is common to the human species. My passport was returned with some mysterious characters written on it, and I was at liberty to pursue my journey into Poland and Russia. We rode on through miles of level plains covered with snow. Now and then we saw in the distance the white smoke curling from some chimney-top, but both houses and villages were far apart. That we rode some of the way with the window open, is proof sufficient that nothing like Siberian cold had yet been experienced.

At about two o'clock we reached Warsaw, the once famous Polish capital. Scarcely more than three hundred years ago, this now almost forgotten city was the centre of the military power of Northeastern Europe. Here the powerful house of Jagellon held its court. A large part of Russia paid them tribute. The Brandenburgs held East Russia as their vassals. It was a Polish King, John Sobieski, that in the seventeenth century drove back what Carlyle calls "the unspeakable Turk," from the gates of Vienna, the Austrian capital. But Poland's glory was waning before that of her great northern rival. Russian armies swept over her fields, and stormed her cities. Two queens, and a king, each with an insatiable appetite for power, sat down to feast like cannibals, on the writhing body of their defeated neighbor. Catherine of Russia, greedy for territory, cut off a huge slice; Frederick the Great of Prussia used

his knife with equal vigor; Maria Theresa of Austria, though her arm was weaker, had skill enough to secure some luscious titbits. Little was left of Poland to be feared, or to be pitied. For that little, Kosciusko, who had fought so bravely under Washington in our own Revolution, risked in vain his fortunes and his life. Early in the nineteenth century, when Napoleon was recuperating from his terrible Russian experience, there came once more into a state of semi-existence a kingdom of Poland. It was little more than a name given by Russia, that the Poles, playing with this shadow of power, might be content to leave her the reality. Twice the people, conscious of the delusion, rose in their weakness to throw off the conqueror under whose increasing weight it was impossible to breathe. But the first effort only added to the burden which they were forced to bear, and the second proved to be the throes of death. Since 1863 the name of Poland has had no meaning. The old Polish songs may neither be played nor sung. The Polish cap must not be worn. The Pole lives with the stiff, narrow Russian yoke upon his neck. He can look only straight ahead, and he sees in the future no glimmering ray of hope. It saddens an American to linger even for a few hours in the land of Kosciusko.

Warsaw has something of interest for the traveller rather for what it was, than for what it is. Some of the buildings are large and fine, and some of the views over the Vistula are exceedingly attractive, but it is rather as one of the connecting links with a more glorious past, that it is placed by the foreigner among the names of the places which he wishes to see. There are old pal-

aces here that were once the magnificent homes of powerful kings; they are now used as public offices, or as barracks. There are monuments here, but they perpetuate the memory of monarchs and generals who waged successful warfare with the Turk, or of military officers who won the gratitude of Russia by refusing, through lack of bravery or patriotism, to join their countrymen in the revolution of 1830.

The Warsaw of to-day, from its mixed population of Poles, Russians, and Germans, has a nondescript character. It resembles neither Berlin, Moscow, nor St. Petersburg. The public conveyances are unlike those of any of these cities. The German drosky and the Russian sleigh exist here, but are evidently unnaturalized. That which is indigenous to Warsaw is a peculiar affair on runners, with two wild-looking horses attached to a pole raised almost to their ears, and up which, as they rush along at a very rapid gait, they seem to be madly attempting to climb.

Both the Protestant Church of Germany and the Greek Church of Russia have places of worship, but they are exotics. It is the Church of Rome that thrives best on Polish soil. Here I saw for the first time a sight with which, in a somewhat different form, I was soon to become very familiar. Before one of the largest of the Romish churches is a statue of Christ bearing the cross. At night the light is focused upon it with almost startling effect. Whether by day or night, many, perhaps the majority, of those who pass walking or riding, remove their hats and make the sign of the cross upon their breasts. It is a custom which is sure to catch the

attention of one who has never been in any Catholic country except France.

I made no attempt to conceal from myself, though I had from every one else, the fact that I dreaded the ride from Warsaw to Moscow. Such wild stories had been told me of what I might expect, and still more of what I might not expect, that I was obliged to whistle two or three military airs to counteract an increasing tendency to retreat. As yet I had experienced no discomfort from the cold or from the lack of a great fur coat (called a pelz) except the general surprise which is created when a Russian traveller is not so enveloped—a surprise very much like that which would be awakened among New Yorkers if a man should walk down Broadway in December without shoes or stockings. He might insist upon it that he was perfectly comfortable; could walk better with his feet free; but his explanation would not be generally acceptable. There is much truth in the Russian's belief that for several months of the year furs are an absolute necessity. If the weeks I spent there had not been remarkably warm, I should either have been obliged to conform to the general custom, or to have kept most of the time within the walls of the hotel. Americans living in St. Petersburg told me, that there is some peculiarity about the intense cold which they usually have, so that even a temperature which might not prove dangerous in our Western States, may be, to one unused to the Russian climate, the cause of a fever or congested lungs. Comparatively few English or Americans pass through their first winter without some such experience, it is said.

The amount of travel from Warsaw to Moscow is apparently not great enough to warrant the running of such sleeping-cars as can be found on the route between Berlin and St. Petersburg. There is but one through car on the train which leaves Warsaw in the morning, and which is less unlike an express than the evening mail. It was divided by a partition into two parts, called first and second class. But the second class had some decided advantages over the first. The seats could be pulled out and made into something which would remind the imagination of a bed. This, as well as the expense, decided the only three persons who showed any symptoms of making the trip, to spread themselves out over as many seats as possible in the second-class compartment.

One of the three was a German merchant. He had shops in both Warsaw and Moscow. He was very talkative, and as usual with such temperaments, inclined to be confidential. He told us all about his business, giving the very figures, perhaps, which he had lately reported to the Government officials in both cities. He told us how much he had paid for his handsome fur coat—about \$400—and also the smaller sum, an inferior one, which he usually wore had cost him. He had travelled in England, France, and Italy. Was nearly robbed in London, and thought the English a wickeder people than the Germans—about as bad as the Russians. He had read all Goethe and Schiller, a number of English and French authors, and had his own views, which he was ready at any moment to explain, concerning Religion and Immortality. He talked Russian, and won our gratitude for his friendly assistance in the restaurants.

The second was also a merchant, but from Bohemia. His home was near Prague. He was very much of a gentleman. Less communicative and confidential than the German, I never found out whether he sympathized with John Huss and the men who at a later day threw the tyrannical counsellors of the vacillating Romish monarch of Bohemia out of the window, or whether his sympathies were wholly on the other side, or whether, as I think highly probable, all such questions were to him matters of supreme indifference. He listened with apparent interest to the German's exposition of his views concerning Scientific Immortality, but his own remained unexpressed. He carried a heavy fur coat, and wore immense Russian overshoes, which were almost as long as American boots.

The third may be quickly described as a United States citizen, with no fur coat, or overshoes, and carrying more curiosity than baggage.

Through miles of snow-covered plains we rode slowly on. We knew toward evening that we had passed out of what used to be Poland, from the refusal of the waiters at the restaurants to accept as payment for tea, a Polish nickel coin called a grosz. At Warsaw we had drunk our first cup, or rather glass, of this Russian tea. It was a memorable experience. We asked for *Chi*, which we had been told was the proper word, and the waiter brought, in an ordinary drinking glass, a bright liquid as pure as some rare old wine. By the side of the glass was a small plate, on which lay three square little blocks of beet sugar and a thin slice of lemon. I need not describe to Americans the effect which sugar has upon tea. The chemical combina-

tion thus produced, has by innumerable experiments from childhood become sufficiently familiar. But with lemon, the condition of things is very different. The ordinary American no more thinks of putting a slice of this in his tea, than of making a similar use of a turnip or potato. I had a right, then, to watch the result of the first experiment with considerable interest. Bright as the liquid had been, the lemon produced upon it an effect like that of sunlight upon wine. I was eager for the process to be completed, that I might taste this novel drink. The first sip was taken in a doubtful way. The second was *con amore*, hearty and sincere. I became an immediate enthusiast over Russian tea, as devoted a subject as the German to his national drink. I almost resolved on returning to the United States, to become an American Don Quixote, and head a new party, whose banner should be a glass, a tea-pot, and a lemon, and whose purpose should be to drive into the ocean the liquid tyrants that now hold there their despotic sway. But unfortunately the fact that a Russian has already emptied many glasses of his favorite *chi* does not diminish in the slightest degree the amount of stronger drink considered necessary. He must still have his *vodka*, which resembles somewhat American whisky. The disciples of temperance could hope but little, I fear, from the introduction of this Northern luxury.

Late in the evening our number was increased by an addition of one. A peasant—it is almost superfluous to add, clothed in sheepskin—brought in half a dozen bags and bundles, more or less military in their appearance. A dignified Russian officer, with jingling sword and

spurs, followed. He said something in his native tongue, the only one which he at any time used. Our German friend made evidently an affirmative response, for in a satisfied way he at once had his servant distribute the various articles over the only unoccupied seats. He was possessed of literary tastes which he was determined to gratify in spite of all difficulties. The light in the car was not one of those deceptive American lamps that are always like an oyster-plant—just on the point of being more useful than they ever are. This luminary held out no false hopes; you could see at a glance that it never had been, and never could be by any possibility, strong enough to read by. But our military Russian, trained to look upon obstacles only to discover how they might be surmounted, was soon deep in the mysteries of an enormous volume, by the aid of an improvised light. He found a tallow candle somewhere in the car; it had no holder, but he grasped it firmly, and read on steadily while the hot melting globules fell unnoticed upon his hand. So, perhaps, he had read many a night in the Balkans, after a hard day's battle with the Turk. The one stove which heated the whole car was a wood-burner. The red sparks rose in dense masses from the pipe, and fell through the deep darkness upon the whitened earth. Resting for a moment as if looking in wonder upon the strange monster that had given them birth, they whirled off in every direction, chasing each other over the frozen snow. They seemed to be living spirits; perhaps the ghosts of some of Napoleon's soldiers, that had laid down in these very fields to die of hunger and cold.

A superstitious Frenchman might have covered his face with his hand, and have drawn the curtain, but there are few ghosts that can come out of the history of the past to strike terror into the heart of the modern American. Our heroes have never sacrificed a "grand army" on the altars of their selfish and unholy ambition. They have not left us an inheritance of haunted houses. No bands of the spirits of the murdered stalk through the night crying for vengeance. No Smolensk or Moscow can scream its curses in our ears. We have never forced brave men to lay the torch against the walls of their own homes, or see them transformed into barracks for the shelter of a cruel and rapacious enemy. I slept that night—as one of the condemned in Tartarus, according to the Grecian legend, was accustomed to eat, or to make the attempt—under a suspended sword. But unlike the finely-tempered blade of Damocles, hanging by a single hair, the heavy sabre of our Russian officer was so firmly fastened to the rack, that only those who are made nervous at the sight or mention of weapons, would have had any difficulty on that account either in sleeping or eating. All the next day and the next night we rolled slowly on, with no unusual sight or sound, not even the distant barking of a pack of wolves to break the monotony. It was a relief to muscles, brain, and nerves, when we saw, at last, a multitude of domes and spires, and knew that we had reached the most Asiatic of all the European cities, the ancient capital of the Tzars, whose red flames, some sixty years ago, wrote upon the October sky the changed fortunes of the world's conqueror.

CHAPTER XXII.

MOSCOW.

*Russian Sleighs—Chapels and Icons—The Kremlin—
The Big Bell—Easter Scenes.*

THE crowned heads of Continental Europe speak, beside their native tongue, either English, French, or German. Many of them can use these three languages with equal ease. It is true that one who has this amount of philological knowledge, could travel through Europe from end to end with no interpreter, if he had only to deal with kings and emperors. But the routes for ordinary mortals do not lead through a constant succession of royal courts, and there is a vast difference between crowned heads and cab-drivers. I had flattered myself, and had been flattered into thinking, that even in Russia this triple talisman would never fail to be an open sesame. It took only five minutes in Moscow to convince me of my mistake. There was no one in the railway station that I could make understand anything except gestures. Before the entrance were some two hundred of the most unique vehicles imaginable. They were little sleighs not very much larger than boys use in America for a Newfoundland dog or a goat. From each side of this toy-like affair ran large but light undressed poles to the

breast of the horse, where they were firmly fastened by leather thongs to the collar, and to a strong wooden yoke rising high above the neck. The front seat was too narrow to hold the driver without partly spilling him over the sides; but two loops were so arranged that by placing in them his thick cloth boots, the driver—he is always called in Russia an *Isvostchik*—might reasonably hope to prolong his life for more than one trip. *Isvostchik* has other enemies to guard against besides the law of gravitation. He must ride all day on this little perch of his, with uncovered feet, when it is thirty degrees below zero by a Russian thermometer, and when American mercury would have given up the fight; so under this long priest-like robe of his, he wears a thick sheepskin with the wool turned in, and on his head is a great fur cap, covered on the top with green or blue cloth.

When I had descended the steps of the railroad depot, looking in vain for a hotel omnibus, I was at once as completely surrounded by *Isvostchiks* as a loaf of bread by fish in a pickerel pond. They could understand nothing that I said; and I could understand nothing that they said. There are few positions in which one feels more like a fool, than when trying to talk in an absolutely unknown language. Almost in despair, and yet forced to laugh at the ridiculous figure I cut, I jumped at last into a little sleigh with its one narrow vacant seat, gave *Isvostchik* a nod, and away we went. Many times I had read the pathetic story of the oriental maiden who loved an English knight, and who followed him through Asia, and Europe, knowing but one word—his dear name—but with that found him at last. I

learned, I think, during the first hour in Moscow, to understand how she must have felt. I too knew but one word—the name of a hotel—and as my driver turned around again to look in wonder at this strange individual occupying his sleigh, I hurled at him my whole Russian vocabulary: “Slavensky Bazar.” His face lighted up. He evidently understood me, for he instantly said “rouble.” Now a rouble at par, is about eighty cents, and though at present it is only worth about forty-nine cents, yet even this, I knew was fully twice as much as the usual rates in Russia, but I said nothing—for I could not—and I made no sign, for it was useless, and on we went at a good square trot, into the heart of Moscow. Hundreds of little sleighs, like the one in which I rode, were darting everywhere, the drivers shouting some peculiar words to clear the way. Great coaches, drawn by two horses, with a driver and footman, the latter wearing a cocked hat, and an embroidered scarlet cloak, rolled by in a most dignified way. But far more novel and Russian, were the *troikas*. A troika is one of the little sleighs grown into twice the usual size, while on each side of the horse in the shafts, run ordinarily, two black stallions with but little harness, and with their wild heads turned out. Perhaps all three are covered with a blue net to catch the flying snow, and as they come rushing on with jingling bells—the little public sleighs have none—the average stranger will open his eyes to the widest possible extent.

When we stopped before the hotel I explained in German to the *portier*—a very different individual from the American porter—who was arrayed in quite royal

livery, the somewhat limited nature of my Russian, and he sent out an under-servant to give Isvostchik his proper fare—about fifteen cents. Though I had been told that this hotel was one of the best in Russia, I was not prepared for so much comfort, and even elegance. There is no hotel in metropolitan St. Petersburg superior to it, and but one that would care to stand a comparison. The dining-room is an immense vaulted hall, fully fifty feet high, with fountains playing softly among blooming flowers in the centre. Napoleon found nothing half so pleasant awaiting him some seventy years ago.

The guide-books insist upon it that a commissionaire, or courier, is absolutely necessary for a foreigner who would see Moscow. But having had already some experience in strange cities, I started out alone to make myself familiar with the general appearance of the place. I walked a little way along the street which runs before the hotel, and came full upon a, to me, most novel sight. On each side was a chapel brilliantly lighted up with hundreds of little candles. The walls were covered with the heads of saints, overlaid with plates of brass or gold. The Russians call these most peculiar and sacred pictures, *Icons*. They are found in every church, and in almost every house. They are looked upon with the greatest reverence. The most holy ones receive homage scarcely less than worship. The most venerated of all, the Iberian Madonna, is taken every morning in a coach-and-four to the homes of such of the nobility as are willing to pay liberally in cash for the blessings which are supposed to be secured. Though I failed to see this Madonna thus carried in state, a friend who called one

afternoon, said that it had just passed him, and that every one had bowed more humbly than they would have done before the Tzar himself.

It was not so much the two chapels filled with Icons that attracted my attention, as the people who were passing by. With but few exceptions, and these were probably foreigners or dissenters, those who were riding, removed their hats, even the Isvostchiks did this, and bowed to each of the chapels, and crossed themselves three times, while those who were walking, whether peasants in greasy sheepskins, or merchants and noblemen in rich fur coats, stood for some moments with bare heads, bowed many times almost till their foreheads touched the snow, crossed themselves repeatedly, and in not a few instances went into one of the chapels, and purchasing a number of little candles, placed them before the different Icons along the wall, not forgetting as they passed out to drop a few *kopecks* into the opened hand of the blind beggars standing by the doorway. All day long, from one year's end to another, this scene goes on. After a few days in Moscow you become so familiar with it, that it ceases to make any impression upon you.

The streets, so far as they make any pretensions whatever to regularity of form, run in broken circles around the Kremlin. This is a name familiar to every one, but the impression conveyed by it, is ordinarily wide of the truth. Europeans generally think of the Kremlin as a mysterious Russian building, having somewhere within its walls the largest bell in the world. They are naturally surprised when the Kremlin is found to be a little city

in the heart of Moscow. Its strong, high walls encircle cathedrals, and churches, and palaces, a court of law, a treasury, and an arsenal. A Tartar horde might gain possession of Moscow, as it sometimes did; but here in the Kremlin the people could take refuge, and if well-provisioned, wait quietly till the enemy, tired out, had turned back over the broad Russian plains to his Asiatic home. There are five gateways through which you may enter into this miniature city. One of these, the Redeemer's Gate, is the most sacred spot in the Tzar's dominions. Over the arch a picture of the Saviour has hung since the days when Moscow was a rude village. No Russian, whether peasant, or prince, or Tzar, ever passes under it without reverently removing his hat. In the chapel, at the side, is kept the Iberian Madonna, of which I have spoken. Whenever the Tzar comes to Moscow, it is said his first act is to drive here, and perform a short service. Before this gate, the Russians believe, the French cannon pointed at the sacred walls miraculously exploded. The ladders with which they sought to mount the ramparts and remove the frame of Christ's picture (supposed to be solid gold), broke repeatedly, till in terror the soldiers fled from the spot. Historical truth and mythical legends have both built their arches high over this famous gateway. It is not always an easy task to detect the lines of juncture.

Passing through this entrance into the Kremlin, you have almost immediately one of the best possible views of the city. It is the point usually chosen by artists, who have attempted to paint the burning of Moscow, as the spot where the solitary figure of the Man of Fate,

wrapped in his long black coat, is made to stand in a position which speaks of the baffled ambition that filled his heart. Before you is spread out the larger part of what looks like a great Asiatic village, that by some rare chance has developed into a European metropolis. Across the bridges, over the Moskua, rush multitudes of the little public sleighs, with here and there a troika. The long and winding business streets are black with the crowds of buyers, or sight-seers. Hundreds of domes, small and great, painted green, or gilded, rise above the house-tops, and are reflected in the immense golden, orb-shaped roof of the "Church of our Saviour." Behind you is the Tzar's palace, one of the most magnificent in Europe. Its two great halls, one dedicated to the Order of St. George, and the other to the Order of St. Alexander Nevskoi, have perhaps never yet been surpassed in gorgeous splendor. You are within a few feet of the largest bell in the world, called "Ivan the Great." It is nearly twenty feet high, weighs some 400,000 pounds, and might be made as comfortable a home for a peasant family, as the palace near by is for the Tzar.

There is enough within the Kremlin walls to interest a visitor for days. It is, in fact, the treasure-house of Moscow. You can see here the rooms once occupied by Peter the Great; the cannon dragged by Napoleon's soldiers through Germany and Russia, and left outside the walls by hands no longer able to draw the burden; an ethnological museum of Russian and Tartar curiosities; and on Sunday the Russian service in old Russian churches as yet unchanged and untouched by the spirit

of the age ; or, should you be here on Easter, you may witness, so I was told, a most interesting and unique scene at the Kremlin cathedral. Just before midnight the crowd fills the square in front and around the church. Each one, whatever may be his rank, holds a lighted taper. At twelve o'clock an immense bell in the high tower of Ivan the Great begins to toll, and every iron tongue in Moscow rolls back an answer. A battery of artillery adds its thunder to the grandeur of the occasion. A procession of priests marches slowly around the church, shouting "Christ has risen." The people embrace each other—usually taking care to secure some friend for that purpose—repeating the words of the priests. A Russian that at other times may be as skeptical as any of his brethren in Berlin or Paris, has been known to cross himself most devoutly in the midst of this ceremony, and to grasp, in an excited way, the arm of a friend, shouting, "Look there! There is a sight that you can see nowhere but in the 'white-stone city'" (so Moscow is often called). "Are not the Russians a religious people?" One scarcely needs to see this Easter festival to be persuaded that, in a sense, the Russians of Moscow *are* religious. They give time and money most liberally to their Church. How thoroughly morality is interwoven with their religion, it is difficult to say, as testimony is conflicting.

After having seen the Kremlin, there is but little else to detain one long in Moscow. A ride through the streets and around the boulevard of the city; a dinner at the most noted restaurant of the pure Russian type, called the Hermitage, where the waiters are

dressed in the national costume, and where you are expected to eat caviar, and rejoice in the music of an orchestrian; a visit to two or three of the finest public buildings, not forgetting the new Church of the Saviour, whose pavement and walls are covered with rare polished marbles, and the ceiling of the dome with giant figures of the Apostles looking down upon you with an intensely lifelike gaze, and you will find your thoughts turning toward the city on the Neva.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. PETERSBURG.

Contrasts to Moscow—A Russian Hermitage—Relics of Peter the Great—The Cathedral—Fortress of St. Peter, and St. Paul.

WITHOUT a twist, or curve, straight on, as the crow is supposed to fly, runs the railroad from the ancient Muscovite capital to the modern metropolis of the Tzar. The last emperor, Nicholas, appointed himself chief and only surveyor for this route. Laying a ruler across the map from Moscow to St. Petersburg, he drew, what is mathematically considered the shortest possible distance between two points, and said, "Build the road there," and there it was built, and there, miles from some of the largest villages, through dismal wastes and swamps, the iron horse puffs on his way, as if in supreme contempt for all the unfortunate creatures who live along the route. There is nothing to warn you that you are near St. Petersburg, till you are actually in it. It would be impossible to enter the Grand Central Depot in New York, without having been conscious some time before, that a great city was not far away; but I was greatly surprised when we stopped in St. Petersburg. We had passed by no factories; we had

seen no suburbs, and I could believe that we were there, only after having received several times the same answer to my question, and having seen that every one in the car, except myself, had made the necessary preparations for leaving. It was snowing lightly as we drove through the streets, but many of the flakes as they fell to the earth, received, as they are accustomed to in New York, such a warm greeting, that they instantly gave up the struggle for existence, and turned themselves into slush.

The afternoon was not unpleasant, and I spent some hours in riding and walking around the city. The first impression made upon one who comes from Moscow, is the striking contrast between the two cities. In Moscow the streets are narrow and irregular; in St. Petersburg they are broad, and run mostly at right angles with each other. In Moscow the houses, though there are multitudes of them, are small, like those of a village; in St. Petersburg they are large and high, like French flats, which indeed many of them are. In Moscow there are green little domes everywhere; in St. Petersburg the domes are few, but these are large and gilded. In Moscow the chapels, with the devout crowds around them, are more noticeable than the stores; in St. Petersburg these chapels are almost unseen, but the great windows of the shops are ablaze with attractions. Moscow is Asiatic; St. Petersburg is European.

After a somewhat general survey of the city, I went, as all strangers do, to the Hermitage. There are a few words in Russian that mean the same as in English, but this is not one of them. There is a Hermitage in Moscow, but it has nothing of the ascetic or monastic about

it. It is simply a Russian Delmonico's. But the St. Petersburg Hermitage has still a different character. It is a combination of the New York Academy of Design during a loan exhibition, with the Metropolitan Museum, both being increased fourfold, and placed in the largest and most magnificent building of Northern Europe—some enthusiasts would even scratch out that “Northern.”

Catherine II. has connected her name with this as with a score of other famous edifices. Of the character of this foreign empress—she was a German by birth—it would be difficult to say anything very eulogic. But in the development of Russia she played a part only second to that of Peter the Great. It was during her reign that the Turk was driven back, with her firm hand upon his neck, till, if not rescued by Western Europe, he would have been throttled on the shores of the Bosphorus, under the walls of Constantinople. She assisted in the most active manner in the partition of Poland. She developed also to a remarkable extent the educational and mercantile interests of her empire. All the laws she made were proofs of her sincere desire for the prosperity and progress of the people. Though she may have thought only of her own pleasure in the building of this Hermitage, she has unconsciously laid her own people, and all foreigners who visit the city, under obligations to her taste and skill in planning, and her boldness in execution. Since her tireless hands and active brain have been silent, this edifice has been very greatly changed—probably improved—in form and appearance. Her collection of paintings and statues has been swal-

lowed up in the immense additions of later days. Could Catherine walk once more through these halls of marble, as she was wont to do after the royal and fatiguing business of the day was over, she could scarcely be angry in such a scene of beauty, that even her imperial designs have been so often altered or ignored. It would not be true, to say of this gallery, as was so truly said of the Louvre in Napoleon's day, "All the capitals of Europe have been robbed for its adornment." Though there are no stolen pictures or statues here, except a few from the palaces of Warsaw, yet almost every European capital has furnished its quota of attractions to the Hermitage, for its agents have gone everywhere, and have purchased such entire collections as those of Houghton and Walpole in England, the Empress Josephine's in France, beside several smaller galleries belonging to the French nobility, while Amsterdam, Dresden, Rome, and Madrid, have each yielded up some of their treasures for Russian roubles. Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Potter, and Murillo, are not only here represented, but one of them, Rubens, it is said, has here some sixty, more or less, famous pictures. Raphael, Michael Angelo, da Vinci, and Carlo Dolce, are also here, though the Hermitage does not claim to be the possessor of their most noted works.

For one who is not very artistic, neither the paintings nor the statues will be looked upon with greater interest than the rooms devoted to the relics of Peter the Great. The first page of Russian history read by all Europe, was written by this wild, strong man. Every school-boy knows that he was the founder of the Russian Navy,

and learned to build ships among the common workmen in the yards of Holland; but older students know that there is far more in Russia than the navy, which must trace its origin back to him. He conquered the land along the Baltic, where harbors could be built, from which his ships could find egress. Before his day, Russia had no port in European waters, except on the White Sea. He brought in art, and science, and literature, from the West and South. He built this capital on the Neva, "that he might have a window," as he said, "by which the Russians could look into civilized Europe." That window has ever since afforded a place for the Russians to look out, and for English, French, and Germans to look in. To Peter belongs the honor of having introduced Russia to the modern world. The city that bears his name, will always be his greatest monument; but to see this city, is to feel an increased desire to know more of this man whose will was as great as his gigantic body. In one wing of the Hermitage, multitudes of objects associated with his life, are sacredly preserved. The carpenter's tools with which he worked, and some of which he made, the iron rod he used as a walking stick, the stuffed skin of the horse he rode at the battle of Pultowa, with three of his favorite hounds in the same case, a vast number of the presents he received, and some of those he gave; all these and a thousand other wonders are in this gallery of Peter the Great. In his lifetime half Russia thought him a madman, or an incarnate spirit of evil. He crushed beneath those enormous feet of his, the most ancient and sacred customs.

As the head of the Russian Church, the Tzar has in the eyes of the people a semi-religious character, which these autocratic rulers have been accustomed to acknowledge and to respect; but all this was foreign to Peter's taste and method of life. He exercised with great readiness his power in the Church; he even made a radical change in its constitution, by the substitution of a Holy Synod in the place of the Patriarch of Moscow, who had always been its chief dignitary. But in his own life and personal appearance, Peter ignored completely its authority, teachings, and customs. He shaved his beard—then a heinous crime for a Russian Tzar. He travelled in foreign lands, and mingled with the common people, as if a Russian Emperor were not made of different clay from the rest of mankind. He did other things even more inappropriate, we should think, for the head of the Church, and the priests and the more orthodox among the people were horrified, and were brave enough to say, "Antichrist has seated himself on the Russian throne." There may be some who still cling to this opinion, but the vast majority of the Russians remember only Peter's services to his country. He is their hero. A turning-lathe made by his hands is almost as holy as an Icon. A great room filled with mementoes of him, is a Mecca for a Russian, and an exceedingly interesting place for a foreigner. The Gallery of Peter the Great will always be one of the most popular places in the whole capital.

Close by the Hermitage, and joined with it by covered passage-ways, is the Winter Palace, the home of the Tzar when in St. Petersburg. Of its immense size I can speak with confidence, but of the elegance and magnificence of

the interior, said to surpass that of the palace at Moscow, I can say nothing. The royal family make this their home during the winter, and as the imperial household, including body guards and servants, numbers, according to the statements of all the guide-books, between five and six thousand, the palace is sufficiently well filled without the addition of any strangers, and every door, metaphorically speaking, has upon it "No admission." A long bridge of boats connects the palace and the main part of the city, with the island of Basil. Some of the largest public buildings are on this island; two custom houses, the old and the new, two academies of science and of art, two schools of mines and of the marine cadets, and an edifice used probably more often than any of the others—the Exchange. I visited the Academy of Art, and found there a collection which would have been more interesting if I had not already seen the Hermitage.

From this pontoon bridge the view both up and down the river is exceedingly fine. Both sides of the Neva, as far as one can see, are banked with solid blocks of stone. On the mainland, above the palace, are long rows of beautiful houses. A half mile to the left is the great fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul; the only appropriateness in the name, consisting in the fact that part of the space within the walls is occupied by a cathedral, which bears the same title. Under its tall gilded spire, one of the most prominent objects in the city, lie the bodies of Peter the Great, and with but one exception, those of all his royal successors.* Only a little way from this fortress, is the most

* It is here that the murdered Alexander II. is buried.

noted house in St. Petersburg. It was the first one built on the banks of the Neva. Here the founder of the city, the Great Peter himself, lived during those years when this swamp was being filled in with earth solid enough to bear up the immense buildings which stand there to-day.

As I turned and looked westward toward the Gulf of Finland, a round red ball, into whose dull face you could peer with no fear of being dazzled, was just sinking below the horizon. It was but three o'clock, and the sun was setting. A weird, almost unearthly light was reflected from the windows of the tall houses along the banks, and from the frozen snow that covered the ice. The foot-passengers who had disdained the bridges, and were crossing between the green branches that marked the path where the ice was firmest, looked, in the fading sunlight, like beings of another race, whose home perhaps was in the Neva, and who had come up through some uncovered spot, to gaze upon the world for a moment in this twilight hour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STABLES, AND CHURCHES OF ST. PETERSBURG.

*A Curious Art Gallery—St. Isaac's—Christmas Services—
A Russian Monastery—Prayers for the Dead.*

AT St. Petersburg, as at Versailles, the royal stables vie in interest with the royal palace. A request for admission was all that was necessary to secure the desired permit to inspect them. We passed between long lines of horses, in luxurious stalls, each with his name carved over his head, and found, among the three hundred and fifty reserved for the carriage, and the one hundred and fifty for the saddle, a score or more of full-blooded English and Arabian steeds. Crossing a courtyard, and ascending a broad staircase, we entered the museum of carriages where all the State equipages are kept. The idea of comparing a collection of wagons with an art gallery, had never before suggested itself to us. But in this St. Petersburg museum such a comparison is by no means incongruous. There is nothing here to remind one of the blacksmith-shop; everything to suggest the goldsmith and the artist. Here are great equipages, like little golden houses mounted on wheels. The broad surfaces of gold are broken only by exquisitely painted panels, any one of which might claim

a place in the Hermitage, or the Louvre. The walls are hung with Gobelins tapestry, reproductions of Raphael's paintings. Some are biblical or mythological scenes; all are masterpieces of their kind. I did not count them, but there must have been in these rooms at least a hundred enormous coaches, and sleighs, overlaid with gold and inlaid with jewels. Each of them might make a chapter in Russian history. Like dead men, they tell no tales, but the world would listen eagerly if two or three of the most famous could describe some of the scenes in which they have played a part.

In a corner of one of the rooms, stands a glass case containing the greatest treasure in the collection. It is a covered sledge, made entirely by the hands of Peter the Great. In the body are seats for two, while in front is a seat for the coachman, and behind, a standing place for the footmen. It is complete in every part, and does no little credit to the mechanical ingenuity of a man who could build either a sleigh or a city.

However sudden may be the transition in thought from the imperial stables to the Cathedral of St. Isaac's, it is in fact but passing from one scene of Oriental magnificence to another. A stranger utterly unfamiliar with the language, will have, perhaps, but few more religious emotions in St. Isaac's, even during a service, than in the museum of carriages. This church is said to be "the most gorgeous north of the Alps." This is not an exaggeration. The architect who drew the plans, and the contractors who executed them, seem to have been given unlimited discretion as to the expense to be incurred. No attempt has been made to

ornament the exterior with statues or carving. But this plain, unadorned immensity is most imposing. A great dome overlaid with gold rises above the centre, enormous pillars of granite, sixty feet in height, hewn each from a single stone, and beautifully polished, uphold the porches at the four entrances. Between these you pass into the cross-shaped interior. The immensity is not less impressive than from the exterior, while to this is added almost unimagined splendor. All that Russian art could do with rare stones, and mosaics, and paintings, has here been done. The pavement is of variegated marbles. Some of the columns supporting the roof are of solid malachite; around the others the stone has been so perfectly fitted that no difference can be detected. On every available surface is a painting or mosaic of some scriptural or saintly character. There are mosaic figures in the chancel, of Greek priests and patriarchs in official robes, of which the colors are so brilliant, and so exquisitely blended that in the dim light of the Cathedral the effect is far finer than could have been produced with the brush. Behind high thick doors covered with gold, which are thrown open only at a certain time during the service, is a small circular temple of almost indescribable magnificence, presented to the Emperor by Prince Demidoff, the owner of the Siberian malachite mines. The cost of this alone is said to have been one million dollars.

I saw in this church the ordinary Sunday service, and also the somewhat extraordinary services connected with the Russian Christmas. On each occasion, from the chancel, where the sacred temple is kept, half-way

down the Cathedral, a wide aisle had been carpeted. Up and down this, between the holy shrine and a reading-desk and altar in the centre of the edifice, the archbishop and bishop, with jewelled crowns and embroidered robes, followed by their priests (there must have been a score of these on Christmas-day—I saw one of them quietly combing his long hair during the service), marched in stately procession, intoning the liturgy and making the sign of the cross over the people. Standing on each side of this aisle, and filling comfortably a large part of the church, were a thousand or more people on Sunday, while on Christmas-day the Cathedral was packed with such a mass of peasants in sheepskins, and merchants, nobles, and officers in fur cloaks, that the deep prostrations so common in the Greek service were almost impossible, except for the latter three classes, most of whom had places inside the chancel, to which only the well-dressed were admitted. The entire service was intoned. The responses were made by a choir of richly-robed men and boys. The music, unaccompanied by any instrument, was peculiar, but in no way particularly fine. The choir, I have no doubt, did as well as possible with the material at their disposal. Besides the larger crowd, and the increased number of the priests on Christmas-day, the only other difference I could detect was a more brilliant light produced by the immense chandeliers filled with thousands of wax candles. These were lighted during the service, and the process seemed to have almost as much interest for many of the Russians, as it had for me. A cord of some inflammable material had been so skilfully arranged, that when the end hang-

ing toward the pavement was touched by a torch, the flame leaped upward, and round and round the chandelier, till every candle-tip had been touched and kindled. It was in itself an exceedingly pretty sight ; but in the perfect stillness which for a moment prevailed, followed by a burst of song, while the shadows played over the polished walls, it was not only pretty, but impressive.

There was no sermon, or anything like either teaching or exhortation, on either occasion. It is only on very rare festivals—so I am told—that the Russian Church commands, or permits the introduction of this important element of a Protestant, and sometimes also of a Romish, service. The language of the liturgy is not that of the people. Very few of the Russians around me understood any more of what was said and sung, than I ; and I understood but one word—the Hallelujah, so often repeated.

With the hope of seeing part of the service in a much older, and equally famous church, I took one of the little sleighs standing before the door of St. Isaac's, and rode through the long Nevskoi Prospect Street, the Broadway of St. Petersburg—to the Nevskoi Monastery. The Russian Church has its monks and monasteries, like the Roman. A hundred years ago some of them were immensely wealthy. That at Troitsa is said to have owned 120,000 serfs. In the last century these institutions were stripped by the State of their lands and serfs, yet even now the monks suffer neither from poverty of spirit or purse. Every monastery has its chapel, and every chapel has its sacred tombs and icons, where the faithful pray and make their contributions. The chapel of the Nevskoi Monastery is an immense church, with a

great dome. It is scarcely smaller or less imposing than a cathedral. Though I was too late for the service, there was still much of interest to be seen. This church is the fortunate possessor of a solid silver sarcophagus, very valuable in itself, but of untold value to the monastery, as it contains the body of a saint. Both men and women, as they approached, bowed many times, till their foreheads almost touched the pavement, and remained some moments kneeling before it, with their heads bent, crossing themselves, and apparently offering supplications to the spirit of the departed. This was more like Moscow than anything I had yet seen in St. Petersburg. I walked through the halls of the monastery, between the long rows of cells, hoping to find some one of them open for the inspection of visitors, but they were all tightly closed, and for the most part as silent as if their occupants wore shrouds, instead of monkish gowns. I wondered what these big men (they are nearly all large and strong) were thinking of on the other side of those black doors. It would be interesting to know what this world looks like when seen from the windows of a Greek monk's cell.

In another part of the building, in what appeared to be a more private chapel, was the coffin of some Russian officer who had lately died. It was covered completely with flowers, with the exception of a small space in the centre for his long-plumed helmet and richly mounted sword. At the head stood a boy some sixteen or eighteen years of age, dressed in a long black robe, holding before him a book from which he was reading. I have heard monotonous readers and speakers; I have listened

to guides reciting, parrot-like, the information they have committed to heart; but I never knew before to what heights of perfection it is possible for monotony to attain. If the officer was not dead when brought in here, I felt sure he was now; no one could live through more than an hour of this. But the poor boy was rather to be pitied than laughed at. He was apparently reading prayers for the dead. This was probably the regular work which he had been obliged to do several hours each day since he was ten years old. I did not wonder, as I watched him for a few moments, that he had turned into a machine, and ground out the words as regularly, and with as little emotion, as an automaton. Who, after six years of such a life, would do better?

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ICE-HILLS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Narrow Sleighs and Troikas—Building an Ice-Hill—The First Ride—"Go Faster."

IT was nearly 11 o'clock of the night celebrated as Christmas by the Greek Church, as I was returning with a friend from the house of an American gentleman who has lived some forty years in St. Petersburg, that the subject of ice-hills was mentioned. I spoke of having read, many years ago, a magazine article concerning them, which had given me a desire, that I had not yet lost, to see this characteristic Russian amusement. My friend at once offered to become my guide if we could succeed in finding, at that late hour, a horse fleet enough to take us over the three miles before the process of freezing could be entirely completed.

After some searching we met with reasonable success, and drove as rapidly as possible to the house of my friend for his hand-sleigh, and a fur coat, in which he insisted upon enveloping me. Half a mile further on, we changed for a sleigh that was scarcely broader than the one we held upon our laps for use on the hills, but the horse was a Russian trotter, and whirled us over the

snow as if he heard the sharp bark of a pack of wolves just behind.

It was full moonlight. The air was perfectly still, but the mercury in a Fahrenheit thermometer would have been sluggishly coquetting around the zero point, and as we swept on like a miniature whirlwind, the runners of our little sleigh making the frozen snow ring with that peculiar sound which only frozen snow can make, I became each moment more enthusiastic, and more grateful for the thick fur behind which I sat as warm and comfortable as in a house. The scene was thoroughly novel. We had left behind us the lights of St. Petersburg; had looked out for an instant, as we rushed over a bridge, on the bay of Finland, and we were now on a level country road, with only here and there a house along the way. Weird shadows lay upon the snow. They seemed to rise up and pursue us in vengeance as we broke through them. But this country road, even at this late hour, was not deserted. There were many little sleighs like our own going and returning. Every now and then we would hear bells approaching, and a troika, with its laughing, singing load, and its three horses, the one in the middle trotting, and those on the sides leaping like greyhounds over the snow, flew by toward the city.

We drew up almost too quickly before an inn, brilliantly lighted and filled with people. In the hall hung a mass of heavy fur cloaks and coats. Adding ours to the number, we walked across the road to the ice-hills. It is almost as difficult to describe a peculiar object to one who has never seen it, as a peculiar emotion to one who has never felt it. The process of comparison, passing

from the unknown to the known, is often helpful in such an attempt, but there is nothing in America to which these Russian ice-hills can be compared. One other method is possible, that of telling how they are made, and for what they are used.

As a preliminary observation which may serve me as a sort of foundation upon which to build this explanation, let me say that coasting in Russia is not confined, as ordinarily in America, to those who are in their "teens," and for them, to a few short weeks in mid-winter. A Russian must be very old indeed, to be too old for this amusement, and that must be a very remarkable winter in which he may not enjoy his favorite sport for many months. This then is the philosophical basis of the ice-hills—now the material.

In the summer or fall are built two inclined planes facing each other, some fifty feet high, and some three hundred feet apart, and shaped like the stone dam at the end of Croton Lake, which all New Yorkers, from both city and State, are supposed to have seen. Directly through the centre is a partition, thus making a double track, so that shooting off your hill toward the south, there is no danger of telescoping your neighbor who is just shooting off his hill toward the north. Both these hills and the long tracks in front of them, are covered at the beginning of winter with cakes of ice, over which water has been skilfully poured, till the whole surface is as smooth as polished ivory. You ascend the steps carrying your coasting sleigh, and find at the top a little summer-house—if it were not winter. You look over this cataract of ice into the valley, and feel much more

like taking a seat on the benches than kneeling on the cushioned top of your friend's sleigh, which he has already pointed over the precipice. But you are ashamed to say—at least I was—that one who has been an American boy is afraid to coast, and when to my suggestion that he should go down alone at first, my friend said "Oh no!" I saw there was no help for it, and knelt behind him with my arms around his neck, as if he were the last friend I had on earth, and I was about to lose him. One push of his foot and we were off!

Did you ever happen to go over Niagara Falls in a row-boat? If you have, then you know the sensation of riding for the first time down the polished surface of a Russian ice-hill. There must have been an abundance of air in Russia the first second or two after we left the top, but I gasped, and could find none. The condition of the peasants, the size of the army, the communal government of the villages, and a hundred other questions in which I had been interested as we drove out of St. Petersburg, were instantly for me obliterated. I could not have told what my own name was. I saw nothing, except my friend's head, and knew nothing, except that my arms were around his neck, and that too great a pressure on either side would send us against the broad railings. On we went; perhaps some kinds of lightning go faster, but I have my doubts. When we struck the level, I breathed again, but there was only time for one breath when we reached the snow, and the trip was over. I felt like a hero, and should have been glad to have retired on my laurels, but my friend was half-way up the steps, and ready for the return. I used to

think it an exaggeration that eels can become used to being skinned; but why not, when a Russian ice-hill, after three or four trials, loses all its terror, even for creatures so full of nerves as we, when even ladies, properly escorted, ride here in the most perfect indifference, and wish that they could go faster! Who that has ever had this experience will dare to place narrow limits to the possible? We rode long enough for all unpleasant sensations to be replaced by agreeable ones; long enough to be reasonably satisfied, and then, though new parties were constantly coming, we concluded it was time to drink our glasses of Russian tea, with the usual slice of lemon, and start for home.

The warm glow from the delightful exercise had not yet departed, as we drew up before the hotel, after a rapid homeward ride. As my friend shook hands and said good-bye, I felt that on the ice-hills of St. Petersburg, during this, the last night of my sojourn in Russia, I had enjoyed one of the most novel experiences of my life.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM BERLIN TO PRAGUE.

Four Days in Leipsic—Reminiscences of Napoleon and Luther—The Saxon Capital—The old City of Prague—A Synagogue Service.

WITH mixed feelings of regret and anticipation, I left Berlin after a sojourn of some six months. It is always unpleasant to go away, perhaps forever, from a place where one has received enjoyment and profit; doubly unpleasant to go, as I did, in the fiercest snow-storm of the whole winter. But between the driving flakes hovered such bright visions of Dresden and Vienna, Munich and Brussels, that I, metaphorically, dried my tears and looked hopefully into the cushions of the seat before me. They have no "cowcatchers" on German locomotives, so the smallest kind of a snow-bank can laugh at the most energetic efforts of the unarmed engine to eject it from its lodging-place. We should have been—we would have been, if we had had a "cowcatcher"—in Leipsic in three hours, but the clock struck eight times before we had crawled through the snow into the town.

I spent some four days there, seeing much more of the city than on my previous visit, and having

also the opportunity of listening to some of the most famous lecturers in the university. As it snowed on each of the four days, it was not a favorable time to visit the battle-field, which holds almost as large a place in history as the city itself, but I went up into the old tower of the Pleissenburg, once used as a palace, and looked out over the field where Napoleon saw his hope of becoming the master of all Europe, swept away in the blood of 60,000 of his soldiers in those three October days in 1813. Far off to the south-east rises a little hill, upon which, it was once believed, the three allied monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia knelt together, and gave thanks for the victory which had been won. Along that road, now so covered with snow as scarcely to be discernible, Napoleon sullenly retreated. Over that bridge which crosses the Elster, he marched with a part of his broken army, but the order he had left was misunderstood, and while the bridge was crowded with his soldiers it was blown into the air, and thousands that had escaped the dangers of the battle-field, met their death in the muddy waters of the river. What stream is there in Europe that does not flow over the bones of some of Napoleon's soldiers?

I spent a day also in Halle. The world-wide fame of its university received new brilliancy during the last half century from the two giants in theology who had their homes here—Tulloch and Julius Muller. The modest homes where they lived, and worked, have now become hallowed places, visited each year by multitudes from every land who have sat as students at the feet of these men. In the market-place, not far from the old clock tower almost 300 feet high, stands a monument to Han-

del. It was erected by the combined subscriptions of the two nations—England and Germany—who alike gloried in his genius. He is surrounded by emblems of the art which he did so much to interpret to his fellow-men.

Nearly three hundred and forty years ago a professor from Wittenberg came to Halle, one mid-winter day, on his way to Eisleben. His health had been greatly enfeebled by the arduous labors and fierce struggles of the sixty-three years which had passed since he first saw the light in the little town to which he was journeying. The last thirty years have made him the most famous man in Europe. Kings have called him friend, and asked his counsel. He is making this, his last journey as he felt it to be, at the request of the Counts of Mansfield, to decide a dispute between them. Crossing with great difficulty and danger the streams swollen by the melting snow, he reached Eisleben almost exhausted, but preached, at the earnest request of the people, four times in the different churches of the town. Two days later, while sitting at the table with his two sons and an intimate friend, he lost consciousness for a moment and was carried to the bed, from which his body was borne to the grave by the hands of men who loved him. All night he spoke but little, and then only German and Latin texts of Scripture! Between two and three o'clock the next morning, Martin Luther left the world, from the same town in which he had entered it. Following almost the route he took from Halle to Eisleben, I sought out the house, and stood in the room where he was born. The whole building is devoted to the memory of the re-

former. His pictures hang upon the walls. His books fill the cases. Articles that he once used are everywhere. The atmosphere is full of Luther. It is scarcely a ten minutes' walk to the house where he died. History has few more interesting pages than the story of those years that passed from the hour when he came into this, and went out of that. Here he sat by the table when the coldness of death came over him, here on a bed in this room he folded those hands that had never been blackened by an act of meanness, over a breast that had been the home only of noble desires; and fell asleep.

It was still snowing as I reached the Saxon capital. There have been many great battles fought around Dresden, but the name of the city now recalls rather scenes of beauty, than of blood. For the bric-a-bric enthusiast it is one of the great European centres of attraction. For the artist or the lover of art, Dresden is unrivalled either by the cities of Germany or Austria. It prides itself on being the possessor of three of the twelve greatest pictures in the world, one of which by common consent has scarcely its equal even in the land that gave birth to Raphael, and Angelo, and Da Vinci. This piece of canvas, not ten feet square, which draws thousands of strangers every year to Dresden, was painted by Raphael as an altar-piece for one of the smaller Italian churches. It is known as the Sistine Madonna, and holds a position among all other Madonnas, not unlike that which Mary herself has among Romish saints. Passing by a multitude of pictures, almost any one of which is a fortune in itself, I went directly to the little room in the corner of the gallery where Raphael's paint-

ing has been most skilfully hung. I had expected to be disappointed—if such an expression is allowable—but no description I had ever read of this Holy Mother; of the Divine child, had exceeded the truth, none had reached it. Life always baffles description, and these faces are alive. The genius of the world's greatest painter has wrought upon this canvas a miracle of art. An infidel might worship that infant Christ; a Puritan that Madonna. There are other great pictures in this collection by Corregio, and Paul Veronese, and Guido Reni, but out from all these, and from all other paintings that I have yet seen, shine the faces of Mary and her child.

Besides its art gallery and its china, Dresden is one of the richest of cities in its jewels. They are preserved in a great vault, divided into eight rooms, in a wing of the royal palace. Bronze, and ivory, and amber, and silver, and gold, have been wrought into every imaginable form. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea, are here with bodies of precious metal, and with eyes of jewels. Here is a great egg of gold, laid doubtless by the famous hen that unwise people are always killing, and here is an immense pearl carved with wondrous skill, and not less wondrous folly, into the form of a dwarf. That green diamond, set as a hat clasp, weighs over five ounces; this onyx, seven inches high, is the largest in the world, and there is one of the most curious toys in the whole collection; it represents the court of the Grand Mogul in Delhi. Every figure, and there are one hundred and fifty-two, is of enameled gold. The throne upon which the monarch sits, the canopy over his head, the slaves standing in long

lines, the body-guard of soldiers, are all of gold. So is the ground upon which they stand. This pretty plaything is worth a king's ransom.

Less curious, but more interesting than the green vault, is the historical museum, said to be the most valuable of its kind in Germany. In such a collection as this we may catch a glimpse of the life of the last three centuries. You have before you the ornaments with which the houses of the rich were filled, and more important still, the arms with which they protected their castles, and destroyed their neighbors. The armor worn by the Catholic and Protestant leaders in the thirty years' war, enables us to understand, as no page of history could, how a knight of that century looked, and fought. The State costumes of that, and both earlier and modern periods, show the more luxurious and effeminate side of the warrior's life. In one of the cases in this latter room is a coat, a pair of boots, and velvet slippers, that every one looks at. They were Napoleon's. Those are the boots he wore at the battle of Dresden, and those the slippers which covered his royal feet when he marched up the aisles of Notre Dame, in Paris, to place the imperial crown upon his own head. Did ever so much ambition before or since step upon so small a piece of leather!

One of the most charming railway rides in Europe is from Dresden to Prague. The road runs through the heart of Saxon Switzerland. These mountains, and valleys and lakes, have received this title not from courtesy, but from desert. This Switzerland of the north, though less grand than its southern namesake, has the same characteristics, and excites the same emotions. In an hour

after leaving Dresden, the scenery has lost that flatness which forces a large part of Northern Germany to rely for its interest almost entirely on historical association. We are then in sight of the most celebrated of all these peaks, the Rigi of the North, the Bastai. From its summit spreads out the fairest vision in Germany. This old castle of Königstein, hanging from that peak a thousand feet above the river, with its towers shining like gold in the setting sun, would rivet attention, and compel admiration even if it were not famous for the sieges it has withstood, and the royal treasures which it has protected when Saxony was overrun by victorious enemies. The Lilienstein, there just over the river, the highest of all the Saxon mountains, has an interest of its own which is certainly heightened by, but is not dependent upon, the fact that Frederick the Great in the seven years' war here surrounded and starved into surrender a Saxon army of 14,000 men. At Bodenbach we cross the Austrian frontier, and are obliged to have our baggage examined. It is done in the most kind-hearted and superficial way—and we pay for what we buy in gulden, and kreutzers, instead of marks and pfennigs.

As night had come on, I feared it would be impossible to see anything of Bohemian Switzerland, through which we were passing, but as the sun set the moon rose, and its light, being reflected by the snow, gave to the scene a beauty greater than that of day. So we rolled on for two hours or more, till we heard beneath our wheels the subdued roar of the Moldau, and saw the lights of Prague. Such a weird old town is this

Bohemian capital, encircled by almost as many legends as there are towers on its wall, that we would not have been greatly surprised if we had found on entering the gates, the streets filled with a procession of ghosts and spectres. I was fortunate enough to meet here, two Berlin friends, one a tutor in Harvard, the other a doctor in Boston, and together we set out in the morning to see as much of the city as possible in one day. We looked first for the long stone bridge which we knew connected the two parts of the town. But the streets of Prague are as irregular as a French verb. Just where you think they ought to lead, is the place they take you farthest away from. We roamed around for half an hour or more, stumbling every few moments on some quaint old house, or historic church. Now we found ourselves before the Rathhaus, with its fine tower, and curious clock which used to strike twenty-four times, instead of being forced to start again, like its degenerate successors of our day, after having counted twelve. Here was the spot, only a few feet away, where twenty-seven Protestant nobles were beheaded after their defeat on the Weisenberg. Thirteen years later, a similar scene was enacted here, when eleven officers of the Catholic army were executed by the command of their general, Wallenstein, for cowardice in the battle of Lutzen, where they had fled before the charge of the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus. A moment later we passed the Teyn church, part of which was built in 1460, where the body of the famous Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, is entombed at the foot of one of the great columns.

At last we saw the bridge before us, and at the

same time, on the other side of the river, the massive palace of the old Bohemian kings, the Hradschin, with many of the mansions of the nobles. There is no bridge in Europe where more thrilling scenes have occurred than on these stone arches over the Moldau. The high towers at each end have been more than once defended with the desperation of men fighting for their homes. The water beneath has too often been reddened with blood. Near the middle, where a marble tablet and a cross now mark the spot, St. John of Nepomuk was thrown into the river, because he refused, like a man, to betray to the king the secrets which the queen had revealed to him in the confessional. The cruel monarch little thought that he would make the name of the poor priest more famous than his own. The saint's body, so the legend says, was surrounded by a halo of glory as it rose to the surface. No one ever saw anything like that around the king's coffin, and though the saint was murdered nearly six hundred years ago, his bones, kept in a great tomb of solid silver, are still the most sacred relic of the Cathedral.

We ascended the long hill by several hundred stone steps to the entrance gate of the palace. Walking across the immense court, the guide, by whom we had been captured after a short siege, pointed out the place where the elector Frederick, from Heidelberg, and his wife Elizabeth, entered a great coach to escape from a kingdom which Frederick's irresoluteness had lost in one winter. Here within the palace walls stands the Gothic cathedral where Frederick was calmly listening to a tirade against the Church of Rome, while his soldiers on the

Weissenberg were being ignominiously beaten by the well-trained and skilfully commanded Catholic troops. From that door he rushed, as the thunder of the guns broke the stillness, to mount his steed and ride madly down the hill, only to meet the remnants of his army wildly fleeing into the city. One hundred and forty years afterward, Frederick the Great, a very different man from his electoral namesake, broke with his cannon-balls the windows of this cathedral, beheading at the same time some of the statues of these sculptured saints. We took hold of a great iron ring which hangs against the door of one of the chapels, to which a holy man, St. Wenzel, clung more than 900 years ago, while his inhuman brother drove his sword into his breast. We went through some of the rooms of the palace and saw the window from which the Protestants, enraged by the unlawful seizure of their churches, threw two of the Catholic officials with their secretary. Their flight from that window to the earth beneath, marks the beginning of the thirty years' war, in which it is estimated not less than 20,000,000 of men, women, and children lost their lives. From where we stood the whole city lay beneath our feet. Far beyond were the blue hills on which the Hussites fought 400 years ago for a purer faith and a more complete religious liberty. We looked down just beneath us on the long roof of Wallenstein's palace. It was built by this most successful of all the Catholic leaders in the thirty years' war, while he was living in the broad sunlight of imperial favor, and supporting a magnificence which surpassed even that of the Emperor himself.

Prague became, to its eternal honor, the refuge dur-

ing the Middle Ages of multitudes of Jews driven by cruel decrees from Southern Europe. One portion of the city has for centuries been wholly given over to them. To leave Prague without having walked through the *Juden Stadt*, as this is called, would be to miss one of its most marked and interesting peculiarities. The narrow streets were lined with shops hung inside and out with musty, half-worn clothing. Cracked voices issuing from toothless mouths, under beak-like noses, besought us to buy, in Bohemian, and German, sprinkled now and then with a word of English. Old men, and boys scarcely less ancient and no less hideous in appearance, pressed their services upon us as guides. Keeping steadily in the middle of the roughly paved street—for there were no sidewalks—we pushed on to the old synagogue. There is no building in Prague more picturesque in its antiqueness than this. One wing is said to have been built of stones brought from the ruins of the temple at Jerusalem. It is not many years ago that this strange little edifice was rediscovered, and dug out from the *débris* that had long covered it many feet in depth. We were told the discovery was made by some children at play.

We were just in time for the Friday evening service. There were perhaps thirty men in the room as we entered. The women met in a different part of the building. I have been through State prisons, and have visited penitentiaries, but never have I seen more terrible faces than some of those we found there. An old man was reading from the book of the law; some, but only a few, listened devoutly; the rest were apparently discussing the number of guldens they had paid for the last assort-

ment of cast-off garments. It was more pleasant to close the eyes, and think of the ancestors of these men, a hundred or more of whom, as the story runs, poured out their blood over this very pavement, rather than yield their honor to the rabble of so-called Christians who had driven them from their houses into this refuge. The service was soon over, and we went out, followed by two most unattractive-looking men, who walked closely behind us through a number of streets, and were after our pocket-books, so one of our party thought. But on our stopping and suggesting that some explanation of their conduct was desirable, they had no demands to make except a request for our patronage. That night, as we talked over our journey for the next day to Vienna and recalled what we had seen and done in Prague, there was no dissenting voice to the opinion, that while there are many cities in Europe with fewer varieties of odors, and dirt, there are very few in which twelve hours can be spent with a larger return of interest, and profit, than in the old Bohemian capital on the banks of the Moldau.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOUTH GERMAN CITIES.

A Dash Through Vienna—Beautiful Salzburg—Munich—Ancient Augsburg—Nuremberg—An Uncontaminated Piece of the Middle Ages.

THE ride from Prague to Vienna is one that does not long linger in the memory. The scenery is far less beautiful than in Saxon and Bohemian Switzerland. You see a few castles of no special interest, and one or two monuments where Frederick the Great either won or lost a battle. You pass by the field of Wagram where the struggle culminated between Napoleon and the Austrian army which had begun almost two months before at the villages of Aspern and Essling, and then very soon, the great dome of the old exhibition building in the Prater looms up before you, and in a moment more you shoot under the vaulted roof of the railway station. You must still ride several miles before you are fairly in Vienna. When once the city had broken through the old wall in which it was so long "cribbed, coffined, and confined," it widened so rapidly that the suburbs soon became larger than the inner town. From the station you ride through this, the most beautiful part of Vienna. You pass square after square of great buildings, many

of them in the very best architectural style. You have scarcely ceased to admire some massive palace of the nobility, before you are forced to begin to admire some public gallery or State edifice. The moment you enter the Ring-strasse, the new boulevard around the city, the eye is greeted by a constant succession of magnificent shops and cafés and private residences. Before the hotel is reached, unless Paris is very fresh in your remembrance, you are ready to say, "Vienna is the finest city north of the Alps."

One might spend weeks here without losing interest in this strange combination of an ancient and modern capital. It requires something of an effort to believe that in this city, which shows scarcely more signs of age than one of our new world towns, a thousand years ago Charlemagne lived for a time, and more than fifteen hundred years ago Marcus Aurelius, the noblest of Roman emperors, and one of the purest heathen moralists, met death with the bravery of a Socrates. The occupant of that palace over yonder belongs to a family whose first representative, Rudolph of Hapsburg, came here six centuries ago, and ever since, this house has furnished emperors for Austria, and, for a good part of the time, for Germany too. Though the Turk has thrice pitched his tents outside the city walls, Napoleon is the only foreign monarch who ever made a triumphant entry through its gates. He stayed but a short time, and in the same palace at Schoenbrun, in the same room where he lived, his son, whom he hoped would perpetuate his name and glory, thirty years later closed his life and the hopes of a Napoleonic dynasty in Europe.

There are few capitals that present a finer aspect than this Austrian city from the spire of St. Stephen's. Encircled by a chain of noble mountains and by the waters of the beautiful blue Danube, Vienna sits as proud and stately as an Oriental queen. With her gorgeous court, her rich nobles and her well-trained army, till within the last two decades there was no power on the continent that did not tremble before her; but twice in those years her armies have been defeated, and her banners captured. At Solferino she was beaten by the French, at Sadowa by the Prussians. Driven out of Italy after Solferino, it was a still more terrible blow when she was driven out of Germany after Sadowa. Vienna can never again hope to exert great influence either along the Tiber or the Rhine, yet it is the unanimous judgment of her own citizens, and of foreigners, that Austria is happier and more prosperous now than in the days when her power was more widely exerted. The people have more liberty, and the Emperor has more love.

While Vienna contains so much of general interest, it is unlike most other cities in not possessing any two or three objects which every one must see. Its art gallery is very rich, especially in the works of Albrecht Dürer and Rubens, but multitudes go away without having spent an hour in the Belvidere. Its treasure vault is only surpassed by that of Dresden, but if you have seen the greater, you will scarcely care to visit the less. Its churches are numerous, and some of them very beautiful, but you might not enter any of them, and yet suffer no very great loss. I should have made an excep-

tion, perhaps, of two rather small, and in themselves uninteresting churches. One of these is the burial place for the royal house of Austria. You descend a long flight of stone steps into a vault filled with great tombs of iron and copper. Here, by the side of her husband, lies the most famous of the Austrian queens—she who was capable of arousing such enthusiasm among the discontented Hungarian nobles that they shouted, as she held her little child before them in her arms, “We will die for our king, Maria Theresa.” Here is Marie Louise, the wife of Napoleon, and her son, the Duke of Reichstadt. Here, too, is the ill-fated Maximilian, pierced with Mexican bullets. His poor wife, crazed with grief, waits for death in a Belgian palace. In the vault of the other church, sealed in silver urns, are kept the hearts of all who lie in this royal tomb. A silken cradle—a golden throne—a coffin of bronze—an urn of silver—such are the stages that mark the lives of the house of Hapsburg. This church also owes its fame to an exquisitely beautiful memorial to the Princess Christiana, a daughter of Maria Theresa, carved by the magic chisel of Canova. The grief which the skilful artist has expressed on the marble faces of the sorrowing angel and his companions, would touch even a heart of marble.

As Alexander von Humboldt said that the scenery of Salzburg, of Naples and Constantinople is the finest in the world, I determined, having read this in the guide-book, to go a little out of my way and spend the night at the first of these highly-praised places. It was snowing fiercely as I reached Salzburg, and unfortunately it was both snowing and blowing the next

morning as I started out to see as much of the town as possible in a very short time. Neither the attempt to hold up an umbrella, or to dig little snow-banks out of the corners of the eyes, is conducive to the highest enjoyment of a beautiful scene, but even under such unfavorable circumstances I saw enough of Salzburg to understand how Humboldt was able to speak so enthusiastically. A high cliff of rocks rises almost in the centre of the town. A grand old castle sits proudly above it. A river, crossed by many bridges, rushes under the walls, and between the two portions of the city. Around the horizon, great snow-capped alps can be seen, when the atmosphere is not thick with falling snow, as it was that day. Naples and Constantinople must be beautiful indeed if they surpass Salzburg. Even between Salzburg and Munich one can see much to admire on each side of the railroad. The country is dotted with charming lakes, to which, in summer, excursionists swarm from all parts of Austria and Bavaria.

Munich has been rapidly winning for itself a high place in public favor. Many are drawn here by the fame of her galleries, and teachers of art. Some who have spent months in Italy, find that Munich scarcely suffers by the comparison. The Pinakothek, the gallery of painting, and the Glyptothek, of sculpture, are among the most celebrated in Europe, while the palace was so beautiful, even two hundred years ago, that Gustavus Adolphus is said to have wished that he might remove it to Sweden. Since its walls have been so gorgeously decorated with scenes from the history of the middle ages, and the legends of the Niebelungen-Lied

many others, kings and commoners, have cast covetous eyes upon it. The centre of the town, the Marien Platz, is also the central point of interest. The old Rathhaus, with its tall tower, on one side of the square, is of the best school of ancient architecture, while the new Rathhaus, on the other, is an equally good representation of the modern. Where a statue of the Virgin now commemorates Maximilian's victory on the hills around Prague, in the beginning of the thirty years' war, many a fierce tournament has been fought. Facing this statue of the Virgin—which stands to-day as a monument of his forbearance—is the house where Gustavus Adolphus lived in 1632. On the corner of one of the streets leading from the square, Mozart had rooms for a time, and there completed, as the inscription informs you, one of his great musical compositions. This is old Munich, the Munich of narrow streets, and high gabled houses, and historical associations, but modern Munich has its boulevards, and blocks of great new buildings, and that vast monotony of magnificence with which nineteenth century architects are gradually remolding all European cities into an uninteresting sameness. Yet the modern, though far less picturesque, is undoubtedly far more comfortable. We love to visit old squares and antique houses, but we like to live in buildings scarcely older than ourselves.

The oldest parts of Munich seemed comparatively new as I looked around Augsburg. When the Bavarian capital was founded in 1158, the Schwabian city was already a flourishing town. More than six hundred years ago Augsburg was made free and independent.

In the sixteenth century some of her merchants had raised themselves to princely rank, and to more than princely wealth. Three of her daughters married princes. The family of Fugger, which still exists, became so wealthy that Charles V., the Emperor of Germany and lord of Spain, borrowed money from them, and felt greatly relieved when the liberal merchant threw the imperial note into the fire-place, which is shown to-day as one of the curiosities of the city. It was here, in 1530, that the same Emperor called the famous council of the Catholic and Protestant leaders. Melancthon had drawn up, with great care, a number of articles which expressed the faith of the Protestants, but the Emperor commanded these to be read in one of the smaller rooms of the bishop's palace, and at an early hour, so that they might be heard by as few of the people as possible. But, so the story runs, it was a very warm morning, and through the windows, which were thrown open to admit the fresh air, the loud voice of the reader found its way to the ears of the great crowd which quickly gathered. Though the articles very naturally failed to meet with the Emperor's approval, they were acceptable to so many of the princes and peasants, that the Augsburg Confession, as it is called, is one of the best known religious documents in existence. With the exception of a comparatively small number of newly-built houses and the removal of the old wall, the city, though smaller now than then, presents very much the same appearance as on that warm day in June three centuries ago when the Confession was first read. Tall houses of four, five, and six stories overhang the streets. Along the front of some of the finest

old buildings, such as the Fugger house, are frescoes of historical scenes that occurred here.

If one would see what a beautiful German city was three centuries ago, one must go to Augsburg—or at least they should if they can not visit Nuremberg. Here my enthusiasm, which had been greatly stirred at Augsburg, was raised to the highest pitch. Augsburg has a modern taint, but Nuremberg is an uncontaminated piece of the middle ages. The moat, the city's wall, the great gates, the massive castle, are all here now as they were hundreds of years ago. The hands alike of Time, and the soldiers of the thirty years' war, and the modern architect have made scarcely a trace. If one has been charmed with the houses of Augsburg, one will be obliged to invent a new and stronger word for the emotions awakened by those of Nuremberg. Nearly all the buildings are interesting in their quaintness, but there are here, some six or eight, each of which in its way is a perfect gem. One of the oldest and most beautiful of these, the Nassau house, was built ninety-two years before Columbus sailed across the Atlantic. It is perfectly preserved, and is no unfit rival for the Church of St. Lawrence, which stands just opposite, and which was built a hundred years earlier. The home of Albrecht Durer, the most famous of all the celebrated artists and citizens of Nuremberg, is scarcely less beautiful, while the house of the renowned meister singer, Hans Sachs, though much more modest, is scarcely less interesting. Even when the exteriors are unattractive there may be an interior court, columned and richly carved, with statues of the saints at the corners. New York to-day,

has nothing to compare in taste, and elegance, with some of these old Nuremberg houses as they must have been three centuries ago. And the castle, called the Burg on the Hill, which Conrad II. began to build in 1024, and which Frederick with the red beard—Barbarossa—enlarged a hundred years later, with its well so deep that you can pour water into it six times before hearing the first splash, from which subterranean passages lead into the town, and the linden tree in the court-yard planted eight hundred years ago by the hand of the Empress Kuni-gunde, and the old chapel, where for eight centuries emperors and kings have worshipped, and the apartments where for as many centuries they have lived—who would not climb the hill, though it were twice as long, and twice as steep, to see all this? And then the view from the windows along the turreted wall, and over the city, and across the meadows which have often been stained with blood;—it is a sight worth the seeing, and he who has once seen it, need not fear that the vision will soon be forgotten.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM STUTT GART TO ANTWERP.

Reminiscences of Schiller—Metz and its Fortress—The Belgian Capital—Cities of the Past—The Belfry of Bruges—The Long Branch of Belgium.

STUTT GART is very beautiful as you look down upon it from any of the hills around the city. The streets are broad, the houses are large, and fine; both the old palace and the new are grand buildings, and charmingly situated; but Stuttgart has a deeper interest than these things can give. The most beloved, and most widely read of all the German poets, spent here the unhappiest years of his life. Frederick Schiller was enrolled in 1773 as a member of a new professional school which had just been established in Stuttgart. By his own choice, and that of his father, he was about to study for the ministry, when the offer of free instruction from the Duke of Wurtemberg, if he would choose another profession, caused him, from fear of offending his father's royal patron, "to turn," as Carlyle has expressed it, "with a heavy heart from freedom and cherished hopes to Greek, and seclusion, and law." With no love whatever for his studies, he was permitted after two years to change law for medicine, for which he had

scarcely more inclination. "He still felt," so says his biographer, "all his present vexations aggravated, by the thought that his fairest expectations for the future had been sacrificed to worldly convenience, and the humblest necessities of life." A meaner nature would have been driven into sullen indifference, or bitter hatred of the world. Schiller was driven to his pen. Out of these hard experiences in the Stuttgart school came "The Robbers," to this day one of the most popular of his works. The gloom that hung over the young poet's life—he was then but nineteen—cast its shadow on the pages of his drama. Its hero struggles fiercely against cruel misfortunes, only to be at last overwhelmed and crushed. All the miseries which Carl Moor suffers, Schiller had felt. The character is intensely real, for it sprang from his own heart.

Stuttgart, after the publication of "The Robbers," became still more unbearable to Schiller than it had been before. While all Germany was ringing with the praises of this new genius, who might almost hope to rival the divine Goethe, the now famous author was called into the presence of the grand duke, reprimanded for the dangerous democratic tendencies of his play, censured for its literary blemishes, and commanded to confine his exertions in future to medical subjects, or to publishing such poems as his royal highness had read and corrected. It was bad enough, so the grand duke thought, to write dramas, and when to this offence Schiller added a still greater by going to see his drama acted on the stage at Mannheim, the duke's rage nearly proved fatal to the poet.

Warned of his danger, Schiller fled the town empty-handed and heavy-hearted, while the palace was ablaze with light, and the streets rang with cheers of welcome to some prince whose proud name even is forgotten, while that of the young fugitive is so written on the world's literature that a hundred centuries will not efface it. Looking down from the hills upon Stuttgart, it is of Schiller's trials and sorrows you think. Walking through the streets it is for his house you search.

However we may have been impressed by a place on seeing it the first time, there is often, on returning, a sense of disappointment. The enchantment is gone. I had feared such an experience in Heidelberg. I might have spared myself these unpleasant anticipations. The mountains had not yet clothed themselves with their summer robes, and all the beauty of their swelling outlines was revealed to the eye. The glistening Neckar uncovered beauties, that in the autumn had been hidden by the thick shade of the forests that line its banks. The towers, and turrets, and windows of the castle, had nothing with which to hide their nakedness. Out of the dense masses of ivy, and trailing vines, peered statues of emperors and knights doomed by their position to forgetfulness and darkness for six months at least of every year. If Heidelberg was not more beautiful in March than in October, it certainly seemed scarcely less so.

Snow and hail beat against the windows of the cars nearly the whole day as I crossed the Rhine at Mannheim, and rode toward Metz. We wound around for hours, through the valleys, and over hills that might have been called mountains, and just at evening

reached the town which Von Moltke has called "a loaded pistol held against the breast of France." Though there is nothing to show that great battles were fought around these walls only a few years ago, there is everything to show that a terrible struggle is expected to take place here within a few years to come. Metz is perhaps the strongest fortified city in the world. You hear continually the tap of the drum. Regiments of soldiers are constantly marching through the streets, and drilling in all the large squares. Wagons loaded with guns, and ammunition, roll heavily through the gates. Though filled with foreign soldiers, it can not be said that Metz is treated as a conquered city. The police regulations are probably not so strict as in Berlin. There is no greater coercion of the people here than in any other part of Germany. Two or three of the shopkeepers with whom I talked, said that at first the Prussians were bitterly hated, but the new Government had been so fair and impartial, and men of such judiciousness and ability had been sent to command the immense garrison, that public opinion had undergone a great change, and the mass of the people were now contented.

I was advised to ascend the spire of the cathedral—a fine Gothic church of the thirteenth century—if I wished to have a beautiful view. Usually success in such an undertaking depends entirely on wind and muscle, but in a very few moments after leaving the pavement, I found that all the other virtues which are ordinarily supposed to be included in muscular Christianity, would need to be brought into active exercise. There were places so narrow that I had to

walk sideways like a crab; there were places so dark that my only guide was an iron rail, to which I clung as convulsively as a blind beggar to the rope of his little dog. But when I had pushed my way through the darkness and dust, and had reached the top, where an old man, who looked as if he might belong to some mysterious race, was busily engaged feeding a flock of pigeons; the view was all that I had been promised. The strange old man who had his home here among the clouds, pointed out the different fortresses around the city, and the battle-fields which were reddened by the blood of more than 70,000 French and German soldiers on the 14th, 16th, and 18th of August, 1870. War has its glories for the few, but what are they compared with its heartrending sorrows for the many? To look out over the battle-fields of Metz and think of the scenes which have there been enacted, might almost turn a cadet into a Quaker.

It was rather owing to the imperfections of the timetable, than to any desire on my part, that I spent a few hours in Luxemburg on the way to Brussels. It is very unfortunate that no great historical event has ever occurred here, for a more picturesque town it would be difficult to find anywhere in that part of Europe. Two small, but noisy, rivers have eaten their way through the high hills on which the city stands. The steep, rocky banks have been turned by the skill of man into fortresses. A new town has grown up under the old, close by the water. Factories and mills ordinarily have a somewhat commonplace appearance, but here they seem almost beautiful from the attractiveness of their situation. If some great man had been good

enough to be born here, this would surely have been one of the most popular of cities.

Brussels reminds every one of Paris, partly because of its boulevards, and partly because so much French is spoken. Some of Belgium's enemies say, that her people have all the faults of the French and Germans, the two races from which many of them are derived. Certainly from what I saw in Luxemburg and Brussels, I should think them far more noisy and disorderly than their neighbors. Whatever the people themselves may be, the Belgians have no cause to blush for their capital. Though I spent but a short time in Brussels, I could easily understand why so many English and Americans choose it as their continental home. The Hotel de Ville is architecturally the most interesting building in Brussels, and the square before it, from its historical associations, is entitled to a rank equally high. It was within this building, at least so the guides say, that the rank and beauty of Belgium's capital were dancing when they were startled by the rumble of cannons at Waterloo. It was in the square before this building, so history says, that Egmont, one of the noblest of noblemen, whom Goethe has immortalized, was beheaded by the inhuman Alba.

I had intended to go out to the battle-field on which the fate of Europe was decided and the "man of destiny" forced to yield; but as the ground was still covered with some inches of snow, instead of taking the coach for Waterloo, I took the train for Ghent. Who would believe that this quiet old town, with its grass-grown streets, was called in the sixteenth century "the largest city in

Western Europe"? Though it was the middle of the afternoon when I entered it, the people seemed to have fallen into a Rip Van Winkle sleep. There was nothing to remind one of the nineteenth century, except two or three horse-cars rolling lazily along. If Ghent is half dead now, it was full of life once. More than four hundred years ago she had 80,000 men capable of bearing arms. For five years she fought single-handed against a king. She can claim great names among her citizens. The German Emperor Charles was born here. The famous son of Edward III. is known in history as John of Ghent. Her Market Square has been the scene of pageants as gorgeous, of riots as bloody, and terrible, as any in Europe. With her old Rathhaus and belfry, from whose high tower looks down a golden dragon, taken from the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople by Baldwin VII., and her still older cathedral, one of the most beautiful churches in Belgium, Ghent is now, and must long be both for the historian and antiquarian, far too interesting a city to be passed by.

What the glory of Bruges, the neighbor and rival of Ghent, must have been five hundred years ago, appears from a remark made by the Queen of Navarre when she visited the city with her husband in 1301. "I thought," she said, "that I alone should be queen, but I see here hundreds like myself." The wharves of Bruges were then crowded with richly laden vessels from Venice, and Genoa, and Constantinople. Woolen cloths from England, linen from Flanders, and silk from Persia, filled her great warehouses. Bruges is to-day what she was when Southey wrote of her:

“Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame,
The season of her splendor is gone by,
Yet everywhere its monuments remain.”

There are some 50,000 people now living in Bruges, but they seem almost like ghosts of the past as you see them walking about among mouldering temples, and ruined palaces. You expect them to stop you and tell, as poor garrulous old men love to, how they and their city have once seen better days. For them the present is uneventful, and the future hopeless, but the past is filled with splendors. Life must be for the inhabitant of such a city a perpetual looking back.

Bruges has an academy of fine-arts which is the possessor of some very good paintings, but the great artistic attraction of the town is to be found in one of the hospitals. A wounded soldier, after the battle of Nancy in 1477, came to Bruges, and was nursed back to health in the hospital of St. John. Because of this kindly treatment, as it is supposed, Hans Memling presented a number of pictures to this humane institution. Probably neither the giver, nor the receivers of the gift ever suspected its value. Memling's paintings draw every year more people to Bruges than either the cathedral or the bell-tower. In their way they are scarcely less than perfect. He has told with his brush the story of Ursula, the English princess and saint who went to Rome with eleven thousand virgins to receive the Pope's blessing, and who was martyred with her companions at Cologne on her return. He has thrown a distinct individuality into each face. He has given to the murderers and the saints just the expression they

ought to have had, if they did not. The mystical marriage of the holy Catharine, and the adoration of Christ by the kings, are but little less wonderful in vividness of conception, and perfectness of execution.

In a half hour you can pass from Bruges, with its mouldering buildings, to Ostend, where there are whole streets lined with houses on which the paint is scarcely dry. This is the Long Branch of Belgium. In July and August all these wide porches and broad terraces along the sea are crowded with Belgians and Germans, with here and there a sprinkling of French and English. There is just enough of Ostend in March to serve as a foundation upon which the imagination is able to build up something which is probably not very unlike the fashionable watering-place as it is in mid-summer. The three or four hours I had to spend here were amply sufficient, and I was glad to be once more rolling over the level plains, and across the canals of Belgium toward Antwerp, the most important of the sea-port towns in the little kingdom. The lights of the city were glistening in the Schelde as we crossed the little village on the left bank, which Napoleon failed to make, as he had hoped, a more important town than Antwerp itself. I hurried through the deserted market place, and under the tall spire of the cathedral, dimly outlined against the dark sky, and stopped for a moment before the great statue of Rubens in the Place Vertu, and wondered if on the morrow I should be as enthusiastic as almost every one else, over his two masterpieces, the Elevation on the Cross, and the Descent from the Cross!

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANTWERP AND HOLLAND.

Rubens' Master-pieces—Dutch Pluck—The Venice of the North—The Lights of Amsterdam—The City of Erasmus—The Place where the Synod Met.

A MORE uninteresting interior than that of the cathedral at Antwerp, it would be difficult to imagine. Yet the work of one man of genius has made this church the most attractive place in Belgium. It would be better for one's reputation to leave the city without having seen the docks, and the still more remarkable basins, in which a hundred ships can be unladen, than to go away without having seen Rubens' most famous paintings. Very wisely, I think, these treasures are veiled during the services, but there are certain hours in the day when, by the payment of a small fee, you are permitted to enter and gaze to your heart's content. One glance is sufficient. You are willing to concede to Rubens the high place among the immortal masters which was long ago given him by the world's consent. You may have seen scores of Rubens' pictures in Paris, and Dresden, and Vienna, and received from them no very distinct or memorable impression; they have blended with a hundred other paintings that hung on the same walls; but the Elevation on the Cross,

and the Descent from the Cross, are separated from all his other works, not only by the judgment of artists, but by the not less authoritative verdict of memory. Like the Sistine Madonna, when you have once looked upon them they are yours forever. The canvas may hang in the cathedral at Antwerp, but the scarcely less than divine forms that Rubens has there traced, have been so caught in the very fibres of your imagination that you can always cause them to pass once more before you. Out of a dispute which arose over a little plot of ground, came the greatest of these paintings. There is no piece of land in Belgium or in Europe that has produced better fruit. Surely no quarrel before, or since, ever resulted in so much good to the human race.

Between Antwerp and Rotterdam old buried roads are said to have been discovered, which prove, it is thought, that the Netherlands were inhabited and cultivated long before the name appears in historical records. Those who lived here centuries ago were doubtless conquered by the sea and perished, with almost every vestige of their work. The struggle between man and his old, tireless enemy for these lowlands, is still going on. The marvellous energy and persistency of the people is due in no small degree to this ceaseless conflict. Their courage and skill have risen as their lands have sunk. To the force of the waves they have opposed an unconquerable will. Victory and defeat alike have strengthened their determination to succeed. At an enormous cost of time, labor, and human life they have at last won. They have laid out gardens, and built villages, and towns, and cities, sixteen feet below the level of the

ocean. They have surrounded their country with a mighty breastwork, against which the ocean beats, and over which in its wild perpetual fury it throws its white foam. If ever there was a conquered land held by force of arms it is this. The men of Holland have more than once shown themselves as ready to tear down their dikes as to build them up, when the occasion has seemed to call for such a sacrifice. Much as they feared the ocean, they feared the cruel Alba and his bloodthirsty Spanish soldiers more. Much as they loved their well-tilled fields and comfortable homes, they held to their faith with far greater affection, and when all their efforts had failed to protect their hearths and altars with musket and spear, they opened the dikes, and purchased, at the price of all they had, the aid of their old enemy against the new.

For eighty years these lowlanders carried on their struggle with Spain. The necessities of the hour called forth at last a man brave enough and skilful enough to be a leader. He spoke so little, this William of Orange, that he became known as "the silent." He threw all his energy into action. He combined the five provinces of the north into a republic. As the commander of their united armies he was driving everything before him, when his great heart was pierced by the assassin's dagger. His son Maurice, fitted by the inheritance of his father's virtues for the position, was chosen as William's successor. Under his leadership the young republic grew great. Her armies soon became strong enough to attack as well as to defend. Her navy swept the seas, and tore many a richly laden

galleon out of Spanish harbors, and from the protection of Spanish war-ships. An ill-advised treaty with Spain, brought for a time the appearance of peace, but, relieved from the fear of a foreign foe, hostile parties arose in the State. To the fury of their hatred, John of Barneveld, one of the noblest names in Holland's history, fell a victim. After the death of Maurice in 1625, his brother Frederick, a man of mild and gentle disposition, governed the republic with great wisdom for more than twenty years. This was Holland's golden age. Success followed hard upon success on sea and land. His son, William II., who succeeded him, lived but three years. Then came one of the most exciting eras in the short life of these free States. Two brothers who had risen from the people, John and Cornelius De Witt, wielded the chief power for more than two decades. Many an English, as well as Spanish flag was captured by the Dutch admirals. In sixteen months they won twelve victories. But when reverses came, and the generals of Louis XIV. marched at the head of French soldiers into the heart of the land, an infuriated mob rushed through the streets of the Hague to the houses of the De Witts and put to death, in their frenzy, the two brothers whose whole lives had been devoted to the welfare of their country.

Once more a governor was chosen from the house of Orange. A man was called to the front whose name was destined to occupy as large a place in the history of England as of Holland. William III. was made head of the republic in 1672. The grand monarch of Versailles found his match in this plain man.

The magnificent plans that Louis had formed to bring all Europe under his sceptre, were thwarted by these free States of the North. For this, William deserved and received the gratitude of a continent. Having married the daughter of James, Duke of York, he was called upon by the English to unite with them in driving his tyrannical father-in-law from the throne. After an almost bloodless contest he was elected by the British Parliament in 1684 to be, with his wife Mary, the ruler of Great Britain. The destinies of Holland and England were for the time united, but with William's death the glory of the republic began to wane. The story of its steady decline, and death, is more sad than interesting. Napoleon gave it the last blow when, in 1806, he made his brother Louis king. What strange freaks time plays with the great ! The son of that Louis made himself Emperor of France, and died an outcast in England ; his son, born in the Tuileries, went out to Africa as an English soldier, and fell in an inglorious struggle with a half-savage tribe.

From Antwerp I went directly to Amsterdam and found myself in one of the quaintest cities of Europe. Every large street has its canal running through the centre and crossed by drawbridges of the most marvellous structure and appearance. Some of the tall houses, with their peculiar overhanging roofs, look as if they had lifted their heads out of the water to gaze about for a moment at this strange world. Venice itself can scarcely have more individuality. How such blocks of buildings, such palaces, and markets, and warehouses, could be erected on wooden piles driven into the sand, is a mys-

tery to the uninitiated. We think of the Hollander as fat, good-natured, and indolent, but what other people would build dikes around a piece of sand, and on such a foundation raise a beautiful city?

Taking the train the next morning back toward Rotterdam, we passed through Leyden, whose heroic resistance to a terrible siege for more than four months by a Spanish army, has carried her name and fame to the ends of the earth. Though I had only an hour to spend in the Hague, I determined in that time to see something of the town and art gallery. Rushing through the streets at the most terrific walking pace I could command, clutching with both hands an opened map of the place, which I was obliged to consult at almost every turn, I found the square of the Binnenhof, where John of Barneveld was beheaded; and but a short distance away the gallery which I particularly desired to see because of two or three very famous pictures. There was no difficulty in finding these in so small a building, but after I had sufficiently admired the young bull by Paul Potter, and Rembrandt's school of anatomy, I found that there was such a large number of good pictures and so few bad ones in this collection, that as many hours as I had moments might have been profitably used. Crossing one of the largest squares of the city, in whose centre stands a great statue of William the Silent, with the inscription, "To the Prince of Orange, the father of his country," I hurried back to the station just as the train for Rotterdam entered it. I should have liked to spend an hour or so at Delft, to visit the palace where the Prince of Orange was murdered, but the choice was between seeing this and Rotterdam, and so I kept my seat.

Rotterdam has many of the features of Amsterdam, but is less interesting. Here, again, are streets with canals through the middle, and houses with their tops hidden by masts and flags of all nations. The wharves are crowded with ships and steamers laden with every imaginable kind of merchandise. It was from this port, two hundred and eighty years ago, three vessels sailed out, with a few score men and women, into an eternity of fame. In Rotterdam the persecuted Puritans of England had found a temporary home and refuge. In a rude conventicle, down some of these back streets, their hearts had been fired with new zeal by the burning words of their pastor, John Robinson. Yearning for a land that they could call their own, and where they might have "freedom to worship God," these Pilgrims set sail across two oceans to a new world. An American, whether he will or no, must feel something of interest in a city that for so long a time, and in the hour of greatest need, gave greeting and shelter to the Pilgrim Fathers. In the great market square, with the open Bible in his hand, stands the statue of one whose name has given the city of his birth a place in literature. Erasmus of Rotterdam was one of the most elegant and scholarly men of his time. His influence in the earlier days of the Reformation was almost boundless. To this hour, while we may justly condemn the weakness which made him waver and vacillate to the last, his power to move and fascinate has not departed.

After a few hours in Rotterdam I went on to Dort, a famous city in both the civil and religious history of Holland. It was the birth-place of the republic. It was the battle-ground where Calvinists and Arminians fought their fiercest conflict. The Synod of Dort is one of the

most noted of all religious assemblages. The eyes of the Protestant world watched its deliberations with intensest interest. England and Scotland, as well as many of the dukedoms and kingdoms of the continent, sent their representatives. I tried to imagine, as I walked through the old unchanged streets, what the appearance of the city must have been in those six months of the years 1618-'19, when the Synod was in session. What curious crowds must have gathered to watch the party leaders as they came out of the hall, their faces glowing with the smiles of victory, or the stern scowl of defeat. Now the way is cleared; dragoons with glittering armor and clanking sabres ride swiftly forward and drive back the people, that a path may be opened for the state coach of some royal representative. Hear, as he passes, the cheers of the people, who have recovered from their fright at so much gorgeousness! The town is quiet enough now. Calvinist and Arminian sleep peacefully together under the tall trees in the churchyard by the river. A deep calm, perhaps never again to be broken by a war of words, has settled down upon Dort.

With a sensation almost like that of returning home, I saw, early the next morning, the coast of England. Landing in Liverpool from New York, we look upon the English almost as foreigners; landing in Sheerness from Flushing, the people seem almost like old-time friends. As we whirled along in one of the swift English trains through Chatham and Rochester, by stately old houses and broad, well-kept fields, I could not wonder that Englishmen love England and think there is no spot in all the world so beautiful as their island home.

CHAPTER XXX.

LONDON AGAIN.

*A Lordly City—English Hotels—Letters of Introduction—
An English Dinner—Hyde Park—Lights and Shadows.*

PARIS, Vienna, Berlin, and New York, combined, would make a city about as large as the English capital. There are more people in London than in all Scotland, or the whole kingdom of Saxony. Plunging in at any point, you find yourself in a bewildering maze of streets, and tall, smoke-begrimed houses. A feeling of isolation, of loneliness, such as you have never before known, seizes you; you are overwhelmed with a sense of your individual nothingness. There is no outdoor life here, as on the Continent; no open-air restaurants or music gardens, where every one goes, and where the payment of a small coin admits you into almost the only home the people know anything about. If you have no house in London, and no right to enter the sacred precincts of a club, no matter how much money you may have in your pocket, the chances are that for the first few days, at least, you will feel like an outcast. A family of Americans, who had spent the winter very pleasantly at Dresden, came over here this spring, and in twenty-four hours were in all the agonies of home-

sickness, ready either to go on to America, or back to Germany.

Beside this enormous cold-shoulder, which a stranger imagines is perpetually being given him, there is also a sense, almost like that of personal injury, that there is so much to be seen. How can they expect us to do all this? is the somewhat illogical and undirected question which you throw out at no one in particular. On half a sheet of note-paper, in any other city, you can make a list of the things that you really care very much to see; but here, after writing over a score or more, you give up in despair. Other cities are satisfied with one or two galleries at the most, but London has half a dozen that ought to be visited. After you have been to the Tower, and St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and the British and South Kensington Museums, and the House of Parliament, and Hyde Park Corner—and any of these, except the last, rightly seen, would be a liberal education—you have only done a few of the biggest “lions”; there are whole droves of littler ones roaring for their turn.

While you have been doing this much, and getting somewhat acquainted with the city, and used to holding your umbrella up half the time, and seeing every now and then a black spot lighting on your nose, a large bill has been rolling itself up against you at the hotel. You are never charged, as in our American hotels, for meals that you have not eaten, but they make it up on those you have. One dinner at a first-class hotel, of anything like the variety usual at the Fifth Avenue or the Windsor, would bankrupt the average tourist. You are told that lodgings are just as pleasant, and much cheaper.

So you set apart a morning to find what you want. You start out thinking of Berlin, and Dresden, and perfectly confident of success in an hour or two. At the end of that time your state of mind has undergone some alterations. You think more of Berlin and Dresden than when you started. You wonder how clerks and professional men with small incomes are ever able to live here at all. You debate with yourself the question of taking a house in the country, and coming into town every day, as being perhaps the cheapest in the end. You are quite ready to generalize, and say that in London everything clean is very dear, and everything cheap is very dirty. The sun is pushing its way through the clouds on the western horizon, as you find what you want, or make up your mind to want what you have found; the hotel bill is paid with inward groanings; the servants, for whom you have already been well charged, are feed, as the custom is, and you move into your lodgings.

You send out now some letters of introduction, which friends in America have been so kind as to give you. You wonder if there can be power enough in these to open the black doors of any of those tall houses. Almost immediately you find, to your amazement, that there is no man more approachable by ordained and prescribed methods, than the Englishman. Instead of the cold-shoulder you had imagined everywhere, you see cordial faces and hearty hands. Men upon whom you had no claim, except a few lines of recommendation—men, some of them standing so high in the Church, or State, or literature, or science, that you

were almost afraid to look up to where they were—ask in the most cordial way, “Is there anything we can do for you? Would you like to go here, or to see that? Shall we give you letters of introduction to our friends So-and-sô?” They invite you, perhaps, to dine—an invitation you are only too glad to accept. The hour mentioned—eight o’clock—has to your ears a most dyspeptic sound; but you determine to forget for once all the horrible things you have ever heard about the dangers of late dinners. Before you have had time to ring the bell, a lackey in knee-breeches and powdered hair opens the door, relieves you of hat, overcoat, and umbrella, and asks your name, which he shouts out to other lackeys in knee-breeches and powdered hair, on the stairs, who pass it along till it reaches the lady of the house, awaiting her guests in the drawing-room above. If you are among the first to appear, you will probably be told whom you may expect to meet, and the name of the lady whom you are to have the pleasure of taking down to dinner. At about half-past eight your host offers his arm to the lady of highest rank, and the rest follow in the order of their worth, according to the standards of society.

The dinner differs in no way particularly from a very elaborate affair of the same kind in America. The conversation does not often become general; so that your enjoyment of the two hours before you, will depend very largely upon the intelligence of the ladies between whom you sit. After the different courses have received a proper amount of attention, the hostess rises, the ladies follow her example, and pass out; while the gentlemen

remain standing, and attempt to assume an expression of melancholy appropriate to the occasion, till the last long trail has disappeared, when the host takes his seat at the other end of the table from that which he occupied during the dinner. The other gentlemen gather around him, the glasses are filled with sherry or port, with perhaps one or two exceptions in favor of total abstinence men. The ball of conversation is again started. You may now, perhaps, find your poor, untitled republican self between a baron on one side, and a baronet on the other, with an earl and a bishop opposite. Quite to your surprise, it may be, these aristocrats do not go over their pedigree for your enlightenment, or recount in your wondering ears the story of their ancestors' prowess, though some of their forefathers were very probably historical characters. You find them very ready to discuss with you, and to give you at the same time a great deal of information concerning almost any of the political, or commercial, or moral problems of the day.

Not very much wine is used—far less than was the custom twenty-five years ago. Neither is anything said which might not have been, with perfect propriety, before the departure of the ladies. A half hour passes very quickly, but long before it is gone you are probably ready to acknowledge that in spite of titles “a man’s a man for a’ that.” Coffee is brought in, perhaps also cigarettes, and then the gentlemen join the ladies in the drawing-room. They have had tea in the meantime, and as it is now eleven o’clock the guests very soon begin to take leave. You walk or ride home in a “hansom,” fully persuaded that though a late English dinner may

be dangerous, it is also a great intellectual and gastro-nomic delight.

As you have so often been told that Hyde Park, from five to seven in the afternoon, is one of the sights that ought not to be missed, you walk there some day, or perhaps you are fortunate enough to be invited by some friend to ride. Your carriage, after some difficulty, finds a place in the long line, which sometimes moves very slowly, and sometimes not at all. No cab of any kind is allowed in this part of the Park. So that all these hundreds—even thousands—are, with few exceptions, private equipages. Many of them are magnificent. High-spirited horses, with gold-mounted harness; coachman and footman in knee-breeches and brilliant livery, and curled wigs or powdered hair; luxurious barouches, swung on leather springs, with coronets on the panels; heavy drags drawn by four horses—all combine to make up a mass of gorgeousness such as can be seen nowhere else in the world. For two hours this stately procession moves on in quadruple rows, returning always to the same point, only to begin the circle again. Many of these carriages, I am told, may be found here almost any afternoon during the entire season.

Late in the evening, while the West End is still at dinner, you walk through Charing Cross and along the Strand. The crowd is almost as great as in Hyde Park in the afternoon. But it is a very different crowd. It is made up very largely of those who never ride in carriages. Many of them have not money enough in their pockets for a cab-fare. Not a few have just spent their last penny at the theatre or in a saloon. It is a sight

that awakens pity. You push your way along toward Temple Bar, and find not only the Strand itself, but the side streets filled. The crowd is as great as further up the Strand, but much more poorly dressed, and much more drunken. You see more intoxicated men and women here in half an hour, than in Germany during a whole winter. It is a sight that awakens wonder and horror. If you should go on into the houses reeking with foul vapors, and steam from washtubs, where these people live, you might see that which would make you sick in body and soul.

But there is another, and far more attractive, side of London. You have visited already, as a sight-seer, a number of the famous churches, and now you visit others as a listener. You find amid all the fashion and vice of London a leaven of zeal, and love, and self-denial. Few, if any, cities have a larger number of churches in proportion to the population. Nowhere, unless it be in some New England towns, are the churches better attended. Some of these great organizations are unrivalled for the variety and efficiency of their work. There are pulpits here filled by such mighty men of valor as Spurgeon, and Dean Stanley, and Farrar, and Liddon, and Parker, and Dykes, and Frazer, and a host of others, less famous, but perhaps almost as eloquent.

Night after night, in the month of May, you may see Exeter Hall crowded with the supporters and friends of some one of the many humanitarian and Christian societies of London. You can scarcely squeeze yourself into the hall of the Mildmay Conference, in the northern part of the city (it was there Mr. Moody began his

work), while the annual meetings are being held in June.

London is great in everything—in size, in wealth and in poverty, in wickedness and in goodness. It is a city of terrible contrasts. The most momentous problems of our modern civilization are here continually thrusting themselves before you, demanding some kind of an answer with fierce vehemence. It needs only a few weeks in London to make you think, if you never have before, of the relation between capital and labor, the rich and the poor, the Church and the people.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THREE MEETINGS WITH DEAN STANLEY.

*A Secluded Home—Creeds and Confessions—Miracles—
Through the Abbey with the Dean—A French Mission
Service—People who had never heard of Westminster
Abbey.*

VERY soon after reaching London, that most lonely of all cities to the friendless stranger, I sent Dean Stanley a letter of introduction, enclosing with it a note asking when I might conveniently call. The same afternoon I received the following, written evidently by the Dean's own hand, for no one has ever been able to read it who did not know before the attempt, about what it ought to be:

“DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *May 6, '79.*

“*Dear Sir* :—To-morrow, between 11 and 1 P.M., I will be glad to see you. Yours truly,

“A. P. STANLEY.”

The clock in the tall tower of Parliament House was just at the hour of noon as I entered a gateway, perhaps a hundred yards north of the Abbey, and found myself in a quadrangle, surrounded on three sides by pleasant homelike houses. This court is called Dean's

yard, and these quiet secluded homes are occupied by the Canons, among them Dr. Farrar and the other officials of the Abbey. Turning to the left I walked under an archway of crumbling stone, and there before me, carefully hidden away seemingly from the rude gaze and noises of the world, was the Deanery, the home of England's most renowned Dean. A servant in livery showed me up an oaken staircase to the Dean's study. It was a delightful room, with a literary atmosphere about it, such as one finds only in the shadow of the English universities, or cathedrals, or abbeys. Books on oaken shelves, as I remember it, covered the walls almost from floor to ceiling. Tables and writing-desks of all sorts, except modern, strewn with open books, and half-written sheets of foolscap, made it impossible to cross the room in a straight line in any direction.

The Dean was standing in front of an open fire, reading a book, which he tossed aside as I entered, and came forward and shook hands with such a sweet, gentle smile of welcome, that no one but the Fenian who was capable of writing threatening letters to him during his last illness, could have resisted its charm. A small man, scarcely taller than the great Napoleon, with the purest of intellectual faces, lighted unmistakably with other than earth-born hopes, a "keepsake" face, as a Russian nobleman, ignorant of English, once not inappropriately called that type; "an old man," some would have said, and his hair was white, and there were wrinkles that spoke of age; but to me there was something in his manner and thought that seemed to savor of perpetual youth. I would, I am sure, have felt it incongruous if

any one that morning had called him "old." He was not dressed as English Deans usually are—with short silk apron, knee-breeches and silk stockings—but more simple, in the conventional English clerical dress; and even that, I am inclined to think, was more priestly than he would have chosen for himself, if there had been no "proprieties" to think of.

I was on my way to the Scotch General Assembly, where, as it was thought, some effort would be made to revise the Westminster Confession. "I am opposed to any change," said the Dean, much to my surprise, knowing his intensely Broad Church sympathies; "the time has not yet come for making new Confessions, but I would make the subscription to it more liberal." As he spoke, I remembered it was on that basis that the Broad Church party had always worked: they have never tried to change Creeds or Confessions. "Let them stand as they are," has been the tenor of their cry; "they are all interesting theological curios, only give us the liberty to believe them or not as we choose." We spoke of the proofs for miracles, and the Dean said, "We must take each one on its own merits; it is impossible to cover them all with any general argument." All through the conversation he left upon my mind the same impression that I had already received from his sermons and ecclesiastical writings. A beautiful character, a great nature, with all its windows open, but not as much as one could wish of strong, positive faith. An English rector—a schoolmate and personal friend of Dean Stanley's, now himself the Dean of one of the most beautiful of the cathedrals—said to me, "No one but Lady Augusta—

Dean Stanley's noble wife—ever knew exactly what the Dean believes, and it is somewhat doubtful if she did." This can not be said of all the Broad Church party, for Canon Farrar belongs rather to that wing than to any other of the English Church; but not Spurgeon himself believes more implicitly in the deity of our Lord, or preaches it more plainly.

While we were talking, a servant came in and handed the Dean a letter, saying, as if he felt unworthy to take such words upon his lips, "From Her Majesty the Queen." "Just wait a moment," the Dean said to me, and tearing open the royal letter, he glanced it over hastily, and caught up a pen and dashed off an answer, of whose meaning I was sure Her Majesty would die ignorant unless she happened to have a very skilful private secretary. He went on talking in a moment with the greatest unconcern, as if he were in the habit, as he was, of receiving such tokens of royal favor.

As I was leaving, the Dean asked me if I would not like a ticket for the services of the next day in the Abbey, when Dr. Lightfoot was to be consecrated Bishop of Durham. Of course I accepted his kind offer very gladly, and went out of the Deanery feeling that if the Dean did not perhaps believe in all the Christian doctrines, it would be impossible for the most orthodox to deny that he possessed most of the Christian virtues.

My next meeting with the Dean was due to the kindness of the Rev. Newman Hall. Among other organizations in his great church, there is a Workingmen's Society made up almost entirely of mechanics, and the Dean, a personal friend of Newman Hall, had invited

the famous Nonconformist to bring over the members of this society to the Abbey some afternoon, and he would show them through, explaining, as he loved to do, and as only he could, the treasures—ecclesiastical, historical, and antiquarian—of that venerable pile. Mr. Hall very kindly wrote me to join them. The Dean met us near the door of the Deanery—we numbered, I should think, about one hundred—and took us at once to the cloisters of the Abbey, pointing out many interesting little things that we never would have seen without his help. We went first into a long, low, vaulted, pillared chamber, which, the Dean explained to us, is all that remains of the church built by Edward the Confessor nearly eight hundred years ago. We grouped ourselves around the Dean, who stood on a stone step at one side of the room, a little, round silk skull-cap on his head, and his soft bright eyes twinkling with pleasure, as he told us in his charming way about King Edward, and his connection with the Abbey.

Then we strolled on into the Chapter-house, and here again the Dean took a step for a coign of vantage, and began, "This is the birthplace of constitutional liberty"; and then as his eye happened to fall on me, as I stood near him, he added, "Even our young republican friend must acknowledge that"—at which they all laughed, and I felt for the moment like a veritable rebel—"for here," continued the Dean, "long before Westminster Hall was built, the Commons met and agitated for their rights and ours." So he talked on in the most delightful way for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes about government, and law, and liberty.

Then we went into the Abbey, into the exquisitely beautiful chapel of Henry VII. Here he drew our attention to the tomb of Elizabeth, the proudest of all queens; and then, only a little way off, to that of her victim, some would say—her would-be betrayer, others would call her—the beautiful Mary of Scotland. “You see,” said the Dean, “that this Abbey is what Lord Macaulay so well named it—‘the great temple of silence and reconciliation.’” We went on through the chapel, under its high, vaulted roof, richly carved, and black with age, and hung with battle-stained flags, to a tomb at the other end covered with flowers. To this the Dean led me, and said—and there were tears in his voice, and I knew that his heart was buried under that marble slab—“This is where my dear wife lies.” Ah me, the hand that was laid on my arm that day is cold, and still, and the voice that spoke so gently, is hushed forever, and there, by the side of his beloved wife, amid the royal tombs of kings and queens, all that was mortal of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley awaits the resurrection.

I was exceedingly sorry that I could not visit the other portions of the Abbey under such guidance, but I had made another engagement for the latter part of the afternoon before Mr. Hall’s letter was received, so that I was obliged to depart, with the unpleasant consciousness that I was leaving the feast before it was half finished.

Six months after those delightful hours spent in the Abbey, I met the Dean in Paris. He was returning from a short Italian tour. He was in excellent spirits, and while speaking of Italy, mentioned incidentally, as he often did in the last three years of his life, how great-

ly he had enjoyed his visit to America. The mission of Mr. McAll, the Scotch pastor to the workingmen of Paris, happening to be mentioned, the Dean said that he had often heard it most favorably spoken of, and would be glad to see one of the meetings. So it was arranged that I should accompany him the next evening to the service which was to be held in a hall near the Tour St. Jacques. Mr. McAll, on hearing of the Dean's intended visit, sent him a note asking him if possible to address the meeting; and as we drove through the Rue de Rivoli toward the hall, the Dean mentioned this invitation, but said he could not decide whether he would speak or not, till he saw the audience. Then he asked me a great many questions about Mr. McAll's work, what his methods were, and what class of people were being reached. He seemed to fear that the audiences were largely made up of the same sort of people that in England or America are ordinarily attracted to meetings of that kind—lapsed members of Protestant churches, religious tramps, running wherever there seems a chance of getting something without paying for it in any way. If of this sort, he did not wish to speak; but if they were Romanists, attracted by a simpler and purer form of worship, or indifferentists, who had lost all interest in religious questions, he would be glad to address them. From what I had seen I felt convinced that the numbers who attended Mr. McAll's meetings came principally from the last two classes, that there were not enough lapsed Protestants in Paris to fill the twenty-three mission halls, open almost every night. So I told the Dean, and he seemed half, but only half, persuaded.

Mr. McAll met us at the door, gave the Dean a very cordial welcome, and took him forward to the platform. The hall—it would hold about two hundred, I should think—was full. At a glance it was easy to see that they were nearly all *ouvriers*; almost every man there wore the *blouse*, a sort of combined jacket and shirt of coarse, blue cloth; nothing more entirely different from the lapsed Protestant, or religious tramp of England or America could be imagined. I was confident the Dean would speak. The interpreter was present, so that if he felt nervous about his French, he might fall back on his mother tongue. Mr. McAll read a short address in French. Mr. Hamlin, a worthy son of Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, gave an address in the same language, without notes. Mr. McAll and the Dean were whispering together, and I was sure he was about to rise, but a prayer was offered, a hymn sung, and the meeting closed. On our way home the Dean said: "I couldn't make up my mind about the audience, and then beside, they probably never had heard of Westminster Abbey, and I thought it best not to speak, though what I have seen has impressed me most favorably with Mr. McAll's work."

This was the last time I ever saw him. Only two years more of life were before him. Almost the first news I heard on landing at San Francisco was, "Dean Stanley is dead." He was indubitably the most famous of English deans. He was better known, more tenderly loved, and more bitterly hated than any of his compeers. We must regret the negative bias of his thought, but he was unmistakably one of Lessing's seekers after truth; one of those pure, and elevated, spirits whose taking away makes the whole world poorer.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.

A Friend of America—The Author of "Tom Brown's School Days"—The Story of his Life.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of John Bright, Thomas Hughes has probably been, for the last twenty years, the most persistent, unwavering, and influential friend that the United States have had in Great Britain. Able to speak from personal observation of our social and public life, and from a thorough and sympathetic familiarity with our literature, he has never permitted an opportunity to pass of throwing what light was possible into the dense and astounding ignorance of many of his countrymen concerning America and American institutions.

I recall with particular pleasure a certain occasion, when he rescued me from what was on the point of becoming an ignominious defeat. It was at dinner in his own house in London. He was prevented, by some engagement, from being at the table the first part of the evening, and I was thus thrown upon the not too tender mercies of a number of brilliant young Englishmen. As any one could have predicted, before the second course

was commenced a running fire was begun all around the table, concerning the "greatest republic on earth," and I, as the only American present, received so many shots that one after one my guns were gradually silenced, and I was in danger of being completely wrecked, when Mr. Hughes returned. I instantly resigned to him, with no small satisfaction, my position in the brunt of the battle, and giving myself up to the charm of Mrs. Hughes' conversation, I watched, as a delighted spectator, while he fired a tremendous broadside that left two or three of the enemy little better than mere hulks. His enthusiasm, not to speak of his information, was so much greater than mine, that I had no need to say anything after he came in. I left everything entirely to him, except the glory of the victory, which we divided equally.

If Mr. Hughes is not known everywhere in America as the friend of our republic, he is universally recognized as the friend of all our school-boys. Next to "Robinson Crusoe," every sensible American youth reads "Tom Brown's School Days," and where in all literature is there a sweeter, manlier book of its kind? It has pushed its way, as it deserved to, not only into the American school, but, in spite of all linguistic difficulties, into the German university as well. Something more than a year ago, while taking some lectures in the University of Berlin, I went one day, out of curiosity, into what they call "*Ein Englisch Seminar.*" A handsome young fellow, unmistakably English, took his place at the lecturer's desk, and said in English, "We will begin, if you please." Some one very kindly handed me a text-book, and as I opened it, I found to my surprise that these German stu-

dents were translating from the English "Tom Brown's School Days." I went in often after that, as the exercise was most excellent for any one who wished to learn either German or English, and it was exceedingly interesting to see these embryo philosophers—as all German students are—getting moist in the eyes over some of the passages of irresistible pathos, and as thoroughly delighted as any English or American boy could be, when Tom Brown thrashes the big bully who had nagged little Arthur.

English-speaking people probably associate Rugby about equally with the name of Dr. Arnold, the most famous of teachers, and Tom Brown, the most famous of school-boys. To this day too, in Oxford, the young lad who came up from the smaller world of Rugby, to work his way along for four years in the great university, is as much a hero, as when Mr. Hughes first introduced him to the reading public. Tom is one of the few celebrated characters who has been properly honored in his own country, and even in his own university town. Much as the story of his college life is read in Harvard, and Yale, and Princeton, I should judge from what I saw, that Oxford men themselves find it equally fascinating. Mr. Hughes was once asked why he had never written "Tom Brown at London," as a sequel to "Tom Brown at Oxford," that the multitudes who had become interested in the fate of the young collegian might follow him into the fiercer struggles of professional or political life. He answered, with a smile that seemed to suggest more than his words, "Oh, the difficulties were too great"; but in spite of Mr. Hughes' repeated denials

and with entire confidence in his sincerity, we shall continue to believe, like the rest of the world, that it is not at all difficult, but, on the contrary, very easy to follow Tom Brown from Oxford to London, and that to read the story of his life in the metropolis is one of the simplest things imaginable.

Tom studied law; ate good dinners, as English lawyers must, with an excellent appetite, in the magnificent oak-roofed hall of the Temple; attended Church regularly in the Temple itself, that quaintest of all the English churches; married soon, the daughter of a well-known canon; became later a Bencher, with the privilege, among others, of giving to his friends tickets of admission to the Temple service; used that prerogative time and time again for wandering Americans, upon whom he took pity; was elected later to Parliament, to an Englishman the highest honor this side of heaven; spoke not so often as some of the other members, but whenever he did, he had something to say; became so widely known as a man of great common-sense, and trustworthy judgment, that he was asked by the Queen to be one of her special counsellors; after that, as was right and proper, his friends always added to his name, when they wrote it, the mystic letters "Q. C."

He developed an unexpected literary talent; articles from his pen began to appear in the leading magazines; then he conceived the purpose of writing something that might be helpful to English boys, trying to become manly Englishmen. So he sat down, wrote out his own experiences at Rugby and Oxford, and the world read the books, and laughed, and cried over them, and declared

that Tom was a genius, and that no such stories as these had ever before been written. It is true, that in his preface to the last, he declared all attempts to recognise actual personages in the hero, or any of the other characters, would always be futile, but his English readers only smiled, and said, "You are too modest to acknowledge, if it were true, that these are autobiographies, and perhaps they were never intended to be; but we shall go on believing, just the same, that 'Tom Brown' is a reality, that he was too noble, and manly, and lovable, to be a mere creature of the imagination. For us, you are he henceforth, and always."

Every year added something to Tom's fame and took away nothing from the beauty and unaffected simplicity of his character. Other books appeared bearing his now celebrated name. He seemed equally at home in historical, political, social, or ecclesiastical subjects. He was a Liberal in politics, though always a loyal churchman. Some of his ritualistic friends thought him little better than a Presbyterian, and some of his gay aristocratic acquaintances considered him almost a Puritan. But his enemies (though I doubt if he ever had any except political) were forced to confess that somehow this man had succeeded in the nineteenth century, and in the "best society" in London, in reproducing in his life an unmistakable resemblance to that of a wondrously pure, and gentle, and manly Teacher, who gathered a few disciples in Palestine some eighteen hundred years ago. No one laughed sarcastically, or cried "cant," "cant," when he spoke, as he sometimes did, about the duty of personal loyalty to this Teacher. It seemed a

most natural and appropriate thing that when invited to deliver a series of Sunday evening addresses in London, he should choose as his subject, "The Manliness of Christ."

These years have not passed by without leaving their trace upon him. He is as tall, and straight, as when he used to swing an oar, or bat at Oxford, but his hair is gray, and so are his close-cut whiskers, that half encircle a face that no child could see without loving.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TWO ENGLISH TOWNS.

*Canterbury and Windsor—The Shrine of St. Thomas—
An Old Roman Church—Thomas à Becket—Hampton
Court—Woolsey's Palace—The Meadows of Runnymede—The Queen's Home.*

FROM the Tabard Inn at Southwark, Chaucer's pilgrims began their journey to the shrine of Thomas à Becket. As this oldest of the English poets himself expresses it :

“And specially from every shire's end
Of Engle land, to Canterbury they wende.”

In Chaucer's time, and long before it, Canterbury was considered the most sacred spot in England. Not only the common people, but princes and kings went there to pray, and do penance. The holy shrine of St. Thomas was torn down centuries ago, but the cathedral, rich in architectural beauty, rich in historical associations, still remains and draws to Canterbury as many, if not as devout, pilgrims as in Chaucer's day. It is impossible to tell when this edifice was erected. It has grown up by a process of accretion, not unlike that by which the service celebrated within its walls has been formed.

One of the first, if not the first Christian church built

in England was on this spot. Less than a hundred years after Paul was beheaded at Rome, the Gospel for which he died, was preached here. When Augustine, with his forty monks, landed on the Island of Thanet in 596, and proceeded in a slow and solemn procession to Canterbury, he found two churches there, monuments of a faith which war, and the persecution of heathen tribes had nearly destroyed. One of these buildings is still standing. It is called St. Martin's. The red Roman bricks in the walls attest its great age. The other church, by far the larger of the two, which stood where the Cathedral now is, was burned down by the Danes a few hundred years later. About the time of the Norman Conquest, a new building had been raised, part of which was so skilfully carved, and magnificently adorned with pictures, and ornaments, that it became known as "the glorious choir of Conrad." But the Cathedral owes much of its immortality of fame to its baptism with the blood of Saint Thomas.

In the reign of Henry II., about the middle of the twelfth century, the son of a London merchant named Becket became a great favorite at court. It was the Saracen mother of this Thomas, so the story runs, who came all the way from Palestine in quest of her English lover, with but two words on her lips—"London," "Gilbert." Thomas received, in quick succession, all the honors of the court. His retinue was so magnificent as to excite the wonder even of Paris, when he made his entry there as an English ambassador. Henry determined to make this fighting, pleasure-loving chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury. This was then, as it is now,

the highest office in the gift of the crown. With his favorite at the head of the Church, Henry thought he would have no further difficulty with priests and bishops. The gift was made. The new archbishop was consecrated, and from that moment became apparently, if not really, a new man. The pomp and splendor he had once loved disappeared. He tore off his silk robes, and clothed himself in garments both coarse and filthy. But his pride was not lessened; it had rather grown to most prodigious dimensions. He asserted rights which had never existed, or had long been in abeyance. The king was at first surprised, then maddened at the part his old favorite had chosen to play. If he could not bend this proud prelate, he would break him! But the thing was not so easily done. The archbishop defied the king at every point. At last, four knights resolved that the king should no longer be troubled by this priest. They went down to Canterbury, threatened the archbishop in his palace, and when they found that words were powerless, they surrounded him in the cathedral, as he was entering the choir for evening worship, and struck at him with their swords till he lay dead at their feet. All Christendom was horrified at the bloody deed. The murdered archbishop was canonized, and became St. Thomas. For four hundred years, till Henry VIII. and the Protestant Reformation, prayers were offered to him, and jewels of untold value were brought to his shrine. A peculiar stone in the pavement marks still the spot on which he fell. You can stand there and look up at the painted window on which some skilful artist has told the story of his life and death.

There are other monuments here, scarcely less interesting than that of Thomas à Becket. Edward, the Black Prince, whose name became such a terror to the armies of France in the fourteenth century, lies here in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, under a brazen figure of himself in full armor. The chief instrument in Queen Mary's hand for the restoration of Roman Catholicism to England, is here entombed in a plain brick monument, on which is the simple inscription, "The body of Cardinal Pole." An English king and queen, Henry IV. and Joan his wife, are also buried here.

In the crypt of this Cathedral, a congregation of French Protestants, driven out of their native country by the fierce persecutions which ended in St. Bartholomew's day, found a refuge, and a place of worship. From that day to this, they and their descendants have been permitted by the Archbishop of Canterbury to hold their Presbyterian service in the room allotted to them. This great Cathedral thus became a not unfitting symbol of the ideal church, in which all followers of the Master are to live together in concord and love.

There is enough of the old wall left around Canterbury to give you, as you pass into the town, an impression of great age. A few of the towers also remain, but all the gates, with one exception, have disappeared. A ruined castle recalls the days of the Norman conqueror, and his determined efforts to keep in subjection the people he had vanquished.

We rode out one day with some American friends on the top of a four-in-hand coach to Windsor. This is said to be one of the prettiest drives in England. You roll

along through the fashionable West End, by miles of tall, fine houses, till the outskirts of the city are reached, and the Thames is crossed at Kew. Here you catch charming glimpses of the gardens, among the most beautiful in the world, as, with a snap of the driver's whip and a blast of the guard's horn, the fresh horses just put into harness whirl you by. Sweeping through Richmond, and crossing the Thames again, you pass Strawberry Hill, where Walpole lived so long, and entertained at his table the most famous men of the day; and then on through the long avenue of majestic trees, that give to Bushy Park in the early summer a beauty said to be unsurpassed in England. Here we are at Hampton Court, the famous palace built by the most famous of cardinals, Woolsey. It was one of the favorite residences of Cromwell, and of the Stuarts. William III. spent a large part of his time here. But the walls are so high, and the trees so thick, that not very much of it is to be seen, even from the top of a coach. On we go, now along the banks of the Thames, and now between fair fields crowned with villas, or by acres of heather, where scores of rabbits are feeding and playing among the bushes.

We change horses again. The guard's horn warns those ahead to clear the way, and we dash across the meadows of Runnymede, where King John, on the 15th of June, 1214, met the Barons and a great crowd of English yeomen, and signed the Magna Charta, though it almost broke his heart. We turn a corner, rush up a little hill, and there before us are the towers of Windsor Castle.

A few minutes more and we are in the Great Park

with its 1,800 acres, and are crossing the Long Walk, formed by an avenue of elms three miles in length, running from the massive gateway of George IV. to the equestrian statue of his father, George III., on Snow Hill. One long blast of the horn, and our four blooded horses are reined up before the door of the White Hart Inn, which was standing in Shakespeare's day, and which he immortalized in "Merry Wives of Windsor." Though the Queen was in Scotland, it was one of those days when the State apartments are not shown, so we were obliged to content ourselves with the outside of the castle. As far back as the days of Edward the Confessor, this estate was presented to the monks of Westminster. William the Conqueror purchased it from them, and built a small castle on the hill. Nearly all the English kings since William, who have had any spare time or money, have done something toward the enlargement and beautifying of the Royal Palace. The completion of the work—it was done by Queen Victoria—cost \$4,500,000.

We went into the Chapel of St. George, which is as old as the fifteenth century. The Queen's father is buried here, and a short distance away, in the Tomb House, lie the bodies of George III., George IV., and William IV. Here, too, many a royal marriage has taken place. The wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was solemnized in this chapel not long ago. We went also into the much more magnificent chapel, which is now being built to the memory of the Prince Consort. Human art seems to have exhausted itself on this little edifice. Anything more gorgeous than its walls, or ceil-

ing, or pavement, it would be difficult to imagine. The Queen's private terrace, which is considered very beautiful, impressed us as being very stiff and formal—perhaps "courtly" might be the word. We admired far more the wide view from the terrace over Windsor and Eton.

As we were not allowed to enter any part of the castle, the time which we had expected to use in looking at rare and curious objects, we occupied in trying to recall the momentous historical events with which this castle has been connected. It was from Windsor, King John rode out to Runnymede. It was to some part of this palace he came back, after he had signed the charter, to curse and swear till courtiers and servants fled from the room in a panic of fright. From some of these windows, 800 years ago, the Conqueror looked out over the land he had subdued, and perhaps, too, with something of sadness in those stern eyes, toward the fields of Normandy which he had left forever. In that tall, round tower, one of the vilest of kings and most despicable of men, James I. of Scotland, was imprisoned. Well would it have been for England, if he had never lived in any other part of the palace but that. It was here that Cromwell made his headquarters, after he had beheaded Charles I., the royal son of James.

Not long after Cromwell's death, when Charles II. came back "to enjoy his own again," Windsor was often the scene of the royal orgies, and these old walls were made to echo with the loud laughter of the "merrie monarch." Except the Tower of London, there is no other building in Great Britain whose name is so woven into the warp and woof of English history.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT, AND BRIGHTON.

A Miniature England—Roads and Cliffs—The Wreck of the Eurydice—Brighton Hotels—A Famous Preacher.

THE little Isle of Wight is a miniature England. Few of the beauties of the larger island are altogether wanting here. Some of them are intensified. The grass is greener, the foliage more luxuriant. There is more sunshine here, perhaps. Next to Scotland, this is the Queen's favorite place of residence. In two days of steady work, one may see superficially all the places of particular interest. Crossing from Portsmouth in the afternoon, before taking the train for Ventnor, we had a glimpse of the harbor of Ryde, and the pretty villas on the hills behind the town. It was unfortunately scarcely more than a glimpse of Sandown, and Shanklin, with which we were obliged to content ourselves.

Ventnor is probably more like our own Newport than any of the other English watering-places. Built on a succession of terraces rising above the ocean, the views are everywhere beautiful. Broad roads, as smooth and hard as polished stone, wind through the town, and over the hills. A pretty walk runs along the cliff; on one side

charming villas and cottages, on the other the perpetual dash of the sea. Since poets like Wordsworth began to sing, a generation has arisen with a love for the beautiful in nature—sometimes real, sometimes assumed—from whose eager search a spot like Ventnor could not long remain concealed. Almost unknown a few decades ago to the English public, great hotels have been quickly erected, and as quickly filled. Protected by high hills from the coldest winds, Ventnor is almost as popular in winter as in summer. The crowd of health and pleasure seekers that had gathered on the piazzas of the hotels here one day last winter, witnessed a scene which will often again rise before them in their dreams, and which filled England with horror and lamentation. A naval school-ship, the *Eurydice*, just returning from a long voyage, was passing Ventnor under full sail. Every heart on board was glad. The dangers and privations of the weary months were forgotten. Home was reached at last. A dark cloud which had been hovering over the hill-tops swept suddenly down, and for a moment the ship was hidden in a flurry of wind and rain. It was only for an instant; the sun broke through the clouds again, but the ship had vanished like a phantom. There was but one man saved to tell the story: how, when the squall struck the broad sails, the proud ship careened; the port-holes, with wondrous carelessness, had been left open, and the vessel that had outridden a hundred storms went down in sight of the harbor. Calm as sky and ocean were when we looked out upon this scene, the horrible tragedy of the *Eurydice* seemed again to be enacted before our eyes.

A coach runs every morning from Ventnor to Freshwater, not for the amusement of two or three rich young men, like those whose scarlet-coated guards awaken, with their long horns, the echoes around London, but as an absolute necessity, for at present the railroad ends at Ventnor. From the top of this coach the scenery is sufficiently varied to prevent the ride from becoming monotonous. The curves in the road, like the turning of a kaleidoscope, presented new combinations, if they did not introduce new features. We swept on through four or five little villages, stopping only long enough to change horses, and reached Freshwater in time for the lunch which the guide-books say should be taken here, a suggestion which our own feelings prompted us to obey without question. There is an old town of Yarmouth, some four miles from Freshwater, which we were unfortunately prevented from visiting, but which we were anxious to see, because of its connection with the house of Stuart. Charles II., the most versatile, the most beloved, the most dissolute of the Stuarts, landed here after his long exile on the Continent, preparatory to his triumphal entry into London. At Carisbrooke Castle, a mile out of Newport, his father, called by some of the English who have more sentiment than sense, "Charles the blessed martyr," was imprisoned, and tried to escape from a window, which is still associated with his name and attempted flight. We got down from the coach just before reaching Newport and walked up to the ruins of Carisbrooke. When and by whom this castle was built is uncertain, but it was long the home of the Norman Knight, William Fitz

Osborne, who ruled as a sort of monarch over the little kingdom. But the chief interest which attaches to it is so much more modern. Not only was Charles I. imprisoned here, but his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, to whom Queen Victoria has erected a monument in the Church of St. Thomas, at Newport, died in one of these little rooms some two years after her father's head had been struck off at Whitehall. That room is one of the very few which have withstood the almost complete desolation which has swept over this castle.

There is nothing in Newport to make any lengthy stay there desirable, so that I was ready for the first train to Ryde, my starting-place of the previous day. Taking the last steamer from Ryde, the evening mail, in less than an hour I was in the hotel at Portsmouth. Besides its great docks and massive fortifications, one of the sights to be seen in this busy seaport is the hulk of an old ship lying in the harbor. It was on that now mouldering deck of the *Victory* the one-armed Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, breathed out his life, in the very hour of triumph. Millais has immortalized the scene with his brush, on the walls of one of the rooms in the House of Commons. The writers of popular songs and the makers of popular engravings have so re-told the story, that it is almost as well known to every lad in England as Trafalgar Square, and the tall monument with the couching lions at the base, to all the boys who play around Charing Cross.

Any one who has laughed and cried over the pages of "Nicholas Nickleby," will scarcely be able to walk through the streets of Portsmouth without recalling the triumphs and sorrows of Nicholas during the months he

spent here, as the popular dramatical writer, and actor in a third-class theatre. The only object of very great interest between Portsmouth and Brighton is the cathedral at Chichester. It is very beautiful, situated just outside the city, in a great square of greenest turf, with no high buildings to conceal or dwarf its proportions. It is one of those treasures with which mediæval art has enriched England. If modern art does no more than to preserve the legacy unchanged, it will deserve the gratitude of posterity.

Brighton is a combined Long Branch and Coney Island. It has the aristocracy of the New Jersey watering-place, united with the democracy of the popular Long Island resort. But Brighton is also a city, and its streets are by no means deserted even when the lovers of fashion have taken their flight. The drive of more than three miles along the broad avenue by the ocean is, of its kind, unsurpassed. Great hotels, and brilliant shop-windows vie with the sea in attracting the attention of the crowds slowly passing on foot or in carriages. A peculiar structure, rising almost in the centre of this avenue, is the entrance to the most famous aquarium in Europe. The little domes and towers of a still more remarkable building can be seen from the avenue. George IV., while Prince of Wales, built this Pavilion, as it is called, in imitation, it is said, of the Kremlin at Moscow, but in what way a single house, even though crowned with many more excrescences than George IV.'s Pavilion, can be supposed to resemble a walled city—for such the Kremlin is—it would be difficult to imagine. In the Pavilion occurred some of the most important events of George IV.'s reign—so Grenville tells

us in his recollections of the time ; but if Thackeray's essay is a fair estimate of the king's character, the less said the better about what he did here, or anywhere else.

It is only a few minutes' walk from the Pavilion to a little church, in which many Americans who have never even heard of George IV.'s palace have taken a very great interest. The building is plain enough for a Nonconformist chapel of the olden time, small enough for the lecture-room of one of our modern churches, but it was in this church that Frederick W. Robertson preached those sermons which may be found to-day in almost every clergyman's library in the United States, and which, for intense sympathy with all who are struggling upward, for subtle analysis of complex motives, for delicacy and beauty of expression, have been placed by common consent among the gems of sermonic literature in the English language. Though this church was always filled to the door when Robertson preached, yet his name was not well known even in England at the time of his death. Mr. Spurgeon says he had never heard of him, and many a clergyman in the Church of England might have said the same thing. The dash of the waves on the shore at Brighton was almost loud enough to drown that voice ; it was not till he spoke through the printing-press that the tones rose above all the noises and distractions of earth, and England and America were forced to listen to the message which had so long filled the great heart and brain of this holy man. Brighton every way to us means more than the fashionable watering-place ; more than the prosperous city—that name for us will always be linked with the memory of a man of genius, whose highest ambition was to live a noble life, and to help his fellow-men.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DAY IN OXFORD.

Alfred the Great and Oxford—The Foster Mother of Heroes—Dean Bradley—A "Bumping" Race—A University Fellow.

ALFRED THE GREAT was long supposed to be founder of Oxford University. It would be pleasant to think that a king who did so many good things, did this also; but modern history, too scientific to be sentimental, forbids. No doubt Alfred lived at Oxford with his three sons; but it was probably some decades after his death that the famous school came into existence. In Alfred's day, Oxford may have been dreary enough; but in ours it is one of the most fascinating places in Europe. Whether your first view of the city is from the top of a stage-coach on the London road, or from the windows of a railway car, your attention and admiration will be immediately won by the spires of the churches, the towers of the colleges, and the dome of the Library. It is perhaps an exaggeration to call High Street "the most beautiful in the world," but any expressions of praise less hearty and unqualified seem meagre, as you stand on the bridge over the Cher-

well and see before you a mass of venerable buildings, which the ravages of time have only made more picturesque. Prague, from the Hradschin, may be more quaint; Salzburg, from the castle, may be more grand; Edinburgh, from Scott's monument, may be more stately; but Oxford arouses, if not such intense, yet more varied emotions than any of these. Within those walls England's heroes have been nurtured. Philosophers and statesmen, theologians and military chieftains, artists and scientists, have developed here. The mightiest and most widely felt movements in Church and State have here originated, or worked themselves out to a conclusion. Under the roof of Canterbury Hall, long before Luther was born, the Reformation began in the heart of John Wycliffe. In St. Mary's church up there on High Street, with its beautiful porch of twisted stone, and its famous statue of the Virgin, Archbishop Cranmer was summoned, in Queen Mary's time, to deny the doctrines of Wycliffe, and refusing, was burned at the stake with Latimer and Ridley before Baliol College, a few hundred yards away. Within the walls of Magdalen, at whose tower one never tires of looking, James II. fought his last battle with the Church of England, when he tried to make a Roman Catholic its headmaster. The golden cup given to the college in honor of its triumph over the king, is still preserved as a priceless treasure. Under those arched trees Addison, the elegant essayist, loved to walk. In some little room in Lincoln, John Wesley studied the history of the Church in all ages, and prayed that he might be used to arouse and quicken the sleeping Church of the eighteenth cent-

ury. Samuel Johnson, the founder of a new era in English literature, struggled on through three hard years of poverty as a student of Pembroke, whose gate is now adorned with his effigy. The "Prince of Pulpit Orators," the leader of the Calvinistic Methodists, George Whitefield, was also a member of this college. It is to a company of young men—the ruling spirits were Keble, Newman, and Pusey—who were students at Oriel in the first half of this century, that the strongest and most influential party in the Church of England to-day, traces its origin. Here were written the "Tracts for the Times," which moved the English Church to its foundations, and called into existence a great band of ritualists. Peel, Canning, and Gladstone were trained in Christ Church. Adam Smith, Sir William Hamilton, and the present Archbishop of Canterbury, studied at Baliol.

To stand over the graves of men who were giants in their day, should stir deep thoughts ; but to walk through the halls and rooms where heroes have lived, and worked, and battled with discouragements and obstacles numberless, ought to quicken the pulse of the most stolid. It was my good fortune to walk for some hours among such scenes as these with the Master of University College, the successor of Plumtre, whose fame has been carried everywhere by his theological writings. Through his kindness I saw a number of interesting places which I should otherwise have missed. That a man so intensely busy as Dr. Bradley should devote to a comparative stranger the larger part of an afternoon, gave to the objects which he pointed out a coloring which it is possible

made them appear to my gratitude fully as beautiful as they really were.

Among other things which I saw in that walk, I think I discovered one of the reasons why the Master of University is among the most popular and successful of all the Oxford dignitaries. Every man we passed from his College, was greeted with a heartiness which had in it no element of condescension. Whether they were members of the crew going down to the river for a pull, or cricketers on their way to the field, with pads, and bats, they all received some pleasant word, which showed more real interest in themselves and their Oxford life, than a whole series of sermons on love and sympathy. A college with such a man at the head becomes a school for the development of a solid, honest, manly character.*

I also had the honor of dining in University with the Fellows. In a long hall, with walls and ceiling of polished oak, we sat at a table raised a little above the undergraduates on a platform. Ordinarily nearly all the students "dine in hall," as it is called; but that night, on account of the boat races, the Fellows had the room to themselves. Around and above us were oil paintings of the College benefactors; while before us was a dinner which might have made a miser feel ready to become a benefactor.

As soon as our repast, which was seasoned with no little wit and wisdom, was ended, I hurried to the river to see one of the sights which Mr. Hughes, in his delightful "Tom Brown at Oxford," has described as no

* University College has lately lost its popular Master. Dr. Bradley is now Dean of Westminster Abbey.

one else could. Every year, near the close of the summer term, the crews of the different colleges struggle for some seven nights, for what in boating parlance is called "the head of the river." The boats take their position, a short distance apart, a mile or so below Christ Church Meadows. If the first boat is touched, or "bumped" by the one behind before the goal near the University barge is passed, it loses its place to the one by whom it has been "bumped." So it is possible in these races for the boat which begins lowest down, to make a bump night after night, till it grasps at last the proudest of boating honors, "the head of the river."

From the number of boats, and the manner of rowing, these races are much more exciting than the annual contest between Oxford and Cambridge. Exciting for those who try to look calmly on from the banks or the barges, what must they be for the men in the boats! Poor fellows! you wonder if they are feeling as Tom Brown's biographer says his hero felt: "There goes the second gun; one short minute more, and we are off. Short minute indeed! You wouldn't say so if you were in the boat, with your heart in your mouth, and trembling all over like a man with the palsy. Those sixty seconds before the starting gun in your first race—why they are a lifetime." But there comes the report rolling up the river, and you are glad, not only for your own sake, but for the men who are to row, that those dreadful seconds are passed, and that they have something else to do now besides trembling. A roar, at first like the mutterings of a distant storm, grows more distinct. Now you can distinguish human voices. From the vol-

ume of sound rise two or three high, sharp, harsh cheers. Men running along the banks, waving their caps in the air, shouting and making strange noises way down in their throats never heard at any other time, with dogs barking at their heels, sweep around a curve in the river, and the next instant the first boat shoots into sight. A long gap of clean water separates it from the second. It is in no danger of a bump. There is something in the sweep of the oars that tells you there is a most agreeable feeling of safety and satisfaction shared by every member of that crew. But each man in the boat just behind is pulling as if he had thrown the accumulated strength of twenty years in his back and arms. Can it be that they still hope to make a bump? An instant more, and the question is answered. Just behind, so near that you can see no water between, is the prow of a boat that from the start has been gaining inch by inch, till it seems no longer possible that its prize should escape; yet it is only a few hundred yards to the goal. The shouts of the men on the banks become fiercer. The two colleges struggling with each other out there on the river, are represented by two excited crowds on the banks. The boats have drawn so near together that these rival bands have mingled; you almost expect to see those who are dreading defeat, pitch the men who are hoping for victory, into the stream. But there is no time for any by-play. Thirty seconds more, and the race will be over! With a mighty effort of muscle and will, the long oars are shot through the water. The first boat passes the goal, and is safe; but the third is drawing up to the second at every stroke. Ten seconds more, and

these poor fellows, pursued almost to the death, may have "peace with honor." The shouts cease. Feeling is too intense for noise. There are but two feet between the boats. We hold our breath. Then a great cheer breaks the silence. A hundred cry "a bump," "a bump," and side by side, lying on their oars, the two crews, victor and vanquished, pass the goal. Some of the men in the "bumped boat" are panting like race-horses. One of them rests his head on his hands, and you can see his heart beat under his bare breast. You hope he may never have a harder struggle in life, than that through which he has just passed, and never a defeat which he will feel more keenly, than that which he has just received. ●

Through the hospitality of one of the Fellows of the University—who deserves always to have the epithet "good" written before that title—I enjoyed the privilege of sleeping within the college walls. It was very pleasant for me, probably pleasanter than for some of the students, to be awakened in the morning by the singing of birds, and the ringing of college bells, and to see from the opened windows, through leaves and blossoms, the men in caps and gowns hurrying across the quadrangle to the chapel. It was so pleasant, too, to breakfast and lunch with my university friend, that as I looked around his beautiful rooms, hung with pictures, and filled with choicest books, I fear I may have encouraged him to persist in his "unblessed bachelorhood" by my enthusiastic admiration for his way of living.

Besides dinners, and boat-races, and breakfasts, my short Oxford experience also embraced a lecture on

theology by Dr. King, one of the best known professors of Christ's Church. He is said to be a ritualist, and his peculiar priestly garb seems to attest the truth of the assertion, so that it was specially impressive to hear from his lips a very hearty commendation of the writings of the great Nonconformists, Bunyan, and Baxter, and Doddridge, and Robert Hall.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EDINBURGH.

*The City from Calton Hill—May in Edinburgh—The
Two Assemblies—A State Church—A Free Church—
Greyfriars Churchyard.*

WHIRLED on through the cathedral cities of Ely, York, and Durham, and for miles along high Scottish cliffs above the ocean, we plunged unexpectedly into the heart of Edinburgh. The full beauty of the city bursts upon you, as you leave the station. On the hills which rise from either side of a deep, wide gorge, sit majestic buildings, of which any European capital might be proud. Massive stone arches bridge the chasm. High above the city, on a great mountain-like rock, is the far-famed castle that has sometimes protected, and sometimes subdued, the town beneath it. Beautiful homes and stately churches complete one of the fairest scenes the eye of man has ever looked upon.

If you take your stand by Scott's monument, as you are quite sure to do at the earliest possible moment, you will be able to comprehend why the great poet and novelist should have had such an intense love for the city of his birth. While you are looking at the skilfully carved statue

and the many figures which surround it ; while you are thinking of that life so full of disappointments and adversities, yet so fruitful of pleasure to unnumbered multitudes, the long twilight has faded, the lamps have been lighted, and as you lift your eyes the scene before you is more striking, if not more beautiful, than by daylight. The tall, many-storied buildings along the Cannongate rise till their tops are lost in deep shadows. The glimmering lights from some of the windows of the castle seem unearthly and unreal, as if the spirits of Bothwell, and Riccio, and Darnley had come to visit the rooms which the false and beautiful Mary had once occupied. Beyond the city, looking down in stately scorn, is Arthur's Seat, likened by Scott "to the majestic throne of some terrible and fabulous genius." By your side runs Princess Street, broad and beautiful, the pride of the city, aglow with brilliant lights, and throbbing with life. All this Edinburgh, with unexampled liberality, offers to those who spend even a few hours within her walls, and without any effort on their part. If they are persuaded to linger for days or weeks, and are willing to work a little for what they are to get, she will reveal to them continuously some new beauty. Any one who struggles up the steep sides of Calton Hill will be more than repaid at the first glance for all the effort. The whole city lies beneath. Holyrood, the palace of the old Scottish kings, the home of Queen Mary, the scene of Riccio's murder, seems almost underfoot. Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, appears scarcely a stone's throw away. The mountains around the city look no smaller from this height, but between them, and over them,

far away, are the blue peaks of Ben Lomond and Benledi.

“Traced like a map the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide ;
There Pentland’s green acclivities,
There ocean with its azure tide,
There Arthur’s Seat ; and gleaming through
Thy southern wing Dunedin blue,
While in the orient Lammer’s daughters,
A distant giant range, are seen.

Edinburgh adds annually in May to its own attractions, those special ones which are connected with the presence of a very large number of men influential both in Church and State. The two Assemblies, the Established and Free, are then in session, and among the delegates to each are always to be found some of the leading pulpit orators, noblemen, and statesmen of Scotland. Then the palace, which is closed for eleven months of the year—with the exception of Queen Mary’s apartments—is thrown open, and made for the time the home of the Lord High Commissioner.

On the morning when the Assembly of the Established Church is to meet, the street before the palace is filled with guards in brilliant uniform, and dragoons with high, plumed helmets and glittering sabres. A great crowd, evidently made up largely of ministers, passes through the palace doors and up the broad staircase to the long hall, hung with the pictures of the Scottish kings, where the Queen’s representative is holding his levee. After all the delegates, clerical and lay, have been introduced, the procession is formed and winds

along through the two great thoroughfares of the new town and the old to the Cathedral of St. Giles. In Sir Walter Scott's day, as he tells us in the "Heart of Midlothian," even the Royal Commissioner, and those of high rank with him, passed through the streets on foot, but since that time more form has been introduced. The Commissioner rides in a State carriage drawn by four beautiful horses. Handsomely mounted troopers in magnificent uniforms precede him. Hundreds of private and public equipages bring up the rear. Both sides of High Street are packed with masses of people standing on tip-toe and stretching their necks to see what may pass. The blare of trumpets announces that her Majesty's representative has entered the church. Preceded by an official who carries a golden mace, the symbol of authority, he takes his place in the royal pew. The service of prayer and praise is then begun, and the retiring Moderator preaches a sermon. At the conclusion the procession is re-formed and enters Victoria Hall amid the thunder of guns from the castle, which proclaims to Edinburgh, and to Scotland, that another Assembly of the Church has met. The Queen's Commissioner makes an address, to which the newly elected Moderator responds, and the regular business of the Church is entered upon.

Every evening at eight o'clock some two or more of the Presbyteries are entertained at dinner in the palace. A long table runs through the whole length of the portrait-gallery. While the appetite is tempted with innumerable delicacies the ear is gratified with the music of a military band. Toasts are drunk, in wine or

water as one may choose, to the Church and Queen, to the Lord High Commissioner and his lady, and to the Moderator. After dinner a few moments are spent with the ladies in one of the State apartments. To an American Presbyterian this intercourse between Church and State is all very novel, and may be very suggestive.

In a hall directly opposite that of the Established Church the Free Church Assembly begins its sittings at the same hour. As we in the States look back to the rebellion of '61, so Scotland looks back to the disruption of '43. This was for her a crisis scarcely less momentous than the civil war for us. The old church of Hamilton, and Wishart, and Knox shook and trembled, as it never had before the persecutions of Laud and Sharpe. In one hour, and by one blow, it was rent in twain. For the time it seemed doubtful whether either portion would live. But the strong vitality that had withstood the shock of centuries, had been only bruised and stunned, not destroyed. It began to manifest itself in each of these disunited members. So many new buildings were erected and congregations gathered, that before a decade had passed, the working power of the churches of Scotland was doubled. It was long hoped that the disunited churches would gradually grow together, but though the two Assemblies sit annually not a hundred yards apart, an intangible something keeps them as far from each other as if an impassable wall had been built between them.

Many objects of great historical interest are within a ten-minutes' walk of these halls. Almost under the shadow of the Victoria spire is a church of modest

dimensions, which was so uplifted on the shoulders of a great man that the whole world could see it. It was in that pulpit that Thomas Guthrie painted such beautiful pictures of sacred things, that they caught the eye, and touched the heart of hundreds of the indifferent or the hostile. His genius for good works raised him so high that his name is now exalted above the smoke of the battle, and all the churches of Scotland unite in honoring it. Further down the Cannongate is the house of John Knox. At the base of the hill on which Guthrie's church and the Assembly halls stand is the renowned Grass market, where saints have been hung for their faith, and criminals for their evil deeds.

A turn to the left, and we pass in a few moments the University whose fame has gone almost as far as that of the city in which it stands. Far more like Berlin or Leipsic, than Oxford or Cambridge, it rivals these German universities in the immense number of its students. Some 3,000 were in attendance last year. A little way further on we come to a gate that has been thrown open for the entrance of many a sad procession. We enter, and stand on the spot where a document, almost as well known to history as the Declaration of Independence, was signed in blood. This is the churchyard of Greyfriars. It was here that eager crowds of brave men and women placed their names to the National Covenant of 1638. What that meant, and what they knew it meant, we may read further on from the inscription of an old monument in a corner of the churchyard: "From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, to the

17th of February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were, one way or other, murdered and destroyed for the same cause, about 18,000, of whom were executed at Edinburgh about 100 of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ." It is a spot where we might shed tears for the past, and form brave, fearless purposes for the future.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ST. ANDREWS, PERTH, AND ABERDEEN.

The Nuremberg of North Britain—The Ruined Cathedral—The Home of the "Fair Maid"—Commercial Aberdeen—An Ecclesiastical Controversy.

THERE is not a more venerable city in all Scotland than St. Andrews. It is the Nuremberg of North Britain. To rush into such a town behind a screaming locomotive, is felt to be an incongruity. With the palmer's garb and staff, or the armor and spear of a medieval knight, one should pass under that ancient portal. It was still twilight, though late in the evening, when I entered the city, after the manner of the commonplace modern tourist. The streets were as quiet as if all the people had fled to their houses, fearing the attack of some Highland clan. The lamps had not yet been lighted, and through the dusk the tall, dark houses looked weird and phantom-like.

Though St. Andrews seems to have no modern commerce or manufactories, treasures of inestimable value have come down to it from the past, in its rich legacy of historical associations. Here the blood of martyrs has been shed. Here reformers have been born and nurtured. Here the most momentous and tragic events in Scottish church

history were enacted. I sought out at once the cathedral, a ruin now, but 300 years ago a very perfect and beautiful monument of Gothic architectural skill. The highly ornamented front alone remains. Looking upon it, and trying in imagination to rebuild the edifice as it must once have been, I could understand, if not wholly share, the indignation of the High Churchman and Tory, Dr. Johnson, when he stood there with Boswell, and uttered his tirade against the mistaken zeal, which for the time—as these ruins bear but too sufficient testimony—transformed Protestants into vandals. But the judgment of Sir Walter Scott, himself a strong Churchman, was more charitable. He understood better than the gruff old English lexicographer, how to make allowance for the spirit of the age. Enraged at the corruptions of the Church of Rome, inspired by the precepts and example of Hebrew prophets, the men of St. Andrews, urged on, it is said, by a sermon from John Knox, rushed to the cathedral to tear down the altar, upon which, as they believed, false fires had been lighted, and abominations in the sight of the Lord committed. We must regret that their intense zeal was not mingled with a fuller knowledge; but while condemning the act, we cannot condemn the motive.

Close by the cathedral, looking down as if in pity on its old-time neighbor, stands the lofty tower of St. Regulus, more than a hundred feet in height. The storm of fury that levelled the great church to the earth, fortunately spared this tower; but the chapel which was connected with it, shared the fate of the cathedral.

Only enough of Archbishop Beaton's great palace re-

mains standing to show what the home of that proud, cruel prelate must have been. Perhaps it was from one of those windows, now almost hidden with ivy, that the stern old persecutor looked out and smiled, to see such a heretic as Patrick Hamilton burning at the stake.

It were the walls of this castle and the spire of the cathedral, so Mr. Froude tells us, that caught the eye of a poor slave toiling wearily at the long oar of a French galley, that swept one morning along the coast by St. Andrews. This slave had been a Scottish priest—was to be the greatest of Scottish reformers. The city, rising in its beauty before his moistened eyes, was to be inseparably connected with his own name. Castle, and cathedral, and parish church, and the town itself, are all interwoven with the life and work of John Knox.

But St. Andrews is by no means a city of the dead. It is the seat of a university. It is the home of such leading spirits as Principal Tulloch and Prof. Crombie, and Dr. Boyd, "The Country Parson." Its influence is still felt all over Scotland.

Perth owes its fame as much to a fair maid of Sir Walter's imagination, as to any historical associations. A royal duke was murdered here by his brother, Edward III., King of England. The Pretender to the crown of the Stuarts was crowned here in 1745. But Scott's story has so enveloped the city with its own peculiar atmosphere, that pilgrimages are now only made to the places which he has connected with the incidents of his tale. The beauty of Perth consists rather in its situation than in fine streets and noble edifices. The Tay sweeps by and through the town, and from the stone bridge which

joins the two portions thus sundered, Perth presents its fairest aspect. On one of the meadows by the river-side, was fought the deadly combat between the two Highland clans, which Scott has made the climax of his story. Somewhere up those banks on the other side, the young chief of the defeated clan fled away, unwounded, but wild with fright, and carrying in his breast, like a fatal poisoned arrow, the terrible consciousness of his own cowardice and degradation.

I was glad to see that the City Fathers, while showing their loyalty to the crown by erecting a statue to Prince Albert, had not forgotten to honor in a similar manner the great genius whose pen has given to Perth a literary immortality. At the end of one of the principal streets Sir Walter stands, with his favorite dog by his side, looking down placidly upon the city in whose beauty he took such delight.

I was greatly surprised at Aberdeen. I had expected to find it somewhat such a place as Perth or St. Andrews, full of age and dignity, disdainful of modern trade and commerce; but through its main street, broad and beautiful, built of solid gray granite, flows such an unceasing tide of business, that one might almost mistake the city for Glasgow or Liverpool. It has thrust out of sight, like a belle of an uncertain age, all signs of antiquity. Though one must look carefully to find them, they are here, and will repay the search. In one of the side streets, behind a block of buildings, where no one, unguided, would ever think of going, is a building which for more than 400 years has been used as a college chapel. It is now the centre of the modern University of Aber-

deen, formed by the union of two ancient colleges. There is a cathedral in this part of the city, which is a hundred years older; but it is a dwarf, and so easily succeeds in hiding itself that even a visitor to Aberdeen who was cathedral-mad might go away without having found it.

A monument of comparative antiquity stands in open sight at the end of one of the principal streets. It is a peculiar cross of carved stone, containing medallions of some of the Scottish monarchs. Doubtless, like the old cross by the side of St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh, at whose removal Scott was so indignant, it was once used for public proclamations, and as an elevated position from which the town-crier could make his voice heard to the greatest distance.

The most stately and cathedral-like edifice in Aberdeen, is composed of two churches closely united, with only a tall tower between them. Differing somewhat in color and in architectural style, they yet harmonize sufficiently well to present a very imposing appearance.

It would be impossible, with any just appreciation of perspective, to speak of the churches and colleges of Aberdeen, without making mention of an exciting topic which for the last two years has thrust itself repeatedly into both pulpits and lecture-rooms. A young Professor in the Free College was asked by the editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to write some articles for a new edition of that famous work. The request was accepted, and the articles published. Not long after Prof. Smith, the author, was charged before his Presbytery with having advanced in these essays heretical theories of some of the Old Testament books. The charge was

denied. Ecclesiastical machinery, which it would be tedious to describe, was then set in motion, and by it Prof. Smith and his case have been held so continuously before the public, that not only the editors of religious and secular newspapers are able to discuss all the ramifications of the trial, but even the boys who sell these papers on the streets, are violent partisans in their way. Whatever fate may await the brilliant Professor at the hands of General Assembly or Presbytery, Aberdeen has received almost as great notoriety as if it had withstood a siege, or some bloody battle had been fought in its streets.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THROUGH LOCH LOMOND AND LOCH KATRINE.

Creative Power of Genius—The Land of Rob Roy—Elen's Isle—Stirling Castle.

THE "Wizard of the North" has made the islands and shores of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine enchanted ground. He covered them with the jewels of his exuberant fancy, till the eyes of the world were dazzled. If Scott had not written "Rob Roy," and "The Lady of the Lake," the names of these famous Lochs might not yet have been known outside the United Kingdom. There is something almost divine in the creative power of genius. It calls fair women and brave men out of the unreal, clothes them with more than human virtues, gives them life, and sends them forth to awaken an interest more intense, it may be, than could have been aroused by beings formed of flesh and blood. Or it seizes upon some outlaw, or simple maiden, and so tells the story of their lives, that we read of the half mythical creatures with an almost painful fascination, though we might have watched the triumphs and defeats of the actual characters with placid indifference. Multitudes every summer gaze more

eagerly on Rob Roy's Cave and Ellen's Isle than on the ruined castle of a baron, or the mouldering palace of a princess.

It was a cold, wet afternoon in September when I left Glasgow to make the tour of these Lochs. There were not more than twenty passengers on board the steamer when we started from the lower end of Loch Lomond for Inversnaid. The larger part of these were too brave to be driven below by the rain, or not brave enough to do as they wanted to, rather than as other people did. Rob Roy himself would have taken pity on us, I am sure, if he could have seen us as we sat there muffled to the ears, shivering in the rain, but very determined that nothing worth seeing in this land of his should be passed by unnoticed. Now and then some one would draw out a volume which looked as if it had just been bought in Glasgow, and protecting it from the rain, would look through it as far as the uncut leaves permitted, to see if Scott had said anything about the particular place we were just passing. There was nothing in our immediate surroundings to arouse enthusiasm, but we thought as much of the scenery as was visible, very beautiful, and that it would have been very beautiful even if Sir Walter had never been born. Our course up the Lake was a continued zigzag. The little towns and settlements seemed to have been purposely so arranged that no consecutive two should be on the same side; but though we lost somewhat in time, we were more than compensated by the increased variety given to the scene by our perpetually changing position. Some of the prettier islands—and the prettiest ones

were very pretty—we saw on all sides. We were able to look into both the front and back door of two or three almost palatial villas.

We saw the narrow pass through which the Highland clans descended upon their Lowland enemies in the good old times when the law winked at, or was powerless to prevent such depredations. We saw the cave where Rob Roy, that most gallant of bandits, is said to have kept his prisoners. They were lowered down, and dropped in by a rope, and whatever they had to eat came in the same way. The rain was so persistent, and so successful in finding its way under umbrellas, and down the back of one's neck, that at last I capitulated and went below. Here I found an abundance of those peculiar odors, without which no steamer, however small, and on whatever waters, seems to be complete; but I also found a little window near the prow, from which there was a very good view of anything that might be directly in front of us. In this ignominious position we reached Inversnaid, where Wordsworth saw the pretty Highland maiden, of whom he says:

“The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
An' thee—the spirit of them all.”

We hurried from the landing to the hospitable fire-side of the hotel, only a few yards away, where we spent the evening in reading guide-books, and listening to the more than marvellous tales of some English and American travellers who had been everywhere and seen everything—if one might believe what they said. Every one predicted that night that it was sure to be clear the next

day, but every one was wofully wrong. The rain was beating mercilessly against the windows as I looked out for the early coach to Loch Katrine. As I proved to be the only passenger, a one-horse cart was substituted for the four-horse coach. We drove over the top of one of the smaller mountains, in full sight of some of the loftiest of the Highland peaks, and through miles of moorland covered with heather, which might have been brilliant in coloring if not so completely soaked with water. Two hours of moderate driving brought us to the landing at the upper end of Loch Katrine. When the little steamer which makes the trip of the lake several times each day, came to the Loch, there were three passengers on board, but these were all on their way to Loch Lomond, so once more I went on in solitary grandeur. The rain, which had two or three times slackened, as if to stop, now came down in torrents. I did not even make the attempt to remain on the uncovered deck. Fortunately, the cabin was abundantly supplied with windows, which gave as wide an outlook as it was possible to get, when the clouds were hanging so heavily over the lake. With the water and mountains bathed in a flood of sunlight Loch Katrine, I am told, is enchantingly beautiful; but that day all its charms were so veiled by the storm that my admiration never once merged into enthusiasm. We ran near enough to Ellen's Isle to have tossed a copy of the "Lady of the Lake" at the feet of the fair maiden, had she been standing upon the shore watching for Malcolm Græme's shallop.

A great coach stood waiting at the dock, and taking a top seat, on an india-rubber cushion, which was

a silent witness of almost perpetual rains, we rattled on through the Trossachs. This is the most famous gorge in Scotland. The mountains seem as if split in twain by the blow of a gigantic hammer. The wound has been hidden by tall trees, and luxuriant ferns and tangled vines. It was difficult once, even for strong-limbed Scots like James Fitz James, to push their way to the lake; but we swept easily along, over a smooth road, to the doors of a pretty, castle-like hotel, where another coach was just ready to start for Callander. A gentleman had already placed himself in the middle of one of the front seats, and following his example, we started on at a pace which blazed our path by the splashes from the puddles which our wheels sent against the trees. We rolled over the bridge where the gallant gray of Fitz James, the disguised king, fell dead, exhausted in the too rapid chase. We crossed the ford to which Rhoderick Dhu, in the chivalric spirit of a Highland chieftain, led Fitz James, and cried, as he threw down his target and plaid :

“Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See! here all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;
 For this is Coilantogle Ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

The railway carriage which we took at Callander was a less romantic means of conveyance, perhaps, than the coach we had just left, but it was very much more comfortable to hear the rain beating on the windows than to feel it soaking through blankets and overcoats. We were

rushing along over about the same route as that taken by Fitz James and his escort, after the king had defeated the chieftain in their bloody combat at Coilantogle Ford. More quickly than they, though they fled for their lives, we reached the place where

“The bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.”

Stirling Castle was the home of Fitz James, as of many a Scottish king before and after him. It is both a fortress and a palace. The high rock on which it stands, must have made it impregnable before the engines of modern warfare were introduced. From the castle windows, it is said, the battle-fields are seen where William Wallace, in 1287, and Robert Bruce, in 1314, so signally defeated English armies greatly outnumbering their own. Two kings, James II. and V., were born here; and here the first of these slew, with his own hand, the powerful Earl of Douglass, who had conspired against him. There are not many old royal castles in Europe that have not been stained with blood. He who wore a crown a few centuries ago, must have been ready at any moment to kill or be killed. We rushed on through the town of Stirling, and over fields made forever memorable by the deadly struggles of armed men, and pass the ruins of a once famous abbey. We rolled through a long tunnel, and when we came again into the light the massive castle of Edinburgh was hanging over us, and the beautiful city seemed to have opened her arms to receive us.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SOME SCOTCH HOMES.

Stracathro—Keith Hall—Kilkerran—Ardencraig.

AT the close of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, it is customary for the Moderator to give a great dinner, at which a number of speeches are made. Having been so fortunate as to be asked to this high feast of the Church, I enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant evening, and carried away with me, among other agreeable recollections, a very cordial invitation from Mr. Campbell, who had responded to the toast, "The eldership," to visit him some time during the month of August. Stracathro, Mr. Campbell's estate, lies near Brechin. Small as this town is, the name is by no means unfamiliar to American ears. Thomas Guthrie, one of the most eloquent preachers of modern times, and who did more, perhaps, than any other man except Chalmers for the success of the Free Church, was born in Brechin. The famous President of Princeton, a brother-in-law of Dr. Guthrie, began his ministry there, if I mistake not. As we drove through the village, built of stone, as all Scotch towns are, we were reminded of the antiquity of Brechin by a glimpse we caught of a tall, round tower,

rising by the side of the parish church, and which was erected, it is supposed, some centuries before England was conquered by the Normans.

The house which Mr. Campbell now occupies was built some fifty years ago by a returned East India merchant, who was deceived, probably with the rest of the world, in thinking himself a far richer man than he was. The expense was apparently never taken into consideration when building. The entrance is through a great hall, whose high vaulted roof is upheld by monolith pillars of rare stone. The walls are formed of a peculiar mosaic. The floor is of variegated marbles. The East India purse was not deep enough to bear such an expenditure. The house was scarcely completed before it was offered for sale, and purchased by Mr. Campbell's father, Sir J. Campbell, who had held in Glasgow the high position of Lord Provost. In addition to the care of his estate, the duties and responsibilities of a trustee of the Baird Fund rest upon Mr. Campbell's shoulders. This fund is the largest bequest that has ever been made to the Church of Scotland. Mr. Baird, a wealthy iron merchant of Glasgow, gave during his lifetime some \$2,500,000, the interest of which is to be used according to the discretion of the trustees, for building and sustaining churches. It certainly is a very great honor to hold such a trust, but when we remember the multitudes who are always more than ready to ask for anything they imagine they need, and are equally energetic in the application of unpleasant epithets when their requests are refused, it is not difficult to understand how such an honor might prove absolutely crushing. Mr. Campbell bears up under it well,

and from his general popularity in the Church, I should judge he must be the possessor of the mysterious faculty by which a request is so refused, that a favor seems to have been granted.*

I found a goodly number of guests enjoying the liberal hospitality of Stracathro. The party at dinner was always quite large enough to have made a most respectable *table d'hôte*. We more than filled a great wagonette when we went to drive. Yet the hospitality of our host and hostess, and the capacity of their home, seemed to be suffering under no unusual or excessive tax. My stay at Stracathro was necessarily much shorter than I could have wished, but it was long enough to include a number of drives; a walk through beautiful Glen Esk, and a visit to the summer residence of Dr. Burns, the popular preacher of the Glasgow Cathedral.

From the home of this Established Church elder, I went to that of a Free Church elder, but without experiencing any feeling whatever of "disruption." About twenty miles from Aberdeen, near the village of Inverurie, stands Keith Hall, the seat for many generations of the Earls of Kintore. The present Earl is an enthusiastic, but liberal-minded Free Churchman. He is the only nobleman, I understand, who holds the position of an elder in that church, and his services are in constant demand on public occasions. From the number of silver trowels I saw at Keith Hall, Lord Kintore must have laid the corner-stone of many a Free Church. He has preached in a still greater number, not only of

* Mr. Campbell is now M.P. for Glasgow University.

the Free, but also of the Established, and United Presbyterian. Some of Lord Kintore's ancestors carved out for themselves, with the sword, a large place in both English and German history. In Berlin a statue of bronze commemorates the services of one of them who gained much glory in the armies of Frederick the Great. Keith Hall is one of those most comfortable mansions in which the solidity of age is combined with every modern improvement. The grounds in which it stands are beautiful enough to attract hundreds from Aberdeen on Saturdays, when they are thrown open to visitors. The Earl does not shut himself off from association with the clergy of the Established Church, because he has cast in his lot with the Free. We took a long walk through his carefully kept park, to call on a parish minister, and one evening at dinner, two of the Established clergy sat at the table as honored guests, and the crisis of 1843 was not once mentioned. If all the leading men in the various Scotch churches were possessed with this spirit of love, unbroken harmony, if not organic union, would make glad the hearts of the people.*

From Inverurie, I went through the Highlands, and the "Land of Burns," to Kilkerran, the seat of Sir James Fergusson. I was greatly amused by a discussion in the railway-carriage between two gentlemen concerning Sir James' estate and character. As we rode for some miles through his land, the beauty of the different farms was dwelt upon, and the statement that Sir James took a great interest in his tenants, was

* A few months after this was written, Lord Kintore died very suddenly at his house in London.

enforced by the fact of his teaching a large class of their children every Sunday afternoon. There seemed to be only one shadow to the picture, and that was brought out by a remark which one of them made, apparently more in sadness than anger, "Sir James is a Tory." I was not greatly surprised by this, as I knew already that he was for many years one of the leading Conservative members of Parliament, and was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield, Governor of South Australia and a member of the Privy Council.* Kilkerran house, from which the station is named, was enlarged by the present baronet, and presents a very massive appearance as it is approached from the valley. Still, as I looked around the large dinner-table that evening, it was evident that the house was none too great for the large-hearted hospitalities of the proprietor.

Among the other guests, it was my good fortune to meet at Kilkerran the Right Hon. Robert Bourke, a son of the Earl of Mayo, and a member of the present Government. Mr. Bourke accompanied Sir James on a visit to America at the beginning of our civil war. With letters of introduction which they bore to the leading generals of the North and South, they visited both armies, and had most remarkable opportunities for seeing the actual condition of things on both sides of the Potomac. They were not only able to tell me many things of which I had never dreamed, but their revelations would have been, I imagine, quite as startling to the men who were our Cabinet Ministers during the rebellion.

* Sir James is now Governor of Bombay.

One of the most novel of my Kilkerran experiences, was a day on the moor with Capt. Fergusson. There had been, of course, a large party out on the 12th of August, the day when the grouse-shooting begins, and a great many birds had been brought down; but the wet weather which followed had turned the moor into a great sponge, so that the grouse, the head-keeper said, would probably be "quite irreproachable." But in spite of all discouragements, I was unable to resist such an opportunity. We started out with four keepers and four well-trained dogs, with the certainty of getting plenty of exercise, if nothing else. We had some four miles to walk before reaching the moor; but the chance of bringing down a hare or black-cock on the way, kept up the interest. By the time we came to the heather, it had begun to rain intermittingly. It was soon evident that the birds were so wild, it would be impossible to use the dogs, and the only chance would be to come noiselessly upon them. As there was nothing to give warning when to be ready, it was necessary to be ready all the time; and as a natural consequence, after tramping several hours, sometimes a grouse or snipe would rise from the heather almost beneath our feet, and fly away, without even a salute being fired in his honor. Yet with all these things against us, we got something beside exercise—enough, at least, to show what the game-bags were for—and reached Kilkerran with an appetite which a few hours more would have developed into quite frightful proportions.

A short sail from Ayr, along the coast and across the Firth, brought me to Rothesay, and Arden Craig, the home

of Mr. Dalrymple. Holding a seat in the present Parliament as a member from Buteshire, Mr. Dalrymple has shown so many of the high qualities necessary for a statesman, that even his former political opponents, it is said, will cast their votes for him at the next election. Though an elder in the Kirk, he was lately appointed, with bishops and archbishops, upon a committee for the supervision of English cathedrals.

A more beautiful situation than that of Ardenraig could scarcely be found in Scotland. To an American, it seems like a combination of the Hudson and New York harbor from Staten Island. Almost within sight from Ardenraig is Mount Stewart, one of the seats of the Marquis of Bute, the Lothair, it is supposed, of Disraeli's novel. Sir James Fergusson was for many years the guardian of the young Marquis, but found all his efforts unavailing to rescue him from the hands of the famous monsignor by whom he was led into the Church of Rome.

Rothsay had at one time the honor of being a royal residence. Robert the Second, the Scotch king, often made the castle, which was old even then, his home; and there he died in 1406. He had given to his oldest son the title of Duke of Rothsay, which now belongs to the Prince of Wales. For a long time the castle was almost a complete ruin, but has been so carefully restored that though in many parts the walls are broken, it presents, with its moat and drawbridge, all the characteristics of feudal times.

On Monday morning, with two clergymen of the

Church of England whose presence and conversation I had greatly enjoyed at Arden Craig, we sailed out of Rothesay and across the bay toward Glasgow.* As I looked back, I had but one regret: that the pleasant days spent among these delightful Scottish homes were past and gone.

* One of these prelates is now Dean of Salisbury.





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